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The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

TALKS BY "TERESA"

The Ladies Aid Societies of the different parishes have been doing splendid work during the past winter in relieving the terrible distress prevailing in the districts of the city.

Food, clothing, groceries, coal tickets, etc., have been distributed every week, and orders for medicine and medical assistance have been in great demand.

How badly clothed and poorly fed, O Christ, only Thou and Thy poor know.

The rich may, and do, feel sympathy, but they can have no knowledge of the fearful struggle, of the foodless days and the cold dark nights, of the ever weakening struggle with despair.

The misery and distress everywhere met with wrings the hearts of the good women who are trying to alleviate it, and the knowledge that they can do so much for the poor, who are so full of hope and trust, not to lose heart or courage.

The rich and well-to-do have troubles also. What are they? Are they to semi-starvation, to bitter cold, to helpless and almost unbrightened lives? What are the troubles of a rich mother to a woman who hears her children daily crying for bread which she cannot give them.

He will ask you where is the justice of it? He does not want charity. He wants work, the work that every man in the land is entitled to.

He will tell you that hope has long been dead, that he cannot think, or hope or believe; his mind is numbed. All he can do is to tramp his weary round all day, and come back to his crust and his miserable bed at night.

He will ask you how you can be so blind, how you can be so without the means of earning bread for those dependent upon him?

He will not believe you, and he is right. It is not God's doing; it is man's. Every man on earth has a right to as much labor as will bring in the means of keeping himself and those dependent upon him. But who is to give it to him? The Government. That the laws of a country can materially assist in the reduction and abolishment of pauperism, is proved by the present state of society in the West.

What is our Government for? Liberal or Conservative, what has it ever done for the people who are crying to it for bread?

What is our Corporation doing? It is wasting the people's money in the most disgraceful way, it is building a monument of extravagance that will have to be paid for with money that should be used to buy bread for the millions.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but some so bad that it will. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail.

Domestic Reading

Giving way to trouble draws us from the love of God.

God never permits a temptation to befall us without a corresponding grace to resist.

We learn self-control, patience and forbearance from the faults and failings of those we live with.

Clouds will sometimes overshadow even the happiest of married lives, but the sunshine of true affection founded on the love of God dispenses them.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I am content to believe that there is evil, that there is a way to escape from it; and with this I begin and end.

There are parents who let their children read books about pirates and cutthroats, and then blame the school and the Sunday-school teacher because they do not become angels.

A busy man or woman is rarely a long hater—or indeed a hater at all. An inveterate hater needs a clear, unoccupied mind. It wanders the house all to itself, and will brook no fellow-lodgers. Work heals more feuds than intercession.

The goal of our vision and efforts is not the valley of death but the gate of life. We are not born that we may die, but that we may live; we labour that we may live more abundantly. We fix our minds on living, we guard ourselves against death.

Purity and humility go far to make a fair chamber for Jesus, and one other thing is only needed—faith. The more man provides a table, but he left it to Jesus to bring the feast, and Jesus ever despoiled the empty soul that He may fill it with His grace.

A receptive must question and argue; it is his necessity. A mystic has only to learn and listen; it is his felicity. A mystic gathers truth as a plant absorbs the light, in silence and without effort. His earvise to his brethren is to ask secrets of the Lord.

There are a few fine souls who love one because they love for ever, whose devotion is independent of sight, whose constancy deepens in absence. They have their reward in a delicate beauty of character, in a rare spirituality of temper denied to those of grosser mould.

If we had our way most of us would choose a new set of circumstances and would afterwards repent bitterly. God doeth better for His sons, disarming and illuminating the things which were against us, so that they become our protection—the storm on the surface hiding the eternal calm below.

The opinions of relatives as to a man's powers are very commonly of little value, not merely because they sometimes overrate their own flesh and blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary, they are quite as liable to underrate those whom they have grown into the habit of considering like themselves.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growth may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfolds as a morning-glory in the other.

We are oddly constructed machines, at one time all resolution, at the next all doubt. To-day our intellect, our science, all our "Lieben und Trieben" seem but a pitiful Philistine, not worth a pipe of tobacco; to-morrow we throw ourselves heart and soul into these very researches, consumed with a burning thirst to absorb everything into ourselves, longing to step on fresh paths, and fraying impatiently at our inability to solve the problem fully and completely. Then down we sink again in disgust at the worthlessness of all it.

Compliment to a Catholic Song-Writer

TROBROD, Feb. 25.—The guild of St. John's Church held a very successful entertainment and tea in the school room on Monday night. Rev. P. L. Spence occupied the chair and gave several readings during the evening. Dr. P. C. O'Connell delighted the audience with several songs, rendered in the doctor's own inimitable style. A special feature of the programme, deserving more than a passing notice, was the tableau, "Fair Canada," in which Miss Myrtle Rogers was the central figure. She was robed in white in the style of the ancient Greeks, holding in her hand a shield, on which was being painted by Miss Isabel Macartney, the words "Fair Canada." During the tableau Dr. P. C. O'Connell sang the chorus of "Fair Canada," written by David Battle of Thorold.

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Zola's Position in France. A French correspondent says every possible effort is now being made to permanently damage Zola. Believers and unbelievers, Atheists, and devout Catholics are leagued against him. "They are calling me a bandit," he complained to the jury, but worse names are daily applied to him in the freshening newspapers.

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Calendar for the Week. March 10—The Forty Martyrs. 11—Holy Winding Sheet. 12—St. Gregory the Great, Apostle of England.

The Late Archbishop Cleary. Subscribers and others desiring extra copies of last week's issue of The Register for friends abroad order at once from the office of publication.

Although more than a week has elapsed since the provincial election returns were announced, the electors of Ontario are still far from any clear understanding of the verdict of their ballots. On the declaration of the Liberal press the government appears to have a majority of five; but that is only a guess.

A sad reflection upon the electioneering conduct of political parties in Canada that the courts should be choked with protests every election. The worst feature of the evil is that the corruption which calls for so much judicial investigation is practised deliberately, as a branch of Canadian political science.

Taking the results of the elections as they appear now we find not a little reason for congratulation. The "Patron" element has been wiped out of the legislature. The "Patrons" were never honest in their political professions. In the western constituencies of the province in 1894 they dwelt in the tents of the P.P.A., and polled their influence with that notorious organization.

The text of the Irish Local Government Bill is published in our country exchanges. The scope and intention of the measure demand a word of frank acknowledgment. There is no gainsaying the importance of the powers and responsibilities now for the first time in Ireland proposed to be entrusted to the people.

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It is not too late to say a word respecting the peculiarities of the voting in South Toronto and Ottawa. Mr. W. B. Rogers, the defeated candidate in South Toronto, addressing the Young Liberals' Club on Monday evening last is reported to have "attributed his defeat to his supporters. Mr. Foy had got from his co-religionists."

Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon writes to The Ottawa Citizen clearing up the origin of the phrase "A New Nationality," used in the Governor-General's speech at the opening of Parliament on Jan. 19, 1895. Mr. MacMahon traces the paternity of the expression to an article published in his paper, The New Era, in 1855. Hon. A. A. Dorian, as soon as the expression found place in the Governor-General's speech, recalled its invention by McGee, apparently by way of a taunt.

Coming to the vote cast in Ottawa, we refer our readers to the article from The Journal which we re-publish to-day. If this article gives a true statement of the facts there can be only one inference open to the Catholic electors of the Capital. Their Protestant neighbors, or at least a section of the Protestant population, now challenge the right of Catholic representation in a Catholic city.

An important—and on the whole satisfactory—debate took place in the British House of Commons on Feb. 16 and 17, relative to the demand of the Irish Catholics for the establishment of an Irish Catholic University. The question arose upon Mr. Dillon moving an amendment to the address, calling Her Majesty's attention to the intolerable grievance long suffered by the Catholics of Ireland in respect of university education.

The speech of the leader of the Irish Party must have been convincing, indeed, when it drew from Col. Sanderson the compliment that it was an able speech. But Col. Sanderson's style of reply was by far a higher compliment than his verbal acknowledgment of Mr. Dillon's ability. The gallant representative of the Orange organization found himself reduced for arguments to a resource neither unfamiliar nor uncongenial to gentlemen of his peculiar convictions.

Those who have listened to the debate must know that the word "sectarian" has been used ambiguously throughout the whole of the discussion. It was used in quite different senses. Speakers had oscillated from one side to the other as it suited their argument without any time when they contended for a denominational institution in a more technical sense—an institution which should not only be Roman Catholic in the sense that Trinity College is Protestant, or the Queen's College or Cambridge or Oxford is Protestant—an institution fenced round in favor of Roman Catholics, as Oxford and Cambridge were before the Test Acts were abolished.

The Irish Catholic University Question. An important—and on the whole satisfactory—debate took place in the British House of Commons on Feb. 16 and 17, relative to the demand of the Irish Catholics for the establishment of an Irish Catholic University.

Mr. Carvell Williams—Do you mean the Government? Of course it stands to reason that the College or University should be founded upon such lines as will make it Roman Catholic in the sense that Trinity College is Protestant, or the Queen's College or Cambridge or Oxford is Protestant.

any endowment for any form of religious education. The speech of the leader of the Irish Party must have been convincing, indeed, when it drew from Col. Sanderson the compliment that it was an able speech. But Col. Sanderson's style of reply was by far a higher compliment than his verbal acknowledgment of Mr. Dillon's ability.

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Spain and the United States. If the United States and Spain cannot be said to be drifting nearer to war the apparent reason is, that Spain does little else than back away whenever the danger becomes acute. Publicly and officially the Spanish policy seems to be to avoid the war at any cost.

any body in the House to seriously oppose it. Colonel Sanderson—Will the right honorable gentleman say what is the proposal before the country? Mr. Balfour—I am very sorry if I have not made myself clear. The proposal which I understand the leaders of the Roman Catholic party in Ireland say would content them and meet the difficulty of providing higher education for the majority of the Irish population is a proposal which would not fence out the endowment given to any institution, but be provided in Ireland with any more limitations than exist at the present moment in the case of Trinity College, Dublin.

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the calmness and tranquillity, the self-control and the self-possession which they have exhibited during the fearful ordeal through which the country has been passing in the last few days. It needed only a spark to kindle a great conflagration, and the nation and the limited bearing of the Executive and legislative bodies are all the more commendable in view of the mischievous and intemperate utterances of some sensational newspapers.

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Chats with the Children

A QUESTION OF SPELLING. They were looking through their book With pictures of the Zoo; Both too young to read the text. But each the pictures know. Will was three, and Ray was five— And three years old is old!

A FUNNY LITTLE CUB BEAR.

In March St. Nicholas, Meredith Nugent has "Leaves from the sketch-book of an Animal-Artist." Mr. Nugent says: "The funniest model in my experience was a cub bear; and during his visit to the studio we laughed more than we worked."

A SONG OF ECSTASY.

In the March Century there is a paper on the "Songs of American Birds," by John Burroughs. Mr. Burroughs says: "A very interesting feature of our bird-songs is the wing-song, or song of ecstasy. It is not the gift of many of our birds."

LOWERING OF THE GREAT LAKES.

W. S. Harwood writes of "The Great Lakes" in March St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says: "Geologists point out the fact that this chain of lakes has not always been as it now is; that there was a time when all the lakes were blended into one, having, probably, the Mississippi River for its outlet to the Gulf on the south."

the mingled comedy and tragedy of life. In a certain sense these lakes form one mighty river draining a region of over 525,000 square miles, and finding an outlet for their overflowing water through the swift St. Mary's River at the east end of Superior, through Huron and the St. Clair River, and Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, through Erie and Niagara and Ontario and the St. Lawrence, on to the ocean beyond.

PUZZLES.

DIAMOND AGOSTIC. A letter; an insect that stings; one who turns against the government; an insect that emits light; opposition to the government; a strong man; a cloth used for covering musical instruments; a weight; a letter. Centres read downwards and across describe something that happened in the North-West.

HURLED TOWNS. 1. I don't think that's a good melon; don't eat. 2. Are you going to Vermont? Really, I envy you. 3. There's plenty of goldstill in the workings of it; tons of it.

CONUNDRIMS. 1. What is the difference between fish alive, and live fish? 2. What ailment can you find on an oak? 3. Flies sigh, flies low, wears shoes and has no feet?

CHARADE. My first are numerous in the world, and seldom live alone; Whenever the schoolboy goes to school, he puts my second on; And if his lessons are not learned, and heedless of control, He plays all sorts of naughty tricks, he has to don my whole.

Answers to Puzzles of Feb. 24th. 5. Also. 6. Insestiate. 7. Housewife. 8. Bles. 9. Plague (ague).

MARKS. John A. Doyle, Ann street, 5; Mary E. Morrison, Woburn, C; J. E. Thomas, Yonge street, 2; Camilla Caserly, 2.

AGGIE BLONDIN:

You were not quite correct, Aggie, but never mind, try again; remember the prize is given every three months to the one who has the largest number of marks, and though some may forge ahead just at first they may not be able to keep in front all the time. Jennie O'Malley gave the same answers as Aggie; but I cannot understand why these two little girls should say that "grace" is the answer to the conundrum—What is that we wish for and when obtained never know we have it? Surely we must know whether or not we are in a state of grace. Is not Aggie's and Jennie's theology just a little bit at fault? We could not have grace and not be aware of it, because if that were so we should soon lose it again. The knowledge of the possession of grace is conveyed by the inward peace of mind, by the hatred of sin and the turning of the will to God. If we have these feelings we may be quite sure we are in a state of grace.

As I have not received any descriptions of a children's mission yet, I think it will be better to raise the age of competition to 14. Some of the cousins who sent me answers to the first set of puzzles have not sent any more. Are they getting discouraged? Perhaps some of the puzzles are too difficult; we must try and remedy it. But you know it won't do to be discouraged by a little difficulty. Cousin Flo.

Double Papal Anniversary.

Rome, March 8.—The double anniversary of the birthday and coronation of Pope Leo XIII., who was crowned in the Sistine chapel on March 9, 1878, began yesterday. His Holiness was in excellent health when he received the congratulations of the high prelates in the Throne Room, and replied in a strong voice. He reviewed the demonstrations upon the occasion of his sacerdotal and pontifical anniversaries, and protested against the outrages aimed at this enthusiasm which had been allowed to be committed adding that it was painful that the aspirations of the faithful toward Rome, should be willfully misinterpreted. But, continued His Holiness in order to console the Papacy for these outrages, God had increased the love of the multitude for the Papacy of Rome throughout the entire world.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced lathering the foot with Dr. Thomas' Emollient Ointment, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Farm and Garden

A writer in The Montreal Star says of winter cheese: "This is a time of reproach, but necessarily derogatory to the character of cheese. It used to be so thought in regard to butter. But this no longer exists, and as fine butter is made in the winter now as in the summer, and with greater ease and profit. Then, why should not winter cheese be made and cured and sold at as good a profit as summer cheese? There is no reason why it should not. And the writer of this is now doing it, and is selling small cheese of six to ten pounds weight at twenty cents a pound, all to private families, who have a standing order for a weekly or a monthly supply. As has been said in previous articles in regard to winter making of butter, it is easier to control the temperature in the winter than in the summer, for a fire is more easily managed than a refrigerator when the temperature is to be kept at such a standard as 60 degrees. And with a basement cellar, provided with double windows, and a kerosene oil stove, or a steam heater, one may keep the dairy steadily at from 60 to 65 degrees, in spite of any changes that are going on out of doors.

Cold, of course, affects cows; and quite as much the special character of milk. But with regular and good feeding, a wind-proof stable, a soft, comfortable bed, a well-filled belly, with some extra good food as the weather changes to extreme cold, the cows may be kept in a very regular condition as to the quality and quantity of the milk. It is a great gratification to surmount obstacles. It is for the gratification that people climb the highest and most rugged mountains, go and find the North Pole, and seek all kind of adventures, and the successful winter dairyman is exceedingly gratified when he is complimented on his successful and good work, out of season, as is supposed. And still more so when he is getting five cents a pound more for his product on account of the very difficulties which he is supposed to be striving with, while the truth is, that by the exercise of a little "grit" and carefulness his work is quite easy.

Now all this applies to making cheese in the winter. One needs from cows, or at least, cows not in calf or very recently so. Three months in calf does not hurt a cow for making fine butter or cheese. Later than this the milk is not so good, and the product will fall off somewhat in quality, but not so much as to be detected by inexperienced persons. And as this change occurs gradually it is unnoticed for some time. Moreover in the winter, cheese ripens slowly, and by regulating the food or the cows in the right manner the quality of cheese may be maintained until the spring, and grass time comes around again.

We may very reasonably think that the feeding of a cow is the most important matter as regards the quality of her product. That this is so we may be sure, for local conditions are the special quality of many kinds of dairy products, just as in almost every variety of fruit or grain. Some soils produce a finer quality of barley, of which the best beer is made. Some produce varieties of grapes of which the exquisitely flavored wines are made; and so we have dairy localities of which the products are more highly esteemed than others. But in the choice of foods for the winter feeding of cows we are to be guided by the effects of them on the quality of the milk. Clover hay is unexcelled as a food for a winter cow; next to it comes well cured, sweet corn fodder, and sugar beets, to be fed with either. For grain, good sound corn meal, is, we think, the best for making both winter butter, and cheese. Silage will not do as well as either, especially for cheese. In making butter we use only the cream, but for cheese the whole milk is used, and naturally then we may expect a more powerful influence over the product by the foods used. The cow must of course be kept in the very best manner. The stable should be as clean and free from odors, except that of the sweet hay, as the summer pasture is. Perfect cleanliness, as to the immediate removal of all filth; good drainage; and absorbent litter—hard wood sawdust is the best and dry swamp muck comes next—with careful attention to the thorough carding and brushing of the cow's skin, are all indispensable to the quality of winter made cheese. The water too must be warmed and it is better if it has a handful or two of fine cement stirred in it with one ounce of salt water. After the feeding course the making of the cheese which will be considered next.

Leo the Longest Reigning Pope.

On March 8th Pope Leo XIII. entered upon the twenty-first year of his Pontificate, a length of that reign has only been exceeded by 11 Popes since the Pontificate of St. Peter, to wit, St. Peter himself, Anno Domini, 34 to 67; Sylvester First, 814 to 897; Leo the Great, 440 to 461; Adrian First, 771 to 795; Leo III., 795 to 816; Alexander III., 1159 to 1181; Urban VIII., 1623 to 1644; Clement XI., 1700 to 1721; Pius VI., 1775 to 1799; Pius VII., 1800 to 1829; and the present Pope's immediate predecessor Pius IX., 1846 to 1878.

Ireland's Own Duty Towards the Famine-Stricken.

Mr. William O'Brien writes the following letter to The Freeman's Journal dated at the Station Hotel, Holyhead, on Feb. 13th:

DEAR SIR—At the little Mission Church here to-day we heard the priest making a touching appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken in the West of Ireland. His congregation was a small and apparently not a rich one. It was impossible in a strange country to witness such tenderness for the self, suffering without a king's oneself, with something like shame, how much longer those living in the wealthier part of Ireland are going to look on unmoved, or at least inactive, at a calamity which has excited the practical sympathy of the Holyhead press, and of the little flock? I cannot but think, if the impulse were once given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, or by anybody else in a position of authority, the ever generous people of Ireland would promptly relieve themselves of what is fast becoming a national scandal. The question how far the government has or has not neglected its duty is a separate question, and, for the moment, the less urgent one. The question which cannot be postponed is that, within certain well-defined areas, thousands of unoffending people are, beyond all manner of doubt, suffering the pangs of hunger, and that among their own countrymen up to the present moment no organized effort of any kind has been made to come to their assistance. Surely, upon this one point of national duty, at all events all parties and classes of Irish men and women stand on common ground? However charitable it may be to admit it, the distress question is for the moment one of charity, pure and simple—of finding food for men, women, and children who are literally starving. The other day a man named O'Donnell, with a family of eight young children, tramped five miles from the miserable mountain village of Boolsveen to beg a few days' food. He was a man naturally of Herculean size and strength. While speaking to me he had to lean against the doorstep to prevent himself from falling, from sheer unmitigated exhaustion and starvation. Only for getting a day's wages in advance to buy him food, I am satisfied he would not have been able to drag himself to work; and there were nine at home in the mountain cabin as hungry as he. If this is not famine what are we waiting for? And there can be no question of politics in reference to such men's sufferings. This man whose children are now starving, punctually paid his November rent. He, and such as he, are too broken-spirited to belong to any organization or agitation whatsoever. And, if it be asked, what of the Government scheme for his relief?—O'Donnell pays all the poor rates on his holding; and if he and his brother-villagers were granted relief works, after the Government pattern, they would be obliged to pay hereafter themselves as ratepayers 25 per cent of the cost of their own relief, besides in a quite possible case being obliged to pay also, as a union-at-large charge, for the relief of their starving neighbors in still poorer electoral divisions. I do not see the fact as an argument against the Government scheme, but as a proof that, by the faith where it may, prompt charitable relief can be at this stage of the famine of hunger-stricken families like the O'Donnell's. I am sorry to say that in my own immediate neighborhood such cases are the rule rather than the exception in the villages of Killeenakoff, Kylesalla, Falduff, Thraheens, Boharr, and West Cork, the sufferings of the people are acute and more widespread still. I have tried to avoid any observation of a partisan character in dealing with a subject which at this moment is above all else, a question of whether women or children in pangs of hunger shall have food enough to keep them alive, and whether the men shall have the means of putting down a crop and paying their passage to the English labor market while they have yet strength enough to earn anything there. I enclose a subscription of £100 from a friend, and my own subscription of £10, towards any fund that may be started, and I am confident the generous people in the more favored parts of Ireland only want the summons to follow the touching example set by the little Holyhead congregation.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Father Constantine Welcomed.

Ottawa, March 2.—Rev. Father H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., the newly appointed rector to Ottawa university, arrived in the city from Montreal yesterday afternoon. He was met at the C. A. R. station by a large number of the clergy of the university, and given a hearty reception. Rev. Father Jodoin, O.M.I., Provincial of the order in Canada, accompanied him.

Arriving at the university, a meeting of the faculty was convened and Rev. Father Constantineau presented by Rev. Father Jodoin, who read the Papal approbation, which sets forth that owing to the poor health of Rev. Father McQuinn, a change was necessary at Ottawa university. The document further states that the appointment of Rev. Father Constantineau, who was recommended by the order and by Archbishop Duhamel, vice chancellor of the institution, was approved by an audience of the Pope held on February 8th. The document is signed by the secretary of the Propaganda, the Archbishop of Lorraine.

The circular from Vicar-General Antoine, acting superior general of the order at Paris, was also read. At four o'clock Rev. Father Constantineau was given an ovation in the Academic Hall by the students. An address of welcome and congratulation was read in English by Mr. J. E. Doyle, and one in French by Mr. L. E. O. Payment. Both addresses extended warmest congratulations from the students to the returned father upon his promotion to the high position his superiors called him to. A part of the English address reads: "You, Very Reverend Father, besides the role which you will authority give you claim, may well expect us to cherish a sincere regard for you on account of your long connection with the university, and your personal acquaintance with many amongst us. We rejoice that, by your appointment, an alumnus of the institution is, for the first time in her history, placed at her head. We have the most confident hope of seeing experience show that a son of Alma Mater can fittingly fill the office of her rector, just as many of her sons acceptably occupy other high places in church and state.

It is a subject of satisfaction to all friends of the university that you enter upon your new duties under most auspicious circumstances. The many years you have spent in Ottawa have given you experience which must tend to make your future efforts fruitful, and to second you in those efforts you have a large and efficient staff of professors, all your brother Oblates, and many of them old and tried friends. The present academic year has brought the institution a large increase in the number of students, and we are proud and happy to be able to say that the monthly records testify to the uniformly gentlemanly deportment and, in general, to the satisfactory progress in their studies of the young men whom you see before you. The period of prosperity which seems to have opened for our country, will no doubt benefit the university by adding to the register the names of many desirable students.

Besides these gratifying facts, however, we know, Very Reverend Father, that, by their nature, the duties of our rector must ever be arduous. In exchanging the office of pastor of St. Joseph's parish for that of rector of the University, we are sure you are making a great sacrifice of personal inclination. Your generous response to the call of duty is edifying to us, as you show us by example even more convincingly that you have done by stirring words, that the faithful fulfillment of duty is to be placed by good Christians before and above all personal considerations.

Father Constantineau replied in a happy strain in both languages, and ended his remarks by giving the students a grand ovation, which they are enjoying to-day. To-day Father Constantineau was very busy consulting with Rev. Father Jodoin and in receiving the large number of friends who were anxious to pay their respects.

Presentation to Rev. Father Collins.

The following is a copy of address presented to Rev. Father Collins on his departure from Wooler: To Rev. T. F. Collins, P.P.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with inexpressible feelings of regret that we have heard you were called to another field of labor. To say that we are grieved at this announcement is but a feeble expression of our feelings. But we must bow submissively to our Right Rev. Bishop's will, knowing that he doth for the best and in doing so, may we be permitted to give expression to our sentiments, which are that we wish Providence had ordained it otherwise. During the time you have been with us, we have learned to love,

esteem and admire you for your noble qualities of heart and mind, and for the great love and untiring devotion you have shown for our spiritual welfare. You have labored hard and assiduously in the cause of Christianity; but it has not been in vain. The religious progress of your parish, the increase in the membership of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the large number who have, through your instrumentality, been converted to our holy faith, bear testimony to the fruitfulness of your apostolic work. But Rev. Father it is consoling to know you have said in your parting words that you will continue to pray for us and be with us in spirit. Be assured that when we come to kneel at the altar of God, we shall pray for you to the end that you may be spared many years to continue your holy work. We wish to express our gratitude and appreciation of your valuable services we present you this purse, hoping you will receive it in the same spirit it is given. Signed on behalf of the congregation by M. J. Cowan, Thomas Moran, John Cusac, Andrew Tate, John B. McAuley and Edward Lynch.

A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN MEN.

There are few men in Brockville or vicinity, better known to the general public, and there is certainly no one held in greater esteem by his friends, than Mr. L. deCarle, or Mr. deCarle came from England to Canada forty-four years ago, locating in the county of Gloucester. Eight years later he removed to Brockville and has made his home here ever since. He established the large marble business still carried on by his sons here, and is himself one of the most expert stone-cutters in the Dominion of Canada. He is also well known as an artist in other lines and as a draughtsman has few equals and no superiors. Ample evidence of this is afforded in the fact that when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Rail road was begun, Sir Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of that great transcontinental road, requested him to join his staff. Mr. deCarle accepted the recommendation at Sir Sanford's request and remained with the company for nine years, during which time he drew nearly all the profiles of the great lines and the bridges between Ottawa and Thunder Bay. His work was commended as the best done by any draughtsman in the company's employ. Since leaving the company's service Mr. deCarle has lived a retired life, enjoying a well earned competence at his cosy home in the west end of the town. Mr. deCarle is possessed of a rugged constitution and had always enjoyed the best of health until the fall of 1897. Then he was stricken with an ailment of the kind which much alarmed him. Speaking with a Recorder representative the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon this event, and the circumstances connected therewith can best be told in his own words. "I must fall," said he, "my legs became so weak a condition that when I sat down I had no power over them. I could not move them one way or the other, and was naturally much alarmed. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had read of their curing cases similar to mine and so I decided to give them a trial. I purchased a supply of the Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. I had only taken them a short time when I found that I was regaining the use of my legs and could raise one up and cross the other without much difficulty. I also remarked to my wife that the pills were doing me much good and she was both surprised and delighted when I showed her with what ease I could now raise my limbs. I continued taking the pills for about a month and by that time I had full control of my legs as I ever had. In fact, was completely cured. I have never had a recurrence of the trouble since and am now as well as ever. I attribute my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact, it must have been the pills for I took nothing else in the way of medicine, and I can not too strongly recommend them to anyone afflicted."

A Nursing Empress and the Great Public.

One of those stories of an imperial domesticity which appeal to the great heart of the people was related last week. A short while ago an English illustrated paper produced a drawing of the Empress of Russia nursing her baby in the most homely fashion possible. When this journal reached the Russian Censor he was in doubt whether he should let it pass. It was generally known that the Empress herself attended to her children. "The matter before the Tsar himself," "The best thing I can do," said the Tsar, "is show it to the Empress and let her decide." In a few minutes he returned, "The Empress," he said, smiling, "finds nothing in the picture contrary to law; let it pass."

The Pope Works Hard

If report be at all reliable, says the "Daily Chronicle," the Pope works as strongly and lives as frugally and works as hard as any man. He goes out little in the winter, but when the weather is warmer he drives about the great garden in his plain black carriage, and in the heats he migrates for a time to the "Ostia" he has built on the hill, where the air is a little fresher than in the Cortile S. Damaso. Even then his only recreation is to go and look after his vines. He works so constantly that when he is walking in his grounds there is always someone close by with a stock of little squares of paper, and the Pope will frequently stop, call for paper, make a note and put it in his pocket "pro memoria." All his official business he takes particular care to understand, and was beside any official, however highly placed, who tries to pass under the papal signature anything which Leo XIII. has not perfectly agreed to in advance.

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THE CHICKENS' PARADE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN BY CAROLINE WILLEMS

"No, old fellow," I said, addressing my dog; "not to-night." Philo dropped his tail, and in his expressive eyes appeared a look of disappointment, which made me regret my words. I opened a drawer in which I keep my heavy boots and my leggings, and stood looking at them, half-inclined to don them, and face, for my dog's sake, the drenching rain. But the brightly-burning fire and the easy-chair were magnets too powerful for me to overcome; and the drawer was closed, and instead of heavy boots and leather leggings, I donned my comfortable carpet slippers.

"No, old boy," I repeated, as Philo placed his head upon my knee, and looked appealingly into my face, "it is too wet for a run to-night. Cold, wind, hail, and snow I can stand well enough, but a drenching drizzle is too much for me."

Just here, my housekeeper entered the room. "Was your eggs cooked as you like, Mr. Smith?" she asked, in her kind but ungrammatical way.

"They were cooked, as you always cook my eggs, Mrs. Jones—perfectly."

"You are not going out to-night, sir?"

"No, it is too wet, and your fire is in such admirable condition that—well, the fact is, I am lazy to-night."

"Yes, I think that must be it," Mrs. Jones replied, "for nothing has kept you in before."

"Do not light the lamp, Mrs. Jones; I would prefer to sit in the fire-light. No, I am not all," I said, answering her look of astonishment; "not in love; just a little drowsy, that is all."

"Mrs. Jones closed the door (I fancied I heard her say, "There must be something the matter with him"), and Philo and I and the fire were left to ourselves."

"A most excellent cooker of eggs, is Mrs. J.," I said to my companion (silent companions are often the best of company); "most excellent. Few people can be relied upon to always cook one's eggs properly, but Mrs. J. is one of the few."

"Eggs! What a lot of eggs you have eaten," an inner voice said to me. "You eat one every morning, sometimes two. You must have eaten an egg and a half a day for the past thirteen years, without counting those you have eaten in puddings and pies."

Here my brain is accustomed to, thirteen multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five; four thousand seven hundred and forty-five. Four thousand seven hundred and forty-five multiplied by one and a half; seven thousand one hundred and seven and a half.

"Seven thousand one hundred and seven and a half," the inner voice repeated, chidingly, putting particular stress on the "half"; "seven thousand one hundred and seven and a half, and a half."

"Did it never strike you," the voice said, after a short interval of silence, "did it never strike you that each time you eat out of the top of an egg you kill a chicken?"

I said something to the effect that the egg was not a chicken when it came to my plate.

"Did you never think," the voice continued, solemnly, "did you never think of its poor mother?"

I confessed I had never given its mother a thought.

"Have you no—?" The question was interrupted by Philo's giving a low, long growl.

"What is it, Philo?" Another growl, longer and louder than the first. "He must be dreaming," I thought. Another growl, and this time Philo raised his head from my knee and looked towards the door.

"What's the matter with you, old fellow? Been dreaming?" But Philo was not to be thus quieted; growling in his fiercest way, he walked to the door and began to sniff along the bottom of it. I rose from my chair and, holding Philo by the collar, opened the door, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw standing upon the cold oilcloth a tiny chicken. Philo looked at the downy mite and then at me, and said as plainly as his eyes could speak, "You need not harm me; I will not harm the little creature."

joined quickly across the carpet and joined their friend upon the rail.

It was an amusing sight, these six chickens perched in a row on the fender, and it made me laugh more heartily than ever a pantomime did, or a joke in a funny paper. Philo was not less amused than I, but as he could not laugh, he satisfied himself with assuming the most comical expression of countenance I had ever seen him wear.

Five minutes later, Philo again indicated that there were more chicken visitors outside.

"This is much more than a joke. But let me see," I said, trying to recall my own chicken-raising experiences, "a brood usually consists of thirteen; at least, that is the number when they all hatch out. Well, I think the rail will accommodate thirteen." So saying, I opened the door, expecting to see seven chicks waiting for admission. There were only three.

"So here you are, little ones," I said; "better late than not at all. Come in, plenty of room on the rail."

Nine chickens were now perched before the fire.

"I think, Philo, we had better leave the door open," I said; "those other four chicks will be coming presently, and this constant getting up is tiring to old bones."

I had not been seated many minutes when I heard a pattering of tiny feet upon the oilcloth.

"Ah, here they are," I said, without troubling to turn my head. "Come in, friends, don't stand upon ceremony this cold night; we will dispense with an introduction. Your brothers and sisters are all here, so don't be afraid. One—two—three—four; yes, that makes the thirteen. What, another! And another! Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty!"

The pattering increased, as though a whole army of chickens was on the march. "Whatever can this mean?" I asked myself, in blank dismay, as chickens by the hundred poured into the room. Some hopped upon the chairs and the table; others clambered upon the mantelpiece and the book shelves; while one chicken—an impudent youngster—clambered to the top of Philo's head.

Philo had been reared in the country and was used to the sight of chickens, but never had he seen so large a brood of them. Chickens were above him; chickens were under him; chickens were standing on his tail; and, as I have said, a chicken was perched on his head.

Still the tide of chickens flowed. Philo, who now resembled a black rock in a yellow sea of chickens, looked helplessly towards me for assistance.

"Poor old Philo," I said, comfortingly; "good dog. Chickens soon go away."

But they didn't go, nor did they show the least inclination to go. "Perhaps," I thought, "perhaps they will go when their feeding-time comes round."

But they were far too happy and contented to be hungry. Indeed, it was this making themselves so much at home in my room that made me speak seriously to them. I am usually patient and good-tempered, but the sight of these chickens, dressing their downy feathers and carrying on their private conversations, was more than my patience and good temper could bear. They had no consideration for either Philo or me. They paid us no respect, nor were they afraid of us; and how is it possible for big things like Newfoundland dogs and full-grown men to be happy among little things like chickens, unless the little things act in a becoming way by being respectful and timid?

"Chickens," I said, in a tone of firmness, "this is more than a joke. I like a bit of fun as well as anybody, but this invasion of my room—my Englishman's castle—is not fun, but downright impudence. I should be very sorry to make an unfair use of my great strength or of my dog's sharp teeth, but I shall be compelled to do so unless you begin to make a move."

I expected this speech would have sent the chickens, pell-mell, helter-skelter out of the room, but all it did was to make one of the chickens on the table stretch itself to its full height and give a tiny creak of defiance.

A crisis was approaching.

"Philo," I said, "growl!" He did so, making a rumbling noise like distant thunder.

The chickens paused from their various occupations, but only for an instant.

"Philo," I said, "bark." He barked, and such a bark it was! It shook the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and made the fire-irons dance a jig upon the fender.

"Another," He gave another, and may I never hear such a bark again!

The time had come for me to make another speech.

"Chickens," I said, solemnly, "prepare to die. It is a pity to spill my carpet with your blood, because it is a new and a costly one, and blood-stains, I am told, are hard to remove; but it shall never be said that Theophilus Smith shrank from doing his duty, from carpet considerations. No, rather than that should be said, he would sacrifice everything he possessed! In order to give you the chance of retreating before my dog and I begin the onslaught, I will take a little time in describing our method of attack. (Attend, Philo.) We shall commence the attack from the rear, first shutting the door to cut off all chance of escape in that direction. The only exit left you will be the chimney, and the way to the chimney is through the burning fire. My dog will attack the right flank, while I engage the left. He will use his teeth, of which, as you have seen, he has a particularly good set; my weapon will be that heavy club that stands in the corner yard, a score of you dying each time I make a blow. You who are not on the floor," I continued, "shall die differently. It would be dangerous to the furniture to use the club in your case; I shall therefore adopt another plan—a plan that will be both startling and novel. I will not explain it in detail, but will merely state that it is a quick and a deadly one. When the battle is over, and our honor upheld, your bodies will be buried in a deep grave, which Philo will have great pleasure in making for you. One shall be spared: one to tell the tale of his comrades' fate, and to warn all chickens against trifling with men and dogs. No one can say that—"

But just here my attention was drawn to a small black object that was making its way into the room. I looked hard at it, and at last discovered that it was half a chicken. I noticed that the chickens on the floor made way for the black visitor, bowing their heads to the ground and looking very humble.

"This is some big gun amongst them," I thought; "I will address his lordship. Good evening," I said, in my politest way; "I imagine you are the chicken—"

"Excuse me, sir," the little creature said, with a lordly air, "I am not a chicken—I am a fraction."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Fraction," I said. "I imagine, Sir Fraction, that you are the person—no—the—the—"

"The Commander-in-Chief," said the Fraction, coming to my assistance.

"Thank you," I said; "will you be so good as to command these chickens to right-about-turn-quick-march out of this room? I have had as much of their company as I desire."

"Sir," replied the Fraction laughingly, "I do not take my instructions from you!"

The contempt with which he said "you" was most amusing. "From whom, then, do you take your instructions?" I asked.

"Do not question me, sir; it is not for you to address your betters." So saying, he jumped on to my knee and stared me defiantly in the face.

"I beg your pardon, my hand I could have swept the Commander-in-Chief into the fire, but I merely smiled. The Commander was not so polite, but puckered his eyebrow with a frown, and glared at me with his one eye in a most angry way.

Turning round and facing the main body of his troops, he cried, "Fall in!"

"He is going to drill them," I said to myself; "this will be interesting." At the word of command, "Fall in!" the chickens on the floor ranged themselves in lines of two deep.

"Attention! Form fours!" The movement was not done to the satisfaction of the Fraction.

"As you were!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "Form fours! Right turn! By the right, quick march!"

The chickens marched across the room, keeping step in the grandest style, which was the more surprising because there was no band to keep their time.

"Right about turn!" roared the Commander. The chickens turned round without breaking the line a hair's breadth.

"Halt!" cried the Commander. Instantly the moving ranks came to a dead halt. Not a single chick in the whole battalion moved a muscle an instant after that halt. The Fraction was pleased. "Front!" he said. "Stand at ease!"

"Now," said the Commander-in-Chief, proudly facing me, "what do you think of that?"

"I think," said I, "that it was a sight that would do the heart of any soldier good. I am sorry our Commander-in-Chief has not the opportunity of seeing to what a state of perfection you have brought your troops. I shall not fail to tell him the next time I smoke a cigar with him."

The Fraction bowed, and, turning to his army, cried, "Attention! Number!"

Clearly and rapidly did the chickens respond to the order. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—ninety—one hundred—two hundred—three hundred—four hundred—five

hundred—six hundred—seven hundred—eight hundred—nine hundred—ten thousand—two thousand—three thousand—four thousand—five thousand—six thousand."

At six thousand the numbering ceased, much to my relief.

"Our main body," said the Fraction, addressing me in a quiet, gentlemanly tone, "consists of six thousand chickens on the table, the mantelpiece, and the bookshelves, and called, in a powerful voice, 'Reserve! Number!'"

"Equally smartly the reserve numbered themselves, the last number being one thousand one hundred and fifteen."

"One thousand one hundred and fifteen," the Commander said to himself, like one engaged in a mental calculation; "that cannot be right. Chickens of the reserve," he spoke aloud, "a mistake has been made in the numbering. Unless the two chickens who have not numbered do so at once, you shall all have half an hour's punishment drill."

"One thousand one hundred and sixteen," squeaked the chick on Philo's head.

"One thousand one hundred and seventeen," piped the youngster who had concealed himself at the back of my neck.

"Six thousand of the main body," said the Fraction, bowing politely to me, "and one thousand one hundred and seventeen of the reserve; a total of seven thousand one hundred and seventeen. Adding to this your humble servant, who is reckoned as a half, you have the grand total of seven thousand one hundred and seventeen and a half."

It was the number of eggs I had eaten.

"Are you familiar with the number? Ever met with it before?" said the Commander-in-Chief. "Eh?"

"Exceedingly probable," I replied, carelessly.

"Well?" said the Fraction.

"Well," I replied, "proceed."

"Impudent monster!" said Le Apologia.

"What! To a Fraction? Never! I defy thee, and thy troops as well!" The Commander-in-Chief was nettled. Turning quickly round, in a loud voice, "Present arms!"

To my utter astonishment (for I had not the least idea the chickens were armed), each chick presented a tiny rifle of the latest and most deadly pattern.

The Fraction faced me again and repeated his former question; "Well?"

"Bucket," I replied.

The Fraction's eye glittered with rage. "Ready," he cried.

In less time than it takes to tell, six thousand cartridges were placed in position.

"Present!" Six thousand rifle-barrels were directed at my head.

The Commander, as though to give me a last chance to apologize, addressed me as before. "Well?"

"Yes," I said, "I have seen the well at Carisbrooke Castle, and the donkey in the wheel. It is a big donkey to work that wheel all the day long, but it is not such a big donkey as you are, Sir Fraction, if you think I am afraid of you or your fledglings."

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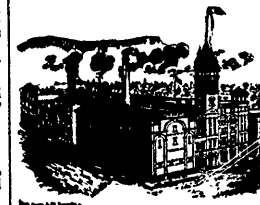
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The Late Archbishop of Kingston.

A. O. H.

At a joint meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of York County, held in Temperance Hall, Temperance street, Toronto, on the 6th March instant, the following resolutions were moved by Joseph Rutledge, seconded by William Ryan, and passed unanimously: Whereas—We, the officers and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of York County, have learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston:

Whereas the intimate relations held by the deceased Prelate with the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians render it fitting and proper that we should place on record an expression of our appreciation of his many services in the interests of our Order, and of our respect and admiration of his exalted character as a great light of the Church and as an Irishman imbued with lofty patriotism, again and again practically exemplified in large and substantial measure:

Resolved that in the death of Archbishop Cleary the Church has lost a learned and fearless Prelate, the Ancient Order of Hibernians a staunch friend, and Ireland an uncompromising champion who never wavered in his allegiance to her cause.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Administrator of the Diocese of Kingston, and also for publication in The Catholic Register, The Catholic Record and The Canadian Freeman.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., Kingston, the following unanimous resolution of sympathy was adopted: "We the members of the A. O. H., convened in meeting, unanimously tender to the Administrator and clergy of the Archdiocese of Kingston our heartfelt sympathy for their bereavement in the death of their and our beloved Archbishop, and in thus tendering our sympathy, we are actuated by no mere conventional spirit of courtesy, but by the deep and tender sympathy, spirit of profound esteem and filial affection-estem at his great, his surpassing qualities of mind, which eminently marked him as ruler; affection for his tender, fatherly feeling for the members of his flock; a feeling always mirrored in his kind, inviting countenance. But, though he has passed away, we shall not forget him; for as long as we live the sublimity and chaste beauty of St. Mary's Cathedral will remind us of our esteem, while our affection, as indeed our esteem also is deeply imprinted in our hearts. May the Divine Master whom he so nobly and fearlessly served, grant him an eternal reward. Signed on behalf of Division No. 1, A. O. H., P. F. Lawless, president; M. J. Lynch, county delegate; W. J. Bryson, treasurer; W. J. Flanagan, recording-secretary.

A. O. H. Division No. 4, held their regular meeting Sunday the 7th, in St. Ann's Hall, Power street, there being good attendance. The president, Geo. Geo. Duffy, occupied the chair. The usual formalities were gone through and two applicants were initiated. One application for membership was received. The business went through very nicely up to the good and well-liked of the order, when an excellent literary and musical programme was participated in by the members. The feature of the programme was a debate which proved to be instructive and interesting to all present. The chairman after his usual speech brought the meeting to a close. Next meeting on Sunday, March 13th, 1898 in St. Ann's Hall, Power street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to our meeting.—THOS. M. HANNA, Cor. Secretary.

C. O. F.

With feelings of profound regret the members of St. Joseph Court, No. 870 G.O.F., have learned of the death of the much esteemed prelate, Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston. While bowing in submission to the holy will of God, this Court wishes to place on record its sympathy for the loss sustained, not alone by the Archdiocese of Kingston, but by the Catholic Church throughout Canada. His efforts in the cause of education and religion are so widely known, and so highly appreciated by every Catholic, as to need no further mention. To uphold and fight for the rights of his Church was ever his aim; and we find consolation in the knowledge that he has gone to reap his reward in the impishable Kingdom of Almighty God. We desire to offer our most heartfelt sympathy to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Kingston in the hour of their irreparable loss.—Peter Shea, Luke Gibbons, M. F. Mogan, secretary.

The members of St. Joseph Court, No. 870 G.O.F., having learned with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Anthony Gibbons, mother of Bro. Luke Gibbons, passed a resolution of sympathy; having also learned of the death of Mr. Wm. Newberry, brother of Bro. Chas. Newberry, a like resolution was passed.

Troops for the Klondike.

Kingston, March 8.—A rumor was current on the street here to-day that a detachment of a field battery had been ordered to the Klondike. Col. Drury has not received any such orders, although there is a possibility that the department will order a detachment of the corps to proceed to the gold fields.

The Federal Life Assurance Company.

Sixteenth Annual Statement.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held at the head office in Hamilton at 2 o'clock on Tuesday 1st inst. Mr. James I. Beatty, President, was appointed Chairman, and Mr. David Dexter, Managing Director, Secretary. The following report was submitted:

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the shareholders the following report of the business of the Company, together with a statement of receipts and disbursements for the year which closed on 31st December last, and of the assets and liabilities on that date.

Now business consisted of sixteen hundred and fifty applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,212,000, of which fifteen hundred and seventy one applications for \$2,104,000 were accepted. Applications for \$1,800 having been rejected or held for further information.

Annuity premiums to the amount of \$3,400 were also received.

During the past five years \$7,000,000 of renewable term assurances have been replaced by higher premium policies—principally on limited payment life plans—through which means the premium income and reserve funds of the Company have been largely increased, though but little addition has been made to the amount of assets at risk. These assurances are distributed over a greater number of lives in smaller amounts than heretofore. The number of lives assured increased from 5,784 at the beginning of the year to 6,255 at its close, an addition of 471.

The income, exclusive of capital stock, shows an increase of \$40,156.60 over the previous year, and the assets an increase of \$114,735.40, the income proper being \$381,798.41 for the year, and the assets \$722,448.27, exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital.

The security of policy holders, including guarantee capital, was at the close of the year, \$1,331,448.27, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$818,491.38—showing a surplus of \$512,956.89. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus for policyholders was \$103,956.94.

Assurances for \$122,826, on forty four lives became claimable through death, of which amount the Company was retained for \$23,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums (\$41,246.47), with a matured endowment of \$3,000, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$164,072.47.

In pursuance of the authority granted at the last annual meeting of the shareholders, your Directors have made application to the Parliament of Canada for a special act of incorporation, with a view to facilitating the business and investments of the Company. Up to the present time we have been doing business in all the Provinces under a Provincial charter and Dominion license.

During the past few months there have been indications of a general improvement in business most encouraging in their character; should this improvement continue, life insurance interests will share in the benefits arising therefrom.

The office and agency staff of the Company have given excellent service, and are worthy of your commendation.

The accounts have been audited from the Auditors' vouchers for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith. All accounts, securities and vouchers having been examined by them.

JAMES H. BEATTY, President. DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen—we have had the pleasure of auditing the books of your Company for the year ending 31st December, 1897, and have certified to their correctness.

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

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

Respectfully submitted, H. S. STEPHENS, SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND, Auditors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT. INCOME.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Insurance and annuity premiums, Interest and rent, Capital stock, Disbursements (Death claims and annuities, Redemptions and surrendered policies, Dividends to policyholders, etc.), and Balance.

ASSETS.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Mortgages and debentures, Loans and policies, Cash in hand, Real estate, Premiums deferred, interest accrued and other assets, Reserve funds, and Claims unadjusted.

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Reserve funds, Claims unadjusted, Balance, and Reserve funds.

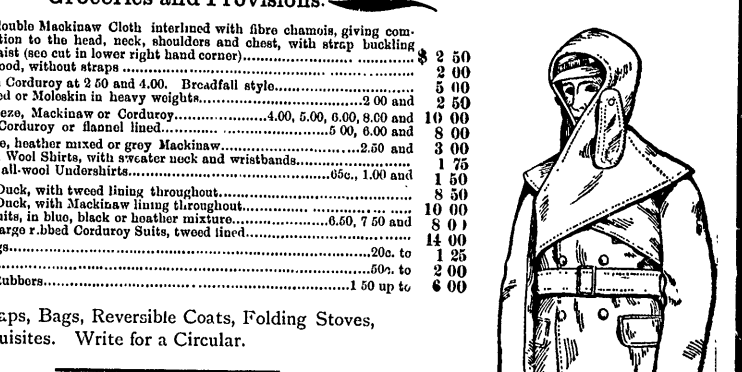


Mackinaw Clothing for the Klondike

Mackinaw Cloth combines the three essentials most required in clothing for the Klondike—WARMTH, LIGHTNESS and DURABILITY. Our Mackinaw Cloth is made from pure wool and weighs 30 ounces to the yard. Our Klondike Suits—coats, pants, shirts and drawers—are made of this material. Every garment is carefully made and sewn with the strongest linen and silk thread, and only the best lining and trimmings are used. We have also a full range of best English corduroy and moleskin suits and trousers in stock, besides blankets, mitts, stockings, Arctic socks, etc. We are in a position to outfit a party complete with every requisite for the Klondike trip.

By a Special Arrangement we are able to save prices from 15 to 20 per cent. on their Groceries and Provisions.

- List of clothing items: Klondike Hoods, Klondike Pants, Klondike Coats, Klondike Shirts, Klondike Suits, Klondike Socks, Klondike Gloves, Klondike Boots. Each item includes a brief description and price.



Overalls, Smocks, Caps, Bags, Reversible Coats, Folding Stoves, and all Klondike requisites. Write for a Circular.

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L.A. & I MARKETS. Toronto, March 9, 1898. On the curb in Chicago at the opening today July wheat was quoted at 98 1/2; at the close July wheat quoted at 91 1/2 sellers; puts on July wheat 90 1/2 calls 91 1/2 puts on May wheat \$1.04 asked, calls \$1.02.

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