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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. X. No. 9

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Pope Leo's Pontifical Jubilee.

Rome, Feb. 26.—The Holy Father today entered on the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate. Although the main celebration of the jubilee is postponed until March 3, when the anniversary of his coronation will be observed today was marked by the singing of a "Te Deum" in St. Peter's and other observances. The Pontiff was the recipient of congratulations from all sides.

The sight at St. Peter's was most imposing. More than 50,000 persons were present, including all the Cardinals in Rome, as well as the faculty and students of the American College, headed by Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, D. D., the rector.

## CANADA'S CONGRATULATIONS

Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, on the 20th inst. sent to His Holiness Leo XIII. a telegram of congratulation for having happily commenced the 25th year of his pontificate. In answer he has received the

who, according to some authorities, was "nearly a hundred" years old when he died. He was made a priest sixty-five years ago, a Bishop sixty years ago, a Cardinal fifty years ago.

It was in part owing to his delicate health and his fragility that Gioacchino Pecci, Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, came out of the consistory of 1878 as the successor of Pius IX. The Cardinal believed that he could not live many years and was willing to put off for a while the conflicts within the Sacred College. Yet his wonderful constitution has enabled him to outlive all but three of the men who took part in that election, and his vigor of mind has made his pontificate the most notable in centuries.

Nobody could dream of ascribing senility or indolence to Leo XIII.'s reign. It has been a period of eager and unceasing action within the Church of which he is the visible head, and in all that has been done the venerable Pontiff's share has been unusually great. In the non-Catholic countries Catholics have increased in numbers, while the prejudice and bit-

## A Jesuit's Discovery.

A unique discovery, and one that has already aroused the interest of Biblical authorities all over the world, has just been made by Rev. Jules Jette, S. J., son of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. Father Jette who received his classical education at Montreal College and afterwards entered the Society of Jesus in Montreal, has been acting during the past three years as missionary among the Nulato Indians in the most northern part of Alaska.

While studying the language of the Nulato, Father Jette found certain tablets upon which were hieroglyphs similar to those used by the Apache tribe of New Mexico.

What made the discovery of most special interest was that there had always been a certain amount of doubt as to the truth of the statement made in the Bible, that all peoples were originally of Asiatic origin and came down from the north to inhabit the different southern countries of the world. After conferring with the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the Apaches in Mexico, Father Jette found that, although separated from the Nulato Indians by thousands and thousands of miles, both were using the same language.

## The Archbishop Will Give a Painting.

Montreal, Feb. 24.—The congregation of St. Mary's Church, who lost their place of worship by last Monday's fire assembled yesterday in the basement of St. Bridget's Church. Three masses were celebrated. At ten o'clock Rev. Father Brady read a letter from His Grace Archbishop Bruchési, expressing his regret at the destruction of the church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and urging them to unite and at once restore their church. He at the same time promised that so soon as their church was ready to receive it, he would present them with another painting of Our Lady of Good Counsel, of which they might well be proud. He closed by sending his blessing and promising them his help and counsel in the work of erecting a new structure to the glory of God.

Rev. Father Brady, in his address to the parishioners, praised the firmness for their brave efforts to save the old church, and thanked God that no lives were lost. The saving of the church was also a matter for thanksgiving. They were also deeply indebted to the pastor of St. Bridget's congregation for the offer of the basement of that church for use until they could rebuild their own church.

## Religion in England.

(From Reynolds's Newspaper.)  
"A correspondent, referring to our article on 'Khaal Christianity,' points out that we might have found illustrations of ecclesiastical barbarism even nearer home than St. Agnes, Bristol. A portrait of Lord Roberts 'in the attitude of prayer,' thrown up into relief by a picture of the Lord's Supper, on the new reredos of that church is, our correspondent thinks, a no greater outrage than the removal of a painted window in Westminster Abbey, dedicated to the Saviour, to make way for a brand-new, up-to-date one to be dedicated to the late Duke of Westminster. The time has gone by when it was possible to rouse the public conscience against the degradation of Christian ideals. Lord Roberts and the late Duke of Westminster are typical specimens of modern saints and it is not to be wondered at that due honor should be paid to them by the Church, which is no longer the Church of the poor, but of the capitalist and military classes, who live upon the poor."

## A Remarkable Dispensation.

(New York Freeman's Journal.)  
The Board of Aldermen of New York City passed resolutions, last week, giving the freedom of the city to Prince Henry of Germany, on his arrival here. Committees on Opera and Entertainment perfected their plans in connection with the preparations for the welcome of the Prince, a special dispensation has been granted by Archbishop Corrigan to Catholics who may attend the dinner on Feb. 26, at the Waldorf-Astoria.

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His Grace will be one of the guests at the dinner, and his acceptance of the invitation was among the first received. Herman Ridder, who has charge of the arrangements for the dinner for The Staats-Zeitung, called on Archbishop Corrigan and drew the attention of His Grace to the fact that the date set for the banquet was one of the fast days of the Lenten season.

Archbishop Corrigan said that on account of the international importance of the visit of the Prince he would issue a special dispensation permitting the Catholics who attended the dinner partake of meat. The Archbishop's secretary said that if it were found that any other dates for dinners in honor of the Prince fell on fast days His Grace would, no doubt, grant dispensations to Catholics who wished to attend.

## Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

There was a meeting of the Executive of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union at St. Mary's Club Rooms last Sunday. Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue presided, and the representatives from the different clubs were present. The first series of debates have terminated very successfully, leaving St. Mary's, St. Basil's and the Catholic Students to fight for the championship of the Union. The first debate will be between St. Mary's and St. Basil's, and will take place on Thursday, March 6th, at St. Patrick's Hall, on McCaul street. The subject will be: "Resolved That Government Ownership of Railways and Telegraphs is Desirable in Canada." The final debate will be between the Catholic Student's Union and the winner of St. Mary's vs. St. Basil's, on March 20th. The subject: "Resolved That the Canadian Senate Should be Abolished." The students taking the affirmative. The final debate will probably take place in St. Michael's College Hall, the judges to be announced later. The public are cordially invited to be present at these debates and good, clean contests are guaranteed every evening. The debate next Thursday between St. Mary's and St. Basil's, promised to be an exceptionally good one, as both clubs have many fine debaters. The executive of the Union are Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, B. C. L., J. J. B. (President) and Mr. W. J. J. (Secretary), Mr. J. J. V. O'Sullivan (Sec. Treas.), and Mr. M. G. Kernahan, (St. Basil's); Mr. W. H. Gough and Mr. W. McGuire, (St. Clement's); Mr. F. D. Henderson and Mr. P. F. Quinlan, (Catholic Student's), and Mr. R. J. Henry and Mr. J. H. O'Connell, (St. Joseph's).

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And stamp out the disease  
**PREPHYLEN**  
In the worst thing possible. Holds Dr. E. J. Kelly's Antiseptic Certificate and two World's Fair Medals. Cheap and effective. Every town should have a barrel for schools, public buildings, hospitals, etc.  
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## The Call to Catholics.

We are glad to learn that the Reverend President of St. Michael's College has called a public meeting to consider the question of higher education amongst the English-speaking Catholics of Ontario. His Grace, the Archbishop will preside, and it is to be hoped the clergy and laity not only of Toronto, but in some representative way of the whole Province, will meet him fully prepared to discuss the situation as it stands in regard to the rebuilding and thorough equipment of St. Michael's College.

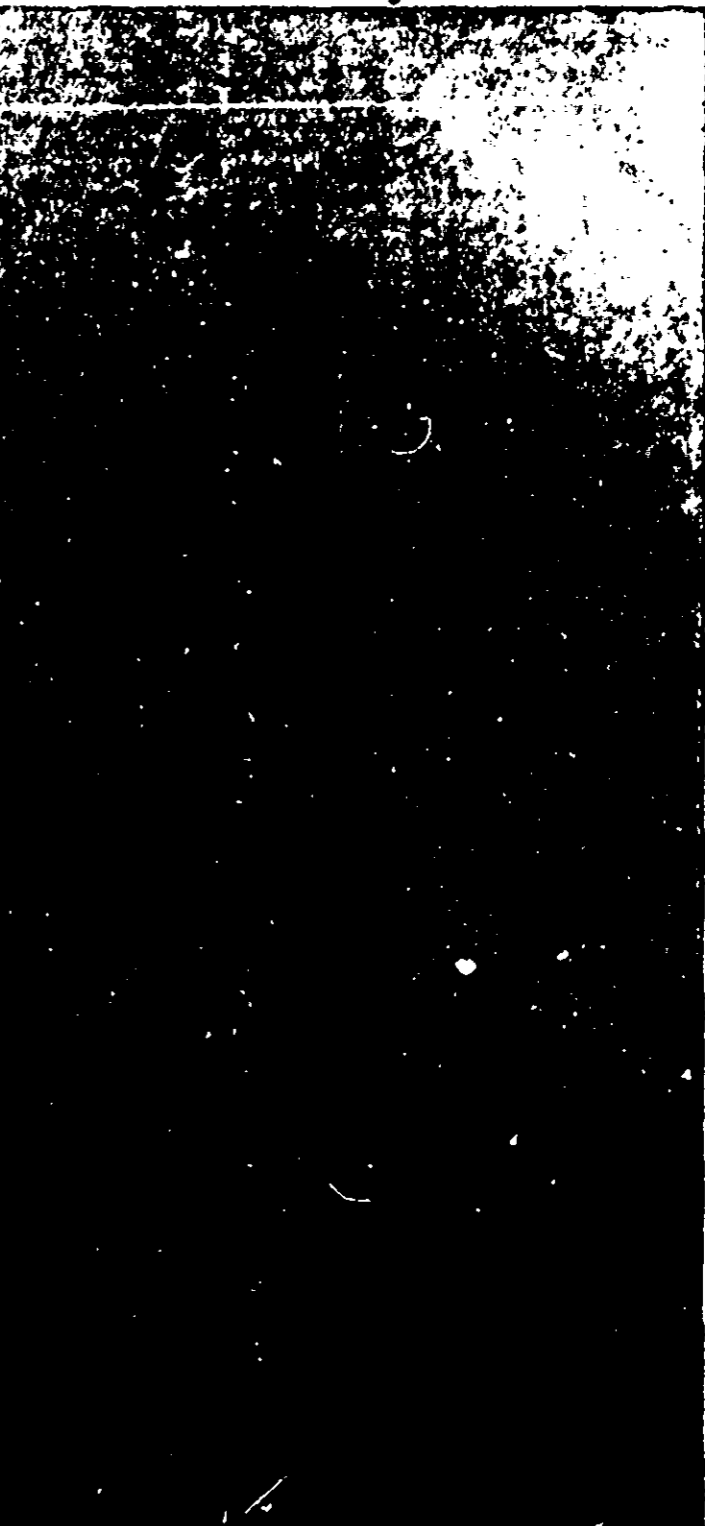
The meeting is one in which the laity especially should demonstrate an enthusiasm worthy of the cause. In a former article on this subject we pointed to the powerful influence of Anglican, Methodist and other laymen of Toronto in the recent strides which institutions like Upper Canada College, Victoria and McMaster have made. It is the pride and care of these Protestant laymen to give the benefit of their time and business experience as well as their money to the higher educational interests of their denominations.

It is time our influential and wealthy Catholics did as much; and what we would like to see as the outcome of the meeting on next Tuesday evening and the movement which will then be inaugurated, is the enlistment and service of the very best men among our leading Catholics upon an educational board formed upon the lines of Upper Canada College and Victoria. It may devolve upon the gentlemen so honored to show an example of generosity worthy of their position, an example that would help to leaven the public spirit of all our men who have the educational question at heart. Generosity, of course, is not the only thing. Better still is zeal, enthusiastic and continuous service in immediate contact with the financial assistance of the college. It is thus only that the general organization and activity of the friends of the college far and near can be most effectively maintained. A grand opportunity is presented to our laymen, and there is little doubt they will prove their capacity to the credit of Catholic higher education in a city which has witnessed, and is witnessing more and more every day a progressive spirit, we might almost say a competition, among public-spirited citizens of every denomination.

The Register hopes that all its readers who feel that they can assist will be present at the meeting next week. Remember the day—Tuesday evening, March 4th, at 8 o'clock in St. Michael's College.

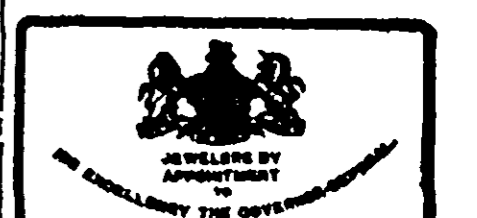
## John Delaney, Peterborough.

Peterborough, Feb. 24.—Mr. John Delaney, for upwards of fifty years a resident of Peterborough, passed away last evening, at his residence, corner of Downey and Brook streets. Though 88 years of age deceased had been in very good health until Wed-



OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

qualities whereby he was known and respected among many as a friend. In business he was very successful, retiring from active life about twenty-five years ago. He was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, and coming to Canada some thirty-six years later, settled at once in Peterborough, where many of his friends from the same part of Ireland had preceded him. His wife, a Miss Ellen O'Donnell, daughter of the late Thos. O'Donnell, and niece of Rev. Father Butler, whom he married shortly after coming to Canada, survives him. Of their ten children seven are living—three sons and four daughters. They are Messrs. John and T. J. of Denver, B. C. and Dr. W. J. Delaney, of Naugatuck, Conn., and Mrs. (Dr.) Ward, of Montreal; Mrs. R. W. Muncaster, of Charlottetown, S. C. Mrs. W. J. Morrow, and Miss A. Delaney, of town.



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following cablegram: "His Holiness has been highly pleased in receiving through Your Excellency the congratulations and good wishes of the episcopate, clergy and Catholics in Canada, and most willingly imparts to all his apostolic benediction. (Signed) M. Cardinal Rampolla."

## A SECULAR JOURNAL'S TRIBUTE.

(From The New York Sun.)  
Pope Leo XIII. celebrates with great ceremony to-day the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of his remarkable pontificate. He has almost completed his ninety-second year. He has worn the triple crown longer than any man since St. Peter, except Pope Pius IX., his immediate predecessor, and Pope Pius VI., and should he live, as every one must wish, till November next, he will have surpassed the length of the latter pontificate. He is already the oldest man that ever sat in Peter's chair, save perhaps Gregory IX.,

## Priest Criticizes Carnegie.

At the thirty-third annual dinner of the alumni of Manhattan College last Thursday night, the Rev. Edward J. McGoldrick, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, Brooklyn, responded to the toast, "Manhattan in the World."  
Father McGoldrick said that Catholics did not occupy the position in the world that they should, considering their great numbers. He said that philanthropists had given \$10,000,000 for education in New York the past year, but that none of it went to Catholic education. It was simply the bigotry of the old ages in another form. Continuing, Father McGoldrick said:  
"Last summer two Sisters of Charity in the town of Nottingham, England, heard of the great philanthropist in Skibo Castle. They wanted to establish a hospital for incurables. They went to Skibo Castle and at the door of the palace were met by the butler. They asked to see Mr. Carnegie. He refused to see them. Then they sent in their cards, saying they had come a long distance. Again Mr. Carnegie refused to see them.  
"They asked to see Mrs. Carnegie, but she would not see them. Then they told their story to some guests in the hall, and collected two shillings. They started back to Nottingham and at the station were taken in by a poor family, non-Catholic, and sheltered for the night. The man who sheltered them was greater than Mr. Carnegie. I believe that Mr. Carnegie has only been putting up monuments to himself!"

## DICKENS'S DAUGHTER MARRIED.

An English exchange says: An interesting wedding took place at the Oratory on Tuesday at the Brompton Oratory, the bride being Miss Edith Dickens, daughter of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K. C. (Recorder of Maidstone), of 3 Egerton Place, and a granddaughter of the late Charles Dickens, the novelist, and the bridegroom, Mr. Ernest Bourcier Hawkeley, son of Mr. Bourcier F. Hawkeley, solicitor to the Chartered Company. The Rev. Father Kelly officiated, and the bride was given away by her father.



The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

ROME

TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

The special centennial of the New York Edition of the Roman Missal...

The whole subject is so important that it is worth while to summarize some of the leading events...

Meanwhile good news continues to come from all over Italy. The Solemes Chant is gaining ground every day in places where it seemed almost impossible to revive interest...

Who will inaugurate the welcome reform of Church music in the United States? It is well to look at the facts. The Pope and the Congregation of Rites, the supreme authorities on the subject...

Shortly after the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a document which declared that the Solemes edition has the approval of the Holy See...

IRELAND WHY A CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER FAILED.

How a Catholic newspaper came to grief through "excess of goodness" is thus narrated by Frank Hugh O'Donnell...

co-editor smiled and explained. It was the support of the clergy that killed us...

the support of the clergy that killed us. I had such a powerful body of clerical subscribers, and was read in so many Catholic families...

Mr. George R. Sims, in The Referee, contrasts the influence of the Catholic Church and the Established Church of England over the poor entrusted to them...

"I spent last Sunday afternoon in Little Italy, wandering hither and thither through Little Eyer street, Saffron Hill, Baker's Row, Back Hill, and the salubrious side street adjacent..."

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The Truth About The Spanish War

The following review of recent official disclosures touching the American war upon Spain appears in The New York Freeman's Journal from the pen of Rev. Dr. Lambert

The inside history of the negotiations preceding the declaration of war against Spain is beginning to be known. The general belief was that the late President McKinley did everything in his power to prevent hostilities...

It was Passion Week in 1898. Excitement was running high both in Congress and outside of Congress. A few weeks before the battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana...

The yellow journals were hysterically crying out for revenge. War clouds were looming up portentously on the horizon and it was evident that if something was not done to allay popular excitement, Spain and the United States would soon come to blows...

ENGLAND THE CHURCH OF THE POOR.

Mr. George R. Sims, in The Referee, contrasts the influence of the Catholic Church and the Established Church of England over the poor entrusted to them...

"I spent last Sunday afternoon in Little Italy, wandering hither and thither through Little Eyer street, Saffron Hill, Baker's Row, Back Hill, and the salubrious side street adjacent..."

This dispatch, it will be noted, is dated the day before President McKinley's war message was sent to Congress. By a curious coincidence on the same day that that message was read in Congress, the announcement of the suspension of hostilities in Cuba appeared in the Spanish press...

"At the request of the Holy Father, in this Passion Week, and in the name of Christ, I proclaim immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba."

"I do this to give time for passions to cease, and in the sincere hope and belief that, during this suspension, permanent and honorable peace may be obtained between the insular government of Cuba and those of my subjects in that island who are now in rebellion against the authority of Spain."

Friendships

The faithful friendships of the young are among the things we should help our children to avoid. They cannot too early learn that "all human intercourse is based on concession," and that to make friends and cast them off is a great mistake...

There is a curious engrafting of close and wonderfully sustaining friendship upon the warm ties of blood which is very beautiful, especially between the men of one family of half-a-dozen brothers all attacked to each other and holding the family unity in very warm allegiance...

Ex-Senator Chandler's testimony shows that the men who finally precipitated the country into war were actuated simply by predatory motives. Spain was to be despoiled of her possessions in the East and West Indies. The high sounding phrases about humanity, civilization, progress, etc., were the cloak under which the robbery was to be committed...

HER CRITERION.

(From The Youth's Companion.) A little girl from a crowded tenement house was delightedly telling a friend in the college settlement about her new teacher...

A FARMER'S TRIALS

The Struggle Against Sickness is the Most Trying of all his Difficulties—With Good Health He Can Conquer all Other Troubles.

No more courageous example of industry and untiring perseverance against many difficulties and uncertainties can be found than the case of the average farmer in the Northwest of Canada.

Thousands of just such busy men eat and drink what they should not and how they should not, and they overlook the condition of their digestive organs till at last Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Biliousness or Headache comes to warn them that it is time to stop and consider.

FOR CLEARING THE VOICE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are highly esteemed by clergymen. "Frequently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. "I recommend their use to public speakers."—Rev. E. H. Chapin. "Of great service for subduing hoarseness."—Rev. Daniel Wise, New York. "An invaluable medicine."—Rev. G. S. Vetter, Charleston, S. C.

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HAIL, Mary's spouse elect!
Hail, guardian of the West!
Voice of the Highest, and streamer
The Father of the Lord!

THIRD MONTH
31 DAYS

March

S. JOSEPH

1902

Calendar table for March 1902, listing days of the week, feast days (e.g., St. Joseph's Day, Palm Sunday, Easter Sunday), and moon phases.

Indulgenced Prayer

To all the faithful who, with a contrite heart, devoutly make, at any time during the year, the Novena in honor of St. Joseph, spouse of Mar. most holy, with any formula of prayer, provided it be approved by competent ecclesiastical authority...

HOME CIRCLE logo with decorative border.

CURES IN THE KITCHEN

In every kitchen or storeroom there is quite a druggist shop of useful remedies. So far as medical science has discovered (says "M. D." in Answers) the best all-round cure for dyspepsia is salt and water. You put a small teaspoonful of salt in a large tumbler of water as hot as you can swallow, and drink it half an hour or twenty minutes before each meal. This washes out the stomach thoroughly...

sick nursing; a wife with no notion of what to do in cases of illness is but a useless thing. She needs considerable tact and patience. The one to enable her to know when to remain silent, and vice versa, and the other to put up with him when his temper is ruffled.—Scott's American

UNPLEASANT TABLE TALK

If there is ever a time when one should particularly avoid unpleasant conversation it is at table. It has been said that a merry heart aids digestion, and certainly ill-timed remarks and gossip are not conducive to a state of content. The hostess, therefore, who has the tact to keep the conversation at dinner in a happy channel, or the woman who can guide the table talk at home in a merry channel is a missionary of more importance than she often realizes.

"Forgive me, general, but it is sorrowful enough to know it is going on, please do not talk of it." Although rebuked of his proposed position of reporter, the general, with a new deference in his manner, said "I beg your pardon, I forgot that you might not be interested," and himself led the conversation in a different direction.

THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF FISH

Fish constitutes one of the most valuable articles of diet for mankind, although the popular notion that it is a good brain food because of the phosphorus it contains is incorrect. As a matter of fact, fish meat in general contains less phosphorus than most kinds of flesh meat. But it is good for brain indirectly, for it is less stimulating than flesh meat, is usually digested more easily and causes the production in the system of fewer of the waste products which, if not at once eliminated, act injuriously upon the delicate nervous system.

The last mentioned property is one which renders fish of especial value in the diet of persons suffering from Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys, from rheumatism, gout, and all those diseases which many physicians regard as the result of excessive formation or retention of uric acid. For convalescents also it is most useful, as it supplies a fair amount of nutritive material in palatable form, with a minimum of tax on the digestive organs.

Among the most nourishing and at the same time digestible fish are blue fish, shad, red snapper, fresh codfish, whitefish, striped bass, halibut and flounder. And equally nutritious, although perhaps less digestible, are brook trout, lake trout, salmon, mackerel and eels. Roe is not particularly nutritious, but it is agreeable to the taste and fairly digestible.

The mode of preparation has much to do with the digestibility of fish, as it has with that of all other foods. Boiling and broiling are better modes of cooking than frying. The chief objection to fish is its proneness to decomposition, even when kept on ice. It may be free from any taste or odor, and yet it may have undergone changes which make it poisonous. Some fish are poisonous in themselves, containing in the natural state some substance which will cause alarming symptoms, or even death, if eaten. With some persons fish in any form does not agree, causing digestive disorders or skin eruptions. This is notably true of lobsters and crabs.—Youth's Companion

LOSS OF APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few bottles of "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

"This potato is only half-done, my dear," said he crossly. "Then only eat half of it, my love," she replied, affectionately.

RICKETY CHILDREN

Loose joints, bow legs, big head, and soft bones—mean rickets. It is a typical disease for the best workings of Scott's Emulsion.

For the weak bones Scott's Emulsion supplies those powerful tonics the hypophosphites. For the loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion provides the nourishing cod-liver oil.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER MY NAME IS CUPID. He came one blustering, snowy day in February weather; He carried on his dimpled arm A portmanteau of leather.

MARGERY'S VALENTINE. It was a pity, but none of the girls at the Briarwood school really liked Margery. She was always striving to be first, to stand at the head of her class, and to carry off each prize.

150 POPULAR SONGS. The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS). From Capt. V. Lutz, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "I've frequently used Perry's Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, etc."

J. E. BRIGHT, DRUGGIST. Phone Main 2845 128 King St. W.

Use an Oxycodon, Absorb Oxygen and Write for Pamphlet to J. E. BRIGHT, DRUGGIST. Phone Main 2845 128 King St. W.

Now the semi-annual prize for English composition was to be awarded on the second Friday of February, and Miss Hamilton knew that Margery's heart was set upon the winning of this particular prize.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever, Do noble things—"

Gertrude easily became the leader of the class, and as she spoke her tremulous voice grew firm. "You know, I suppose, that I had hoped to be the winner; but my composition can't compare with yours, and then you are a stranger here. It will make you feel at home, winning the prize."

"Oh thank you!" murmured Gertrude happily. "And I think it is very sweet and kind of you to speak so."

Phone Park 553. If the line is in use, as it so frequently is, drop a card to H. O. TOMLIN 420-422 Bathurst Street.

CHURCH BELLS. Chimes and Peals, by the Bell Foundry, Toronto, Ont.

The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS). From Capt. V. Lutz, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "I've frequently used Perry's Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, etc."

150 POPULAR SONGS. The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS). From Capt. V. Lutz, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "I've frequently used Perry's Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, etc."

J. E. BRIGHT, DRUGGIST. Phone Main 2845 128 King St. W.

Use an Oxycodon, Absorb Oxygen and Write for Pamphlet to J. E. BRIGHT, DRUGGIST. Phone Main 2845 128 King St. W.

Now the semi-annual prize for English composition was to be awarded on the second Friday of February, and Miss Hamilton knew that Margery's heart was set upon the winning of this particular prize.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever, Do noble things—"

Gertrude easily became the leader of the class, and as she spoke her tremulous voice grew firm. "You know, I suppose, that I had hoped to be the winner; but my composition can't compare with yours, and then you are a stranger here. It will make you feel at home, winning the prize."

"Oh thank you!" murmured Gertrude happily. "And I think it is very sweet and kind of you to speak so."

"This well to know a good thing," said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Know-nothing when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Peppermint Cure," said Mrs. Surface who hated puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

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

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK J. CROHN

ADVERTISING RATES... Telephone, Main 143

Religion-Education-Crime

A few weeks ago the editor of Saturday Night, taking cover behind the title of a crime in Canada, delivered what he, no doubt, considered an eminently clever shaft at Catholics and Anglicans.

There it was, you see, Case and effect. Show religious instruction in the schools and you will reap the crop of the penitentiaries. Q. E. D. Here!

For ourselves, we must say that we read the article with contemptuous indifference and, in consequence, the matter threw it aside. Nor have we noticed that any of our Anglican contemporaries, or any Anglicans writing to the editor, have taken notice of it.

One or two gentlemen say that non-Catholic friends have spoken to them about it. And they do not relish the idea in the least that the Catholic Church is the church of the criminal classes in public reputation.

It is with these distressed friends, not with the editor of Saturday Night that we would discuss the question. It will not be necessary for us, accordingly, to expound away the statistics at all. There will be no need to argue that it is not the religious persons among the Catholics and Anglicans who find themselves in the penitentiaries as the local conclusion of their habits of life.

And so it is, on as far as you like to go. A hundred comparative cases might be cited. A young married woman stole five cent's worth of trash from Timothy Eaton and was "sent down" for two months.

But we must return to our subject: the criminal statistics as they are presented to us. We have before us the report for the years 1895-99, 1900-01. The Register cannot discern in these statistics any reproach to the Catholic Church.

The Roman Catholic record in Year 1900... per cent of criminals 38.8. As the Roman Catholic population numbered 41.2 per cent of the population in 1891, there has been a retrocession from criminality of a very gratifying character.

What Mr. George Johnson means is this, that the percentage of professed Roman Catholics in the penitentiaries has steadily declined year by year since the Government undertook to compile statistics by religious denominations, and as the record stands the percentage of Catholics in the criminal calendar is less than the Catholic percentage of the general population.

Our object is not to repudiate the statistics at all. The alleged reproach which the irreproachable editor of Saturday Night rubs into us, and which has made some of our friends so very indignant, is that the Catholic record in the statistics is higher than the other religious denominations with the exception of the Anglicans.

It is all very true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But we must not be too self-righteous towards them. None of us can have forgotten the parable of the Good Shepherd. There were possibly in the flock from which this unfortunate lamb strayed not a few clean, fat, fleecy sheep, who had always stayed where the pasture was soft and nutritious.

Nevertheless, the Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine careful ones, and sought the lost sheep among the brambles and rocks, and having found it, took it into His arms and brought it home. Following the divine example, the Catholic Church, as she must do if she would not be false to her mission, and that she cannot be—seeks with solicitation and love lost sheep among the prisons and penitentiaries and brings them home.

The Register would not go out of its way to attack any other religious denomination, but this may be said without any thought of hostility towards Methodists, Baptists and others, that from the moment any of their members are convicted of crime by legal or religious tribunals, they are no longer counted or acknowledged.

The Catholic Church on the contrary, is the church of the poor, of the immigrant from every submerged class of the European populations. All are claimed, all are counted, wherever found; and it is found in the penitentiaries as claimed with all the more joy.

church of God, year after year upon the criminal statistics of the country. But the mockery they would make of her redounds only to her fidelity to the divine mission.

And now a word upon the educational theme. No credit can be gained for the irreligious education which the irreproachable editor of Saturday Night proclaims as the foster-mother of crimelessness.

The 17 years record indicates that while ignorance is the close friend and confidant of criminality, yet education is not as great a corrective of crime as it formerly was. The educated or partially educated class in the community supplied 84 per cent of the convicted criminals of 1884-91, 11.5 per cent in 1899 and 11.3 per cent in 1900.

The latest report of the Minister of Justice brings the proportion of those who can read or write up to 83 per cent of the convicts of the year 1901. The fair and reasonable conclusion from these figures is really too obvious to call for more specific contradiction.

The record of the Catholic Church shows even more than Mr. Johnson claims for it, viz. a retrocession from criminality of a gratifying character. The work of our Anglican friends is likewise gratifying to them.

We would like to be able to place our finger upon the official statistics the Catholic record considered in relation to grave or abominable crimes. Such figures are not available, but we may well be content with the testimony of various non-Catholic clergymen who are preaching the vehement crusade for social purity.

Let the record stand as it is then. Religion has no cause to blush for it. Those who would mock religion in comparison with education are silenced by the record itself.

"Education is not as great a corrective of crime as it formerly was." "The larger denominations (of religions) are steadily and successfully bringing their spiritual forces to bear upon society to reduce crime."

Where, we ask again, is the justice of the reproach to religion?

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

The pastoral letters which with which the bishops of Ireland inaugurate the penitential season invariably reflect the condition of the country. Indeed, they may be called its voice in a most solemn form.

What the significance of it all may be we cannot guess. Some assume that the game is being played against Russia and France, others that it is a competition between Germany and Britain alone for friendly relationship with the Americans in the next onslaught upon China.

Mr. Clement Scott, the celebrated Catholic dramatic critic, edits a newspaper called The Free Lance. It has recently been added to the list of publications prohibited for sale in South Africa by order of the military authorities.

Mr. Scott communicated his grievances to the War Office, and received a reply that "the matter has been referred to Lord Kitchener." Mr. Scott protests that he is a "loyal subject," but it is probable that the title of his publication had more to do with its censorship than a perusal of its contents.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Baron de Michels, a French diplomatist of note, has published a volume of interesting "Souvenirs," which runs from 1886 to 1896. Some of his most remarkable chapters are devoted to his experiences in Rome before the French troops who were protecting Pope Pius IX. who were drawn in order to be sent against the Prussians in 1870.

Prince Henry, of Prussia, brother-in-law of the German Emperor, is being received by President Roosevelt and the American people with joy so commensurate that some of the more timid Democrats can hardly avoid the suggestion that they are in danger of forgetting

cell. In spite of oncoming troubles, Pio Nono was in good spirits, and chatted in a lively manner with the French diplomatist. The question of the Pope's photograph arose, and His Holiness, desiring to give a good likeness of himself to the Baron, took the latter's camera and went with him to the library.

The spread of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has been one of the most remarkable events of the past century, he observes. It was founded by a group of zealous young Catholic students in reply to the taunt, "Show us the works of the Catholic Church." Four facts stand out, the founders were laymen, they were young, they were men of education, they chose works of charity as the evidence of the divine origin and mission of the Church.

Followers of St. Vincent de Paul

In the January issue of The American Catholic Quarterly Review Dr. Thomas Dwight, of the Harvard Medical School, has an article deserving world-wide attention.

That the society has flourished and is flourishing in this country is a fact concerning which, happily, there is no dispute, but this is not to say that its condition is as good as it might be, nor that it gives assurance of its fitness to meet new requirements.

Even so short a time as forty years ago (the first conference in New England, that of St. James', Boston, was aggregated April 18, 1862) the condition of our Catholic laymen was very different from what it is now.

What we need is a more practical and useful to the priest in the various odds and ends of non-spiritual parochial work. Among them, provisionally, were most admirable characters, zealous, self-forgetful and actuated truly by the love of God and their neighbor.

A great change has come over social conditions since that time. Municipal help to the poor has spread and increased wonderfully. It is generally distributed with no sectarian discrimination.

That would there be no loss? On the contrary, the loss would be frightful; first of all to the members. Their loss in opportunity to do good works, to help save souls, as well as bodies, to win graces, to gain indulgences, can be reckoned by no human bookkeeper.

It is inevitable that the members should come into contact with those of other creeds and most desirable that they should meet them with respect. For this purpose they must meet them as equals.

There are no more a reflection on them than it would be to say that they are not clad in purple and fine linen. They have what is far better, true and humble hearts; but it does not follow that there is not need of men fitted for higher work.

large numbers of young Catholics in distinction in the professions and in business. Those in our ranks are relatively few. We have tried to get them and some have accepted the invitation. Why not more?

It is an axiom that no one, by his fortuitous advantage of wealth, learning or position what they may, can give anything to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul that shall in the least equal what he will gain from it if he be a faithful member.

This brings us to a very difficult and delicate question which practically lies at the root of the matter. It is the relation of the parish priest to the conference. The question should not be avoided were it possible to do so, for the support of the parish priests is essential to the movement.

At present there is great variation in the relations of the pastors and the conferences. As a rule the best conferences are those that are in closest touch with the pastor, who is also the spiritual director, who makes it a point to attend the meetings frequently and who is familiar with the regulations and the spirit of the society.

Why do we wait until ears are deaf? Before we speak one kindly word, And only utter loving praise, When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid Cross-folded, pulseless, etc we place Within them roses sweet and rare, And hies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed To light and love in death's deep trance— Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend Above them with impalpable glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still To tell them all the love in ours, And give them such late meed of praise, And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's Sweet opportunities are past, And break our "alabaster box Of ointment" at the very last!

O! let us heed the living friend Who walks with us life's common ways, Watching our eyes for look of love, And hungering for a word of praise! —New York Tribune.

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W. A. DINNICK - MANAGER.



Irish Catholics and the Government



HON. HENRY O. CARROLL



HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SESSION.

The Deutsch-Sprache Gesellschaft met at the home of Fraulein McCarthy, 132 Orange avenue, on Monday evening last and spent a very instructive session.

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

Mr. C. J. Read, the President, was chairman of the last regular meeting held in the rooms of the association. After the reading of the minutes and reception of new members, Mr. C. J. McCurdy was called to the chair, when a choice literary programme was provided by the following: Mr. J. T. Loftus on "The Quality of Strength in Literary Style," Mr. E. J. Kelly, "Essay on Napoleon the Soldier," Mr. C. J. Derocher, reading "Congratulations were extended Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue on his success in winning the Edward Thompson Copie prize in the final L.L.B. examinations of Toronto University."

OBITUARY

AN OLD RESIDENT DEAD.

The death is announced of Mrs. Catherine Butler, 186 Albany avenue, in her 90th year. Mrs. Butler was born in Ireland in the year 1812, and came to Toronto in 1844, where she resided ever since. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom survive her—Mrs. Fred. Chandler, of Cleveland; Thomas F., of the Dominion of Canada Guarantee & Accident Insurance Company; John, in the cigar business; M. J. Butler, grocer, on Major street, and one unmarried daughter. The funeral took place from St. Peter's Church at 9 o'clock a.m. to-day, to St. Michael's Cemetery.

CLARA MAY FRASER, GRAVENHURST.

At Gravenhurst on February 18, 1902, the grim Angel of Death crossed the threshold of the home of Mr. Alexander Fraser, and bore away with it the soul of his beloved daughter Clara May. In the absence of the mother on Tuesday afternoon, the little child came in contact with a bottle of poison, which she drank. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but despite the physician's skill and the tender care of kind friends, she expired the following morning at 3 a.m. Deceased was a promising child of but four years, and possessed many good qualities; her young companions will greatly miss "Clara," who was a general favorite with them. The funeral took place on Thursday at 3.30 p.m., and was largely attended. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. Theodore Lemire, Joseph Lemire, Frank La Franiere and Joseph Cunningham. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community in this, their sad affliction.

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Of all branches of photography landscape is the most popular with amateurs; not that it is the easiest, but because an ever varying field is open to picture makers. A few simple rules for success are indicated in the March Delineator in the first of the series on "Pictorial Photography," by Juan C. Abel, former editor of The Photographic Times. A number of remarkable examples of landscape photography are reproduced and emphasize the points made in the text.

WHY?

I love her for her winsome eyes, And yet—ah, no—if they were blind And dulled with age or dimmed by care No queen to me were half so fair. I love her for her smiling eyes, Her dainty head so proudly set, Yet could she lose them I confess, I would not love her one whit less. I love her for her gentle grace, For the pure heart that shines through all. I love her first and last the best, Because of her soul's loveliness.—Isabella E. Mackey. PNYN-BALSAM cures all coughs. It soothes, it heals, it cures quickly and certainly. Pny-Balsam made more widely every year. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. Clarence—Clara, if I let you buy a new winter coat, I'll have to wear my old one. Clara—Oh, you dear, sweet, lovely, generous old boy!

Life of Lord Russell

We have recently come across a most interesting biography, "The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen," by Barry O'Brien. To say that it is the most interesting biography of late years is to utter a truism. Although it takes something more than an ordinary Boswell to do justice to the life of a man of genius, yet it may be said pensively afterwards that the author has very nearly done justice to the great subject. One feels, however, that there ought to have been material for two good volumes in the life of a man who occupied the proudest legal position in the British Empire, and who was necessarily brought into contact with the very makers of the modern history of our people. The biography interests from first to last. It is replete with food for moral and intellectual digestion and when the last pages are perused and the book is closed one feels that one has been brought into touch with a great Catholic, a great Irishman and, without being intentionally paradoxical, a great Englishman. Turning over the pages we are struck with facts and stories which are most edifying and which reveal the most amiable religious traits of Irish Catholic life. A Celt of the Celts Lord Russell was an extremist, he believed that it was time for the Irish Party to cease their protracted opposition to the British Government and endeavor to adopt a more conciliatory course which would be more advantageous in the end. Loved by his own countrymen he was revered in England by statesmen of every political creed who regarded him as being indeed one of the first if not the most prominent of the country's representatives.

"Rebels in Parliament"

The interesting question of "rebels in Parliament," which is likely to engage the attention of the House of Commons a few weeks hence, recalls a famous phrase used by Sir Charles Gavin Duffy in his first speech on Australian soil. He refused to apologize in any way for his Irish career or the part he had played in promoting the '48 insurrection. As regards Ireland, he proclaimed himself to be still "a rebel to the backbone and spinal marrow." The speech created a tremendous commotion at the time, but it did not prevent his election to the first Parliament of Victoria, or his attaining the Premiership, or his receiving knighthood from the Queen. The question was again raised in July, 1880, when the Hon. Peter Lalor, another Irishman, succeeded Sir C. G. Duffy in the speakership of the Victorian Parliament. A member of the government violently protested against the highest honor in the gift of the House being bestowed on a man who had fought against the soldiers of the Queen. The Conservative Premier of the period, the Hon. James Service, severely rebuked his subordinate, and said the incident referred to in no way reflected discredit on Mr. Lalor, rather the reverse. Mr. Lalor was the commander-in-chief of the rebel gold diggers of Ballarat, who, on December 3, 1854, fought an engagement with the Imperial forces—New York World.

SALUTATION TO THE KELTS.

(By Thomas D'Arcy McGee.) Hail to our Keltic brethren, wherever they may be, In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea, Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales, Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails— One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels.

WHY?

In Northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell, And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell, The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales Before the advancing banners of the great Rome-conquering Gaels. One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels. A greeting and a promise unto them all we send; Their character our charter is, their glory is our end— Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoever assaults. The glory of the story of the sea-divided Gaels. One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels.

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Some Old Irish Songs

CEAD MILE FAITTE, EILIM

(By Gerald Griffin.) Cead mile faitte' child of the Ithian! Cead mile faitte, Eilim! At night, they temple in ruins is by thee, In Bruma na Bruid the dark blast is sighing, Louch we shelter in grief and in dan-ger, Yet have we welcome and cheer for the stranger, Cead mile faitte' child of the Ithian! Cead mile faitte, Eilim! Woe for the weapons that guarded our stouber, Tanteach, they said, was too small for our numbers, Little is left for our sons to inherit, Yet, what we have, thou art welcome to share it, Cead mile faitte' child of the Ithian! Cead mile faitte, Eilim!

Wake for the Christian your welcome!

Wake for the Christian your welcome! Strew the dry rushes to pillow his slumbers, Long let him cherish, with deep recollection, The eve of our feast, and the Druid's affection. Cead mile faitte' child of the Ithian! Cead mile faitte, Eilim!

FOR INNISFAIL.

(By Lionel Johnson.) A terrible and splendid trust, Heavens the host of Innisfail; Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust, A lightning glory of the Gael. Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers, And Tara the assembling place; But each sweet wind of Ireland bears The trump of the battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,

From Howth to Achill, the glad noise Rings; and the bells of glory fall, Or victory crowns their fighting joys. A dream! a dream! an ancient dream! Yet, ere peace come to Innisfail, Some weapons on some field must gleam, Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,

Fair for the treading of an host; That field in realms of thought be won, And armed minds do their uttermost. Some way to faithful Innisfail Shall come the majesty and awe Of martial trust, that must prevail To lay on all the eternal law.

SALUTATION TO THE KELTS.

(By Thomas D'Arcy McGee.) Hail to our Keltic brethren, wherever they may be, In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea, Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales, Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails— One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin,

And changed the Scottish lead, Though small the power of Mona, Though unwaked Lewellyn's band, Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales, Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales, One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels.

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FIRESIDE SPARKS

Miss Bluestock—Oh, I'm sure Hope-Barker's books will live after him. Mr. Kitztrick—Perhaps, but it'll be a very quiet life.

First Scientist—This is a puzzling case, indeed. Second Scientist—I should say so. Why, this would puzzle an amateur scientist.

She (sarcastic for the theatre)—Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mr. Spoonmore, but it has taken me longer than usual to get ready. I look like a fright in this hat, too. He (desirous of saying something complimentary)—It isn't the—or—fault of the lovely hat, I am sure, Miss Hankinson.

"Did your father used to whip you when you were a boy?" asked the youngster who had been chastised. "Did he!" repeated the old gentleman, reflectively. "In those days parents were made of sterner stuff, and he used to whip me with a strap." "The boy's eyes brightened instantly. "Golly!" he cried. "I'd like to see him do it now."

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.—Jenkins wants to sell his place. Greene—Why, I never heard him say anything about it, and I see him every day. Sherlock Holmes, Jr.—That may be; but he wants to sell it all the same. I called there last evening, and when I slapped a mosquito Jenkins said it was the first mosquito that had been on the premises this summer.

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Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance. They make the latitudes and longitudes. To reach the Tabor of God's permanent glory the just and good must carry their cross up the narrow, rugged heights of Calvary. I am a friend to subordination as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.—Dr. Johnson. Overcome thyself, uphold thy being, make thyself a harmony, a unity, hold to thy work with steadfast purpose, doing in all seriousness and with a cheerful heart, the thing that is given thee to do. Herein lies the secret of a blessed life.—Bishop Spalding. The true servant of God is not solicitous about the morrow. He performs faithfully what God requires of him to-day, and will perform what God requires of him to-morrow, and the same the next day and the next day without a word. Thus he unites his will, not to the means of serving God, but to the service and the good pleasure of God.

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God appeared—(1 John III, 8). Our Lord himself gives testimony to the fact that the devil endeavored to destroy the man who sowed good seed...

(Heb IX, 27) Death, therefore, does not end all, a future life remains for the follower, as well as for the leader...

power and providence are clearly written over the face of nature, our free will, our accountability, our immortality, are easy conclusions of our reasoning faculties...

power and providence are clearly written over the face of nature, our free will, our accountability, our immortality, are easy conclusions of our reasoning faculties...

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(By John Slater, family The 1 large family had been chosen reality facton a lasti Nothin a long only c Where and bet his lasti ing sch broke c years p quently whom t he other last, he was alv his head the age of 17: his: definite "right" of a grant t bookhon his (a nam of the h line of h embrace playfully bling i however, some we some we our. It i that Jol found gr howling Against i perked dard up deep, up white cr The harl son like port, for Ameri an quar tu into Suddenly riveted, reals, rou vessel, fo



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## ON BOARD A WHALER

(By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.)

John Sinclair knew that he had a sister, and the name of Alice had been familiar to him from early childhood. The picture hanging on the wall, in large drawing-room of the house his family occupied in his sea-girt home, had been to his childish fancy the portrait of his two sisters, Alice and Conventine, the latter of whom had ceased to live before he had begun. In reality it was only an ideal representation of two orphan girls yet it left a lasting impression on his memory. Nothing had been heard from Alice for a long time; in fact she had written only once since her father's death. Where was she? On the day when his father had closed his eyes in his last slumber, she was at a boarding school in Brooklyn. Our civil war broke out and Alice disappeared. As years passed, John found himself frequently musing over his lost sister whom he had never seen. In his dreams he often thought he had found her at last, but his return to consciousness was always a sad disappointment for his heart.

The island on which John dwelt was one of those numerous rocks of the Iribbean sea where nature in its desolate solitude seemed to take delight in spreading her charms. A range of mountains, covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation, formed the backbone of the island. On a plateau at its foot a few scattered houses bore the name of town and along the base of the hill on which it rested, a long line of immaculate sand received the embrace of the gentle waves that playfully succeeded one another, vanishing into thin foam. Sometimes, however, the placid waters of the harbor were lashed into fury and the some was one of indescribable grandeur. It was on an occasion like this, that John, whose romantic soul never found greater pleasure than in the howling of the storm, stood leaning against a wall above the cliff. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as it was dashed over the wild bosom of the deep, upon wave after wave and the white crests made the ocean glitter. The harbor generally deserted, looked now like that of commercial seaport, for a number of square-rigged vessels rocked at anchor. Here the American whalers made their winter quarters and a number of them had run into port a few days previously. Suddenly the eyes of John became riveted, as a proud bark with sails reefed, bending under the force of the gale, rounded a point. He knew the vessel, for there was a bright smile

upon his countenance, as he exclaimed: Captain Fisher! John knew the good old captain who for years had been a familiar visitor of the island. The boy waited until the bark came up to anchorage, down went the jib, and the rattling of the chain, as the anchor dropped into the water, announced that another voyage was over. He now turned to go to his home, from which he had stolen away without his mother's knowledge. As he can along he met a party of sailors and for a moment he stopped to gaze at them, for he always found a charm in the society of the rough but good-natured men whose life was that of the ocean wave, a life of daring and adventure. One of them, a young man of twenty, whispering something to his companion, walked up to him and putting him on the shoulder, said: "Hello, my lad, does your mother know you're out?"

"No, sir, she don't," replied the boy. The sailor laughed. "Would you like to go to sea?" he inquired. "I would," was the answer. "Would she let you go?" "I don't think she would." "Say, chappie," the other went on, "have you ever been aboard a ship?" "O yes, many a time!" "A whaler?" "No, not a whaler."

"Well, wouldn't you like to see a whaler?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, come along with us, we are going aboard now." "I wish I could," replied John, "but my mother wouldn't like it." "O, you needn't tell her. We'll pull you ashore again in half an hour." The temptation was strong and though John was not habitually disobedient and for all the world he would not have grieved his mother, yet the pleasure so long coveted and so unexpectedly offered had too strong an attraction to be resisted, and John allowed the sailor to take him by the arm and to place him in the middle of the group. Chatting and laughing they descended to the leach, and when they had reached the long boat John thought that he had never been in more pleasant company. His companion seizing him in his arms placed him inside the boat, the sailors pressing against it with all their might shoved it off, jumping in at the same time. A sailor took his stand at one end and with a long oar that served as a rudder, the others seized their oars, a few vigorous pulls were given and the white boat dashed over the waves, which washed over her bow as though irritated at the intrusion. John gazed at the black hull of the bark as it grew larger in proportion to the diminution of distance between it and the boat. In less than twenty minutes

they were alongside, pitching and tossing violently. The young sailor at whose invitation John had consented to go aboard the vessel helped him to climb the ladder and it was with a feeling of intense pleasure that the boy stepped onto the deck of the big vessel. Sailors were running to and fro in the greatest excitement, while a man at the stern bellowed out his orders in a stentorian voice. "Come with me, lad," said the sailor, "I am going to introduce you to the captain."

Taking John by the hand, he walked with him aft and ascended to the top of the house where the captain stood. "Captain," he said, touching his hat, "here's a boy that wants to ship."

John looked surprised, but took it as a joke. "All right," replied the captain, "show him the ship." While his companion led him away, the boy, turning his head and raising his eyes aloft, noticed that the Stars and Stripes were floating from the gaff. "To-night," the other replied. John was delighted with all that he beheld, and having gone over the deck he was led to the cabin by his companion. This portion of the ship consisted of two large apartments, the first of which, at the foot of the companion stairs, served as a dining room and communicated with the other at the stern of the vessel that answered the purpose of the captain's drawing-room. A number of state rooms opened on both sides of these two apartments. John was led into the inner one of the two and the sailor bade him sit there and await his return. As the young man left he closed the door behind him. At that moment the captain's voice was heard ringing out a command, but the boy could not catch the words. He could hear sailors running on deck, ropes were dragging along, and — he knew what it meant — there was a creaking sound cut off by jerks, while the peculiarly nautical "ho-hip" told him that they were hoisting a sail. A dreadful mingling crept over him; he arose, went to the door, but it was locked. The heart of the boy jumped to his mouth. His first impulse was to shriek, but, on second thought, he desisted and sank powerless upon a cushioned seat. What is that? Singing? Yes, he knew what that meant, too. He could catch the words:

"Fare you well, good-bye, we're bound for Bedford town." John cast himself upon his knees in an agony of despair and cried: "O God, forgive me my disobedience, spare me, bring me back to my mother. O Holy Virgin, help me!" Again he arose, tried to open the door, but his efforts were in vain.

He called aloud, but his voice was drowned by the singing of the sailors, the rattling of the anchor chains and the noise on deck. The ship was moving, he could feel it. There could be no longer a doubt, John knew that he was leaving home. Either they had forgotten him or there was foul play. The truth is, the poor boy had been kidnapped.

When finally the door was opened, it was not the sailor, but the captain himself who entered. "Well, my boy," he asked, "what are you doing here?"

"I was brought here, sir." "Brought here, by whom? Don't you know that these are my private apartments?" "I beg your pardon, sir. The sailor who brought me on board, promised to take me ashore, sir; let me go, it will kill my poor mother if I don't return."

"Didn't you want to ship?" "No, sir, I did not." "But Bob Hardy said so." "But I thought he was joking, sir." "Joking! Thunder! Nobody jokes aboard this ship. It can't be helped, sonny; you're aboard now and you've got to sail along, so make yourself scarce. Run on deck, and you'll find some one to take you in tow. Put about now and send!"

Poor Johnnie, with tears streaming down his cheeks, made the best of his way to the deck. As his head arose above the companion way, his eyes fell upon the line of foam the ship was leaving astern. It pointed to the hills of his native island, which was fast receding. His poor little heart was bursting, but alas! to whom must it turn for sympathy? At the same moment he heard a rough voice and, turning, beheld a still rougher figure. The man cried to him: "Say, monkey, what are you blubbering about? Run forward to the fore-castle and wait for me." John hesitated. "Do you hear me, you blasted land-lubber?" bellowed the other. Fortunately a sailor, with a knidler face came up at the moment, and, taking Johnnie by the arm, led him forward. The man was a Portuguese.

The first night at sea was one that John Sinclair never forgot. They had given him a berth in the fore-castle, and in that narrow bed he tossed with every motion of the ship, never closing an eye and thinking only of home and his mother. Fortunately he was spared the additional horrors of seasickness. Over his sufferings I shall draw a veil. Suffice it to say that he had to perform the duties of cabin boy and that on the part of the men he found little sympathy. If he except the Portuguese. Weeks passed, weeks on the broad ocean, weeks of torture for Johnnie. He hoped that the vessel would put into some port, but he was

doomed to disappointment, for the captain kept cruising about for whales. One of these monsters was sighted, but it had completely disappeared by the time the boats were manned. It was a Sunday afternoon. Not a breath stirred the atmosphere, and the sails hung lifelessly from the masts. Johnnie was gazing over the wide expanse of waters, when his eye caught sight of smoke above the horizon. At the same time he heard the watch call out: "Steamer, two points off the port bow!"

A ripple of excitement passed over the crew, which as quickly subsided and the men again settled down to their pipes and yams. Little time elapsed, and beneath the curling smoke appeared the dark hull of a vessel. She was evidently coming toward them. The captain's eyes her with his glasses and beckoned to the first mate to come to him on the deck. A whispered consultation ensued the attention of the men was attracted and a number went over to the port side to gaze at the stranger.

"I'll bet my life," said a grizzled old tar to his shipmate, "that it's she. I've seen her before this. I know the d-d rebel." The excitement grew more intense, as the mate was seen to run aft with a flag. In the twinkling of an eye it was made fast, one or two vigorous pulls, and the red flag of Britain floated to the breeze. "You can't put her off with them tricks," grumbled the old sailor. Meanwhile the steamer was fast bearing down upon them, nor was there the slightest chance of escape, for a dead calm lay over the waters. Neater and nearer she came, so near that the dreaded flag of the Confederate States could easily be distinguished. The captain paced the deck impatiently, looking aloft, then at the approaching steamer and stamped with his foot in angry despair. "Say, Mr. Johnson," he cried, "old man Lemmes has got us this time!" "I guess so," replied Johnson, looking at the steamer with one eye and squirting a stream of tobacco juice over the bulwarks. About the same time she bore to about a quarter of a mile off. The whaler was unable to move and had only to await the arrival of the boat sent out by the Confederate ship. A few pulls brought the latter within speaking distance. The officer in command, standing up at the stern, and putting his hand to his mouth, cried out: "What's your name?" "Jennie of Glasgow," was the reply. The officer sat down without a word and as the men dipped their oars with the long man o' war strokes, into the untroubled waters, he headed directly for the stern of the whaler and while the boat darted

around he read: "Flying fish, New Bedford." The officer smiled and, with another stroke of his tiller, brought his boat parallel with the bark.

"In the bow," he cried and a sailor jumped up with a boat hook in his hand. "Up oars," and with one accord the oars arose straight up. Another moment and the man o' war's boat was tied to the whaler. The officer having ascended to the deck, formally took possession of the prize in the name of the Confederate States of America. Resistance was useless, and within an hour, the crew of the Flying fish had been transferred to safe quarters on board the Alabama, a prize crew having been detailed to the whaler.

The youth of Johnnie soon attracted the attention of an officer of the Confederate cruiser and his story finally came to the ears of Captain Lemmes who at once took the boy under his protection. The fortune of the captain and the crew of the Flying fish does not concern us and we bid them adieu. After a few days, the Alabama found itself off the coast of the Carolinas where it sighted the United States steamer Iroquois just in time to get out of its way. Within a short time the Confederate cruiser had entered the peaceful waters of the Bermudas.

Little Johnnie had fallen sick of a violent fever and an inhabitant of one of the islands, having learned his history, offered to take him in charge and, after his recovery, return him to his home by the first opportunity. For weeks his life was despaired of, and he lay in an unconscious condition. Finally his reason returned. The morning sun was streaming through the half opened window of his room and the air was embalmed with the mingled perfumes of oleanders, jessamines and reesedas. As our little boy opened his eyes, they fell upon the face of a beautiful lady, who sat beside his bed, watching him with the greatest interest. Mrs. Huntley, the wife of the gentleman in whose home he had now returned from the portals of the grave, had nursed him as though she were his mother. The lady, though a wife, had still the face of a girl. She was barely twenty. A smile lit up her features when the doctor announced that Johnnie was out of danger. Days passed, his strength returned and he found himself able to converse with his nurse. She sat again beside his bed one morning, as he slept in her hand she held an open locket within which her eyes rested upon the portrait of a girl. When her youthful protegee awoke, she said to him:

"My boy, what is your name?" "Johnnie Sinclair," he feebly replied. "Johnnie, I found this locket

around your neck, whose picture it is?"

"My sister's," he answered. "Have you ever seen your sister?" "No, ma'am." "Johnnie, I know this portrait; I sent it to father before his death; I had engraved upon it A. S., the initials of my name. Johnnie, do you know me?"

The boy's eyes opened widely; for a moment he seemed dumfounded; but at another instant he had cast his arms around the lady's neck, and he cried: "My sister, my long lost sister!" — The Monthly Visitor.

## THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

Many People Still Inquiring about Joseph Brown's Case

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Mr. Brown, whose case has caused all the sensation, is a modest unassuming mechanic employed in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works. Since the publication of the facts of his case and the cure he has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry from all over the country, and to each of these he answers simply: "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after all the doctors and hospital specialists had given me up. I couldn't walk and had to be fed like a baby for four months, but the pills soon soon fixed me up and I have been all right ever since." He has also been in receipt of not a few letters from others who too have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a life-saving remedy when all else had failed.



