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VOL. XI. No. 4

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FATHER NOONAN LEAVES BIDDULPH

Presentation of Addresses by Congregation, C.M.B.A. and Choir of St. Patrick's

On Sunday morning, the 11th inst., Rev. Father Noonan, the beloved parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners prior to his departure for Dublin Parish, made vacant by the death of the late Father Fogarty.

Immediately after the sermon Messrs. P. Breen and M. Blake approached the altar rails, where Mr. Blake read an address, and Mr. Breen presented a well-filled purse, the gift of the congregation, as follows: Reverend and Dear Father Noonan: We, the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, on this, the eve of your departure from our midst, wish to tender you an expression of our esteem and our appreciation of your labors since your arrival amongst us.

The sudden information that you were called away from St. Patrick's came as a shock to your parishioners and the first feeling was a rebellious one, but on cooler reflection, this would shame your teaching of the past five years. We know St. Paul says, "Let every soul be subject to higher power," and our Divine Master said, "As the Father sent Me I also send you. Go ye therefore and teach all nations," etc. Hence we bow to the will of God. The spirit of obedience with which you accepted the order to go gave us an object lesson that perhaps we might be slow to take from a sermon.

It is now five years since you took charge of St. Patrick's, and we, the members of the congregation, feel we have greatly profited by your ministrations and during that time, you have endeared yourself to us by your earnest devotion to duty and the hearty interest you have ever manifested in our spiritual welfare.

The great improvement in the interior of our church and priest's house are standing monuments of your energy and perseverance.

The beautifying of our cemetery, that silent home of our dear departed ones, won for you a gratitude that will only cease with life itself.

And perhaps that for which we owe the greatest amount of love and gratitude is the interest you have always taken in our schools, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of our children. Your weekly visits were always made regardless of wind or weather; were looked forward to by the children, and the instructions and advice there given them will remain with them through life, to their profit both spiritual and temporal. To Father Noonan

and Father Noonan alone is due, the fact that two separate schools were established in the parish "without a hitch," whose standing will compare very favorably with any schools in the district.

And now, Father Noonan, we ask of you to accept this purse, as a small token of our love and esteem, and be assured you have our prayers and good wishes accompanying you to your new field of labor, and that we are sincere in our gratitude and esteem. We are unable to say more lest some unfeeling critic set it down for flattery, or a specious sophistry. As we are aware of your great charity, we know you will sometimes, when offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, make a moment for your old parishioners of St. Patrick's, Biddulph.

Signed on behalf of the congregation:

A. Lamphier,
 Jos. Casey,
 M. Blake,
 Thos. Kensela,
 Jos. Kennedy,
 P. Breen,
 Edward McLaughlin,
 John McLaughlin,
 James Kelly,
 Denis Heenan,
 Michael O'Shea,
 T. J. Quigley.

At the close of the reading of the first address, Messrs. Edward McLaughlin, president, and William Toohy, recording secretary, of the C. M. B. A., came forward, and Mr. Toohy read another address, and Mr. McLaughlin presented a very fine gold-headed cane, the gift of the C. M. B. A. The address was as follows: Reverend and Dear Father Noonan:

We, your brother members of Branch 124, C. M. B. A., on this the eve of your departure, profit by this occasion to express our sorrow at your departure from the parish, as well as the great loss to our Branch. During the past five years you were a member of our Branch, and were the means of increasing our membership and bringing it to its present efficiency. During that time you were president for two years and financial secretary three years, and although always very much engaged in the cares of the parish, you never failed to look after the interests of the C. M. B. A.

Though it has pleased Almighty God to call you to another field of labor, the Catholic spirit you imbued into our society will always remain with us.

That spirit of brotherly love which pervades our Branch of the C. M. B. A. is due in a great measure to the interest you took in our welfare during the five years you were our spiritual adviser. We hope the spirit of Catholicity and fraternal love, there kindled will remain with us through life and the name of Father Noonan will always remain a cherished memory regardless of what distance may divide us.

And now, Dear Father Noonan, we ask you to accept this cane as a small token of our esteem, and we assure you, you have our prayers and best wishes, and are also assured that the sister Branch of the C. M. B. A. in Dublin will greatly benefit by your advice and fatherly care.

As a last favor, Dear Father, we ask that sometimes when you are offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass you will remember your Brothers of Branch 124, C. M. B. A. Edward McLaughlin, Pres., William Toohy, rec. sec., Thos. Kensela, treas.

To both addresses Father Noonan made suitable replies, a synopsis of which is as follows: My Dear People:

It seems to me addresses are always couched in the language of flattery. You accredit me with having done great things during an administration of some five short years. True, a good deal has been accomplished to make your church and surroundings presentable to the public eyes, and I hope pleasing to Almighty God. I therefore thank you from my inmost heart for your ready response to every appeal, your willing co-operation in every good work.

My dear people, while your words of approval afford me satisfaction, there is a mixture of discomfort associated with your fine address. It arises from my knowledge of the great drain on your purse, in giving this substantial testimonial. Again, I learn with not a little discomfiture that our neighbors of Lucan, irrespective of creed, have spontaneously given of their means to render the donation still more substantial. May this harmony, good will and nobility of heart ever increase in this fair, prosperous and growing country. I thank them most cordially.

As for the C. M. B. A., with its grand address and beautiful presentation, I have only to express my deepest gratitude, and cherish the hope that their Branch of this good Catholic association will ever increase and flourish and widen the scope of its influence commensurate with its noble object, viz.: practical Catholicity and the betterment of the bereaved.

My feelings to-day are those of one parting from friends, severing links of tender associations, bidding farewell to generous, loyal and loving people. May God prosper you all.

Only those who witnessed it can realize the depth of feeling displayed, no matter how they try to suppress it. It will bubble up! at the parting of a beloved priest and a warm-hearted Irish congregation. Father Noonan carries with him the good wishes of every one.

On Tuesday, the eve of Father Noonan's departure, the ladies of the League of the Sacred Heart presented him with a beautiful set of solid silver cutlery, for which he returned his most sincere thanks.

Again, on the same evening, the members of St. Patrick's Choir surprised him by an address, read by Mr. A. Crumican, and the presentation by Miss Anne Dewan of a beautiful clock, the gift of the choir, on which occasion he gave expression, in words of warmest thanks, to his appreciation of their uniform kindness and liberality to him, and wishing them God's choicest blessings.

The address of St. Patrick's Choir was as follows: To Rev. T. Noonan, P. P. of Biddulph:

Reverend and Dear Father—We, the members of St. Patrick's Choir, knowing that you are soon to leave us, come to-day with sad hearts to say farewell and to express in some measure our high appreciation of the inestimable services rendered us during the time you have been our pastor. Words fail to convey the depth of gratitude we feel towards you for the many favors, spiritual and temporal, we have one and all received at your hands.

The transformation which has taken place in the parish since your formation is worthy of our highest admiration, and when we consider that so many arduous tasks as confronted you were accomplished without causing any ill feeling or in any way disturbing the harmony of the parish, we feel that your tact and executive ability mark you as a true Christian leader.

It is not our material interest alone that has endeared you to us. Oh, no; as our spiritual guide you have endeared in our hearts a strong love for our Holy Religion which we trust will never weaken.

As members of the choir we are sincerely grateful to you, dear Father Noonan, not only for the music and beautiful new organ provided for us, but especially for the kind word of encouragement so generously given us.

In future when we take our places in the choir to sing the praises of God, our thoughts will go back with reverence to the days when you, dear Father Noonan, stood on the altar steps to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for us and we shall ever pray that God may long spare you to carry on His work.

And now we ask you to accept this gift as a slight token of the love and affection we entertain for you. We would also beg a remembrance in your prayers and your blessing.

Signed by the choir:
 Annie McGeath,
 Annie Dewan,
 Maggie Flood,
 Teney McIlhargey,
 Nellie McGrath,
 Bridget L. Dewan,
 Delia Flood,
 James Dewan,
 George E. Breen,
 Michael Flood,
 James J. McIlhargey,
 Alphonsus M. Crumican.

TORONTO REFORM ASSOCIATION.

Among the vice-presidents of the Toronto Reform Association elected on Tuesday evening were the following: Ward 4, John J. Powers, who defeated F. S. Mearns; Ward 6, Jas. W. Mallon, re-elected by acclamation. Mr. Thomas Delaney was beaten by a close vote in Ward 2 by Controller Oliver, and though L. V. McBride defeated W. J. Boland on the show of hands for the treasurer'ship the latter on the count of ballots got a majority of ten.

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ST. PETER'S, PETERBOROUGH, I.A.S. ANNIVERSARY

Father O'Sullivan's Address on Catholic Emancipation—Presentation to Rev. Dr. O'Brien

Peterborough, Jan. 9. — The third anniversary of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society was most fittingly celebrated last evening by the members in their hall, George street. The full significance of the occasion had been well recognized, for all available space in the hall was occupied, and adjoining rooms also had many eager attendants. It is impossible to estimate the blessing this society has been since its formation, and a most fitting tribute to its object is the magnificent membership which it now possesses. Gratifying indeed must the outcome of its formation be to the founder, Rev. Father Frank O'Sullivan, who last evening was welcomed by his friends, as one of all others who should be present on such an occasion as the society's anniversary.

There were many pleasing features about the celebration, but two are worthy of special mention. These were the very eloquent, interesting and instructive address upon "Catholic Emancipation" by the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, and the other was the presentation, to Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Chaplain of the Society, and whose zeal for its progress is well known, of a very beautiful gold chalice and a purse of gold. It may well be said, and indeed the fact has been repeatedly substantiated, that the members of the T. A. S. never do things by halves, that they have appreciative hearts, and, as Dr. O'Brien can testify, know full well how to perpetrate surprises.

The chair last evening was occupied by Mr. Robert Begley. Upon the platform were also seated Rev. Father McColl, Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Father John O'Brien, Rev. Father Crowley, Mr. J. H. Burnham and Mr. R. F. McWilliams. Numbers in which the audience manifested great pleasure were a piano duet by Miss McCabe and Miss Doherty, a song by Mr. Walter Stocker, and a recitation by Lt.-Col. Miller, who responded to a hearty encore.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan upon rising to deliver his address, stated that he was extremely pleased to be present on so important an occasion. He congratulated the T.A.S. upon their fine quarters and vast membership. We little thought, said he, when we planted the grain of seed three years ago, it would speedily grow to such a mighty tree, spreading its branches far and wide and scattering its golden fruit. Dr. O'Brien has watered it well and God has given the increase.

His subject, he said, had been suggested by a picture of that of Daniel O'Connell standing at the bar of the British Commons demanding admission for the County of Clare. It was a picture about which was woven a story most interesting and instructive. Very eloquently and clearly the speaker traced the chain of events leading from the year 1691, when the Treaty of Limerick was signed, through the more than one hundred years' struggle of the Irish people for civil and religious liberty. The treaty, of which so much was expected, did not effect those results so eagerly longed for, and the Roman Catholic faith and those that adhered to it were subjected to gross indignities and wrongs. The Parliament in no way represented the people of Ireland and liberty and independence were unknown. The speaker cited several of the penal laws under which the people groaned, and the injustices of what was known as the Test Oath. He dwelt upon the efforts of such champions as Molyneux and Swift and finally of Daniel O'Connell, who led a struggling nation to triumph in 1813 the Prime Minister of England introduced an act for the emancipation of Ireland on

condition of the veto. Against such condition Daniel O'Connell and his thoroughly organized Catholic Association took a firm stand. He was elected to the County of Clare, went up to the British Commons, and upon applying for admission refused to sign the Test Oath, in regard to which he uttered the famous words, "Part I know to be false, and the rest I believe to be untrue."

While Ireland's wrongs were still oppressive, her brave sons engaged in wars on behalf of the Empire, of which she then formed part, and proved to be strong and trusted allies. Upon the removal of the yoke her people were assuming that high standing of which their virtues made them worthy. The speaker dwelt upon the important work done towards emancipation by Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, and urged that there should be in the present day among the Irish people an emancipation from that apathy or indifference which kept them from realizing the highest and best objects of life.

Hearty applause marked the close of the excellent address and Mr. Daniel O'Connell eloquently moved a vote of thanks, expressing his great enjoyment of the delivery and appreciation of and pride in the sentiments and facts contained therein. Rev. Father McColl seconded the motion and paid a glowing tribute to Rev. Father O'Sullivan, who, he felt sure, would observe with gratitude the fine result of the work started by him three years ago. Short and appropriate addresses were also made by Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Father John O'Brien, Rev. Father Crowley, Mr. J. H. Burnham and Mr. R. F. McWilliams.

The vote of thanks was received with enthusiastic applause by the large audience.

THE PRESENTATION.

The chairman next announced a selection by the Harmonic Club. This was innocent enough but when the members entered, Rev. Dr. O'Brien was waited beyond suspicion. It was a committee, consisting of the President, Mr. Frank McAuliffe, and Messrs. J. Maher, A. Sharp, W. Crowley, Leo Callahan, J. O'Sullivan and F. Derocher, that confronted him, Mr. Crowley bearing the beautiful gold chalice, Mr. O'Sullivan the purse of gold, and Mr. McAuliffe reading the following address: Reverend and Dear Father—We take this opportunity, the third anniversary of the organization of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society, of expressing to you in a tangible manner our appreciation of your labors among us.

When you took charge as Spiritual Advisor of this society on the departure of the Reverend Organizer and lecturer of this evening, many looked askance at the young priest, who having been raised in the town was supposed to hold some opinions which would develop into aggressiveness and who would use an iron glove in dealing with those outside the pale of the church. However, as time rolled on, your aggressiveness has developed, but not in the dreaded line. The enthusiasm displayed by you in promoting the cause of Temperance manifested in the securing of the banner in competition with the whole of America gives great satisfaction to this society, which has every reason to congratulate itself upon the aggressiveness of its Chaplain.

Judging by the public press you may think you are without honor in your own country, but if you do not bear it, it is because you are not seeking worldly honor. We can assure you, however, there is not a man in the district, whether Catholic or not, but deems it an honor to be counted among your acquaintances, as to have your acquaintance is to have you for a friend. As a contemporary puts it, it takes a great soul to be a true friend, a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit. One must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. It costs to be a friend or to have a friend. It not only costs time, affection, strength, patience, love—sometimes a man must even lay down his life for his friends. There is no true friendship without self-abnegation,

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self-sacrifice.

The love and respect shown by your fellow priests show clearly their estimation of you as a confrere.

Many of us here present and others in the town and surrounding country must acknowledge that by your influence we have been lifted by a hand of God's servant to a secure footing when we had abandoned ourselves to a downward path. Many an aged mother or wife, sister or brother, when offering their devotion to the Almighty remember you in thanksgiving for the saving of a reckless son or brother or even a sister from an evil course, as you are ever ready to sacrifice your time and unbounded labor to save their souls and make them good, useful citizens of the State, looking both to our spiritual and temporal needs.

In your estimation no fellow being is so lowly or even degraded that you would not seek him and by kindly advice and gentle admonition, which none can use more effectively, stir in him that manly spirit long dormant thereby following in the footsteps of our Lord and Saviour when on this earth.

In conclusion we again sincerely thank you for your many acts of kindness and favors shown us. Hoping you will be spared many years to comfort your well-beloved parents, and to be our chaplain, we ask you to accept this chalice as a token of our sincerity. We trust you will ever remember us in offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

F. McAuliffe,
 Chairman Committee.
 W. Crowley, Secretary.
 J. E. Sullivan,
 J. Maher,
 R. Begley,
 A. J. Sharpe,
 J. Hickey,
 F. Derocher,
 L. Callaghan.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, who had no previous knowledge whatever of the kind intention of the members, was taken wholly by surprise. His reply was a most feeling one, heartily expressive of appreciation of the kindness shown him, and gratitude for the very beautiful gift.

Rev. Father McColl in a fitting speech, congratulated Rev. Dr. O'Brien upon the honor done him, expressed his pleasure at the evidences of appreciation and generosity in the society and dwelt upon the appropriateness of the chalice as a gift. It was a beautifully worded address, he said, and one that was most creditable to the occasion and to the Society.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan, Rev. Father John O'Brien, Mr. D. O'Connell, Mr. R. F. McWilliams, and Mr. J. H. Burnham also made speeches expressive of hearty congratulation.

The evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem. Many members remained to examine the beautiful gifts.

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT

In St. Patrick's Hall by the Douro T. A. S. Before a Large Audience.

Crowded to the doors was St. Patrick's Hall, Douro, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7th, when the celebrated drama "Handy Andy" was exceedingly well presented by the Total Abstinence Society of St. Joseph's Church, Douro. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, presenting an attractive appearance.

The chairman of the evening was Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, who, in opening the programme, gave a short address in which he congratulated the society upon the splendid work it was doing in the community and stating that he was heartily in sympathy with the temperance cause which they were so nobly upholding.

The drama of the evening was then presented, the caste of characters being as follows:

Handy Andy B. Leahy
 Squire Egan G. S. Buck
 Squire O'Grady M. Walsh
 Mr. Murphy M. J. Leahy
 Dick Dawson Fred. Walsh
 M. Furlong L. Bolin
 Edward O'Connor Jas. Walsh
 Simon Wm. Hayes
 Ruffians T. O'Brien & G. O'Connor
 Oonah Rooney Miss M. O'Brien
 Mad Nance Miss M. Sullivan
 Fanny Dawson Miss E. Powers
 Accompanist Miss A. Flaherty

During the evening a very pleasing incident took place. Mr. Dennis Moloney, President of the Douro T.A.S., was recently elected by acclamation to represent Douro and Dummer in the County Council, and between two of the scenes in the drama, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Township Clerk, appeared on the stage and read the appended address:

Dear Mr. Moloney—It is with no ordinary pleasure, and we hope with pardonable pride, that your numerous friends and well-wishers of Douro, approach you this evening to offer you our most heartfelt congratulations on

your recent appointment to the responsible position of County Councillor, and at the same time to couple with the pleasures of this evening's entertainment the still greater pleasure we experience of testifying our deep appreciation of your past services to our Township, whether as Reeve, Councillor, Trustee, or President of our T. A. S. In each and every capacity, we could not fail to recognize your sterling worth, and the wisdom, generosity and foresight you have ever displayed in all your private and public dealings, justly entitled to our esteem and gratitude, and qualify you in every respect for the more onerous duties which your new position will call upon you to fulfill. True worth will always tell, and we are well aware that in doing justice to you, we are only doing honor to ourselves. We know your earnestness and ability, and the deep interest you have always taken in everything pertaining to the good of our Township and our parish, and we trust that the past is a safe guarantee of what we may hope for in the future. Wishing you the compliments of the season, and assuring you once more of our best wishes, for a bright and prosperous new year, we subscribe ourselves your friends in the cause of temperance.

William Moher,
 Vice-President,
 James Barry,
 Treasurer,
 William O'Brien,
 Secretary.

Douro, Jan. 6th, 1903.
 Mr. Moloney replied as follows: Rev. Father, Ladies and Gentlemen—I can hardly find words in which to express my gratitude for that kindly worded address, and the flattering remarks that are made in it. I don't think I am at all deserving of such praise. I am proud to be a member of the T. A. S., and I think it has done a great good in this parish. I hope I will always be able to uphold the principles for which it was founded, and it will be a pleasure for me to do anything I can to further its advancement.

In your address you referred to my election to the County Council. I know you were proud to hear of my promotion. I hope I will be able to fill the office with credit to the society and the division I represent. And again I thank you one and all—the members of the Total Abstinence Society—for your very kind address.

INTER-CLUB DEBATE.
 The first debate of the second series of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union took place Friday night, between the Catholic Students' Union and St. Clement's Club. President B. V. O'Sullivan occupied the chair, and the speakers were for the affirmative, Messrs. Sweeney and McCarthy, of the Student's Union, and Messrs. Travers and Kennedy, of St. Clement's Club. The judges, Rev. F. Forster, Dr. John A. Amyot, and Mr. P. F. Cronin, gave the decision for the affirmative.

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Sister Genevieve

Kitty Vivian had been married nearly a year when her husband fell ill, and the doctors ordered him change of air and scenery. So in the very middle of the London season Kitty was obliged to pack up her pretty dresses, cancel her many engagements and accompany him down to Malvern, where the beautiful air brought back a little of the old color to his pale, thin face. Herbert Vivian was not strong, and he had been working rather too hard of late, spending hours at his office, which for his health's sake should have been passed in the open air. He adored his pretty, bright-eyed little wife, and could not bear that she should not have everything she wanted in the way of luxury and comfort, and to attain this end he had to work much harder than he allowed her to have any idea of. They spent six pleasant, healthy weeks at Malvern, and then went to pay some visits at various country houses, including Herbert's home, where his old father still lived. In September Herbert was obliged to return to London and to work, but Kitty declared that it was too soon to go back to their poky little flat, just when there were so many delightful shooting parties going on, and that she would go up to Yorkshire and stay with a cousin of hers whose house was always the scene of a perpetual round of gaiety. Herbert consented rather against his will to this proposition. He did not like the cousin his wife had chosen to stay with, and he felt it hard that she should be willing, even anxious, to part from him, so soon after his recent illness, and let him go back alone to his work in London whilst she went about enjoying herself in country houses. However, he said very little, for he hated to throw cold water on any of his wife's amusements, and he betook himself home to their little flat with a heavy heart, but with few outward signs of annoyance or disappointment. Kitty wrote to him pretty regularly, her letters being full of her parties and of the society gossip which formed the chief topic of conversation at her cousin's house. Herbert spent his days at his office and his evenings at the club, and had to undergo a good deal of good-natured chaff from his friends about having become a "grass widower" so soon after his marriage. Though he bore their teasing good-humoredly, it hurt him, nevertheless, and often he would dine at home and spend his evenings reading, so as to avoid meeting his facetious young friends. At last, towards the end of October, Kitty returned, looking the picture of health and spirits, and full of all that she had been doing. They settled down then, for the winter, and got on very nicely, for Herbert was so thoughtful and unselfish and so fond of his young wife that he seldom denied her anything if he could possibly help it. However, as Christmas drew near, and London became a prey to fogs and damp, Herbert Vivian developed a dreadful cough, of which at first he made light, declaring that he would soon get rid of it. The doctor to whom he went for advice thought differently, however, and after examining him thoroughly, told him firmly and decidedly, that if he meant ever to recover he must go abroad to some warm climate without one day's delay. Poor Herbert gave a sigh when he heard the doctor's verdict, but in his heart he knew it to be the right one, and he broke the news to his wife immediately on his return home. "Oh, what fun, we'll go to Monte Carlo!" she cried, in great excitement; "we shall have a splendid time there. It will be really much more amusing, Bertie, than spending the winter in London." "The doctor says I am to go to Madeira," said Herbert, "and I really think, dear, it will be better. You see, Kitty, Monte Carlo is a very expensive place, and as I shall be obliged to give up my work for the winter, I cannot afford to spend a great deal while we are away." Kitty pouted. She was a spoilt child—the only girl amongst a large family of brothers who had always given away before their pretty, imperious little sister. "I am sure Madeira is deadly dull," she exclaimed, irritably; "really, Bertie, you might have a little consideration for me. Fancy being cooped up in Madeira all the winter with no one but the ordinary inhabitants and a few English people who are dying of consumption. I can't imagine anything more miserable."

that she would go with him wherever he wished. He stroked her brown head as it lay for a moment on his breast, and then, bending down, he kissed her very tenderly. A week later the Vivians embarked at Southampton in a Cape steamer, and at the end of eight days they found themselves landing at Madeira. The hotel at Funchal where they had ordered rooms was bright and sunny and very comfortable. To Herbert it was new life being out all day in the fresh, pure, balmy air after the horrible London fogs which they had left behind. At first Kitty was happy enough in her new surroundings, and declared that Madeira was the most delightful spot on earth. She and Herbert made several expeditions together, walking, riding, and in bullock carts, and the latter did all he could to reconcile his wife to the dullness of the beautiful little island. There were very few English people at Funchal, and the hotel was as Kitty predicted, chiefly taken up by presumptuous patients. There was one pretty, delicate-looking French girl of about seventeen, who had been sent out in charge of a Bon Secours nun, whose sweet, sad face and gentle ways had impressed Kitty very much the few times they had met. Her young patient adored her and could scarcely bear her out of her sight for a moment, declaring that no one could sleep like Sister Genevieve. Kitty soon got tired of exploring and began to look about for some new form of entertainment, but there was none to be had. After a while she began to mope and declared that she would certainly die of the blues if she had to remain any longer in Madeira. About this time she received a letter from her cousin in Yorkshire, telling her that she and her husband and a party of lively friends whose names she mentioned, were going yachting in the Mediterranean, and that if she liked they would call at Madeira and carry her off with them for a fortnight at Monte Carlo. Kitty was sitting out on the terrace with her husband watching the evening glow upon the waters when the letter was handed to her, and without a moment's hesitation she decided to accept the invitation. Herbert, as usual, said very little when the plan was laid before him, but a sharp pain cut him through the heart like a knife as he listened to his wife's words. "It will only be for a fortnight, Bertie," she said, in a tone of apology, "and you will easily be able to take care of yourself while I am away. I will ask Sister Genevieve to keep an eye on you and let me know if anything goes wrong," and with this she slipped the voice of conscience which told her she should not leave her husband all alone, and went off to answer her cousin's letter. Ten days later she received a wire to say she might expect the yacht early the following week, and she was full of good humor and gaiety, doing all she could to make up to Herbert for her impending desertion of him. The evening before the yacht was expected she went to seek Sister Genevieve to tell her what she was going to do, and to ask her to see after her husband during her absence if he required any care. She found the nun walking up and down the terrace saying her rosary. Her face wore a look of almost heavenly saintliness, but was withal so sweet and sympathetic, that all who knew her felt drawn towards her in a wonderful manner. She stopped praying as soon as she saw Kitty approaching, and asked cheerily if there was anything she could do for her. Kitty told her what she wanted, and somehow she could not help feeling a little bit ashamed when she saw the look of surprise and pain that came into Sister Genevieve's dark eyes as she listened. "And are you going to leave your husband all alone?" she asked when Kitty had finished speaking. "Yes," replied the girl, reluctantly. "At least, there will always be you if he should require anyone, which he is not likely to do he is so much better now." For some moments Sister Genevieve did not speak. A sad far-away look had crept over her beautiful face, and her lips were trembling. "Then very gently she said: 'Mrs. Vivian, I would like to tell you a story if you can stay here a few minutes; it will not take long.' 'Oh, I have lots of time,' returned Kitty. 'My packing is all done. I finished it this morning, so as to be ready whenever the yacht arrives.' 'Let us sit down here, then,' said the Sister, leading the way to a rustic bench beneath a trellis around which the roses were climbing, although it was January. Kitty followed, wondering vaguely what the story could be which Sister Genevieve was about to recount to her. 'Years ago,' began the Sister, in a voice which trembled ever so slightly, 'when you were little more than a baby, two young people fell in love with each other and were married. For two years all went well with them, and they were as happy as the day was long. Then one sad day the young husband fell ill and his doctor sent him to a little village in the South of England to recruit his health. His wife, of course, accompanied him, and at first she was charmed with the free, open-air life, the picturesque old village, and the friendly, weather-beaten fisherfolk who formed the chief society of the place. The invalid used to spend his days lying on the beach watching the fishermen mending their nets, and chatting with them about the sea and its treasures, which was a topic they

never grew tired of. He was quite happy and contented, for he never cared very much for society, and as long as he had his wife near him it was all he asked. The soft, pure air did him a world of good, and his cough grew less frequent. After the first few weeks, however, his young wife, who had always been accustomed to a life of gaiety, began to find the simple enjoyment of the little village extremely monotonous. She complained of the tiny rooms, the homely food, and finally declared that she would certainly go mad if she had to remain there much longer. Poor Geoffrey was terribly upset when he heard her talking in this strain, and did all he could to make her more contented with her lot. He sent to London for books and pictures to brighten the rooms, he took her for long drives to all the places of interest in the neighborhood, but Madge was still dissatisfied. Nothing pleased her, she wearied of everything, and cried a great deal when she was alone to Geoffrey's infinite distress. At last matters reached a climax. A sister of Madge's was spending the winter on the Riviera, and she sent long and glowing descriptions of the lovely scenery, the flowers, the sunshine, and, above all, of the charming people she had met. Madge pined to join her, and when Mrs. Seymour wrote and said that Monte Carlo would do her husband a great deal more good than the Devonshire village, Madge determined that she would make him go out there. She read the letter to him, and at last, after a long argument, Geoffrey resigned himself to the inevitable. A week later he found himself in a large hotel at Monte Carlo, which was filled with smart, healthy people, and he, in his weak state of health, felt himself very much out of everything that was going on around him. Mrs. Seymour, Madge's sister, was a robust, loud-dressed widow, always beautifully dressed, and with plenty of money at her disposal. She considered that Geoffrey wanted stirring up, and was telling Madge to make him go out and enjoy himself like other people, instead of moping in the hotel or sitting alone in the sunshine, watching the sea with that far-away look in his eyes. Unfortunately, Madge entertained a profound respect for Mrs. Seymour's opinion, and poor Geoffrey suffered in consequence. He always tried to appear bright and gay when his sister-in-law was anywhere near, but the sound of her voice and the aggressive rustle of her silk-lined garments approaching used to set his teeth on edge and make him shiver. They often took him for drives, which he would have enjoyed very much if he had been alone with Madge, but Mrs. Seymour almost invariably accompanied them, and the result was that he was longing all the time to get home as quickly as possible. He hated the gossip and scandal with which Madge's sister beguiled the hours, and could not bear to see the delight and interest his wife used to take in hearing of a recent divorce case or a suicide at Monte Carlo. Once he went for a drive alone with Madge, as Mrs. Seymour had some more amusing engagements on hand, and the memory of that afternoon lived for a long time in the minds of both. Madge was in a soft, coaxing humor, and she let him hold her hand and fondle the little finger which bore his wedding-ring. Geoffrey wished with all his heart that every drive might be like that one. He and his wife were so happy together she seemed to him to be more like the Madge of the first few months of their married life, simple and affectionate, and quite content to talk to him about the beautiful scenery, the books he had been reading, and other things which interested him. But the other afternoons were not like that, and Geoffrey regretted the Devonshire village with a bitterness which grew deeper every day. He saw so little of Madge. She was always going to parties with her sister or else waiting the sunny hours in the hot, close atmosphere of the Casino. Once or twice she went to a dance in the evening, and Geoffrey was left alone to ponder sadly on the change that had come over his wife. And all this time Madge was in her element. Though at the bottom of her heart she loved her husband very dearly, yet she longed for excitement and admiration. She went everywhere, dressed beautifully, and enjoyed herself most thoroughly. Poor Geoffrey was obliged to remonstrate with her once on the score of expense, for he was not very well off, and he feared that his foolish young wife might get herself perhaps deeply in debt. "I must dress like other people," Madge had answered, irritably, it's nonsense to suppose that I can go about if I do not get some new clothes," and Geoffrey sighed and said no more. He soon grew to hate the Casino. The bold-eyed, showy painted women parading up and down, and the ceaseless chink of the money passing from hand to hand filled him with loathing and disgust. The first time he saw his wife take her place at the tables it gave him a feeling of pain which he could not repress. He went back to the hotel feeling more ill and weak than he had ever done since the doctor had cautioned him to avoid exertion and spoken disparagingly about his lungs. Something must be done, he said to himself. I cannot let her become like her sister and like all those other women who swarm about the Casino. The bedroom windows were open and a mist was slowly rising from the sea, but Geoffrey did not heed it, and he sat for a long time with his eyes fixed dreamily on the gathering darkness.

He felt himself so weak and ill, so utterly unfit to take care of his vain, impulsive, pretty little wife, with her passionate love of life and gaiety. Soon he might require care and nursing, but he knew that he must not now expect them from Madge. Some demon of selfishness seemed to have taken possession of her, and her thoughts were all for herself and her own amusements. He was sitting in the same position when his wife returned home from the Casino. She had lost a good deal of money and was angry in consequence. At Geoffrey's first gentle remonstrance she broke into a torrent of passionate irritable words. He grew angry also for once in his life, and a quarrel ensued. For the first time since they had been married they exchanged no good-night kiss. The following morning the doctor was hastily summoned to visit Geoffrey who had become very much worse. Madge was thoroughly frightened, and for a few days was a devoted nurse. She sat in the sick room all day attending to the patient's slightest wishes. Then Geoffrey got a little better, and the former state of things began again. Madge plunged into the vortex of gaiety with renewed vigor, as though she wished to make up for the time she had lost. Mrs. Seymour backed her up in every way, and the two sisters spent all their days together in a perpetual round of amusement. Geoffrey gave up saying anything. It did no good and only irritated Madge. His cough grew worse, but he never complained. After a while he gave up going out any more, and would lie all day, for the most part quite alone. Madge went to the Casino every day. Sometimes she would go both afternoon and evening. If she was lucky she would return home smiling, and be full of tenderness towards her husband and of compassion for his suffering and loneliness. If she lost she was sullen and silent, and was only longing to be off again to win her money back. She knew that Geoffrey hated her gambling, and that the mere thought of it made him miserable, but she was utterly callous to the pain she caused him, and lived only for herself and her triumphs and enjoyments. She met with a great deal of admiration amongst her sister's many friends and acquaintances, and her head was completely turned between it all. One afternoon Geoffrey was feeling worse than usual, and he asked his wife to stay with him just for once. She saw how ill he looked, and hesitated, and he noticed the wavering in her face. "Only just this once, Madge," he pleaded, looking up at her wistfully, "I feel so strange this afternoon and I have a dreadful pain here," and he pressed his hand to his side. "Poor Geoffrey," she whispered tenderly, bending over him to kiss his thin flushed face. "I promised Alice to go with her to the Casino this afternoon, but I won't stay long. I shall be back in an hour, and you won't mind being left alone for such a short time, will you, dear?" Geoffrey did not answer. He did mind it very much, but he knew it was no use saying so. "You won't stay longer than an hour, will you, Madge?" he whispered, brokenly, for his poor heart was aching even more than his side. At that moment Mrs. Seymour's voice was heard at the door calling to Madge to make haste. "All right, Alice, I am coming," cried the girl. "Good-bye, Geoffrey," and she was gone without another glance at her husband. It was three o'clock when he went out and the clocks were striking seven when she opened the bedroom door on her return. A strange stillness seemed to pervade the room as she entered. Her face was wreathed in smiles and carried a bag of gold pieces in her hand. "I have won, Geoffrey, I have won," she cried, as she advanced towards her husband's sofa, but no answer came from the still, quiet figure lying there. A cry of terror broke from the girl as she bent over him. He lay upon his side, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the doorway, as though he expected someone to enter by it. His mouth was contorted, and there was blood on the white linen front of his shirt. "Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" cried the young wife, falling on her knees beside him. "Speak to me! Look at me, Geoffrey! I am here! I am here!" But there was still no answer, nothing but silence reigned. In horror she glanced towards the door. Who had been watching for when the grim messenger of death had come to take him. She knew well it was for the wife who had promised to love and to cherish him always, in sickness and in health, until death should part him from her. And now death had come and she was too late, too late. She knew that he had called her name when he felt the end drawing near, struggling with all his might to live until she returned, to look once more upon her face which he had loved so dearly. He died alone and unaided, without a human creature near him. Oh! false wife, false friend! Was it thus she had kept her marriage vows. "Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" she wailed in her agony, "I will be good!" But her husband could not hear her; what mattered now if she were good or bad. A book lay open on the floor beside him. Madge's eyes fell upon one line; it, too, was marked with a crimson stain: "In My Father's house there were many mansions; if it were not so—" She could read no farther. With a cry of anguish she fell senseless across her husband's body. There was a dead silence for some moments when Sister Genevieve had finished speaking. Kitty

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Vivian was sobbing quietly, her face hidden in her hands. She looked up presently. "Sister," she whispered through her tears, "who was it?" "It was myself," replied the nun gently, "the story is the story of my life." "Thank you, Sister," said Kitty, very softly, and without another word she rose and walked with a firm step to the spot where her husband sat, gazing sadly at the blue waters, which was to carry his wife away from him on the morrow. Heedless of who might see her, Kitty fell on her knees beside him, and, taking his thin hands in hers, she covered them with kisses. "Forgive me, Bertie, forgive me," she sobbed, "Oh, how could I ever have thought of leaving you, my darling." Herbert gathered his wife into his arms with a beating heart. He did not understand what it all meant, but a strange flood of happiness came suddenly over him. "Tell me what you mean, Kitty," he whispered eagerly, "tell me what has happened?" Then with his arms about her, she told him Sister Genevieve's story, and in the long silence which followed, it seemed to them both that a new life was opening out before them, a life in which all would be peace and love and happiness. The following morning the yacht arrived as expected, and Herbert and Kitty went down to the harbor to see it come in. They found a very lively party on board, and almost every one was already well known to Kitty. "Well, Kit, I hope you are packed and ready," cried her cousin as they met, "for we cannot stay here more than a few hours. It is a dull place, and you are very wise to leave it for a bit."

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FIRST MONTH 31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical events for January 1903.

Walk Two Miles Feels Like One Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

A HYMN OF DAWN. Die, O Night! Along the foam-lashed capes of farthest isles...

Die, O Night! What if there shall be travail for a space? New birth awaits the race...

Die, O Night! Day's eastern wharves exultant barks disclose Bearing, thro' dawns of rose, Large-limbed resolves and hopes...

HOME TRAINING FOR BOYS. Shall the training for home life be confined to the girls? There is much agitation over the necessity for training girls for domestic life...

It is just the everlasting beauty of that old song which gives it such a warm place in our hearts. Now what is true of the arts of poetry and music is true of the arts of drawing and painting as well.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

A thrilling story of rescue from fire is told by F. G. Hubert, jr., in Scribner's Magazine. The hero of it was Captain Vaughan, of the New York Fire Department.

Then Vaughan had an inspiration. Slowly he began to swing his man from side to side, each swing carrying him a little higher.

Mr. Hubert says, and justly, that none but a trained athlete could have accomplished the rescue. But a mere athlete could not have done it—unless indeed, a sound and well-trained body presupposes an able mind.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVICE.

Despite the slurs that are thrown upon the advice of others the truth is that one of the great blessings is the wise counsel of a judicious friend.

TEACH CHILDREN TO WAIT ON THEMSELVES.

A very profitable lesson for children to learn early in life is to be independent enough to wait on themselves. Have nails driven low enough for the little hands to reach and teach them to hang up their own hats and bonnets every time they take them off.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS.

Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth, That away to the East, to the West, North and South, On the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds, Fly the tone of your voice and the sound of words?

FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay—all because I supposed it was a large rock that it would take much time and labor to remove; but to-day when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock. So I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all; and it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on the edge and was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help.

THE FIRM OF GRUMBLE BROTHERS.

"Postscript edition!" shouted the newsboy at the door as the street car stopped for a moment. "Paper, sir?" "Yes," said Alan's father, and was soon deeply engaged reading the latest news from China. Alan, thrown on his own resources, amused himself by looking out of the window. He was not familiar with that part of the city, and found much to interest him. Presently he broke into a loud laugh. "What is it?" asked Mr. Peterson. "Such a funny sign, father—'Grumble Brothers!' I wonder if they live up to their name?" "I think not," said his father, smilingly, "or they would not be the successful men of business that they are. But there are some 'Grumble Brothers' who, unhappily, do live up to their name. I hope you will not enter into partnership."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

If you cross a stick across a stick, Or stick a cross across a stick, Or sticj a cross across a stick, Or cross a cross across a stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a cross, Or cross a cross across a crossed stick, Would this be an acrostic?

THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES.

You have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls who, without doing anything especially mean or spiteful, have impressed you as being girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you and everybody else liked?

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"Phil" whispered little Kenneth Brooks. "I've got a secret to tell you after school." "Yes?" asked Phil. "Nice?" was the answer; "nice for me." "Oh," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the school-house after school to hear the secret. "Uncle George," said Kenneth, "gave me a ticket to go and see the man who makes the canary birds fly off pistols, and all that. Did you ever see him?" "No," said Phil hopefully. "Well, it's first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight. "Same things both times?" asked Phil. "No, sir—ee; new tricks every time! I say, Phil," Kenneth continued,

struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?" "I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil. "That's a fact. How about your mother, Phil?" "Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

DEAR SIR—

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

DEAR SIR—

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

DEAR SIR—

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

DEAR SIR—

DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.

DEAR SIR—

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

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG. Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 3, 1901. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON. 285 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN McGROGAN. 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN. 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON. 65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 3, 1902. DEAR SIR—I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry. 256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AWKERN. Toronto, April 10, 1902. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 13 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902. DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE. 72 Wolseley street, City. 114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith. Address C.R. 199 KING ST. E. JOHN O'CONNOR, FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1903.

FAVORITISM IN TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

In another column we publish several articles that have appeared in The Toronto World with reference to the endowment of a Greek Letter secret society in connection with the University of Toronto. No more extraordinary instance of favoritism shown towards a few of the detriment of the many has ever been exposed in this country. The only case attempted to be made out in defence of the whole transaction is that the dozen students numbered in the Kappa Alpha Society are better housed and better fed than their fellows. In other words, to raise them above the condition of their struggling competitors the authorities have given these unknown curled darlings a valuable land grant and a \$6,600 club house for their luxury. Some very great pressure must have been brought to bear upon the authorities before such a deal was put through. It is admitted that Toronto University has neither money nor lands to give away. It is too poor to provide itself with anything approaching the equipment of McGill. As a graduate points out the University lacks even decent dormitory accommodation, and there is not the slightest expectation of chance that the rank and file of the students, even though all are herded in the Greek Letter fraternity, could have a share of the provision so prodigally bestowed upon the few clubhouse favorites. What, then, is the secret of the "pull"? If we had the names of the members of the Kappa Alpha society before us we possibly could guess. Meanwhile the public confidence in Toronto University has received another severe shock.

Our contemporary, The Berlin Telegraph, says: "The University of Toronto is facing at present a serious situation. Its authorities have granted one of the best sites on its grounds to a strictly private corporation of students, called a Greek Letter Society, which controls admission to its membership, and numbers, about twelve; in addition the authorities have given this Society \$6,600 for the erection of a home or club upon this site. For the site the authorities collect no rent, and for the money only 3 1/2 per cent. interest. Naturally enough, similar societies are applying for a like favor. It appears, however, that, for want of space on the grounds, the University cannot in any case grant more than four such sites. The net result of this will be the sinking of \$40,000 to \$50,000 of property in palaces for forty odd students of the wealthier class, while nothing as yet has been done towards housing the thousands of other students. With this amount of money the University could erect a dormitory in which it could accommodate hundreds of students, and by proper management should draw from it a fair rental on both site and building. The dormitory would be, as is proper in a building erected with public funds, open to all students alike. "It is no secret that the University of Toronto has been for years in financial straits and looks to the Province for relief. This projected and partly accomplished policy of class favoritism within that institution will not encourage the people to dip for it very deeply into the public purse."

SCHOOL BOARD AMALGAMATION.

The annual report of proposals for amalgamation of the Toronto School boards has sprung up. All look to but one object, that is the wiping out of the High School Board. The Register has so often gone into the details of the matters involved in any such change as is suggested that it would be mere repetition to point out again how and wherein the interests of Catholics are at stake. Catholics have been paying their share of

the tax for the High Schools from the beginning, and would be entitled either to compensation or equivalent when the conditions they have so long supported are disturbed. In the past the hand of the Public School Board was busiest in the shaping of various devices for destroying the established control of the High Schools. The City Council was used as a lever, and the pledge in favor of amalgamation became a standing order at the January appointment of High School representatives. Now it would seem that the Provincial Government is the body upon which the mergers are operating. We have some radical suggestions from Premier Ross. It is to be hoped he has considered the whole question before speaking. Our own opinion is that a dummy representation of Catholic interests in a general consolidated school board would not recommend itself to anybody. Premier Ross knows as well as any man in Ontario that what Catholics desire, and have assisted the state at all times in achieving is practical progress in educational matters. Premier Ross is a busy man, and he doubtless has many suggestions dumped upon him by free lance reformers in this field. Education, however, is a cause that brings home responsibility to all associated with it, responsibility not to Boards of Trade, captains of industry, place hunters and professors of culture, but responsibility to the parents of the pupils. A little trifling with the foundations of our school policy and the whole question will in a moment demand attention.

THE PRICE OF COAL.

That the prevailing high price and scarcity of fuel in the cities of Canada has caused general inconvenience and much suffering is a fact the evidence of which appears on every hand. The strikers blame the mine operators, who blame the dealers, who in turn blame the municipalities, that have endeavored to meet the famine by procuring large supplies of soft coal and wood for sale. Week by week as the winter advances the price goes steadily up. Thousands of householders say they are unable to get hard coal at any price. Some have not had any hard coal since the beginning of the cold weather. There is something of a mystery surrounding the situation. Dealers are selling coal at all prices. Customers who paid upon their contracts are still getting their coal at \$6.50, other customers are kept supplied in small quantities at \$8, but the majority are paying \$12 and over. Is it the dealers who are moving the price upwards? If so each one must be acting according to his own fancy. The disappearance of a combination among the dealers to maintain a fixed price has afforded an opportunity to a few exploiters who appear to be quite able to secure an abundance of hard coal for the small business they attempt, underselling the top figures of the big dealers by a dollar or two. This is one of the curious facts in connection with the famine. These casual dealers were selling at \$8, \$10, \$11, and have now reached \$12. Evidently the householder is considered fair game for all the money that can be squeezed out of him this winter.

DEATH OF S. R. BROWN.

The death of the Grand Secretary of the C. M. B. A. was not unexpected. Mr. Brown had been suffering for a considerable time, and for many weeks it was known his illness could have only a fatal termination. He was more than a charter member and executive head of the C. M. B. A. He was the trusted administrator of the Association. In its interests he was wrapped up, apart from its welfare he had no interests. His loyalty to the society was one of its safeguards. During the long period of his illness he was, of course, unable to discharge his duties. He never identified himself with politics, and this was one of the mainstays of his brother members' confidence in his impartiality. In short the fidelity of S. R. Brown to the C. M. B. A. accounted for the fact that he was unheard of in any other connection. To the members of his bereaved family, The Register tenders a sincere expression of sympathy in their separation from a loved husband and father.

IRISH QUESTION MAKING PROGRESS.

Mr. John Redmond has this week been speaking with almost optimistic anticipation of the end of the Irish question. He is not a solitary pro-

phet, however. We have also heard Mr. T. W. Russell, some of the Tory organs of England and a few of the Irish Bishops in terms which if not quite so confident are still very assuring. The Archbishop of Cashel, speaking at Emly on January 7, said: "The land question must be finally settled, and as far as I can judge I think we are near being done with it."

The land question is, of course, not the whole Irish question. It is, however, at the root of all the opposition to Home Rule, which comes from the landlords. The Irish landlords have used the political hostilities of the past hundred years to their own interest. They have employed the Orange association to this end. But for the landlords the creed conflicts of Ireland would long ago have died. Happily to-day the Orangemen are finding this out for themselves. They have forced the resignation from the Order of Col. Sanderson, the champion of landlordism in Parliament, and the Earl of Erne, Imperial Grand Master, will have to walk the plank after him. When the Irish question begins to settle itself all things will conspire to the happy consummation.

THE C.M.B.A.

By the death of Sam R. Brown, the C. M. B. A. loses "an anchor to win'ard." But the ship is stoutly built, is sound in every part and, properly officered, should sail upon a higher tide of prosperity than ever before. At the present moment no word should be said to suggest cause for anxiety or doubt. Flying the flag of genuine Catholicity and keeping clear of the sunken rocks of politics the C.M.B.A. will continue to command the sympathy and good wishes of the Canadian hierarchy and will continue to prove itself worthy of their inestimable protection. At this stage, however, when all members should consider among themselves in their various branches what is best for the common good, it is hardly necessary to ask for an assurance that the Grand Officers will be especially mindful of the trust which they hold.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Very Rev. Capon Cahill, V. G., Tipperary, one of the best known members of the Catholic priesthood in Ireland is dead.

The Catholics of Canada join with the faithful of the Archdiocese of Montreal in heartily wishing Archbishop Bruchesi "Welcome Home."

A drop of 10 cents in the price of gas is the first achievement of the new Mayor. This reduction was offered in E. A. Macdonald's time for a consideration which the city would have been most unwise to allow. The price will come lower before long.

Controller William Burns, in seconding the nomination of Sir William Mulock as President of the Toronto Reform Association on Tuesday evening, did not forget to make a few practical suggestions. He went right to the point in calling for a one-cent letter rate in the cities.

Mr. Frank Slattery, who has been unanimously re-elected Secretary of the Toronto Reform Association, is one of the coming men of the city. It is particularly complimentary to him that he is retained by acclamation in his position when Sir William Mulock is brought forward as chief of the organization.

News despatches from Winnipeg of a sermon delivered on Sunday by Archbishop Langevin, are confined to words so obviously separated from their context as to create a very confused idea of His Grace's meaning. The despatches convey the impression that the Archbishop was talking politics without qualification of any sort.

There are sixty-five more Catholic priests in Great Britain now than there were a year ago. This increase, larger than usual, is to be explained by the fact that England has offered literal sanctuary to a number of the refugee religious of France. In other respects the Catholic statistics for the last twelve months have added one more church to the now nearly two thousand of

such edifices. There are about half a dozen more Roman Catholic Knights (they now number sixty-six) than there were a twelvemonth ago, while the Catholic members from Ireland are now put at seventy-two, instead of seventy-three. There were, and still are, only four Roman Catholics sitting for English constituencies—Lord Edmund Talbot, Sir John Austin, Mr. Hope and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The Catholic peers number forty-one, and the Privy Counsellors eleven, this last figure showing an advance of two since the January of 1902.

A man named Henry Bath, 33 years of age and unmarried, said to have been born in Massachusetts, has been committed for trial at Brockville on the charge of attempting to burn down the Catholic churches of Brockville and Prescott. Crimes of this nature are so extraordinary, so detestable to all men, that the investigation of this particular charge should be unaffected by even the least exhibition of anger.

The appointment of Sir Francis Bertie to the British Embassy at Rome is a suitable one, as the new Ambassador is a Catholic. The appointment caused anything but satisfaction in the upper ranks of the diplomatic service, where this putting of Foreign Office officials at a bound into the higher posts is greatly resented. However, the diplomatic service at present is woefully deficient in brilliant or able men, and the opinion is held that, with the exception, possibly, of Sir Francis Plunket, there is scarcely an Ambassador among them of any marked distinction. The rest are mere utility men, safe, perhaps, but in an emergency not the kind of men on whom the peace of the world should depend.

A Rome correspondent gives the most complete denial to the statement which, he says, has been circulated in many circles in that city to the effect that the Pope no longer celebrates Mass, or else that he celebrates the whole or, at least, half of the Mass in a sitting posture. The Pope says Mass every day, and stands from beginning to end. The venerable old man, in spite of the burden of his advanced age, performs every genuflection completely to the ground, and reads the liturgical prayers so accurately that he takes three-quarters of an hour to celebrate. He is assisted at Mass by his private chaplain and master of ceremonies, Mgr. Marzolini, whilst his personal servant, Centra, serves the Mass. The Holy Father says his week-day Mass in the little private chapel next to his bedroom, but on Sundays in the domestic chapel behind the apartment of the Noble Guard. After Mass the Pope hears another one, said by Mgr. Marzolini.

DEATH OF SAMUEL R. BROWN

Grand Secretary of C. M. B. A., After a Long Illness.

London, Jan. 19.—Mr. Samuel R. Brown died on Saturday evening after an illness which had kept him confined to his home for nearly a year.

Samuel Rochford Brown was born at Newcastle, England, on the 4th of December, 1844, his parents being natives of Kilkenny, Ireland. Leaving the old country in 1847, and coming to Canada, they settled in the district of London. Mr. Brown was a thorough English and Latin scholar, and during his school days showed a particular aptitude for mathematics and literature. He taught eight years in the public schools, and in August, 1870, with a first-class certificate of qualification, was appointed principal of the Catholic Separate Schools of the City of London, in the diocese of His Lordship Bishop Walsh, later Archbishop of Toronto, and held this position until 1888. During this time he edited the mathematical department of Our Home Companion and Canadian Teacher with remarkable ability. Many of the most difficult problems of trigonometry, algebra and philosophy were solved with a clearness that attracted the attention of all subscribing teachers. He resigned his position as principal of the separate schools in 1888, to give his entire attention to the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

In August, 1879, Mr. Brown became a charter member of Branch No. 4, C. M. B. A. He was elected president for two terms, and was senior chancellor. In February, 1880, the Grand Council of Canada was organized, and Mr. Brown was chosen grand secretary, the office which he held with credit up to the time of his death. There were but six branches when the Grand Council was organized, but now there are 366. It can be seen from this the very satisfactory manner in which the grand secretary of Canada conducted the business of the C. M. B. A. He proved himself

an energetic and highly competent officer, and always held the confidence of his brother officers. Mr. Brown was an enthusiastic advocate of Catholic education, but took very little part in politics, except when a question of church or school was at issue. He was a kind husband and a loving father. He leaves a widow and four children, John S., Frank A., Melissa and Mrs. A. Tillmann, to mourn his loss. He is also survived by two brothers, James and Richard, of this city, and two brothers in the States.

His loss will be regretted by a large section of the community. The funeral, which was private, took place to St. Peter's Cathedral Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. R.I.P.

THE FUNERAL.

London, Jan. 20.—The funeral of the late Samuel R. Brown took place this morning, and was private, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased. At 9 o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral. Rev. Father Aylward was celebrant, and assisting him were Rev. Father Egan, as deacon, and Rev. Father Emery as sub-deacon. Mr. W. Traher officiated at the organ.

While the funeral was private, there were present several officials of the C. M. B. A., of which the deceased was so prominent a member. As honorary pall-bearers were the following: Hon. Frank E. Latchford, Provincial Minister of Public Works, solicitor of the C. M. B. A.; Hon. M. F. Hackett, K. C., Stanstead, Quebec; medical supervisor, and W. J. McKee, Windsor, treasurer. Those who acted as pall-bearers were: Messrs. Thomas Coffey, T. J. Murphy, James Wilson, John Forristal, Philip Cook, sr., and J. E. Howison.

Everything was conducted in the simplest manner possible. Interment was made at St. Peter's Cemetery, where the last prayers at the grave were offered by Rev. Father Egan.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE.

(From The Catholic Universe.)

Rev. Francis L. Kerze, of Cleveland, perceives the lack of means to the end in the fraternal insurance rates, and asks: "How shall we provide for the evident deficit of these organizations, resulting from low rates paid in by the present members? Aside from the reserve funds, this is what I mean. A member has been paying a monthly assessment of eighty cents to cover an insurance of \$1,000. Now, according to standard rates, he should be paying more. His portion of the reserve fund with compound interest will not cover the monthly deficit. Therefore, it is clear that for future safety not only must rates be adjusted to standard rates, but we must make provision for this existing deficit and the rates must actually be so adjusted that for the present members they will exceed standard rates until the deficit shall have been covered. So far I have not seen this point urged, and should thank you for any information."

Our correspondent virtually answers his own query. The deficit is a debt. It should be met by a pro rate assessment on the members of the society. This assessment should not be merely on individuals but should be measured by their policy assessments.

It would require more than one hundred years for an individual to meet a \$1,000 payment at 80 cents month, leaving out the income from interest. But that must be omitted for the reason that it is immediately paid out to meet the death claims. Rates must be raised. We do not think that they need be raised to the standard of old line companies for the reason that the large salaries and the dividend payments are not found in our Catholic fraternal insurance societies.

There is not enough of business or business concern about our fraternal societies. "Everybody's business is nobody's business." The medical examiners get no regular salary; their pay depends on individual examinations. We have before us a "call" to pay death claims of \$74,500. We have figured the amount paid in by the forty-eight deceased members and we find that they had contributed \$16,846.47. In addition they are sixty-one claims not yet paid. The beneficiaries of the "call" drew out \$57,654 more than was paid into the fund by the policy holders. The bulletin which comes with the "call" has a number of rallying cries. One is: "Have enthusiasm! One not so possessed will never inspire confidence." "Is the purchase of a moderate estate for your family on the installment plan?" "A dollar deposited in our fraternal societies purchases protection worth many times its present value."

These declarations ought to be reliable. However, we think the compass by which the fraternal societies are steering is not correct. It must be adjusted to avert a shipwreck for those now aboard.

A WIDE SPHERE OF USEFULNESS.

The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over twenty-one years, its popularity is as great as ever and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED STATES WHERE CATHOLICS ARE IN THE MAJORITY.

Washington, Jan. 12.—It is perhaps not generally known that there are fourteen States and Territories in the Union in which Catholics outnumber all the Protestant denominations combined. The following table, which is accurate, will therefore be of some interest:

Table with 3 columns: State/Territory, Catholic Population, Per Cent. of Catholics. Includes New Mexico (120,000), Montana (51,280), Arizona (42,710), Nevada (9,900), Massachusetts (862,500), Rhode Island (291,330), Louisiana (355,120), Wyoming (6,640), New York (2,174,300), California (312,370), Colorado (61,200), Connecticut (271,880), Minnesota (333,310), Michigan (367,400).

In the 125 largest cities of the United States the Catholic population aggregates 3,644,000, while the total number of Protestants is only 2,177,000. The entire population of these cities is 14,110,000. In the country as a whole one person in every 3.21 is a communicant of a church; in the cities one person in every 2.24.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL QUESTION.

One of the principal speeches on the Catholic School question, which is daily coming into greater prominence in the United States, was delivered last week by former Senator Smith. He said that the crying need of the American Republic was Christian education for the young. It was a question that appealed to Catholics more strongly than any other question of our time, for they not only considered it a solemn duty to their children to give them a good Catholic education at any sacrifice, but they felt that it was a duty they owed to our grand country, for the history of all Christian nations proved that when religious education was neglected they lost their prestige and were ruined.

A QUESTION THAT IT IS CRIMINAL TO IGNORE.

"I know that men in political life usually keep silent on the school question," said Mr. Smith, "but to my mind it is a question so important to our national future that it is cowardly, almost a crime, to ignore it. Some of our non-Catholic brothers hold the opinion that the Catholic Church is opposed to the public schools. This is not true. The Catholic Church does not oppose public schools. It contends that in every school there should be Christian education, to inculcate principles of morality in children. Personally I hold that it is better to have any religion than no religion in the schools."

TO TEACH RELIGION IN SCHOOL NOT UN-AMERICAN.

"It is said that to teach religion in public schools is un-American. On the contrary, it is thoroughly American, for in the early schools of New England, where the germ of the public school was nurtured, religious teaching was a main feature. It is only within forty years that Newark appropriated money for public schools, so they are not an old American institution."

ONLY ONE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Now only the Lord's prayer is said and a passage of Scripture read in our public schools, and this is restricted to fifteen minutes. And there is a cry for banishing all religion out of the schools. This is socialism of the kind that leads to anarchy. It is objected that denominational schools are impossible in our country. They are successful in England, Germany and Russia. Lord Balfour, Prime Minister of England, boasted of Great Britain's denominational schools."

CATHOLICS PAYING DOUBLE TAXATION.

"Catholics pay taxes to educate the children of other faiths, as they also pay to educate their own children. Is that fair, or just? They believe it is not only a sacred duty to give their children a Christian education, but that it is one of the most sacred duties they owe to our beloved country. So do the Lutherans, who support parish schools. The great increase of immorality and dishonesty and divorce in our country has caused leading non-Catholics and their religious editors and college professors to question that the public school system is so perfect as it is claimed.

Leading thinkers say there is something wrong in the system, but prejudice is against religious instruction in the schools.

"Why should not Catholics have some of the taxes they pay to educate their children? The fathers of our Republic gained the freedom of the land by fighting for the principle of no taxation without representation."

"The Catholics have fought in every war for our country. Bishop McQuaid, when the Civil War broke out, urged his people in Newark at the Court House to enlist for the Union. At the Catholic Institute a company of young men was organized under Captain Duffy, and the name of George Hobart Doane, a Catholic priest, was second on the roll. Catholics are loyal to the nation because the Church teaches them to be loyal to God and their country."

"I believe that the great mass of the American people are the fairest of any people on the globe, and that when they are convinced that schools without Christian education are ruining the morals of the nation they will correct the injustice of taking the taxes paid by their fellow-citizens who are teaching children morality, and refusing them any participation in the benefits of the country they always are ready to sacrifice their lives for. I hold that the school question is not one for any clergyman to settle, but it is for the laity, the people who pay the taxes, to discuss it carefully, earnestly and without prejudice, and try to find a common ground on which they can meet for the sake of their children and our country."

Church Entertainment in Teeswater.

On Friday evening, Jan. 9, a very successful entertainment under the auspices of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Teeswater, was held in the Town Hall. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather there was a fair attendance, for the programme was of such high and excellent character to draw to the concert even through the storm of snow that raged, a goodly audience of people both from the town and country. Father Corcoran, the esteemed pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, was fortunate in securing as chairman for the concert Rev. Father Maddigan, of Formosa, who introduced the different performers in terms marked by eloquence, grace, wit and tact. As a factor in the concert Father Maddigan is assuredly a host in himself. At the opening of the programme the Teeswater Orchestra played a choice selection. The chief vocalists were Mr. M. and Miss Goeler, Mr. J. Ulrich, of Formosa, and Miss Ferguson, of Teeswater. The singing of Miss Ferguson was especially admired. Miss Staples proved an excellent accompanist. P. A. Douglas, of Wingham, gave two admirable recitations. The lecturer of the evening was Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, whose reputation as a scholar, author and speaker is recognized in every part of Canada and the United States. Dr. O'Hagan's subject was "A Peep into the Life and Art of Europe," which he handled in such an eloquent and graceful manner as to hold the closest attention of the audience for nearly an hour. It was such a lecture, declared the chairman at the close, as could be delivered by no other Catholic layman in Ontario.—News.

Sacred Heart Court No. 201 C.O.F.

The regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court took place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20. There was a very large attendance of members and their friends, the occasion being the public installation of officers. The following were installed by Bro. J. T. Loftus: C. R., Andrew Kerr; V. C. R., L. J. Lebevre; P. C. R., Jas. Malloy; Rec. Sec., Wm. D. Vogel; Fin. Sec., J. E. O'Blagdon; Trustees, J. H. Dodd, Wm. J. Healy, J. J. O'Reilly; Jun. Sentinel, P. Hurley; Sen. Sentinel, E. Hurley; Sen. Conductor, D. Godin; Jun. Conductor, J. Dopp.

After the ceremony of installation refreshments were served. The concert programme was opened by Mr. Alf. Harding. He favored the guests with a solo, which was much applauded. The special feature of the programme was Mr. Harding's musical sketches, which were especially good and rendered in his usual acceptable and pleasing manner. The others who contributed to the programme were most enjoyable. Among the visitors were Deputy H. C. R. of Oshawa, J. F. Strickland, Bro. Fulen of St. Helen's, R. F. Tumpane, St. Paul's, and S. Chas. Graham, P. C. R., St. Mary's.

The next regular meeting of St. Mary's Court will be held on Monday, Jan. 26, at which the installation of officers for 1903 will take place. Several prominent members of the order are expected to be present.

PROSELYTIZING IN IRELAND

Strong Denunciation of the Work by the Archbishop of Dublin.

Speaking at a meeting of the Sacred Heart Home, Dublin, on Dec. 21 Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, denounced the system of Irish proselytizing, to contend with which the Sacred Heart Home had been instituted. His Grace said:

"This is a work that has had to be taken up in defence of some hundreds of

POOR, HELPLESS CHILDREN, poor children who, but for this house of shelter and other kindred institutions, would infallibly have been robbed of that most precious of all possessions, their faith. It is a work that has been made necessary for us by the persistence of a number of people—mostly, I believe, ladies—who devote themselves, with untiring energy, and apparently without scruple and without remorse, to the carrying on of a debasing and sinful traffic, a traffic which they must themselves feel to be debasing, and as to which it is all but inconceivable that they can be so ignorant of the first principles of Christian morality as not to know that it is sinful (applause). At more than one former meeting here I have pointed out as plainly as I could, in what

THE SINFULNESS OF THE TRAFFIC

consists, I have also expressed my surprise—and the same need, I regret to say, still exists for the expression of it—that no authoritative protest against the continuance of this traffic had come from the responsible pastors of that religious body, in the supposed interests of which it is being carried on. In dealing with this point, I have never, let me say, relied upon any principle of morals that could be challenged as a principle held by Catholics alone (hear, hear). I have never even relied upon any moral principle that does not stand as a fundamental principle in every code of morality for which the sanction can be quoted, of any body of professing Christians, Catholic or Protestant, great or small. The work of the tempter is

THE DEVIL'S WORK,

(applause). That is the statement from which I set out, and I should wish to know is there to be found even one authorized exponent of any creed that goes under the name of Christian, who will think of denying that statement, or of calling it in question. The work of the tempter is the devil's work. We may start from that proposition. Now no one need tell either you or me that the people—men or women, gentlemen or ladies, as they may be—who are engaged as active agents in the carrying on of this nefarious traffic in souls do not know as well as I do that the work they are engaged in is the work of the tempter (applause), the work of tempting poor, degraded women to the doing of that which even the most degraded women to the doing of that which even the most degraded, even the most callous, of those who yield to that temptation must, in moments of sober reflection—and certainly will upon their deathbeds—recognize to be for them a sin deserving the punishment of hell. No Catholic mother, no matter how degraded, no matter how ignorant, she may be, is ignorant of the deadly sinfulness of what she does when for some worldly gain she hands over her little child to be brought up as a member of a Protestant community, cut off from those Sacraments, from all those means of grace, which the faith she has never lost proclaims to her, are the means appointed by God for the salvation of that child's soul (applause). A day or two after one of our meetings here I remember reading in a Protestant newspaper an article about myself, and about what I had said here. The article, the whole was

NOT UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

I had said or done something a short time before which the writer was good enough to say that Protestants, no less than the Catholics, had heard of with satisfaction. So I was civilly spoken of, for the time (applause). But then, he went on to add, "the Archbishop at times—rarely, we must admit—uses strong, disagreeably strong, language, and we have now had a specimen of it" (laughter). Yes. That referred to my speech of a few days before at the meeting here in the Sacred Heart Home. The language that I used here was used, of course, in denunciation of this infam-

ous traffic that goes by the name of proselytism. It certainly was

STRONG LANGUAGE.

It would be nothing else. No other language would fittingly describe the infamy of that debasing traffic (applause). Then, at our next meeting, the meeting held here three years ago, I referred to that criticism, and I replied to it. As I put it to my critic and to those whose views his newspaper represents, the language that I used, strong as it may have been, was mild in comparison with the language which Protestants as well as Catholics know from the Gospel record to have been used by Our Lord Himself. I need not quote the passage again. In quoting it that day, I asked them, seeing that they wrote as they did about what I said, what they would have written about me if I had said that when the great day of reckoning comes, it will be recognized, when too late, by those good ladies, that rather than have put temptation in the way of even one of those poor degraded mothers, it would have been better for them to have had millstones tied about their necks, and to be drowned in the depths of the sea. As I pointed out,

THE REAL QUESTION

about strong language is, not whether it is too strong, but whether it is rightly or wrongly applied (applause). The work of the tempter is the devil's work (hear, hear). The work in which these people are engaged is the work of the tempter (hear, hear). From these two propositions they can draw their own conclusion (applause), and when they have drawn it, there will be little room for cavil as to the strength of the language in which it may be expressed (renewed applause). Now, as I have said, I put all this very plainly at our meeting here three years ago, and I have been waiting for an answer to it ever since. Until that day, they had never let a meeting of ours pass, or rather I should say, they had never let a speech of mine at a meeting here pass, without a good deal of elaborate criticism. On that day, I raised, I dare say, for the first time,

THE BROAD PLAIN MORAL ISSUE

For the first time criticism was silent. Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not refer to this in any foolish spirit of triumph. I hope I need not say that I have a real respect for a public writer who honestly withdraws from the defence of an untenable position (applause). But I should now like to put the matter a step farther if I can. I take it as now no longer open to denial or question, that there are in our midst some over-zealous Protestants who are seeking the advancement of Protestantism in this country by means unworthy of being adopted in the defence of the interests of any Christian community (applause). Why, is it, how is it, that there is no writer or speaker of authority at the Protestant side having the manliness to come forward and protest against proceedings that can bring nothing but

DISCREDIT TO THE PROTESTANT NAME?

The evil work that has been going on, under the name of proselytism, for so many years, is sustained by simply enormous sums of money collected mostly at the other side of the Channel. I have never doubted that nine-tenths, to say the least of it, nine-tenths of that money, comes from honest, generous givers (hear, hear), who have not the faintest suspicion of the real nature of the traffic for the support of which it is being expended (applause). There is only one way in which the mischief can be stopped. This also I pointed out at a former meeting here. There are numbers of Protestant ladies and gentlemen in this city, and indeed throughout all parts of Ireland, of whose abhorrence of this abominable traffic in souls we hear a good deal in private conversation. Why do we never hear of their making their abhorrence of it effective by giving public expression to it in some way that will ensure their protest becoming widely known in England, where the money comes from (applause)? There is

A CURIOUS FACT

which I have noticed more than once. Indeed it is a fact of such prominence that it must have struck many others as it has struck me. There are some charitable organizations in Dublin, worked by mixed committees, that is to say, by committees of which both Catholics and Protestants are members. When a public meeting of one of those organizations is held, what do we find? Naturally, enough, there is an assurance given to the public that there is no tampering with the faith of the children in connection with that particular charity. But who is it that is put up as a speaker to give that assurance, or who is the speaker that thinks it is a duty to give the assurance without being put to the purpose? Who? Is it one of the prominent Protestant members of the body, one of those from whom a few timely words, publicly spoken, in

REPUDIATION OF THE EVIL WORK

that is known as proselytism, and in condemnation of that evil work, would be of powerful help in throwing light in Protestant circles in England upon the true character of that demoralizing traffic (hear, hear)? Not at all. The repudiation of the proselytizing tendency—I do not, of course, say in every case without exception, though perhaps I might be justified in going even as

far as that, but certainly in almost every case, in every case that has ever come under my notice—the repudiation of a proselytizing tendency if it is to be made at all, is left to be made by one of the Catholic members (applause). For my part, as I stated publicly on this platform, either at our last or at a former meeting, I cannot reconcile it with my duty as Archbishop of this diocese to give any personal sanction of mine to any organization for charitable work amongst our poor, especially where it involves the visiting of the poor in their homes—if there is engaged in the working of it even one Protestant lady or gentleman who has not publicly taken a stand against the shocking and sinful trade in souls (applause), that traffic to combat the workings of which this Home was established sixteen years ago, and has since been maintained by the generosity of the Catholic public (applause). And why do I take up this position? I have to take it up, for a reason that is surely a very obvious one. How am I to know that the particular Protestant ladies or gentlemen that are engaged, let us say, in visiting the homes of our poor, are or are not likely to

ABUSE THE OPPORTUNITIES PRESENTED BY THEIR VISITS.

by turning those opportunities to account for what are known as proselytizing purposes (hear, hear)? Or how am I to know that any Protestant lady or gentleman in particular is to be depended upon not to turn to account for such purposes the knowledge of the straitened circumstances of some poor family, that has been acquired at committee meetings, or otherwise through the working of a charitable organization, without having ever visited the home of that family at all (hear, hear)? I may be answered by another question. Do I give my Protestant fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen no credit for upright, honorable dealing? That question is not likely to be asked by anyone who knows me (applause), and who knows of the esteem in which I hold a number of Protestant acquaintances and friends. But it is a question that may, perhaps, be asked by others: It is a question easily answered. The matter to be dealt with here, unfortunately, is not a matter that can be dealt with on the lines that you or I would describe as those of uprightness or of honor. The system against which we have to struggle is not, so far as I know, regarded by

ANY AUTHORIZED EXPONENT OF PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES

as at all out of joint with either uprightness or honor. Those who are engaged in working it are, I should say, rather honored by their fellow-Protestants very generally, as zealous apostles of the faith (applause). If I am mistaken in this, I shall be very glad, indeed, to be set right (hear, hear). But undoubtedly there is, so far, nothing before the public to justify any other conclusion than that to which I have been forced to draw from all the evidence before me. So far as I have seen, every Protestant public man, layman or clergyman, and clergyman whether of high or of low degree, who appears in public in connection with this system, appears, not as an opponent, not as a critic, but as

A PATRON, NOT TO SAY A CHAMPION.

of it (hear, hear). Whilst this continues to be so, until the system is condemned by the well-known spokesmen and advocates of Protestant interests in this country, until it is condemned by the Protestant press, I am not going to take upon myself

THE INVIDIOUS TASK

of sitting in judgment, as a sort of Inquisitor-General (a laugh), upon the personal views of individual Protestant ladies as to the particular ways in which it is fair or unfair to seek to advance the interests of Protestantism in Ireland (hear, hear). I am sometimes asked is not a certain lady, let us say, Mrs. A., an upright, honorable lady? Cannot she be trusted? Very possibly. But that is quite a different matter from asking me to take the responsibility of saying to the public that she may be trusted, and so putting myself in the disagreeable, and indeed altogether improper position, of having to offend a number of other ladies (laughter), Mrs. B., and Mrs. C., and Mrs. D., of whom I may know nothing whatever, by declining to regard them as equally fit to be entrusted with charitable work amongst our poor (applause). It is a lamentable thing that a person in a position such as mine has to hold aloof from connection with a charitable work on the ground that it is to some extent in Protestant hands. But this is

AN UNAVOIDABLE RESULT

of the working of the proselytizing system (hear, hear), so long as that system continues to be patronized as it is by accredited representatives of Irish Protestantism, and so long as those Protestants—of whom I believe there are hundreds and thousands in Ireland, and indeed in Dublin alone—who hold the system in the same abhorrence that we do (hear, hear), are unwilling, from whatever cause, to take the honorable, I will not say the courageous, step of making it plain to all the world that, in their opinion, the toleration so long extended by their fellow-Protestants, if not indeed by themselves as well, what is known as the proselytizing system in this country, to the form of Christian proselytism (applause).

IRELAND'S ROLL OF HONOR, 1903.

The Men Who Suffer—Inflamous Sentence of Judge Adye Curran—Honoring Dead Heroes.

The London Daily News published the following:

Coercion in Ireland grows apace. Another Irish member, Mr. John Roche, was, with other defendants, before a Crimes Act Court at Roscommon recently, and had to go to prison for a month in default of giving bail to be of good behavior in respect of a charge of unlawful assembly. This is probably the last sentence that will be passed on an Irish M. P. this year under the Crimes Act. But proceedings in the past year have been so frequent that it has been difficult to keep count of them. Since the middle of December last, however, the following sentences upon Irish members have been passed:

Mr. Conor O'Kelly—Two calendar months' imprisonment and removed from the Commission of the Peace.

Mr. J. P. Hayden—Twenty-one days. Released after serving half the term by medical orders.

Mr. Joseph Tully—One month and one day; reduced on appeal to a fortnight.

Mr. John O'Donnell (first case)—Three months' imprisonment.

Mr. John O'Donnell (second case)—Two months' imprisonment.

Mr. John O'Donnell (third case)—Three consecutive terms of one month each, and ordered to find sureties for twelve months.

Mr. P. A. McHugh—Three months for contempt of a Crimes Act Court.

Mr. P. A. McHugh—Two months' hard labor for an offence under the Crimes Act. Hard labor omitted on appeal.

Mr. Sheehy—Five weeks' imprisonment; confirmed on appeal.

Mr. William Redmond—Six months' imprisonment in default of finding sureties to be of good behavior for two years.

Mr. Reddy—Two months' hard labor. Confirmed on appeal, hard labor being omitted by County Court Judge but appeal to Superior Court is pending.

Mr. Haviland Burke—Two months' hard labor. Reduced on appeal by County Court Judge, to one month without hard labor.

Mr. Roche—Two months' and four months' hard labor. Notice of appeal given.

Mr. Roche (second case)—One month's imprisonment in default of giving bail to be of good behavior.

Mr. J. P. Farrell—Four months' hard labor. Confirmed on appeal.

Mr. William Duffy—Three months' imprisonment.

In some of these later cases, most of which are indicated, appeals are still pending. But the fact remains that twelve members of Parliament have been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, and in some cases to several terms of imprisonment each, within the past twelve months. But this is not all. A considerable number of members of local bodies have also been proceeded against, and sentences of hard labor under the act have involved disqualification to sit on local bodies for five years. These sentences make one of the ugly facts of the situation in Ireland. Will it be met by the land legislation promised for next session?

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

HIS FIRST SERMON.

London, Jan. 19.—Yesterday morning, at St. Peter's Rev. Father Dunn, the newly-appointed second assistant, preached his first sermon. The preacher's remarks were especially timely, as the congregation were celebrating the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE

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

IRON-OX TABLETS

are an effective, but gentle, laxative; therefore an immediately perceptible effect upon the bowels must not be expected from them. Therein lies their great merit.

QUICK ACTION MEANS VIOLENT ACTION

A violent medicine is sometimes necessary, but it is a necessary evil.

Never Forget IRON-OX TABLETS

Application to Parliament.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made for an Act for the incorporation of a Bank to be called "The Home Savings Bank of Canada" with head office at the City of Toronto, with the usual powers of banks under the Bank Act and its amendments; also with power to acquire the assets and the good will of The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited; and to take over its deposits; and to allot shares of the Capital Stock to the shareholders of the said Loan Company in lieu of shares in the Company; and to enter into agreement with said Company for transfer of its assets and good will.

Dated at Toronto, this 27th day of November A. D., 1902.

J. J. FOY, 80 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitor for Applicants.

OIL-SMELTER-FINES. Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Quoted, our Specialty. DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO., Bankers & Brokers, Fiscal Agents, Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, 66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK. Brokers give our agents' names for ready reference the large interest and profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, with blank forms, particulars, etc., sent free on application.

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At home. No operation, pain, danger, or detention from work. No return of rupture or further use for Trusses. Radical cure in every case old or young. One of the many remarkable cures is that of J. R. Ketcheson, Esq., J.P., of Madoc, Ont., whose portrait herewith appears. He was cured at the age of 85 years. Sample treatment free to all. It costs you nothing to try this famous method. Don't wait, write to day, DR. W. S. RICE, Dept. 215, 2 Queen St. E., Toronto, Ont.

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READY IN JANUARY The CANADIAN CATHOLIC DIRECTORY. PRICE 50c. a Copy. ORDER NOW. OFFICES: 9 JORDAN STREET.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY PASSENGERS FOR EUROPE. Should Travel by the ROYAL MAIL TRAIN Via Intercolonial Railway leaving Montreal 12 noon Sunday, which lands Passengers, Baggage and Mail alongside the Royal Mail Steamships at Halifax the following Monday evening, thus saving 24 hours of a sea voyage. Write for time tables, fares, etc. to 10 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. TYPEWRITERS! All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month. CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto.

IRON-OX TABLETS are an effective, but gentle, laxative; therefore an immediately perceptible effect upon the bowels must not be expected from them. Therein lies their great merit. QUICK ACTION MEANS VIOLENT ACTION. A violent medicine is sometimes necessary, but it is a necessary evil. Never Forget IRON-OX TABLETS. Application to Parliament. NOTICE is hereby given that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made for an Act for the incorporation of a Bank to be called "The Home Savings Bank of Canada" with head office at the City of Toronto, with the usual powers of banks under the Bank Act and its amendments; also with power to acquire the assets and the good will of The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited; and to take over its deposits; and to allot shares of the Capital Stock to the shareholders of the said Loan Company in lieu of shares in the Company; and to enter into agreement with said Company for transfer of its assets and good will. Dated at Toronto, this 27th day of November A. D., 1902. J. J. FOY, 80 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitor for Applicants.

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL Awarded LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors. JOHN LABATT STOCK ALE LONDON-CANADA

"GOOD BREAD" Plain words, but how much meaning is attached to them when they are the spontaneous outbursts of pleased customers. Your Bread is just lovely," greets the ears of TOMLIN'S DELIVERY MEN daily. This is very nice, and so is the bread. You Will Say the Same. Phone Park 553

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE Report of the Proceedings of the Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting. REPORT. The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the Banking House on Tuesday, 13th instant, a large number of shareholders and others being present. The President, Hon. George A. Cox, having taken the chair, Mr. F. G. Jemmett, the Secretary, read the report of the Directors, as follows: The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the thirty-sixth Annual Report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1902, together with the usual statement of Assets and Liabilities: The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account brought forward from last year was \$ 251,077.00 The Net Profits of the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to 1,028,509.00 \$1,279,586.00

GENERAL STATEMENT. 30th November, 1902. LIABILITIES. Notes of the Bank in circulation \$ 7,368,042.00 Deposits not bearing interest \$15,978,891.00 Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date \$ 37,944,896.38 53,923,237.94 Balance due to other Banks in Canada 139,459.74 Balance due to other Banks in foreign countries 460,788.14 Dividends unpaid 1,234.17 Dividend No. 71, payable 1st December 280,000.00 Capital paid-up \$8,000,000.00 Rest 2,500,000.00 Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward 152,821.07 10,652,821.07 \$72,825,632.56

ASSETS. Coin and Bullion \$1,579,602.89 Dominion Notes 1,570,318.25 \$ 3,149,921.14 Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation 350,000.00 Notes of and Checks on other Banks 2,833,789.04 Balances due by other Banks in Canada 15,890.30 Balances due by Agents in Great Britain 1,416,760.85 Balances due by Agents of the Bank and other Banks in foreign countries 1,620,789.66 Government Bonds, Municipal and other Securities 7,483,326.16 Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds 7,247,389.11 \$24,107,366.41 Other current Loans and Discounts \$46,990,539.19 Overdue Debts (loss fully provided for) 330,264.90 Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) 175,981.81 Mortgages 181,440.03 Bank Premises 1,000,000.00 Other Assets 40,040.22 \$72,825,632.56

B. E. WALKER, General Manager. The motion for the adoption of the report was then put and carried. The annual resolutions expressing the thanks of the shareholders to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, and other officers of the Bank, were unanimously carried. The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be re-elected as Directors for the ensuing year: HON. GEORGE A. COX, W. B. HAMILTON, JAMES CRATHERN, J. W. FLAVELLE, FREDERIC NICHOLLS, ROBERT KILGOUR, M. LEGGAT, JOHN HOSKIN, K. C., L.E.D., A. KINGMAN, HON. L. MELVIN JONES.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board the Hon. Geo. A. Cox was elected President and Mr. Robert Kilgour, Vice-President.

The D.P. Emulsion. Extensively used in Hospitals. The most palatable Emulsion made. Very easy to digest. Gives strength to the body. Increases the weight largely. The best Remedy for General Debility, La Grippe, Anaemia, Consumption.

THE FRENCH VOYAGEURS.

It was cold, ah, very cold,
And when the break of day allowed
We could to Isle-aux-Coudres away
To fetch the Pere Campain to lay
His body rightly in the shroud.

THE SUNSHINE PIE

Julia F. Deane, in Sunday School
Times.
"I don't believe I've seen a cupful
of sunshine this whole week," said
Pollie Holabird.

suppose you could help with that,
Jack?
"I guess I know a certain woodpile
and coal-bin where I might find it,"
said Jack with a shamefaced smile,

Would you like to know the reason
why
We make such lovely sunshine pie?
We'll give to you the re-cipe
For the more pies made the better,

As they sang the last words the
sun poked his great glowing face
into the Holabirds' window, and
said, "Are those Holabirds going
into the sunshine-making business? I'd
better be about my work."

"HALLO ARCH!"
There is a pathetic story of a woman
of the eighteenth century who attained
a high position by marriage,
and who wrote to a friend: "Ah me!
I saw Lady M. last night. What
exquisite manners! What would I give
to be able to enter a room as she
does—brightening the whole occasion
with her rare charm of carriage and
expression! But, alas! I have tried
and cannot do it. I suppose I began
too late!"

USEFUL IN BUSINESS.
The reasons which lead men to
choose a certain trade or profession
are often, perhaps, no more sensible
than the reason the boy in the following
story from a New York paper
gave for wanting a place in a bank.

DEATH NOT AN EVIL.

(Rev. R. K. Wakeham in The Catholic
Homiletic Monthly.)
First—The death of infants is no
argument against the goodness of
God.
1. Death is no greater evil at one
period of our existence than at another,
in infancy or in youth, in the
prime of life, or in old age.

How is good fortune estimated in
this world? some persons are born to
all that wealth and social position
can give. Others, by one means or
another, succeed sooner or later in
rising to a high position in a very
short time—while the vast majority
by life-long labor, succeed at best in
gaining only an honest living—and
that embittered frequently enough
with sickness, suffering and sorrow.

It is of faith that the soul, by baptism,
is made "a child of God and heir
to the kingdom of heaven"—capable
of seeing God face to face.
It is the will of God that a greater
number of souls reach heaven by going
through the trials, temptations and
sufferings of this life.

HE CAN SLEEP
AND WORK NOW
What Dodd's Kidney Pills
Did for Emilien
Cloutre.
Cared Him of Pain in the Back
and Headache, and Made Him
Well and Strong Again.

Val Racine, Que., Jan. 19.—(Special).—Among those in this neighborhood
who openly proclaim the benefits
they have received from the use
of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Emilien
Cloutre. M. Cloutre was long a
sufferer from that most trying of
troubles, Pain in the Back, that adds
to its inconvenience the disquieting
knowledge that it is one of the surest
symptoms of Kidney Disease.

THE MOTHER'S LOVERS.

Great passions I awake that must
Bow any woman to the dust
With fear lest she should fail to rise
As high as those enamoured eyes.

So to be loved, so to be wooed,
Oh! more than mortal woman should!
What if she fall or fall behind!
Lord make me worthy, keep them blind!

WINTER BIRD NEIGHBORS.
Boys and girls who live in German-
town, Chestnut Hill, Jenkintown,
Overbrook, Wayne or in any other of
the beautiful sylvan Philadelphia suburbs
can get great pleasure from the
companionship of birds in winter, but
the question is how to draw the winter
birds from the woods. It can be
done very easily by taking a little
pans to feed them. Bones and a few
pieces of suet or fat of fresh pork
nailed to a tree are enough to attract
them. For food that can be blown
away or snowed under, such as grain
or crumbs from the table, it is well
to nail up boxes with open fronts
placing them with the back to the
prevailing wind.

THE PITIFUL
Helplessness
Of Brain-tired, Nerve-exhausted
Persons, Who for Lack of
Nerve Force Have Lost Control
of Mind and Body.

Imparting truth to others we give
what outlives ourselves, survives
death even, and blossoms in the tomb
Rightly, therefore, is the gift of
Christian doctrine called the highest
alms.

HOW CAUSTIC BURNS.

Take a piece of woollen cloth, or a
piece of a blanket, and boil it thoroughly
in a strong solution of caustic soda,
and you will find the wool will
gradually be eaten away, leaving
nothing but the skeleton. Women do
not realize how "soap substitutes,"
which are generally surcharged with
soda, or how common alkaline soaps
destroy their clothing; consequently
they, week by week, subject costly
fabric to such treatment. The hands
also are immersed for hours in such
solutions, resulting in eczema, coarse
skin, and brittle nails. The caustic
soda may loosen the dirt, but it eats
away the fabric and ruins the hands.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.
It is well to wander sometimes in the
land of Make-Believe.
Through its ever smiling gardens,
where the heart may cease to
grieve,
Where the beds are gay with roses
and the paths are paved with
gold,
And our hopes, like soaring songsters,
their mercurial wings unfold.

Dr. Chase's
Nerve Food
The Greatest of Nerve Restoratives.
Nervous diseases are most dreaded
because they lead to mental as well
as physical helplessness. Among the
very first indications of the approach
of nervous exhaustion and prostration
are weakness of the will and inability
to concentrate the thoughts.

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Chemists, London, England.
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GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOUR

Fate and Marriage

By Clara Mulholland

"I know him by name," he answered, pressing Hugo's clinging fingers between his hands.

"How funny," Hugo cried. "He's coming here to paint mine. Does your sister think him nice?"

"She has not said much about him. The first time she wrote she said he was 'quaint' and a little odd.

"Isn't it a bore?" cried Hugo, with the air of a martyr. "Now, John, don't you fall for me?"

"You smiled and stroked the boy's golden hair. 'You'll make a nice picture, dear boy, and it will not bore you one bit. You'll only have to smile and look pleasant.'"

"Then you'll have to come and read to me and tell me stories to keep me still, John."

"A cloud passed over John's face and he moved a little away from the child. 'That would be expecting too much from a busy man, dear. When does Mr. Fairfax come?'"

"I don't know. I hope never. Father says he is a mope—always ailing and in bad spirits. I don't want him here spoiling our pleasant chats."

"You're a regular old farmer. Well, if you hadn't had your head in the clouds you'd have seen that Margaret was angry because I wanted her to see like you better than anyone else in the world."

"She could not say what was not true," John answered gravely, his eyes upon the book; "and little boys should not ask silly questions."

"I see nothing silly in that. She didn't mind saying right out that she hated Sir Peter Goldsmid the other day, so why should she mind telling me she liked you?"

"The one's true; the other isn't," John laughed nervously. "And do you hate Sir Peter, too, Hugo?"

"Oh, no. I like him. He gave me a musical box—and a camera. I'd love Meg to marry him."

"John felt himself grow suddenly numb and cold. 'But she doesn't—couldn't love him, Hugo?'"

"Not she. Meg's hard to please, Marie says. But she may give in some day. And he's really not a bad old fellow. I wish you knew him."

Danvers on some very particular business presently."

"Oh, there!" impatiently; "you're all the same. Things to do, not a minute to spare, so, of course, I'm left. Nobody cares for me."

"Then sit down and read me a story," pushing a book towards him. "I want to hear that, and Marie's French accent is terrible."

"Here goes," said John, seating himself on the grass, his eyes following Margaret's graceful figure as she tripped lightly away from them over the grass.

"Scraps thankfully received," said Hugo, with a merry twinkle; his good humor quite restored. "I'm enchanted Meg went away, for now I'll have you all to myself."

"You asked me to read you a story, Hugo, and time is passing."

"All right. Read away. I was just wondering about Meg. She seemed angry and out out by what I said. Now, didn't she?"

"Looking at the sky, Hugo laughed boisterously. "And what did you see there?"

"A cloud or two, and there is a lot of hay only just cut. I was feeling nervous lest it should rain."

"You're a regular old farmer. Well, if you hadn't had your head in the clouds you'd have seen that Margaret was angry because I wanted her to see like you better than anyone else in the world."

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"Not she. Meg's hard to please, Marie says. But she may give in some day. And he's really not a bad old fellow. I wish you knew him."

went out of the library into the sunshine. As the door closed upon John Mrs. Danvers sighed heavily and lay back in her chair. "Poor boy," she murmured. "I am really sorry to let him go; but I suppose it is all for the best. Linton was so displeased, made such a row about him, that it was most unpleasant. Not," wrathfully, "that I would have dismissed him at his lordship's bidding. He is not my master. But he made me suspicious—suggested that John Fane prevented Margaret from thinking of marrying either Lord Kelmsford or Sir Peter Goldsmid. It's a preposterous idea of course. But, still, now that the young man wished to go himself, it's perhaps as well. I must go and find Margaret and tell her all about it."

When Margaret left the hayfield somewhat precipitately she hurried along till she entered a little belt of wood that ran at the bottom of the Riverside garden and sloped down towards the banks of the river. Here she threw herself upon the grass and covered her burning cheeks with her hands. If she had stayed another moment by her brother's couch she knew she should inevitably have said something that would have shown John how annoyed she was at the boy's foolish remarks.

"And I did not say it," she cried, "and got away with some little show of dignity. I was silly to mind, of course, for he's only a baby, poor Hugo, in spite of his old-fashioned airs and graces. Any other day I should not have minded. But my father's words yesterday, his sneering words about John; his praise about Sir Peter Goldsmid; his assurance that he would make me a good husband; that he loved me and was rich. Oh! with a little shiver, 'if that were all one wanted I might have accepted Lord Kelmsford. A fortnight or three weeks ago he was the man 'made to marry me,' according to my father. And now—what can have changed him so suddenly? Why is Sir Peter—poor, fat Sir Peter—the favored one? Father was also so urgent. First he implored—then he scolded. And, from what Aunt Miriam said, I know he treated her to a stormy scene. I wonder why—she can't make me accept a man I hate. She—"

A step on the grass near startled her, and looking up, she saw Sir Peter Goldsmid coming eagerly towards her. In a moment the girl knew why he was there. Her father had prepared the way for that.

"What a fool the man is," she thought, just giving him her fingertips. "Does he imagine I am my father's slave? Bound to obey, whether I like it or not?"

Sir Peter grew red and confused as he shook the girl's hand, and stiffly, and with considerable difficulty, sat down on the grassy bank by her side. "I was just going in," Margaret said gaily, and rising quickly to her feet as she spoke. "And I know you are anxious to see auntie. You and she are great friends."

He looked at her reproachfully and struggled to his feet again. "I have come from London to see you—not Mrs. Danvers," he said firmly. "I have sought you for one specific purpose. I couldn't stay away. Couldn't wait. No," as she raised her hands imploringly, "don't stop me. I will say it, I have come to ask you to marry me. Your father, your step-mother, everyone, thinks a marriage with me a desirable thing for you. And I love you—and—"

"Pray, Sir Peter, say no more. I could not marry you, for I do not love you."

"You say so now. But love will come and I will be content with very little."

"That little I could never give you. And you would not be happy—"

"I shall never be happy away from you."

"I'm sorry for that. But I cannot marry you."

Sir Peter grew livid and laid his hand upon her arm. "I would wait any time."

Margaret shook her head. "Any time is no time," she said flippantly. "And if you waited till Doomsday my answer would be the same."

Then he lost his self-control, and, throwing discretion to the winds, cried, breathlessly—"A time may come, Miss Fane, when you will regret. Poverty may overtake you. Till now I have held my hands; but there are things I may prove that—"

"Stop, please. Do not make speeches you will be sorry for. I don't know what you mean. But," drawing herself up proudly, "no poverty, no time, would make me marry you, Sir Peter."

He caught her hand convulsively. "Do you care for anyone else?" "That is a question I refuse to answer, Sir Peter Goldsmid," she replied with cold dignity, and, turning, she walked deliberately away from him.

tree sat lightly on the smooth, still water, and, seeing it, an exclamation of pleasure escaped her lips. "The very thing. 'I'll row myself to the bend of the river and back. That,' laughing gaily, 'will take some time and give me a peaceful hour for thought. How beautifully quiet everything is. I wonder,' she paused and stood for an instant staring at the sparkling water, 'who Sir Peter fancied I could have learned to love?'"

A tall, dark-haired man came out from amongst the trees, and with bent head went slowly along the path towards the boat. Margaret smiled and forgot Sir Peter and his disagreeable proposal as she saw John Fane approaching. His pale, dark face, somewhat rugged features, and lithe, well-knit form were easily recognized, but the careworn, dispirited expression, the contracted brows and tightened lips were strange to her. Never before had he seen him look so sad and anxious, and watching him, she sighed and dashed her hand across her eyes.

"There's something curious in the air to-day," she thought quickly. "Everything seems wrong—everyone in a most peculiar humor."

As John walked along with bent head, telling himself that he must take his last look around this place where he had spent so many happy hours, he saw but little, and hardly noticed where he went. His thoughts were sad and absorbed and preoccupied; the possibility of meeting Margaret did not arise in his mind.

"But suddenly, with a start, he caught sight of her. 'Miss Fane! And Alone!' he murmured. 'Shall I speak or pass on?'"

He knew she had seen him, and after a moment's hesitation he went quickly towards her. Margaret looked at him inquiringly, and their eyes met for a moment. Then, turning away, she said, with a light laugh:

"Is the weather oppressive, Mr. Fane? I think it must be, for all seem dull and out of spirits. I—I am feeling most depressed, Hugo is snappy and disagreeable, and you look as if you have heard some very bad news. I hope there is nothing wrong with your sister?"

John looked at her with grave, sad eyes, then smiled slowly. "No; I believe Beryl is well."

"I am glad."

Margaret paused and, leaning against the ivy-grown trunk of a big beech tree, gazed thoughtfully at the blue and almost cloudless sky. John stood before her in silence. The sun shone in through the branches, and touched the folds of her dress and the golden tresses of her hair with a bright and flickering light.

Looking at her thus, John's troubles were forgotten. He thought of nothing now but the exquisite happiness of being near her. Then, with a sudden clutch at his heart, he remembered that this meeting would probably be her last, that months, perhaps years, might elapse before he should see and speak to her again.

With a quick turn of her head and a sudden change of color, Margaret broke in upon his reveries, saying, "You know Sir Peter Goldsmid, the great lawyer, a little, Mr. Fane, I think?"

"Yes," John reddened, but looking at her with a straight, frank glance, said, "And I am likely to know a good deal more of him very soon."

"Indeed!" Margaret raised her dainty eyebrows in surprise. "Did you see him this morning then?"

"This morning? Oh, no; I could not see him. He is in London, Miss Fane."

Margaret blushed vividly, and plucked a spray of ivy from the tree. "No, he was here just now, and I thought you might have seen him."

"No; I was not aware that Sir Peter was in the neighborhood," John said, wondering at her change of color. Then he reflected quietly, "He came to make inquiries about me of Mrs. Danvers, and she perhaps resents such conduct, forgetting, as she has always so sweetly, seemed to forget, what, last, is my true position here."

"Sir Peter is in the house," Margaret said, "but I had a convention with him just now, and he made some strange remarks."

"About—about me, Miss Fane?"

"Oh, no. He said nothing about you."

"Pray forgive my seemingly impertinent and egotistical question, Miss Fane," cried John, somewhat confused. "But as I have made up my mind to become a lawyer, and Sir Peter Goldsmid has offered me a place in his office, I—"

"This is strange news, Mr. Fane," Margaret exclaimed, "and means, of course, that you are leaving us."

"Yes," regretfully, "Alas! yes. But for many reasons, I feel bound to do that."

"Many reasons?"

"She looked at him sadly. 'I am sorry, and so, I know, will be Mrs. Danvers. And Hugo, ah! Mr. Fane, what will Hugo do?'"

"I have broken the sad news to Hugo, and he has borne the news better than you would expect. Mr. Fairfax will console him for my loss, I fancy."

"A heartless speech. Hugo's feelings are deeper than you seem to think, and my aunt—she will be greatly vexed."

"I think not. In fact, I feel sure she is distinctly pleased."

"You have told her, then?"

"Yes," slowly. "I have told her."

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

She thought the opening in Sir Peter's office a splendid one, and seemed more pleased than otherwise at my departure, Miss Fane.

"I cannot believe that. She—we all think—" Her color deepened, and she hesitated, then added quickly, "I for one will be very sorry to see you go."

"Thank you. You are most kind." His voice was cold, his manner stiff and formal. "It is good to have one friend. I have not been the success I hoped—fancied, Miss Fane."

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MONUMENTS

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats...

RETURN OF ARCH-BISHOP BRUCHESI

Montreal, Jan. 19.—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accompanied by Rev. Canon Dauth, who went to Rome with him; Rev. Canon Roy, and Rev. Canon Gauthier, will arrive from New York tomorrow morning.

Among the first announcements that it is expected by the canons of the diocese will be made by His Grace are the establishment in his diocese of a branch of the order of Passionist Fathers. Contrary to the statement that has already been made, it is also believed that as a result of his visit to Rome, he will announce a further division of the Archdiocese of Montreal, and the erection of a diocese of Joliette.

Interviewed in New York. New York, Jan. 19.—Archbishop Bruchesi arrived here on Saturday on the La Savoie, on his return from a visit to Rome, whither he had gone to offer homage to the Pope on his jubilee.

Archbishop Bruchesi said the Pope showed unimpaired mental and physical energy, investigating minute details in person, yet appearing in even better health than at his visit five years ago.

Archbishop Bruchesi had two private audiences with the Pope during his stay in Rome, besides presenting many Protestant and Catholic tourists to His Holiness. He characterized the report as to his having gone to Rome to receive a Cardinal's hat as untrue and ridiculous.

Asked as to the Manitoba school question, Archbishop Bruchesi said the Pope took a great interest in the matter. Personally the Archbishop hopes the Catholics of Manitoba would ultimately receive the same treatment that was meted out at the present time to the Protestants in Quebec.

The joyful welcome announced by the ringing of the bells of all the Catholic churches in the city, told of the universal joy of the faithful at the return of the pastor at the end of the longest absence since taking charge of the diocese.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon at St. James' Cathedral took place the solemn chanting of a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving for the safe return of His Grace.

In thanking the clergy and faithful for their kind words of welcome, His Grace referred to the great pleasure and satisfaction there had been in visiting His Holiness the Pope. He had found His Holiness in excellent health and everything pointed to his being able to direct the work of the Catholic Church for many years to come.

CARDINAL PAROCCHI

Venerable Sub-Dean of the Sacred College Succumb to Heart Disease.

Rome, Jan. 15.—Cardinal Lucido Mary Parocchi, sub-dean of the Sacred College and vice-chancellor of the Holy Catholic Church, died suddenly to-day of heart disease.

The deceased prince of the Church was born at Mantua, Aug. 13, 1833, created and proclaimed June 22, 1877. The son of a miller and having risen from the ranks by the sheer force of his energy and ability, Cardinal Parocchi was acknowledged as one of the most remarkable men of the Sacred College, possessed of great force of character and piety.

GREEK LETTER SOCIETIES AND TORONTO UNIVERSITY

Shall Public Land be Granted to Secret Organizations?—Serious Question That is Agitating the Learned Men in Queen's Park.

(Toronto World, Jan. 9, 1903.)

On the northwest corner of Hoskin avenue and Devonshire Place, and on what is, perhaps, one of the finest sites in the Park, stands a substantial looking building, which serves ostensibly as a residence for students attending the University of Toronto, but which is in reality nothing more than a social club for members of the Kappa Alpha Society, a secret organization of students and graduates, incorporated under the Ontario Companies' Act, in the usual way, with a capital stock of \$10,000.

The land on which the club is built is a corner lot, 75 feet by 120, and is leased to the Kappa Alpha Society by the University at the extremely low figure of \$1.00 a year, thus making the land practically a gift.

The money to build the club was lent by the Board of Trustees to the society; the amount being \$6,000, and the rate of interest 3 1/2 per cent. per annum.

The building has accommodation for about ten or twelve residential students.

Pertinent Questions. As several other secret societies have applied for land and money on the same terms as the Kappa Alpha, the following questions naturally arise: 1. Should secret organizations be encouraged in a public non-denominational institution like the University of Toronto?

2. Should public land be granted to any organization, over which the University, can have, in future, but feeble control?

3. Should such organizations, whether incorporated under the Ontario Companies' Act for purposes of gain or not, be allowed to do business without taxation?

The graduates of the University of Toronto, who are not members of secret societies, are now called upon to discuss these questions, and the Board of Trustees will probably be asked to explain their present attitude to the friends of the University and to the general public.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES. The members of the Board of Trustees of the University of Toronto are: John Harkin, LL.D., K. C., chairman.

James Loudon, M. A., LL.D., president of the University, vice-chairman. Hon. Sir William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Chancellor of the University.

Hon. Charles Moss, LL.D., vice-chancellor of the University. Maurice Hutton, M.A., principal of University College.

Byron Edmund Walker, Esq. John Herbert Mason, Esq. Hon. Andrew Trew Wood. Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski, Esq.

COMMUNITY COLLEGE RESIDENCES. (Toronto World, Jan. 10, 1903, Editorial.) A news item in yesterday's World says that some objection has been raised to the University of Toronto giving a site to a Greek Letter society for a residence in the Park for a nominal sum, and lending the money to build at a moderate interest.

There are two sides to this question, and we await further information; but in the meantime we offer it as a fact that similar societies have secured similar privileges in connection with nearly all the universities in the States, and the net result has been that the students are better housed, better fed, and are morally improved by living in communities of this kind.

Universities that have attempted to lodge and feed their students have in nearly every case failed, the most successful instance of students being well lodged and fed is probably at Harvard, where it is managed very largely by the students themselves. They have solved problems connected with good food, quick service and reasonable lodging in a way that the governing bodies of the college have never been able to approach. Half of a university education consists in college associations rather than in mere book learning, and if university students through community living are improved in their manners and ideas, a distinct gain is made.

NEAVE'S FOOD. GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900. For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged. Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation. DR. BARNARDO says: "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

Stammerers. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BELMONT, CANADA. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. Dr. W. J. Arnett, Superintendent. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

ST. MARY'S C. L. & A. A. The last regular meeting of the above association was held in the club rooms, with President Read in the chair. After the disposal of the regular business a debate took place—"Resolved, That Chinese Should be Excluded from Canada"—a subject which proved to be instructive and entertaining.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER. Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises, cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive, and in their work, where wet and muddy combined with daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue.

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GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ONTARIO. W. J. Dixon Cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills. He Could Hardly Walk or Sleep. But is now Strong and Hearty Once More.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 28, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES. Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or—

(2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or—

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

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

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

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