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VOL. XI. No. 3

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WONDERFUL POPE LEO

Approaching the End of his 93rd Year He Proves His Marvellous Strength.

Rome, Jan. 4.—Replying yesterday to the congratulatory address read by His Eminence Cardinal di Sante Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, Pope Leo XIII., who is now approaching the end of his 93rd year, as well as the completion of his Pontifical Jubilee, showed how well he retains his vigorous and marvellously clear intellect and physical strength. The Pontiff's discourse dealt with the Democratic idea as the Church understands it and was as follows:

"We will not use many words, Venerable Brethren, in expressing to you our grateful feeling for the affectionate words expressed in the name of all by the venerated Cardinal Dean of your College. We will not, however, pass over in silence that today, more than ever, we rest with confidence on your unanimous devotedness. Meritorious co-operators for so long a time, you will accompany us still, even amidst the increasing roughness of the road, with your unflinching assistance.

"The Jubilee year, the theme of your courteous congratulations, and of the uninterrupted demonstrations of the affection of the Catholic world, is passing away embittered, as you see, by social contingencies too sorrowful for the heart of the Pope. The rights of the Church and of the Catholic name have been violated in a hundred ways, and now behold further advancement is made in the same path, even to the legal subversion of sacred Christian institutions. But are not they a portion, and the choicest, of the inheritance left by Christ to the nations redeemed, and ordained expressly for the custody and safeguarding of supreme moral benefits—the primary root of all well-being for human society? Ah, it is not a sincere love of public prosperity or of civil advantages which moves the artificers of such woe-filled deeds. What is desired and sought after is the upsetting of the Christian order and the reconstruction of States upon the basis of Pagan naturalism. If it be written in Heaven that our last days should be extinguished in the midst of such bitterness, we will close our weary eyes in resignation, blessing the Lord, but with the firmest persuasion in our heart that, the hour of mercy having dawned, He Himself will arise for the salvation of the nations, signed for the heritage of the only begotten Son of God.

"Your final words, Lord Cardinal, allude to the Christian Democratic action, which is from this day forward, as you will understand, a fact of no light importance. To this action, according to the tendency of the time and the needs which excite it, we gave our sanction and impulse, marking out of it, however, sufficient, clearly the scope, the manner and the limits; so that if in this matter it should happen to any one to go astray, it would not assuredly happen for want of authoritative guidance. But speaking in general for those who have set themselves to do this work, Italians and strangers, it is undoubtedly that they are laboring with good zeal and notable fruit. Nor should the useful contribution to it which hundreds of valourous young men bring be passed by without observation. We have also urged the clergy to enter with certain regard into this same camp of action, for to say the truth, there is no undertaking of sincere, judicious and of worthy charity, to

which the voice of the Catholic priesthood is heard. It is not a true and most opportune way to apply oneself with diligent interest to ameliorate the material conditions and the material destiny of the multitude? The maternal love of the Church towards mankind is universal as is the paternity of God; but, nevertheless, faithful to its origins and mindful of the Divine examples, it was at all times habituated to approach the humble with a sense of predilection—those who suffer, and who are rejected by fortune. Christian Democracy when it is sincerely and continuously informed by the spirit of this universal Mother of the nations, may well be trusted not to fall in its scope, and no one will take offence at the name when it is known that the thing is itself so good. Understood as the Church understands it, the Democratic idea not only accords marvellously with the revealed word and the religious belief, but also sprung forth in and was educated by Christianity, and it is the preaching of the Gospel which spread it amongst the nations. It was unknown to Athens and Rome, until they had heard the Divine Voice, which had said to mankind, 'Be ye all brethren, and your common Father is in Heaven.'

"Outside of this Democracy, which is denominated Christian and which is so, there advances, with other ideals, and by other paths, the seditious and Godless Democratic movement. Bitter are the days that it is preparing for the civil States, for they are even hatching it and caressing it in their bosoms. Now, the popular Christian action, applying itself to the same theme, is a rival force which is interposed against the success of the former, and prevails in many cases to pre-occupy its fields of operations. If it should achieve nothing else than to dispute the ground with the Socialistic Democracy and circumscribe its pernicious influences, it will by that alone have rendered a very considerable service to civil order and to Christian civilization.

"In affectionate exchange of good wishes, we implore from Heaven the choicest blessings on the Sacred College, and as a pledge we from the fulness of our heart impart them to this College, extending them to the Bishops, to the various Prelates and to all who form, as it were, a welcome crown around us."

Sacred Heart Orphanage

The Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage gratefully acknowledge the following Christmas gifts:

Rev. P. Whitney, \$5; Rev. E. Murray, \$2; A Friend, \$1; L. J. Cosgrave, \$10; T. Long, \$10; A Friend, \$50; Mrs. John Foy, \$10; Mr. Elmsley, \$5; Mr. Walbridge, \$2; Mr. Langley, \$1; A Friend, \$10; Mr. McManus, \$10; Mrs. Coffey, \$5; Mr. Sansone, \$1; Messrs. Anglin & Mallon, \$5; Santa Claus, \$5; J. H., \$25; J. G. Brown, \$12.50; Mr. Gannon, \$10; Mrs. Halley, \$3; A Friend, \$1; Dr. A. J. McDonagh, \$5; Mrs. Smyth, \$2; Mrs. Driscoll, \$2; Mrs. Hammill, \$5; Mrs. Sloan, 50 cents; P. Burns & Co., \$10; Mr. W. O'Connor, \$4; Mr. Langlois, \$2; Mr. P. Henry, \$2; Mr. Myers, \$1; Mrs. Lamb, \$5; Mr. Barry, \$2; A Friend, \$1; A Friend, \$3; Miss O'Brien, \$1; A Friend, \$1; Mrs. Lockhart, \$5; F. X. Cousineau, \$5; Detective Murray, \$2; A Friend, \$1; J. F. Conolly, \$5; Very Rev. J. J. McCann, three pairs of chickens; Rev. Jas. Walsh, a turkey; Rev. F. Rohleder, a turkey; Rev. J. P. Treacy, candy; Rev. L. Minahan, nuts, candy and oranges; Dr. C. McKenna, books, toys, oranges; Miss Teely, toys; John McDonald & Co., three bolts of ribbon; Wm. Croft & Son, a quantity of notions; Miss R. Wilson, a carving set; Miss Moran, three boxes of candy; Miss Gillespie, one box of candy; Elliot & Co., perfume; A Friend, a doll and cart; Mrs. John Ryan, dolls and toys; Mrs. J. J. Foy, toys; Miss Smith, a case of oranges; John Sloan & Co., raisins, figs, nuts, pickles and olives; Mrs. O'Toole, books and toys; Richard Simpson & Co., a sled; Miss Foy, 25 pounds of candy; F. Robertson & Co., fancy goods; V. Russell, toys; J. H. Butty, perfume, combs, etc.; E. G. Lemaitre, two boxes of candy; Watson & Co., three boxes of candy; Copp, Clark & Co., books and games; Rice, Lewis & Son, 12 pairs of skates and one dozen hockey sticks; Mrs. P. Hughes, white sugar; Miss O'Connell, candy; Mrs. Falconbridge, a turkey; The Russell Co., sleds and carts; Mrs. G. J. Foy, a turkey, candy and toys; Mrs. Roach, three geese and one barrel of porkers; the Misses Mallon, candy; A Friend, oranges; Mrs. Brown dolls; Mr. Manson, one box of candy; Mr. Bradshaw, popcorn; Mrs. S. Halligan, books; T. Eaton Co., a case of toys; E. O'Keefe, a quarter of beef; Mr. Magann, a barrel of apples; Mrs. C. Flanagan, two turkeys; L. Coffee & Co., 10 bags of flour; Mrs. M. E. Kelly, a turkey; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lee, a turkey; Mrs. Sullivan, candy, nuts and oranges; Mr. S. Halligan, a quarter of beef; Mrs. Jas.

Hendry, a goose; Mr. Algie, Alton, Ont., 12 dozen woollen underwear; Mrs. J. Kenny, jam and apples; Mr. Thos. Mulvey, candy; Mr. Cosgrave, a turkey; Miss Herbert, nuts, candy and oranges; Mrs. J. P. Hynes, dolls; Mrs. Ingles, sleds, games and toys; pupils of Loretta Abbey, dolls, toys, candy and wearing apparel; Mrs. Boland, books; Mr. A. Cottam, two turkeys; United Factories, brooms and whisks; Mrs. Jas. McLaughlin, a crate of oranges; Mrs. J. Stock, a sheep; H. T. Kelly, a crate of oranges; Mrs. Hoar, a goose, coconuts and wearing apparel; Gallagher Co., a case of oranges; Mrs. Jas. Carolin, oranges; Mrs. Bruce McDonald, candy, oranges and toys; Mrs. Ross, a turkey and toys; Mr. P. McQuillan, a turkey, dates, nuts and candy; Mr. Frank Lee, two pairs of candy; Mrs. L. V. McBrady, hair ribbon and caps; A Friend, a foot ball; Tait-Bredin Co., 100 loaves of currant bread; Mr. W. Henry, apples; Park & Davis, sausages; Mrs. McDonald, candy; Mrs. O'Neil, candy; Mr. B. McQuillan, pickled beef; Mrs. Madden, a turkey; Mrs. Brown, a rocking horse; Mr. Malone, oranges, candy and game; Christie, Brown & Co., two barrels of fancy biscuits; Mrs. Laxton, candy, nuts and raisins; Mrs. Nolan, a turkey; J. G. Brown, a quarter of beef.

St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid

A meeting of St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society was held on Monday evening, the president, M. O'Connor, occupying the chair and quite a number of members being in attendance. It was shown by the report of P. Hynes, agent, that during the quarter past 118 cases had been attended, of which 49 were private cases and 49 had come before the magistrate in the police court; four were made wards of the society and the condition of the remainder had been materially improved by the good offices of the society.

Dr. Miller, treasurer, read the financial statement showing a fair balance on hand. The cases attended to by the society number somewhat more than during the corresponding period of last year. The officers, however, do not take this as indicating that there are more cases requiring attention than formerly, but it is thought to be due to the good work of the society being more generally known.

Facilitating Savings

Many Conveniences at the Canada Permanent's New Offices.

Under new regulations recently adopted to govern the Savings Department of the Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation the facilities afforded its depositors have been very greatly increased, and deposits may now be made and money withdrawn as may be desired according to the most modern methods. To enable all classes to avail themselves of these facilities and to encourage the saving of small sums, the company receives deposits of one dollar and upwards. Interest at three and one-half per cent. is paid twice a year, or, if not withdrawn by the depositor, is added to the account and bears interest at the same rate. In its thoroughly modern and well-equipped offices on Toronto street is a trained and courteous staff of officers, and depositors who visit the office in person are assured of having their business transacted expeditiously and to their entire satisfaction. For the convenience of its lady customers a special writing room has been comfortably fitted up for their sole use. Every facility is also afforded those at a distance from the office for making deposits or withdrawing either interest or principal by mail. The company has a paid-up capital of \$6,000,000, a reserve fund amounting to \$1,500,000 and assets exceeding \$23,000,000. It stands, therefore, in the front rank of our strong financial institutions.

Before I came in this pulpit this evening I asked your Rev. Pastor how many members there were in the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence Society, and he told me forty-five out of nearly nine hundred families. I ask, have you been faithful to the call of Grace? You walk in the shadow of death, and yet you are satisfied. 'Let your light shine before men that they may glorify God Who is in Heaven.' The priest and the people must be one. Have you done your duty in this respect? Out of the many thousands who saw the Star of Bethlehem,

The Advantages

of our Savings Department are not confined to residents of Toronto. We have every facility for taking charge of either large or small accounts of persons anywhere in the Dominion.

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The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation,
 Toronto St., Toronto

THE ANNIVERSARY SERVICE OF THE ST. GABRIEL'S T.A.S.

(Written for The Register.)

The annual celebration of the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society took place on Tuesday evening, the Feast of the Epiphany, at St. Gabriel's Church, and was one of the most successful in the history of the Society. The church was well filled with a devout congregation, many being there from other parishes. At 7.30 the officers and members of the St. Gabriel's and St. Ann's Temperance Societies, marched in procession from the Sacristy to the middle aisle of the church, where special seats had arranged for them. A few moments afterwards, Rev. Father Thos. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's Church, ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent sermon. He took for his text the following: "Woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening, to be inflamed with wine" (Isaiah, chap. v., 11 verse.)

The reverend gentleman's discourse may be divided into four points: (1) The Apostleship of the Laity. (2) The cowardice of many men. (3) The abuse of Grace. (4) The co-operation with Grace.

Here are a few extracts from his timely discourse: "Each recurring year, dear friends, it is the custom of the church to commemorate her love for her children by calling them together for the purpose of having a religious celebration. This year in giving response to address you hastily, I was at a loss to know what subject to choose, but the subject of temperance has been ably dealt with by orators, lecturers, great writers, and spiritual guides, it will not be out of place to say a few words on the same subject. The great intention of the League of the Sacred Heart blessed by His Holiness the Pope for this month, the Apostleship of the Laity, calls forth at this time, a strong and urgent work for us all. Let us take in the first place the abuse of alcoholism. We know that the old theme is, that the drunkard is false to his God, false to himself, false to his country. In the vast community of a large city, if there were one hundred out of every ten thousand, who would have fallen a prey to the uses of drink, yet we know, 'That there is more joy over the conversion of one sinner, than that of ninety-nine just who need not penance.' Temperance is good, but total abstinence is better.

Resolved, That we have a Requiem Mass offered for the happy repose of his soul in St. Patrick's Church on the 14th of January, 1903.

Resolved, That we tender our most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Callaghan and family in their sad bereavement, and be it further resolved that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to The Catholic Register, Catholic Record and Canadian.

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only three were able to follow its significance. Pride and a false conception of things lead you astray. Are you forgetful of our Saviour's words, 'He that thinketh himself to stand let him take heed lest he fall.' Are you to fill a drunkard's grave? We are children of Adam, children of corruption. Young men, the bone and sinew of the Catholic Church cannot join such a society. It is not all those who say 'Lord, Lord,' will enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' It is our common interest to work for such a good cause. The sound of warning goes out, it comes to us. 'This people honoreth me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me.'

It is human to err, for we are children of Adam, children of corruption. Often does a man say: 'If I had listened to the voice of my Guardian Angel, the devil would not have led me astray.' By taste the devil leads many astray. There are more temptations by the taste than by any other sense. Christian Catholic gentlemen make for yourselves a level road, break down the mountains which rise up in your way. It is no use to condemn the men who sell intoxicants, for they would not sell them if there were no persons to buy them.

Make it a point of business before God to encourage the cause of temperance by joining the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Let the wives and mothers encourage their husbands and children to join the good cause. Let the young, the middle-aged and the old before God make it a parochial duty, and God will bless them, and the Star you followed will be the gold of a pure heart, the frankincense of a sweet determination, and the myrrh of having at all times done your duty before God and man.

Solemn benediction was then imparted. The high altar was resplendent with lights, the electric lights above the altar shedding their lustre around the Sanctuary. The Crib also was a blaze of colored lights, and added greatly to the scene. The music was of high order. The choir, under the direction of Prof. J. J. Shea, jr., rendered the following programme:

(1) "Entre Hosanna," Wachs; (2) "Cor Jesu," Plain Chant; (3) "Adeste Fidelis," Novello, soloists, Messrs. W. Cox, J. Deegan and John Holland; (4) Ave Maris Stella, Donizetti, trio, Messrs. J. J. Shea, sr., J. J. Shea, jr., and J. Roussell; (5) Tantum Ergo, Remis, choir; (6) Laudate Dominum, plain chant, choir; (7) Sortie, march, Boellman.

St. Gabriel's Church has the youngest organist in the city in the person of Miss Kathleen O'Byrne, being only eighteen years old, but by no means the least among the musicians of the great city of Montreal. Lately she passed a brilliant examination at the College of Music, and won a gold medal. She has a bright future, and will add laurels I hope in the ranks of the Catholic organists of Canada. The celebration of 1903 will long be remembered by the officers and members of the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

FELIX.
 Montreal, Jan. 9, 1903.

Branch No. 15 C. M. B. A.

At a regular meeting of Branch 15, C. M. B. A., Toronto, held on Friday, Dec. 19th, 1902, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased God to call to his eternal reward our highly esteemed late Recording Secretary Bro. James Callaghan, who during his membership of eighteen years was a regular attendant at our meetings, always taking an active part in promoting the best interests of the Association.

Resolved, That we have a Requiem Mass offered for the happy repose of his soul in St. Patrick's Church on the 14th of January, 1903.

Resolved, That we tender our most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Callaghan and family in their sad bereavement, and be it further resolved that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to The Catholic Register, Catholic Record and Canadian.

A JOURNALISTIC ENIGMA

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

They tell us that Sphinx of Egypt, the great one that stands near the Pyramid of Gizeh, is becoming the worse for the wear, that the change in climate is affecting that monument, which has looked silently out on the desert, for over four thousand years. You remember the enigma of the Sphinx—which the famed and unhappy Aedipus solved: 'What creature is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in evening?' The poor, old King, sightless and at the mercy of the elements, discovered that this creature was man—he creeps on all fours in the morning of youth, he walks on two legs at the midday of manhood, and he uses a cane, as a third leg, in the decline of old age. Even should the Sphinx pass away, and the story of its enigma be forgotten, modern journalism in Canada has produced as mysterious a being as ever was the carved figure of the days of Cheops. And this journalistic Sphinx is, in the domain of politics, as unsolvable to the general public as the enigma of old—rather does his career illustrate that ancient puzzle. In the morning of his life—during the earlier years of his career—he crept on four legs; in the zenith of his public life he moved solidly on two; and in the evening he totters with the aid of a stick.

No end of interest has been created in political circles, especially in the Province of Quebec, by the recent misunderstanding between the leaders of the Liberal Party in Montreal, and the ex-Minister of Public Works, over the proprietorship or direction, or both, of La Patrie. There seems to have been a tremendous amount of mystery about the whole affair. All the correspondence that has been published was calculated to confuse the public mind, and to leave those interested in such matters in a state of doubt or uncertainty in regard to the whole matter. On the one hand Mr. Tarte had been requested to state whether or not he would leave the control, or rather political direction, of the paper to the Liberal Party; on the other hand he made reply that he would not—and in so doing claimed that he would not sacrifice his independence, alleging, at the same time, all the services that he had rendered that party. There the matter stood; what was the public to think? At first sight it would appear that the Party, from whose Government the ex-Minister had recently withdrawn, was attempting to coerce him and to fetter his freedom of thought and action. This impression seemed to prevail amongst a few; others did not profess to know anything positive about the affair; and on the whole, it became a politico-journalistic enigma.

If it were true that the Liberal Party, or any other party, were attempting to deprive a free-born journalist of his inalienable right to hold and express whatever views he thought proper and most beneficial for the country, that party would deserve to be castigated without mercy. No political party has the right to enforce its principles upon any citizen by such means, and no party could ever expect success or confidence that would adopt such methods. Therefore, it is a matter of no passing importance to properly solve that mystery. I believe that I have been placed in possession of the real facts of the case. In laying them before the readers I do so merely to illustrate how difficult it sometimes is to arrive at a just conclusion and how prone we are, at other times, to judge rashly of circumstances.

In the then approaching struggle, which ended in the return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government to power; the Liberal Party, in the large district of Montreal, felt the need of an organ. By that we understand a reliable organ, one in perfect sympathy with the party, its traditions, principles, aims and policy. Mr. Beaugrand owned La Patrie, and (as he declared the other day in an interview in the United States) he sold his paper to the Liberal Party—retiring himself, principally on account of his health, from active journalism. Shortly afterwards, on the floor of the House of Commons, Mr. Tarte declared that he was not the owner of the paper in question, but that it had been purchased by the Party, to which he was then giving his initial support. Being called to the Ministry very naturally he continued to exercise his influence over a paper that was published and edited by members of his own family; and very naturally the Government to which he belonged and the Party that had acquired the paper, felt entire confidence in it, as a representative party organ.

Subsequently came the retirement of Mr. Tarte from the Ministry, after a long series of clashes with the principles and the policy that he was supposed to support. With his passing from the Cabinet went out the confidence of the Party in that organ—especially as it was manifestly out of sympathy with those it had engaged to support.

So far, it is a mere question of fact that is to be decided. Did the organ belong to Mr. Tarte, as an individual, or to the Party that claims to have advanced the money for its purchase. On this it is not my province to decide. But I take the principal declarations of Mr. Tarte in connection with the matter. They are three in number.

Firstly, he stated in the House some years ago that the paper was bought by the Party, and was not his personal organ.

Secondly, he declared in his letter, in reply to the one sent him by the committee of the Party appointed to ascertain his views and intentions, that he was not the owner, but the political director of the paper.

Thirdly, he asserted, in a speech delivered at Worcester, Mass., fifty days ago, that he belonged to no political party in Canada.

Now, here is the enigma, or rather the dilemma. Let us take either horn.

If the claim of the Liberal Party, regarding the ownership and purchase of the paper, be not well founded, Mr. Tarte must have been mistaken when he denied the ownership thereof, and asserted that it was the Party's organ, and equally mistaken when he again disclaimed the proprietorship of the paper.

If the claim of the Liberal Party be well founded, then it has a right to receive some guarantee of the co-operation of the political director of the organ.

Now, the self-declared political director states that he belongs to no political party. Consequently he must constitute a third party in himself, in other words, he must be out of harmony with both parties. Then the paper, if he is its political director, must be a personal organ. As a personal organ, unless he has some financial interest therein, he cannot be very well justified in making use of it. In other words, he says what amounts to this: 'I did not purchase the paper (the Liberal Party did so); I have still no financial interest in it; I am not its editor nor proprietor; I am the director of its political course; and I belong to no political party; yet I decline to admit the claims of a Party that has every reason to expect sympathy and support from the paper which I direct.'

In the days of Le Canadien, our journalistic enigma strained every nerve in supporting the Conservative Party; at a given moment he turned around and tore down, with his own hands, that which he had spent the third of a lifetime in assisting to construct. In the days of La Patrie, the same enigma supported and aided the Liberal Party, at a given moment, turned around in an effort to repeat the Warwick-like feat of knocking the sceptre of power from the hand into which he had helped placing it. And in the end he very properly declares that he is neither in sympathy with his first political love, which he had jilted, nor yet with his second one, which he would apparently serve in the same fashion. Now, what is the public to conclude from all this? Simply that the Nile of politics will continue to rise and fall, while the Sphinx will be left alone to undergo the wearing-out process that the hand of time has visibly commenced.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE'S SUBSCRIPTION

Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., has made a contribution of \$50 to the Toronto fund for the aid of the Irish tenants, started at the recent Association Hall meeting.

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CHRISTMAS CARD FROM KILMAINHAM.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, has received the following Christmas card from Mr. W. K. Redmond, M.P., consisting of a few verses written by Mr. Redmond while serving a six month's term in Kilmainham jail, Dublin:

A CHRISTMAS CARD. 1902. FROM PRISON.

A Merry Christmas and a bright New Year To you and everyone that you hold dear; Greetings you'll get galore from far and wide, But this one comes to you from right inside The prison, and from this my little cell, I wish you all the good that words can tell, Christmas in prison—well it's not so bad, Don't for a moment think that I am sad, God bless you, no! I'm very well indeed, With lots to think about and lots to read, And friendly faces too, when I desire, I see by simply looking in the fire.

II.

A visit too, I had from Santa Claus! The dear old fellow broke the prison laws, How he got in I never could make out, But there was without a single doubt! A wreath of berries on his head he wore, And in his hand a silver goblet bore. And from his goblet with the utmost care, Some drops he sprinkled on my head and hair! And then he gave me such a knowing wink! "This stuff is good," he said, "but not to drink!" He told me what it was before he went, What do you think? The essence of Content.

This gift dear friend with you I faint would share, "Content" I wish you, for I've lots to spare!

WILLIE REDMOND.

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., recently addressing the Young Men's Archdiocesan Union, in the Philadelphia Cathedral, spoke first of the noble young manhood of David, and the victories which he won by his faith, purity and devotion.

Then he went on to say: The world around about you is successful and well-to-do materially, but it is without religion and obedience to God. It has vast possessions, but it uses them to indulge passions, and to flatter the senses. It has unlimited bestowal of power—but with it crushes out right and justice. Against this irreligion, its corruptions, its injustices you need faith, purity and courage. Young men, the hope of the nation, the hope of the people, the hope of the Church lies in you. If you are faithful—great is the triumph—the Philistine will be struck down. David struck him down. If you fail or falter, your mighty strength will be taken from you like another Samson and your hair shorn by the temptress, you will regain it only to pull down about you the ruins of the world's temple to your own destruction.

Young men—we read of your great work and triumphs in the Sacred Scriptures, your victories are inscribed on the scroll of the saints, your memory is enshrined in the history of the world, your deeds are numbered in the events of the Church, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century the people of God cry to you as Napoleon at the pyramid to his soldiers. Young men—twenty centuries look down upon you—the years of the future place their hope in you.

What hope there is in the young Alexander was a young man—at twenty years he resigned—and died at thirty-two having conquered the known world.

Aloysius was a young man, and greater than Alexander. He conquered himself and died at twenty-two, to live forever.

Xavier was a young man in the Paris University when he gave himself to God, and he conquered kingdoms by his love for Christ.

To battle against that foe you will need strong faith, a sinless heart and unflinching courage.

It must be the faith of Solomon, the chastity of Joseph, and the courage of Samson.

One alone is not enough; you must have all three, for Samson was drawn into snares, where his courage availed him not; Solomon allowed himself to be carried away by the desires of his heart, but by Joseph, by guarding the purity of his heart, keeping faith in his soul, and courageously accepting the trials placed upon him, became the ruler of Egypt and of his people.

The great material prosperity of the world, its inventions, and its comforts, the wonderful successes of individuals who in a few short years rise from need to the possession of millions, is liable to blind the heart and make the young man believe that when all is so bright and fascinating in the

material world, it cannot be far wrong in the moral and spiritual order. That way, danger lies. What the world proposes as a career for a young man—though noble at times—is not all that God demands or according to his high destiny as a supernatural being.

Such a thought is placed before young men, at first it seems admirable—then he finds it does not go far enough, is incomplete, or unsound.

The president of a Western university speaking of young men and the problem of life, says: Every young man of normal temperament and natural ambition finds his thoughts and desires running out along these lines. First, naturally he desires to live. You wish to be well and comfortably settled, in what deserves the name of your home—with leisure for reading, friendship and the enjoyment of travel.

Second, you are hoping to become a man among men, to prove yourself a worthy citizen, to be not inferior to your fellows, to have your advice and council sought for, and ready for public service when the nation may need you. You do not wish to be unknown, a nonentity, a cipher in existence, a minus quantity; you are not willing to remain a human flint which never by any chance strikes fire.

Lastly, you wish to accomplish something which will endure, vague it may now be, but it will grow with the advancing years. The saddest thought imaginable is that with death comes oblivion—that all you have done and your very self will come to an end when you close your eyes in your last sleep; that when your eyes lose their lustre no other eyes are shining brighter because you have looked into them with human sympathy and affectionate interest; when your hand is marble cold that there is no hand which still feels the warmth of your grasp in that hour when you brought new hope to one in despair; that when your heart has ceased to beat there is no heart throbbing with high courage, because your heart beat with it as a friend to a friend; that no being has found the world brighter, better, or the stars of God shining with a clearer light because you have lived and loved and served in your day. Rather than such a fate, every man desires the grateful and living remembrance of his fellows, and strives so to live that many will keep his memory green. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. All this is beautiful and true. But is this all to live for? If this is the object of life—if a man has not done more than this; if his life has not been lived in the life of God; if he has not labored, not merely to be forgotten by men, but to be remembered by his God—the problem of his life is not solved.

His living in life, his position of importance his casual doing good to his fellowmen in natural well-doing, will never fill the measure of the supernatural life of the soul, for which God holds each human being responsible, and if this is all the aim and ambition of his life, such a life is a disastrous failure. It must rise to something better—something higher and something nobler.

With these natural virtues let the supernatural grace of God be a light to guide your steps, a fire to warm your soul, a strength to bear you upward and upward. Be true to Him, and to yourself, and you cannot then be false to any man, but will bring to all the best and greatest good.

But with these resolves in your heart the great battle is still before you; Look at the world around you, go beneath the surface, and find what are the needs of the day. In the home life there is needed fidelity, in social life, integrity and honesty of purpose in public life. The home life is broken up by the violation of the sanctity of marriage. Divorce is increasing with powerful rapidity, that means moral disorder, in social life what laws are respected under the polished surface of politeness and urbanity when there is the contest between passion and right. Are all those engaged in public life animated purely by love of patriotism and the good of the nation, without a view to personal advantage or gain? Young men boast of their emancipation from religion; they look lightly on the obligations of the sacraments. It recalls the young atheist on his return from an infidel education abroad. He paraded his independence of the trammels of religion when he saw that by his hostess and her friends his advanced views were not favorably received. He cried out: "Do you still keep yourselves under the influence of religion and its priesthood?" The lady replied: "There are but two beings in this house who share such sentiments, my horse and my dog, but they have the modesty not to boast of such feelings."

Again when the corruption of Greece had brought the nation to impending ruin, a philosopher before the assembled elders took in his hand a rotten apple. "Here," he said, "is the condition of our nation." He cut the apple and seeing the seed there intact, he cried out, "it is not all rotten, the seeds are sound." Our young men are still contaminated, they are the hope of our nation.

You young men must keep sound in the midst of the tainting influence of irreligion about you. You will hear of men adopting all forms of religion, indifference, atheism, materialism and Buddhism. They say they believe in Theosophy or Christian Science, in ethical culture, and others again pronounce themselves openly for Hedonism or a pagan existence. Where will you find the man who is

found in the man faithful to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Not to one but all its doctrines, its teaching of faith and of morals, of what he must believe and what he must do. A man like Ozanam in France. A man like Garcia Moreno in South America. A man like Windhurst in Germany. I see before me the men who will be the leaders in thought, the leaders in action, the leaders in patriotism. O'Connell had to face prejudice against his race, and bigotry against his religion—the young man smote the giant, and won, the religious emancipation of his people. Ozanam, a young man, faced infidelity, and founded the grandest monument to religious charity and zeal, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, Garcia Moreno was opposed by the hatred of anti-religious societies. He gave his life gloriously in the service of God and religious freedom. Windhurst single handed fought against the united power of Protestant Germany, and by his courage and skill, and faith, and persevering toil conquered the iron chancellor, Bismarck, who had subdued all other foes, but the young man, by the stone of truth, brought him to his knees and the great Bismarck on his knees went to Canossa. You are called upon in the spirit of these men to battle against prejudices religious and racial prejudices like O'Connell, against irreligion like Ozanam, against the hate of God like Garcia Moreno, against the opposition to Catholic truth and justice like Windhurst. You will say it is a great work. I say to you, that you are young men, that you are Catholic men, that you are Catholic young men of the Twentieth Century. With God in your hearts, and right in your lives, and courage in your souls, you must not fail, you cannot fail, you will not fail. In the word of the great Richelieu "in the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. In a better cause than Macbeth's screw your courage to the sticking place and you will not fail. Like the knights of Rhodes—who broke forever the power of the Saracens in Europe, in such a cause as yours, with the cry upon your lips of the knights in their last great battle "God wills it!" there is no such thought as fail; for you are the David of the Christian people and the God of armies is with you. Young men of the Twentieth Century, in the cause of God, and of truth and of the right will you fail? no! the courage and the grandeur of your youth, and the faith of your God within you, sets your heart beating faster and higher and your answer is "with God with us we shall never fail." The world will be better—history will be purer, the nation will be grander and nobler, that you Catholic young men have lived in this Twentieth Century.

And here my dear young men is the great work of your life: To be faithful to your God, in living up with teachings of your Church, in an unbelieving world. To be pure in your lives, in spite of the corruption and immortality and evil around you. To be courageous in the fight you will have to make against the unbelief and the wickedness that would steal from you your faith and your virtue and make your life a wreck. For without God, without integrity of life, were you possessed of millions, were you the greatest inventor of the century, had you greater power than any man living, your life is a wreck and a failure, for you were made for the life to come.

There is a play introduced this week upon the stage that comes from the Fifteenth Century. It is written by a priest, it is called a morality play, and has met with great success. It comes in our day as a stranger in time and thought, it is so much apart from the century in which we live, and yet it strikes into the hearts of men because it has the stamp of eternal truth and touches upon man's highest interest. It is called "Everyman." Everyone is summoned by God to meet death. He is afraid to go alone, and invites fellowship to go with him. Fellowship would go to any sport—a game, but not to death. Cousin and kindred are invited. They, too, refuse to go. He turns to good deeds; good-deeds will go with him, but is tied down by misdeeds. Conversion and absolution free good deeds from misdeeds, and he goes with good deeds. Beauty, wisdom and five wits accompany him to the door of death, and there leave him. With good-deeds, and angel and death he goes to meet the judgment of God. Keep faith in your soul, purity in your heart, courage in your life. It will win you the success of Eternal Life.

An Irish harvester found himself in a small Scottish town. At the gasworks he saw a gasometer for the first time in his life, and stopped a countryman, who was passing, to ask: "What's that big round thing there, standing on end?" The man scratched his head, and replied: "A dinna ken." "Get out with you," said the Irishman: "you never saw a dinner can as big as that in your life."

THEY DROVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parnee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

MGR. SBARRETTI'S CAREER—HIS WORK IN CUBA

Mgr. Sbarretti was born at Monte Franco, in the central part of Italy, and comes from an illustrious family. His uncle, Cardinal Sbarretti, died a few years ago. When a young man Mgr. Sbarretti was appointed professor of ethics in the University of the Propaganda. His former students are now all over the world. While professor of ethics he was also secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for American Affairs, and later on discharged similar duties in regard to the Oriental affairs of the Church. On account of his profound legal learning, as well as his fitness otherwise, he was appointed consultant to the Apostolic Delegation at Washington shortly after its institution, and in that capacity aided both Mgr. Sattoli and Mgr. Martinelli. At a critical juncture in the affairs of Cuba following the Spanish war he was selected by the Holy Father as Bishop of Havana.

Few Catholics have an adequate idea of the triumphs achieved by Mgr. Sbarretti on behalf of the Church in Cuba. The first difficulty that stared him in the face on his arrival in Havana was the unjust marriage law which had been promulgated by General Brooke. This law recognized no marriage save the merely civil marriage. All marriages contracted before a priest were, in the eyes of the Brooke legislation, null and void. No greater blow could be struck at the Church in Cuba, for in that island there was and is still in existence a law of the Council of Trent, according to which no marriage is valid unless contracted in the presence of two witnesses and of the parish priest, or at least a priest substituted by him or his Bishop.

Mgr. Sbarretti immediately undertook to obtain the repeal of Brooke's iniquitous law. He procured in favor of its revocation 36,000 signatures of representative Cubans, presented them formally to Governor-General Wood, who had shortly before superseded General Brooke, and as Bishop of Havana he urged with great force many just reasons for a repeal. Governor-General Wood weighed the arguments set forth and abolished the law enacted by his predecessor.

However, during the existence of the Brooke law not a few Cubans had been married in presence of the priest only and of the two witnesses required by the Council of Trent. Their marriages, therefore, were legally null and void. But Mgr. Sbarretti petitioned General Wood to legalize them, and the petition was granted. There still remained as barriers to marriage certain enactments handed down from the days of the Spanish regime. There also he prevailed upon Governor-General Wood to abrogate.

Whilst he was thus battling for the rights of the Church in spiritual matters, he was confronted with the question of the Church's temporal goods. In 1842 the Spanish Government had seized certain church properties. Mgr. Sbarretti applied to the American Governor-General for their restoration. The question was hedged about by manifold difficulties tiresome to relate. Suffice it to say that once more justice presented by the legal mind of Havana's Bishop prevailed. The church property to the value of \$2,000,000 was restored, but it took a year to win the fight.

Meanwhile another struggle was on. The Church had duly acquired many years ago the right to revenue from real estate in various parts of the island. The actual occupants claimed that the Spanish war, which disturbed Church and State, had shorn the Church of all judicial standing, in consequence of which she could legally force no claims. Mgr. Sbarretti, after certain lower courts had decided the case against him, triumphed at last in the Secretariate of Justice; and Governor-General Wood approved the decision, which was that the Church still held her legal status and could legally claim her revenues.

It would be necessary personally to know Havana in order to understand the troubles that Mgr. Sbarretti had with its various societies of Spaniards. One society, Los Dependientes, was made up of employees of various kinds, but particularly of the under officials of the late Spanish Government in the island. Another, Los Asturianos, and a third, Los Gallegos, got their names from the provinces in Spain from which their members had sprung. All three societies were very rich; the members contributed monthly dues, and built costly hospitals. On account of their contributions to hospital purposes they enjoyed the right to burial lots at a low price. In their charters it was stipulated that there should be a chaplain in each hospital. Unfortunately, Free-Thinkers and Freemasons managed to become the president of these societies. Of course the consequence was that either they never had a chaplain in their hospitals, or, if they had, they managed to get rid of him; so the patients died without the ministrations of a priest. Not long after Mgr. Sbarretti's advent in Havana all three societies had chaplains for their respective hospitals, but the matter cost the Bishop not a few sleepless nights.

Next, the enemies of the Church got up a movement to dismiss from all public institutions the various Sisterhoods that ministered to every want of our poor human nature. In two or three cases houses were closed and the Sisters banished. But Havana faithful, sincere, honest? He will be

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had the good fortune of having for its Bishop a man as courageous as he is gentle. He raised up his voice, and the spoilers of the Cuban Church have not been heard of since.

Not content, however, with saving the Sisterhoods which he found on his coming to the island, he introduced from Baltimore the Colored Sisters of Providence to teach the Negro children. From Albany he introduced the Dominican Sisters to establish among the rich a school intended to offset the activity of a Protestant minister who, under pretext of teaching English, had set up a proselytizing centre of the wealthy quarter of Havana called Vedado. Hardly had the Dominican Sisters opened their school when the minister saw his institution entirely deserted. Then, learning that there were no Sunday schools for boys, the Bishop organized a commission of ladies with sub-committees all through the diocese, who, in conjunction with the parish priests, instituted catechism classes conducted every Saturday for both boys and girls.

Many orphans whose parents had perished in Cuba's war with Spain he sent to the United States and made provision for them. He placed aspirants for the priesthood in seminaries of the United States, and the most promising he sent to Rome. When he was about to establish a preparatory seminary the Holy Father promoted him to a higher position.

He was Bishop of Havana for twenty months, and into that short space of time he crowded the above-mentioned works and many more besides. When he arrived at Havana he received a chilling reception because of his nationality; when he departed he left few or no enemies behind him. Thousands accompanied him to the boat and expressed their sorrow at losing a benefactor and father.

It is pleasing to add that Catholics should be grateful to General Wood for his fair-mindedness. In conjunction with Canada's new Apostolic Delegate he worked for the good of Cuba.

Before leaving Washington for Canada Mgr. Sbarretti, accompanied by General Wood, was received by President Roosevelt, who expressed to him his satisfaction with the work he did in Cuba and thanked him cordially for co-operating with Governor Wood in whatever concerned the good of that island.

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THE INCONSISTENCIES OF SOME PROTESTANTS.

To the Editor of The Register:

It has often occurred to me that the majority of Protestants are very inconsistent Christians. There are many things in which this is apparent, but I will only refer to one of them here. Numerous Protestant hymns contain allusions to the cross, the emblem of their supposed faith. For instance:

"Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war; with the cross of Jesus going on before."

"Safely to Thy cross I cling."

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes."

"E'en though it be a cross that supporteth me,"

and many others of a like nature. Now, the inconsistency of the matter consists in the fact that the cross is a forbidden emblem in all or nearly all Protestant places of worship. Why is this? Do they ignore the emblem of the Christian religion? and if so, why? It looks as if they did, and it is for them to explain the reason. The sight of a cross in a Presbyterian "Church" or Kirk would make the congregation simply frantic, and the unfortunate emblem would be torn down and no doubt seriously damaged if not destroyed. Perhaps some of our friends may be able to explain this strange state of affairs.

Jan. 7, 1903. E.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1903.

IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL

A Montreal correspondent in another column, deals with the subject of a petition which will be presented to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi upon his return from Europe. The spirit of this petition recognizes the generous energy and breath of sympathy which Catholics all over Canada have identified with the character of Archbishop Bruchesi from the day of his appointment to the high place he occupies with so much dignity in the Canadian hierarchy. There is no room among the Irish Catholics of Canada for any opinion detrimental to the mutual confidence and unity existing between them and the great French-Canadian people.

The movers in this Montreal petition are actuated only by the most implicit trust in their French-Canadian co-religionists, whose unflinching interest in the progress of religion and education is well known. In Archbishop Bruchesi all Irish Catholics recognize an ideal Churchman, and from him there is to be expected a just and sympathetic consideration of any claim which a large body of his people advance for their own welfare and that of the general Catholic body.

POPE LEO'S STRENGTH.

Exchanges report the arrival in Australia of His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, after his recent prolonged visit to Europe. The Government, as well as the hierarchy of the Colony, took part in the public welcome that awaited him. Replying to a number of addresses the Cardinal touched upon the health of Pope Leo which, he said, seems to promise many more years of glorious achievement. This happy statement is in perfect accord with the words of congratulation addressed to His Holiness on Dec. 22 by the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates in Rome. Following are the terms of this address:

"Rejoicing at the sight of the ever-flourishing health of Your Holiness, we pray that the Lord may preserve you for the benefit of society and of the Church, for which you have never ceased to show your paternal solicitude. Recent proofs of this are furnished by the latest acts of Your Holiness, the one directed to protect the sound interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures against the daring ideas of some followers of a system purely human and rationalistic, the other to ensure the spiritual education of the young clergy who are summoned by the circumstances of the times to labor in the field of popular Catholic action.

"For our part we can only unite in wishing that the aspirations of Your Holiness may be fulfilled, and not those of these men who, caring nothing for the genuine good of the people, and making display of a false zeal, aim only at satisfying their own ambitions by bringing about the triumph of a democracy which is anything but Christian.

"May Your Holiness accept with benignity this expression of our sentiment, and impart the Apostolic Benediction to the Sacred College."

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF VENEZUELA.

Many believed the independence of Venezuela threatened by the action of Britain, Germany and Italy, which has now been relaxed upon the agreement all round, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, to have the matters in dispute submitted to the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration. One incident in history connects Venezuelan independence by an intimate link with Irish and Catholic sympathy. In 1820 the Irish Catholic "Liberator," Daniel O'Connell, made a signal expression of his confidence in the Liberator of Venezuela, when sending to Bolivar's service his second son, Morgan O'Connell, afterwards member of

Parliament for the County of Meath. O'Connell wrote:

"To General Bolivar:
Dublin, Ireland,
18th April, 1820.

Illustrious Sir—A stranger and unknown, I take the liberty of addressing you. I am encouraged to do so by my respect for your high character, and by my attachments to that sacred cause which your talents, valour, and virtue have gloriously sustained—the cause of Liberty and National Independence.

"Hitherto I have been able to bestow only good wishes upon that noble cause. But now I have a son able to wield a sword in its defence, and I send him, illustrious sir, to admire and profit by your example, and, I trust, under your orders and auspices, to contribute his humble but strenuous exertions for the success of the army of the youthful but already renowned Republic of Columbia.

"The delusions of paternal affection may well cause me to appreciate beyond their order the services which are now offered to you. But even I may be permitted to say that these services are disinterested and pure, and that they originate in sentiments of which you would not but approve, because they are congenial to those which have actuated your high and mighty soul in all your exertions and sacrifices for the independence of your native land.

"To such sentiments of love of liberty are superadded two other powerful motives. The first is that I feel I owe to the cause of liberty to give you the best proof in my power of the devotion with which your fame and character are admired and cherished in remote lands. The second is that my son may be enabled to form one link in that kindly chain which will, I hope, ever bind in mutual affection the free people of Columbia, and the gallant but unhappy natives of Ireland.

"Actuated by these views, my son tenders to you his services. Deign to accept them in the spirit in which they are offered. He accompanies to your shores my gallant and honorable friend, General Devereux (of Taghmon), under whom he will always be proud to serve.

"That you, illustrious sir, will imitate the virtues of Washington, may, like him, live to see the enemies of your country confounded and defeated and to enjoy the heartiest gratification of beholding your country perfectly free, that in your life you may be honored and revered like Washington, your great prototype, and that after a long, useful, and glorious career upon earth your fame and your memory may be embalmed in the tears and affections of the wise, the good, and the patriotic of all nations is the fervent prayer of
"Yours most obediently,
"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

JUDICIAL CHANGES.

The Register regards as a quite conspicuous diminution of Catholic representation in the Judiciary the retirement of Chief Justice MacGuire in the Northwest Territories and his replacement by Mr. Sifton's brother. At the same time comes the announcement of Judge MacGillivray's appointment in Nova Scotia to the County Judgeship of Antigonish, Guysborough and Inverness. The latter position is not a change from the point of view of Catholic representation. It may be that further changes are impending.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST IN TIME OF DANGER.

Our readers will recall without effort many incidents of danger on land and sea in which Catholic priests have distinguished themselves by their heroism and devotion to others. One more instance of this kind has been mentioned in connection with the recent terrible railway wreck at Wainstead, near London. The Toronto World, whose reports of the accident were graphically written, describes the noble figure of Father Gnam in the scene of terror and disorder which followed the collision. Our contemporary says:

"Father Gnam, of Wyoming, is the name of the man whom many wounded in the wreck will remember in spite of the horror and the agony of their surroundings; and he ministered to the last wants of several victims. Several of the dying consigned to his care valuable papers, messages to their families and friends. He was working until the last mangled body was taken out, and then was covered with blood. He was seen in the thick of the horrible work, making certain those laid out were really

dead. In this manner he found life in several bodies that had been placed in the death row and saved the lives of those victims by removing them in his own arms to the sleeping cars. Many of the bodies of the dead were frozen stiff before they could be removed from the death row. The cold was something frightful. I saw this priest giving a dying man absolution while kneeling in a pool of blood. I saw that man several times working in the thick and answering calls where any one asked for a minister. I heard one man say he was a Protestant, but wanted the priest to pray for him, and I heard a part of the prayer. The man died before it was finished."

ALDERMEN WM. BURNS AND WARD.

The magnificent majorities by which Ald. William Burns in the Fourth Ward, and Ald. Ward in the Sixth Ward, have been returned to the Council of 1903 proves, if proof were necessary, the confidence of the electors in these gentlemen. In the press also, the highest compliments have been paid them. But it is in the respect of their confreres in Council once more made evident on Monday last, that Messrs. Burns and Ward should find a still more signal honor. Alderman Burns as a former Controller, was one of the four elected to the new Board on the first ballot. Ald. Ward received the unanimous nomination of the members of the Legislation and Reception Committee of the Chairmanship of that body, which he filled with great credit to himself in 1902, when he received and entertained on behalf of the citizens several distinguished groups of visitors. The representatives of the British Board of Trade and Lord Dundonald, on his first visit to Toronto, may be mentioned. Ald. Ward discharged the duties of his position with dignity, and the citizens and their elected representatives have not been slow to appreciate it.

Ald. Burns and Ward are the only Catholics in the Council, and The Register marks the confidence reposed in them as an unmistakable sign of that liberality and broad public spirit which must enhance the reputation of Toronto among the foremost cities of America.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Dr. De Costa, who has gone to Rome, had a sympathetic leave-taking of many Catholic friends in New York. Among others who said farewell was Mrs. Crawford, of Montreal, also a convert.

Among the Irish priests who have expressed their hearty appreciation of the action of the Irish Party with regard to the British Education Bill is Dr. Tynan, of Manchester, who points out that the Repairs Clause means a saving of \$25,000 per annum to the Catholic schools of Salford diocese alone.

The conversion to the Catholic Faith is announced of the actress, Miss Ellaline Terriss. She has been received into the Church by Father Bernard Vaughan, at the Jesuit Church, Farm street, London, the ceremony being entirely private. Miss Terriss' secession has come as an entire surprise to her friends, for her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, belongs to an old Catholic family.

A little while ago a rumor was set afloat, probably as a feeler, to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain intended to send his friend Lord Milner from the Cape to Canada as a part of his conciliatory plans towards the Boers.

The suggestion was received in no conciliatory spirit whatever by the Canadian press, and no more was heard of it. The rumor is now revived, but this time it is for Australia. Lord Milner is said to be designated. They are having some interesting developments in the new Commonwealth. The latest measure which has been prepared for the consideration of Parliament proposes to prevent British and other "foreign" steamers from handling the coast trade of Australia.

All Canadian Catholics have a good knowledge and profound respect for the Eulogist Fathers, whose colleges and schools in the diocese of Halifax have long been participants in the educational reputation of our Dominion. This Congregation is to feel the effects of the French Associations Law very keenly. The Eulogist Fathers are also called the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, and were founded in 1643 at the instance of Cardinal Richelieu, to oppose the Jansenists. The founder was Father Eudes, who, as Sainte-

Beuve shows in his history of Port Royal, followed in the footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul, M. de Berulle, founder of the French Oratorians, and M. Bourdoise, who founded the Community of Priests of St. Nicolas.

Pressure on our space to-day obliges us to hold over two interesting reports from Peterborough, one of the celebration of the third anniversary of the St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society, at which an eloquent address on Catholic Emancipation was delivered by Father Frank O'Sullivan, and in the second place an account of the Douro T. A. S. entertainment on the evening of the 7th.

ST. PATRICK'S NEW CHURCH.

Preparations have been going forward for some time looking to the erection of a new church for St. Patrick's Parish. The present edifice, though beautiful in its interior, is inadequate to the demands of the congregation. The pressing need for increased accommodation can no longer be neglected, and the new building plans have been definitely decided upon. Mr. A. W. Holmes will be the architect. Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., the present pastor of St. Patrick's is energetically forwarding the preparations.

THE GRIEVANCES OF THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL.

The Irish Catholics of Montreal, who at present number one-fifth of that city's population, are about to present a petition to His Grace the Archbishop on his return from Europe. The petition asks for three things:

- (1) More Irish Parishes.
- (2) Religious Communities for men and women distinctly Irish.
- (3) A Separate School Board.

The petition states that it is not with a spirit of antagonism this work is undertaken, but with a view of bettering the Irish people. Last year a new Irish parish, St. Michael's, was formed, but there are need of two or three more such parishes.

The next thing is the one which appears to stand as the greatest necessity, an Irish Community for men and the same for women. An English-speaking convent is badly needed. There are many vocations lost on account of not having the proper place to go. The school system is very defective also, and the only remedy for this is a distinct School Board, in which the Irish Catholics could educate their children properly, and be able to give decent salaries to the Irish teachers, a thing which they are not receiving under the Catholic Commissioners' Board. The petition finishes with the following words: "We cannot bring ourselves to think that Your Grace will ever allow the gates of the Rome of America to be closed on national lines. While we do not presume to dictate to Your Grace, we beg that you will see fit to consider our suggestions. They have been prompted by a desire to promote the temporal betterment of our people in Montreal, and keep alive amongst them the priceless legacy of our Holy Faith."

A CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Michael's Hospital, return their sincere thanks for the following donations received during the "Festive Season":

Mr. Wm. Fitzgerald, \$25; Mr. Corneuc, \$25; Dr. Ross, \$10; Mr. Coleman, \$10; Mr. Cosgrave, \$10; Dr. Wren, \$5; Mr. Windeyer, \$5; A Friend, \$5; Rev. F. Rohleder, a turkey; Rev. J. Walsh, a turkey; St. Vincent de Paul Society, books; Mr. H. T. Bailey, a case of oranges, also figs, grapes and candy; Miss Doyle, 4 turkeys; the Wm. Ryan Co., 3 turkeys, a ham and a brace of partridges; Miss Coffee, a case of oranges; Kelly Bros., a lamb; Mrs. Cosgrave, a turkey; the Misses Smith, a case of oranges, a case of lemons and 3 turkeys; J. Sloan & Co., raisins, figs and nuts; Mrs. Hynes, a turkey; Mr. Ferrier, a case of oranges; Mr. J. J. McLaughlin, one dozen ginger ale; A Friend, a turkey; A Friend, candy.

DEATH OF JOS. M. WHELAN.

We regret to chronicle the death of a young man well known and highly respected, Mr. Jos. M. Whelan by name, who died on Monday, Jan. 12. Mr. Whelan had been suffering with throat trouble for about sixteen months and during that time he travelled out west, living in Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg, seeking a change of climate. Mr. Whelan was a telegraph operator and has been stationed at different times at Parkdale, Toronto Junction, Streetsville and at Weston. In Weston he had lived during the last 9 months and while there he was appointed Secretary of the Weston School Board, which position he occupied at the time of his death. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Church, and thence to Mount Hope Cemetery. A very large crowd of representative citizens attended the funeral.

WHELAN—At his father's residence, 51 Robinson street, on Monday, Jan. 12, Jos. M. Whelan, late C.P. R. agent at Weston.

Funeral from the above address Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, to St. Mary's Church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery.

MR. HEARN RE-ELECTED

Mr. E. J. Hearn, B.L. has been re-elected by the Separate School Board representative on the high school board.

GOVERNMENT BY FORCE

Hon. Edward Blake's Thorough Exposure of the Tyranny Under Which Ireland is Groaning—The Police-mans' Baton the Only Law

We herewith print the magnificent address delivered in Washington, D. C., by the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., the occasion being a demonstration organized by the Michael Davitt Branch of the United Irish League of America. We commend the speech to the careful attention of our readers:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I must not seem to address you under false pretences, so let me at once disclaim the honor of sharing in the embassy of my friends and comrades from the United Irish League of Ireland. My credentials are but the invitation of the league of this country and the request of the delegates.

My first word must be to express the deep regret of Mr. Davitt and myself that you are prevented by Mr. Dillon's illness from hearing him tonight. He has, as I know, this meeting much at heart. It was to have fittingly closed the campaign of the toils of which his strength has for the moment succumbed.

Gladly do we all learn that he will be able, with the care of his devoted wife, who has crossed to join him, to undertake the journey back; and I am sure all here ask for him and her and their little children a happy meeting and a glad Christmas at home.

I do wish you could have heard him. I have known him long, and for ten years intimately. We have generally closely agreed in Irish politics, and I say with knowledge that he always recognized the absolute need of reunion and wrought to that end.

A TRUE PORTRAIT OF JOHN DILLON.

When time brought the possibility in sight he had achieved the honorarium party, of 71 out of 80 Nationalist members. He had no real competitor. He had shown his qualities—political instinct, unflinching industry, indomitable spirit, untiring energy, high courage, and large powers of conciliating confidence and attachment.

He had devoted his life to Ireland. And, when the time was ripe, he proposed and induced his friends to offer, as the best proof of sincerity and guarantee of good faith, that, in case of reunion, the first chairman of the party should be chosen from the ranks, not of the 71, but of the 9.

The reunion accomplished, I took the sole responsibility of proposing Mr. John Redmond for the chair. That choice, then thought by some experimental, has been amply vindicated by events, and Mr. Redmond justly commands the undivided confidence and support of the party and the country.

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF A GREAT MAN INSPIRED BY A GREAT CAUSE.

And so honest John Dillon played his great part in accomplishing reunion; to that end stepping down and out from his well-worn official seat, but mounting to a place higher and more enviable far in the hearts and affections of the Irish people. He is giving Mr. Redmond his invaluable advice and cordial support; he is laboring incessantly for the success of the Chair, and he has thus shown an example worthy of a great man inspired by a great cause. I have seized the chance given by his absence tonight to ease my heart of thoughts which in his presence I must have suppressed. I know that the Irish in Ireland and Britain do him justice, and I am sure the Irish in America share their opinions.

At the desire of Mr. Davitt, I reluctantly precede him this evening, but I shall not abuse my position by elaborating some great topics which obviously are for the delegate of the League himself; such as the object, work and claims of the organization, and the vital subject of the land. On that, who else should speak in the presence of the father of the Land League?

MR. BLAKE AN IRISH-AMERICAN BORN.

But I may perhaps venture, as an Irishman, American born, whose highest ambition is to be a marching soldier in the army of freedom and progress, to say something, even here, on one great aspect of the national cause.

Now, Ireland has by slow degrees, after long agitation, and dreadful suffering, wrung from Britain's unwilling hands, during the last hundred years, several great alleviations of injustice. But there yet remain in the category of specific wrongs unredressed some capital items, notably those touching land, taxation and higher education.

LAND, TAXATION AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

On these topics, however, I repeat, I shall say but a few words. The lack of provision for university education, available on a liberal and equal basis to such of the children of the majority as can profit by it, is a great grievance, the redress of which

is essential to the intellectual, moral, literary, industrial and political advancement of the nation. But there is no relief.

The two other questions touch directly our material existence. The over-taxation is second only to the land. Ireland is yearly drained of a wholly undue proportion of her taxable resources. Though the wrong is not so open and palpable in form and does not so obviously strike each individual as the land wrong, yet it is plain, as has been established, and both the terms of the union and the justice of the case demand early redress. But again there is no relief, rather an aggravation.

THE LAND THE SUBJECT OF WIDEST NATIONAL INTEREST.

As to the land, I just name the questions of laborers and town tenants, as requiring attention, and turn to the overwhelming topic of the agricultural holdings. This is the subject of widest national interest, compelling home most directly to the whole population. Its speedy solution is essential to the continued life of the nation. Great things indeed have been done upon it, which I leave to Mr. Davitt. But after all, its present state is agreed to be intolerable. Its remedy is universally agreed to be the conversion of the occupying tenancy into a proprietary right; coupled in congested districts, with consolidation of some holdings and migration to others. This consummation will, at best, take long. All the more need to begin soon, for while the rulers tarry the nation dies. The people are rightly convinced that, short of a measure for compulsory sale, no effective progress can be made, and this is their demand. On this, the majority of the Unionist constituencies in the North agree; about nine-tenths of Ireland is agreed. But England refuses. The Minister declares that "no government can settle the Irish land question—it must be settled by the parties interested."

The Minister offers, so far, only legislation including impossible and omitting essential provisions, which would, on the whole, leave the tenants much worse off than they are.

Meantime, though the former abominable system has been enormously modified, yet imperfections in the reform have left some old and developed some new evils; the tenant's interest is in peril on each revaluation; there is no proper security for the fruits of industry; sale is declined; excessive rents are levied; more and more the country is depopulated and turned into cattle ranches instead of homes for men; coercion is in full swing; once again Ireland is being taught in the new century the lesson of the last, the fateful lesson that reason, argument and the judgment and will of the nation avail not, and that agitation, trouble and necessity are the only levers to move England to action.

The question I have thus sketched summarizes and illustrates in a concrete form the real nature of the Irish difficulty and its one solution. IRISH LAND LORDS AND AMERICAN COAL BARONS.

I rejoice, however, to add that within a brief space some hope has sprung up in Ireland herself. True, the landlord organization has been acting in the old and haughty spirit of the garri-son; insisting on strong coercion by Government and Parliament; raising half a million with which to crush under the engines of the law Irish leaders, organizers, and recalcitrant tenants; contemptuously refusing (like some coal barons lately in the United States) to accept the proposal, though made from their own ranks; of a conference with the tenants' representatives; laying down an impossible ultimatum; and reiterating their insuperable objection to the principle of compulsion.

But wiser views seem at last to have dawned upon a number of the landlords; these do not insist on the ultimatum; they favor a conference. And thus there open, unexpectedly, great possibilities of good. But, in my judgment, which I cannot too emphatically state to-night, any prospect of their realization depends on the continued firmness, determination, and activity of the Irish at home and abroad.

IRISH SELF-GOVERNMENT: CAN ALONE SOLVE THE IRISH QUESTION.

I speak of education, taxation and land no more to-night. Vital though it is, and sound as are the tactics which at this time bring the land to the front and concentrate upon it popular attention, yet it is on something greater even than these—something the acquisition of which would involve all these, but the want of which would leave Ireland, though all else were won, still poor, degraded, deprived of the one thing needful; it is on the absolute lack and the imperative need of Irish self-government that I would speak.

Were I given the choice of a place and of listeners for such a topic, out of all the world, I would choose Washington for the place, and this gathering for the audience. Why?

Because this is the political capital of a mighty republic, embracing half the area of the Northern Continent. Because of the population many millions are of Irish descent, and their hearts beat high for Ireland. Because, among those who cannot claim Irish blood, many millions more are yet warm in sympathy with our cause, and unable to discern any reason why the Irish should be deprived of those rights of government at home which they so freely exer-

For forms of government let fools contest; What'er is best administered is best."

I do not agree; because I think forms, especially in the direction of securities for freedom, are often absolutely vital. But it is true that forms, however excellent they may be, are often evaded or perverted; and the working of a system, or the administration of a law, may make it either beneficial or intolerable; that a seeming show of freedom, either in legislation or in administration, may be so managed as to result in slavery. And this we say is, both legislative-

cise over themselves (and some say over everybody else) in all other countries where they are found.

Because this Continent, through whose wide expanse, from Atlantic to Pacific, from Pole to Gulf, the very winds of heaven seem to wait the breath of freedom; whose people have in each of the great divisions—yours and mine—so abundantly proved their right and title to self-government, so thoroughly applied the principles of State rights and Federal relations, this Continent is, naturally, that which should be most responsive to the claims of others for liberty and justice. And, lastly, because this country is, again, of all the countries in the world, that whose clear and settled opinion on the Irish question ought most to weigh with England.

Now, my effort will be limited to bringing before your minds one point, mainly, the real condition of things as to freedom in Ireland under the existing union.

IRELAND HAS NEVER SURRENDERED HER RIGHT TO NATIONAL EXISTENCE.

I say nothing of her more ancient story; I recount no details of her historical claims. You know that she has never freely surrendered her right to a national existence; that the union under which she suffers to-day was accomplished by the basest means of corruption and intrigue; that it has never been truly accepted by the nation, and can show no moral sanction for its continuance.

THE "UNION" OF THE SHARK AND ITS PREY.

You know that under the union the strong partner has grown stronger, the weak partner weaker, the rich richer, the poor poorer; that the population of Ireland, which was one-third of the whole, is now but one-eighth; having actually decreased one-half, while that of Britain has increased nearly twenty-five millions; that Irish manufactures and capital have declined, while British have immeasurably multiplied; that the incomes of Irish wage-earners average little more than half of those of British; that the scale of living of the masses in Ireland is far lower, and the margin so narrow that in great areas a single bad crop tends to famine, requiring state aid; while in Britain there is a steady improvement in the standard of living, and in the reserve for emergencies. You know that emigration has drained Ireland of those in the prime of life, and the relatively inferior conditions of the people have produced painful results; for example, the proportion of deaf mutes is near one-third larger than in England; of blind, two-fifths larger; of lunatics, one-third larger.

THE PER CAPITA TAX OF IRELAND TO-DAY DOUBLE WHAT IT WAS BEFORE THE UNION.

You know that in this gloomy situation there is only one other relative increase; the taxes on commodities were, per head, in Ireland, in 1820, 11 shillings; in 1894, 22 shillings; they were doubled; in Britain in 1820 they were 48 shillings, and in 1894 they 24 shillings; they were halved; so that, resources considered, Britain is the lightest while Ireland is the heaviest taxed country in Europe.

But notwithstanding these results, which seem to me of themselves to condemn the system of government under which they occur, those who are less familiar with its actual working are sometimes puzzled, and even deceived by the claim that after all the union is an arrangement possessing the elements of fairness and freedom.

Now, to Irishmen on the ground, and to political students everywhere, and accordingly to many of those whom I address, part of what I am going to say is trite. But I own I want to include such American citizens as have not had time or inclination for detailed study of the Irish question. I want rather to talk to the man of open mind not yet convinced, than to preach to the converted. I shall attempt no rhetoric; I must deal with some dry details; I have not time to enliven and enforce abstract reasoning by anecdote or example, or even adequately to sketch, still less to fill in, the details of the argument. But I wish to give you some reasons at any rate for the faith that is in me. So may I best hope to create or confirm that same faith in you.

Some are caught by the statement that Ireland has a full, or, with her depleted population, even an excessive, representation in the British Parliament; and thus obtains her adequate share of control, both legislative and administrative, in the local as well as the imperial concerns of which that Parliament disposes. And this, at first blush, may look all right. You remember the old couplet:

"For forms of government let fools contest; What'er is best administered is best."

I do not agree; because I think forms, especially in the direction of securities for freedom, are often absolutely vital. But it is true that forms, however excellent they may be, are often evaded or perverted; and the working of a system, or the administration of a law, may make it either beneficial or intolerable; that a seeming show of freedom, either in legislation or in administration, may be so managed as to result in slavery. And this we say is, both legislative-

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GOVERNMENT BY FORCE

(Continued from page 4.)

ly and executive, the case in Ireland. ENGLAND, "THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER," GOVERNS IRELAND AS A SUBJECT COUNTRY.

The truth is, that Ireland lives under a pretended, but not a real system of liberty and equal rights; and the union under a common Parliament lacks the essential securities of freedom. For how does it work? It gives to England, the predominant partner, the power, habitually used, of imposing her legislative and executive pleasure on the weaker island, and of governing her in all local matters as a subject people.

What, after all, is the essential element of political freedom? It is this: That a people should be ruled under laws which are made by their own elected representatives, and administered by their own chosen officers; both legislature and executive being responsible to the people whom they rule.

But the Parliament which legislates for Ireland has for generations systematically refused to listen to argument, and has in the end been forced, not through conviction of its soundness, but only from fear of the consequences of longer refusal, to concede legislation for which four-fifths of the Irish people pressed, while it has imposed on her legislation to which four-fifths objected. We are 80 out of 100 representatives of Ireland; but there are 570 representatives of Britain. They do with us what they will; and the voice of the twenty Irish anti-Nationalist members is with them more powerful than that of the eighty Nationalists.

NO CONCESSION TO IRELAND EVER GRANTED VOLUNTARILY.

As to the making of laws, judge by the course of events: It took a generation, a tremendous agitation, and the imminence of civil war, to obtain Catholic emancipation; and then it was accompanied by an extensive measure of disfranchisement.

It took near two generations, great violence, and a tithe war, to remedy the abuse under which the Catholic majority were forced, out of their poverty, to pay for the luxurious support of the church of the minority, itself rich in all save congregations.

It took over two generations, with the same accompaniments—and with dynamite and Fenianism—to disestablish and partly disendow the church of the minority.

It took nearly three generations, with the most tragic national history in the world—with a sad, but yet not surprising record of violence and crime, to accomplish a great, but yet only partial and unsatisfactory redress of the killing land system.

It took near four generations, with all the dreadful accompaniments to which I have alluded, to convince a great man (who, after all, failed to convert the whole of his political party) of the fundamental justice and indestructible vitality of the Irish claim for self-government. And even now, after his heroic efforts, great and lasting as have been their effect, a majority in Britain as yet remains unconvinced, and pronounces against the allowance of that claim.

I have told you how we stand legislatively as to higher education, taxation, and the land.

Where, then, upon this survey of a long century, where in the legislative department does there shine one ray of real freedom, of that freedom which engenders loyalty to the constitution as it stands, which should justify the abandonment of our claim for Home Rule?

There shines no such ray. On the contrary, the brightest gleam of hope from legislative actions springs out of the great movement of Parnell and Gladstone, which gave us two governments and one House of Commons favorable to Home Rule; and a by-product of which was the grant of county and rural government to Ireland, a tremendous gain, the reluctant result of pledges made by the Tories to avert that worse thing, national government.

That splendid gleam still lightens the vista which these leaders cleared; it reveals a great and cheering element of sympathy, acknowledgment, and resolution at last evoked in the mind of a large proportion of the Bri-

ish democracy; and it makes plain the true direction of our Parliamentary efforts, encouraging us, so long as we are firmly backed by the Irish people, in whom is our strength, to continue our exposure of misgovernment and our demand for freedom.

I believe that, though for a while overcast, that gleam is brightening now, and will in due time shine more and more unto the perfect day.

I have dealt so far with the making of the laws; and now what as to their administration? The whole Executive system in Ireland is excessively centralized, and worked without any responsibility to Ireland, by the Chief Secretary, acting through his office, and through various boards, and largely by the agency of the Royal Irish Constabulary, an army in the guise of a police force, playing an arbitrary part and exercising a despotic authority over Ireland, wholly inconsistent with the dignity and freedom of the people. Too often the constable's baton is the only law for the peasant.

I add that the laws, made as I have described, have been administered in the spirit of their makers by officers of those English statesmen who impose them—officers mainly drawn from the ranks of the Irish minority.

Now, in a country truly free, where the laws are the expression of the settled popular will, their enforcement is generally a safe and easy operation. The people aid in the administration of the laws they themselves have made. They are the ready executors of their own will.

But, even in these happy conditions, so great is the danger of executive oppression, so imminent the risk of the individual suffering when at issue with the State, so grave the need of securing justice in the administration of those laws to which the people have assented, and of preventing their perversion to tyrannical uses, that these points have long been primary objects of free governments.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

In England herself, at any rate for herself, in this great Republic, in the Dominion of Canada, in the Commonwealth of Australia, constitutional securities have accordingly been established. And these securities are maintained against a constantly present danger inherent in human nature, and demanding even to-day continued vigilance against aggression.

Let no man say that the risk exists no longer, or that the old securities may now be abandoned. Do not in the heyday of freedom vacate the old fortresses of liberty your fathers built.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE WITNESS STAND.

I am tempted in this city—the scene of his most splendid triumphs—instead of any real words of mine, to adopt those of one of the very greatest expository reasoners your Republic has produced, I mean Daniel Webster. Let me quote some fragments, which I pray you to contrast presently with the sad facts of the day. Webster said:

"The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretense of a desire to simplify government. . . . The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit, but it is also a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands check; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it entrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion."

"The contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which have stood between the king and the people to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority; on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it.

"I know not whether a greater improvement has been made in government than to separate the judiciary from the executive and legislative branches, and to provide for the decision of private rights in a manner wholly uninfluenced by reasons of state, or consideration of party or of policy. It is the glory of the British constitution to have led in the establishment of this most important principle. It did not exist in England before the Revolution in 1688, and its introduction has seemed to give a new character to the tribunals. It is not necessary to state the evils which had been experienced in that country from dependent and time-serving judges. In matters of mere property, in causes of no political or public bearing, they might perhaps be safely trusted; but in great questions concerning public liberty or the rights of the subject they were in too many cases not fit to be trusted at all. Who would now quote Scroggs, or Saunders, or Jeffreys, on a question concerning the right of the habeas corpus, or the right of suffrage, or the liberty of the press, or any other subject closely

connected with political freedom?

Please remember this when I tell you of (Anglo) Irish judges presently: "In our country," Webster adds, speaking of the United States, "it was for years a topic of complaint, before the Revolution, that justice was administered in the Colonies by judges dependent on the British crown. The Declaration of Independence itself puts forth this as a prominent grievance among those grievances which justified the Revolution. The British King, it declares, had made judges dependent on his own will alone for the tenure of their offices."

"Written constitutions sanctify and confirm great principles, but the latter are prior in existence to the former. The Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights, the Trial by Jury, are surer bulwarks of right and liberty than written constitutions. The establishment of our free institutions is the gradual work of time and experience, not the immediate result of any written instrument."

Again, please remember this when I tell you of Irish juries presently. Webster continues:

"The trial by jury is the popular teacher of our system; the aegis of protection to individual rights, the shield and defense against the encroachments of power. Why call a jury? say some. Let a judge, a learned, virtuous, impartial judge, decide. But no! Let the judge give the charge to the jury on the law, but let the people in the jury-box adjudge the facts of the case."

"There can be no better tribunal than the people brought together in the jury box, under the solemn sanction of an oath, and acting under the instructions of enlightened judges. In what a vast majority of cases do they decide right! I am attached to this mode of trial, and will never consent to give it up."

It is, as Webster remarks, the just boast of England that she first developed and applied these principles; it is her shame that she repudiates them in Ireland to-day.

Now let me summarize some main elements of the securities for freedom. There is the invaluable writ of Habeas Corpus. There is the protection of a great, free, and independent bar, on whose importance in the service of liberty I would like to dwell, permit, once more to quote Webster. And there is the security of the recognized function, as a minister of justice, of the prosecutor for the State, whose duty it is to see that the accused gets fair play.

Other leading features are these: First, there must be a clear, plain and precise written charge, disclosing the alleged offence.

Next, and chiefly, the question of guilt or innocence, upon the facts, must be decided by a fairly impaneled jury of the people.

Lastly, and only second to the trial by jury, the trial must take place under high-class, independent and impartial judges permanently engaged in the general administration of the law.

But all these securities, sacred in England for England, are by England almost habitually wrested from Ireland.

First, as to the condition, even under the ordinary law, while that is allowed to prevail. Instead of an independent Bar, which may cherish honorable aspirations to the Bench of Justice, to be realized by the proof of capacity and public spirit, and by the acquisition of public confidence, you find a system under which the Bar is bribed by the establishment of a scandalously overpaid and overstuffed Judiciary, offering to the profession dignity, light work, secure tenure, and large pensions. Now, baristers anywhere in the rest of the world, would, of course, and do, for the dignity, security, ease and pension, gladly accept a much lower income than their precarious earnings at the Bar, the fruit of great exertion, and which illness or loss of fashion might any day destroy. But in Ireland all these things are given, and to them is added a salary which, I believe, generally double or treble their earnings at the Bar.

And the road to these great positions has been, with the rarest exception, one road alone. It is not the National road.

TO BE A GOOD IRISHMAN IS A BAR TO ADVANCEMENT IN IRELAND.

The result is substantial proscription of the Nationalist element, and a practical choice of almost the entire Bench out of the ranks of the anti-Nationalists. This necessarily has a grave effect on the condition of things at the Bar and on the Bench. How different is the condition from the days when the overwhelming majority of the whole Irish Bar, headed by its greatest leaders, protested against the Union! Do not misunderstand me. There are, thank God, able and brilliant Nationalists at the Irish Bar, but they are practically under a ban. There are just and well-intentioned judges on the Irish High Court Bench; but they are, as a rule, of one political complexion, and that the anti-Nationalist complexion; and they live, move, and have their being in that element alone. Everyone must see, without more words, the injurious results of the system I have described, on Bar and Bench and prosecuting officers alike.

"PACKING THE JURY!" A STEADY BUSINESS IN IRELAND. But the greatest interference, under

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the ordinary law, with the fair administration of justice consists in the packing of the jury. This practice, which public opinion would not allow to be pursued for a day in England, is in agrarian and such like cases systematically adopted by England in Ireland. The jury panel is struck. Let us presume it is fairly struck. Take the case of a county in which, as often happens, there is a great majority—running sometimes to 90 per cent. or more—of Catholics. Naturally, a fair panel will contain a vast preponderance of Catholics. The names in each case tried are drawn by lot.

As each man is called, the Crown claims the right to say "Stand by" without cause shown or reason given. Thereupon the man is set aside and another name is drawn. This goes on till twelve names suitable in the view of the Crown are drawn, and these twelve form the jury. And (not, of course, by design, oh, no! they say they never inquire, and do not know the religion) by some miraculous chance it turns out that the fifty or sixty men set aside were Catholics, and the twelve men left are Protestants. So the jury is struck; so the prisoner is tried; and so convictions are obtained. So justice is administered; and Englishmen wonder that the masses of the Irish people have profound distrust, a deep contempt, a burning hatred of such administration!

IRELAND, UNDER ENGLAND, ALMOST ALWAYS GOVERNED BY COERCION ACTS. But this is not enough. More, much more, has to be done in order to accomplish the purposes of the English Government. There is, even so, an occasional mistake on the part of the Crown; an occasional disagreement of the jury. How are these evils, in view of England, to be remedied? This is her way. During the greater part of the last hundreds years Ireland has been governed, not even under the form of freedom, but by means of Coercion Acts, Acts suspending the Habeas Corpus, and such like devices. There are, I believe, eighty-seven such monuments to freedom recorded in the statute books, an average of one a year.

A PERPETUAL COERCION ACT. But latterly, in the year 1887, a permanent law, the "Crimes Act," was passed, which enables the Executive, by proclamation, to suspend whenever and wherever it pleases the operation of the cardinal provisions of the ordinary law; which provides (even when a jury trial is still allowed) that it shall, at the instance of the Crown, be at a place selected by the Crown, and by a special jury, meaning in Ireland a jury of the minority party; which creates also some new crimes, and provides for the trial and punishment of these and other crimes under a very summary procedure, without any jury at all, and by specially chosen magistrates alone.

There is a further provision which, of itself, at once and without proclamation has permanently deprived all Ireland of the ordinary securities, and applies these obnoxious provisions in charges of unlawful assembly or riot; charges, I need not tell this audience, which may touch the most fundamental popular rights of free and public meeting, speech and resolve.

ALL SECURITIES FOR JUSTICE ABOLISHED. It is by a review of the actual working of this system that one can learn most clearly the hollowness of the pretense that Ireland is free any more in administration than in legis-

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lation, and realize the sad truth that the main securities for justice are abolished. What, then is the system under which, in matters pertaining to public justice, Ireland, is, at the will of the Executive, being ruled to-day? For two years past frequent use has been made of the permanent section—that is, the standing Coercion clause, and scores of summary prosecutions have taken place under its arbitrary provisions. Under the powers of the same act great districts, comprising nearly half of Ireland, have been recently proclaimed. Thus the constitutional protections of the subject in vital matters have ceased; and new crimes have been created. Thus it is no longer necessary that there should be a clearly framed charge against the accused. The proceedings being summary, it is decided that a charge lacking the distinctness necessary for a good indictment is yet good enough to convict the accused under the Crimes Act. Thus no longer is the question of guilt or innocence to be decided on the evidence by a jury of fellow citizens. Packing is not a sufficient weapon for the Crown. The people, it is said, will not convict. And what is to follow on the refusal to convict? A remedy of the grievance? Reluctance to prosecute meanwhile? Adequate reform of the law? No! But take away the right of trial by jury, and commit to the hands of one or two magistrates both facts and law, the whole question of guilt or innocence; and so fix the fate of the accused!

THE SORT OF MEN ENGLAND APPOINTS TO JUDGE IRELAND. To the hands of what matter of magistrates? To those of judges of the rank, learning and independence of those which, with whatever drawbacks, yet relatively mark the high courts of the land? No! To the hands of inferior men, called resident magistrates, not generally chosen from that very constabulary on whose practices and evidence they are called to decide, and from the military and naval services—with about the very worst kinds of training for just conclusions on such issues! What is their tenure of office? They are absolutely dependent. They are removable at the will of the Executive on payment of three months' salary, and they are besides liable to punishment and amenable to reward by transfer at pleasure to less or more eligible districts. And how do they come to take charge of any particular case? Not on a general plan or rota in the discharge of their usual duty.

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But the Executive in each case in which it directs a Crimes Act prosecution, chooses and sends down the particular magistrate it thinks most suitable for the work in hand. And so this ex-constable, thus chosen, takes the evidence, often that of constables, maybe of old comrades in the force, and decides the facts and the law, and gives the sentence; he is judge and jury rolled into one. THE POLICE IN IRELAND PRACTICALLY A BRITISH MILITARY FORCE. And this is a country where the police are, practically a military force, drilled to arms, and accustomed to arbitrary action and the free use of violence toward the people—in a country in which we know from sad experience that there is such a thing as police-manufactured crime and perjury, culminating in the conviction of the innocent. Now, what kinds of issues are these which are to be so decided? Are they police court questions? Questions of a petty debt, or a common trespass, or an ordinary contract? No. They involve points of fact and law, at once of the greatest difficulty, and of the highest importance to a free people; the right of public meeting; the right of free speech; the right of a free press; most delicate points as to motive and intent, as to malice, as to the nature of admissible evidence, as to lawful or unlawful assembly, as to criminal conspiracy, as to the limits permissible in political agitation, the point at which words or conduct transgress the permissible line, cease to be political and become criminal, the point at which one man's rights become another's wrongs.

And these are to be decided on the facts and the laws by these gentry. I say there is no class of cases which, in the interest of the State and of the individual, more urgently require than these—the maintenance of those very securities which have been abolished. They suggest that there may be an appeal. We are entitled to a fair and constitutional trial, not such a trial as this, even were the finding subject to appeal. But such appeal as exists is taken, not to the high court, but only to an inferior judiciary, far less satisfactory, in the conditions of the country, than would be the high court. Nor does the right exist in all cases. On sentences up to a month there is no appeal. And then, a system of torture is now applied, under which sentences of

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Her Ladyship

(Katharine Tynan, in Mosher's Magazine.)

Her Ladyship had eyes like the most velvety brown pansy. There was something appealing, something sad, in their gaze, that had made her sympathetic heart go out to her Ladyship many a time.

Not that there could be anything in her lot to call for sympathy; bless you, no.

His Lordship was the proudest, statelyest, noblest gentleman imaginable. It was plain to be seen that her Ladyship doted on him. And as for him no one could doubt, watching this proud fond gaze upon her, that the very sun shone out of her bronze head for him.

She was quite as stately as he was, if it were not for the appeal in her eyes. A tall pale girl—not in the least lily-like; indeed her soft warm smile was rather like the tint of a white rose which has a golden pink at its heart, than that of the colder flower.

But for the appealing eyes, the pride of her air had matched her Lord's. She was proud indeed, by right, being the grand-daughter of old Lady Warrender, the proudest and most exclusive woman in England. A horrible old woman, some people said, and explained the Countess' appealing eyes by the fact that her tender girlhood had been spent under the shadow of those insolent and frowning glances.

The old woman had driven her son, poor Archie, away from her, said the middle-aged men who had been at Eton with Archie Warrender, the Countess' father, and remembered his winning ways, his sunny curls, his frank and gentle eyes. Poor Archie! Some time on the threshold of manhood, when the rest of them were leaving their fling at all the gaieties of life, Archie threw off his mother's yoke, and disappeared.

A few years passed and old Lady Warrender again showed her face in society. Archie was dead, and had left her his little girl to bring up, a soft pale child with frightened brown eyes. He had married the daughter of a Devonshire parson. The old lady was quite frank about it to everyone. She had not approved of the marriage, and she and her son had parted. Now that the child's father and mother were dead she was resolved to do her duty by Archie's daughter.

The child, listening to more or less veiled conversations about herself between her grandmother and the world, drank closer as though she would beside herself up in some invisible corner, and her brown eyes fluttered like moths in the twilight.

She always wore white—thick creamy white—that made her eyes gleam, her hair more russet, her complexion fairer, and her soft lips redder. People said that Lady Warrender knew her grandchild was going to marry out a beauty, and had the wit to dress her to enhance her budding charms.

However, she had no chance to dazzle London with the girl's opening beauty, for at seventeen Love sent her Lordship by accident to the somewhat forbidding Lodge amid the gloomy woods where Lady Warrender was hiding away her pearl.

She could have nothing to object to in his Lordship. He was indeed almost a brilliant match for even Lady Warrender's grand-daughter. The pair were ecstatically in love with each other. It would have been idyllic to anybody but the fierce, proud old woman, who abhorred the very name of Love because of certain things which had happened long ago.

"You have done very creditably," she said to the shrinking girl. Any one who saw those brown eyes at that moment would have discovered that in them "But remember he is immensely proud. Yes, I know, the Rev. Richard Lorimer of Dene-in-Arden, your maternal grandfather, was some one you need not be ashamed of. It was fortunate that he was nothing worse than a scholarly out-at-elbows country parson. St. Austell is very proud."

The girl winced as though the thin tones had actually stung like a whip. A shadow had fallen over the radiance of her beauty, which since her Lordship had come had seemed to light up as though by a golden light from within.

All that was over and done with, Lady Warrender was dead. Lord and Lady St. Austell had been married more than half a dozen years. They were more in love with each other than ever. Still her Ladyship, unconscious of betrayal, revealed to the sympathetic gaze, some trouble pushed out of sight.

It was not every one who saw that expression in Lady St. Austell's eyes; only those who had eyes to see it. Sometimes it was a tender-hearted mother of children who read the expression for eternal sorrow because the little heir to so many desirable things had only come to go, and the St. Austells were childless.

His Lordship was too good a lover not to be aware of that intangible something. Probably he too ascribed it to the loss of the heir. Anyhow he never spoke of it; but when the loneliness of the brown eyes became more than he could bear he would take her Ladyship's face between his two hands, and look down into those striking depths, and then with a little sigh would bid her Ladyship pack up and take Phyllis, her maid, with her, and be off to the quiet place in the West Country, which seemed to

have a balm for her Ladyship's cares. It was the Countess' fancy to go incognito, so to speak. Otherwise there was no reason why she should not have gone to one of the fine homes which his Lordship was master of. He, being made of finer stuff than most men, could understand why his wife should go away for rest to a little fishing village where she would be known as Mrs. St. Austell even if he himself was too much used to his circumstances of rank and importance to be conscious of any discomfort.

He could understand too, though it made him sigh, that his wife, when she made these excursions preferred his absence. He said to himself that even in the closest human relationships there must be room at times for the soul to be solitary. Not that he felt the need himself. But he was ready to be endlessly patient with the subtleties of a woman's nature. She wanted to get away and think, her Ladyship had cried out one day when it had seemed a little difficult for her to run away. He supposed that in those lonely places she had the little delicate spirit of the boy more closely to herself. Anyhow she always returned with her eyes almost satisfied. And her manner towards himself was exquisite as though she could not love him enough for bearing with her.

He could trust Phyllis to take care of her lady. Phyllis was West Country too, with the faithful eyes of a dog, that followed her Ladyship with an adoring worship in them. There was a certain resemblance between her Ladyship's eyes and Phyllis', only that her Ladyship's were like deep pools full of shadows and hidden lights, whereas Phyllis' were like an open pool in the moorland that showed all it held to the sky.

Phyllis had replaced the sour spinner who had been her Ladyship's maid before she was married, and afterwards till old Lady Warrender died. His Lordship himself dismissed Ellison, having noticed his wife's shrinking aversion for her. He had treated her with lavish generosity, as was his way; but the woman had left the house scowling and muttering to herself, and pretty Phyllis had come in.

It was the middle of the season, a blazing June weather with hardly a breath of air, when her Ladyship had a longing to be gone to her little refuge under the cliffs of Porthoe. She had been looking white and exhausted, with purple rings about her eyes, and it was his Lordship himself who suggested that she should go, and made light of the difficulties. He too would leave the gaieties behind and take the yacht over to France. The desire for the sea which besets the Londoner when hot weather comes in was upon him; and he imagined what it was with her.

After all there was nothing they need really wait for. He telegraphed to Southampton about the yacht, sent her Ladyship and her maid off to Paddington, and walked down to his club along a street which was furiously white at one side and deeply black on the other, he thought with a little trouble of the gratitude in his wife's eyes when he had bid her go. Why couldn't she share the trouble with him? he thought. The little lad was his too, and the sorrow his. Why couldn't they comfort each other?

The blinds were down in St. Austell House. The yacht was getting up steam at Southampton. In a few hours more his Lordship would be on board. He came in to find a shabby looking letter on his table, marked "Important."

He opened it, expecting to find a begging letter. The thing smelt rankly of imprudence and imposture. When he had read it, he smiled contemptuously before setting light to it in the grate.

"What is the secret between your wife and your wife's maid?" it ran. "She is never at No. 7 the Beach, Porthoe, though her letters are received there. She is at Greenhurst Farm, Tremadoc, and passes for a single woman."

As he would have placed the note on the coals it fluttered from his hand and lay on the floor. He set his heel on it as though it lied before restoring it to the grate. It had no power to trouble his mind, this thing of lies and dire suggestions. Still he was angry that it should be possible for some creeping, writhing thing of the darkness to strike at his wife. It shocked and stung his pride.

Perhaps he had been wrong in allowing Lady St. Austell to lay down her rank so entirely when she made these excursions. It gave a chance to such creatures as the writer of this letter was. Anyhow the thing had spoiled the pleasure with which he was looking forward to the run before he went to Cherbourg. Stay! Why not take the yacht round to Porthoe? Alice would be glad to see him by this time. She had had nearly a week of her solitude. He would tell her about the letter, and they would try to discover who the writer could be. If he had seen Ellison's face as she passed out of his doors for the last time he would not have had much doubt.

The wind veered to the southeast in time to give them a good run to the west coast. They put in at Penzance. His Lordship was not inclined to give away the secret of his wife's resting place. He walked over the cliffs, a stiff walk of ten miles, to Porthoe. He found No. 7 the Beach, easily, and asked for Mrs. St. Austell.

The old woman who had come in answer to his knock stared at him. "She hasn't been here for a week come Thursday," she said. "She slept one night here, herself and her cousin. Then they be off inland. If you're

like to see her you may as well take her letters. The cousin calls for them twice a week. A great bundle there is, to be sure."

He received the bundle without a word, and noticed that two or three of his own letters were among them. No one would have supposed, as he turned away, lifting his hat to the old woman, that he had received a violent shock—not that he doubted Alice, of course; only that she had secrets from him; that it was all underhand, this giving one address and living at another; this passing off her maid as her cousin. It was incredible. He had been sure of his wife's dignity and sense of honor as he had been of Heaven.

He left the village behind him starting at its height and appearance, and having received vaguely an impression of the old woman's instructions to him to take the path over the Head and strike across the moor till he came to Potwhele and then ask further, he went on, forgetting that he had already had ten stiff miles of walking and gone some hours without a meal.

As he went on, the tumult of his thoughts became quieter. Of course Alice would have an explanation. He had never really doubted her. Her pride had gone no further than his hurt and his concern for her dignity.

He had left Plymouth so early and had walked so quickly that after all it was still early in the forenoon when he found himself climbing the hilly, twisting, green lane that led to Greenhurst Farm. He could see its golden ricks and twisted chimneys, its gables covered with ivy and honeysuckle, at the end of the lane now. The lane meandered along the side of a mild hill. There was a little valley below him with a stream sporting in it, so harmless that it might be crossed by stepping-stones. Beyond it was another mild green hill.

As he closed the last gate and came out on the velvety green space in front of the red-brick, Elizabethan farmhouse, he saw the figure of a girl churning at an old-fashioned churn. Up and down went the handle. He caught a glimpse of beautiful arms. The figure in its print frock was exquisite. The head—why? the girl turned and looked at him, and he saw the scared face of his wife.

He shrank from the terror in her eyes as though she had dealt him a blow. He had no time to think what a beautiful dairy-maid she was.

"Come, child," he said. "Don't look so frightened. Come and tell me why you are masquerading here."

She dropped the handle of the churn. He took her hand, wet with the milk, and led her aside where the gate opened into an overgrown orchard. No one had come out of the farmhouse and they were alone, excepting for the shrieking black piglets that fed before them, and the hen with her downy chickens, and the turkey's brood.

He felt that his wife was trembling, and he made her sit down on a stone seat that had been built about an apple-trunk.

"Now," he said, still holding her hand. "You will never forgive me," she panted, and her eyes had the helpless fear of an animal or a child.

"I love you," he said, "and I can forgive you anything except fear of me."

"You will never forgive me," she repeated. "It will be as she said—you will turn away from me."

"As you said?" "My grandmother. She terrified me into acquiescing in her deceit; and I loved you, oh, I loved you. Else perhaps I could have stood out against her. I couldn't lose you. Now, I have lost you forever."

She covered her face with her hands, and shook her head to foot.

"You have not lost me," he said, putting an arm about her. "I am always yours. Now tell me what was the deceit."

"Child, child!" he cried out, "you are breaking my heart. Why do you say such things?"

"She said you would cast me off," she went on, looking at his working face. "I have always known that you would never forgive me. That is what I had to look forward to through all the delight of your love."

"You cared?" he said. "Cared! Oh, Vernon, would I ever have consented to the deceit if I had not loved you better than honor and honesty and everything that is good?"

He sighed as though the weight of the world had been rolled off his breast. Then he caught her to his breast.

"You will never be afraid of me again!" he said. "You will come and go here openly, and Phyllis must take her place as your cousin. What do we care what people say? We are too proud for that."

She looked at his impassioned face with a wild surmise.

"You forgive me?" "To think that you should have lived between two fears, all your days, except when you stole back here! Now I want to see them. There are to be no more secrets, child. And—I have just discovered I am hungry. I have been afoot since eight o'clock."

Then she believed him, and flung round his neck a pair of arms that smelt of cream.

"You will have a delicious meal," she said. "Trust Granny for that!" Then they went into the farmhouse together.

RETURNS TO THE FOLD

At frequent intervals in recent years The Rock and other Protestant papers published in England have held up to the admiration of their readers the Rev. Count Campello, formerly a canon of St. Peter's, Rome, who gave up the faith and lectured in London against the Church. The Count has repented and returned to the fold, and The London Catholic Times invites its Protestant contemporaries to reproduce the following letter addressed to Cardinal Vaughan:

"Your Eminence, with a heart full of holy joy I write to inform you what has taken place here in Rome this morning, the 8th of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the handsome chapel of the Collegio Pio-Latino Americano. After having gone through the holy spiritual exercises in this venerable college, I have had the supreme grace to solemnly abjure on this day at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Adami, Delegate to His Holiness Leo XIII., the Old Catholic sect to which since the year 1881 I have had the misfortune to belong. The happiness I experience at this moment, in which I find myself again as a prodigal son in the true Church of Jesus Christ, would not be complete if I did not inform Your Eminence of what has occurred, and through you all the English Catholics whom I have so much scandalized by my unhappy apostasy. Whilst I discharge this agreeable duty I cannot find words strong enough to condemn my past conduct and to express the depth of my sorrow for having given pain to all the faithful in England, and especially to Your Eminence and your worthy predecessor, Cardinal Manning, when by my presence in London I, as it were, triumphed in my infamy, otherwise my apostasy. God be thanked that by a special act of His mercy He has touched my heart and led me back to the Church which I should not have abandoned. May He grant me grace to lead back by my example those souls who through my unhappy work have been induced to wander from the right path, a fact which now causes me inconsolable remorse. I am certain that Your Eminence, following the example of our merciful Lord, will pardon me the serious annoyance I formerly gave you, and I hope that this my sincere return to the one true Church of the Saviour may move those distinguished Anglicans whom I have known to embrace the truth, and that my sad conduct may not confirm them in the error in which they were born and which but for me they would perhaps have abandoned owing to their virtuous lives, as did Newman, Faber, Manning and others not a few. I shall be immensely grateful to Your Eminence if you make public this expression of my most sincere feeling. Thus in my great sorrow for the erroneous course I have pursued I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all in my power to make reparation where great scandal was formerly given through my blindness. With a heart overflowing with joy at finding myself reconciled with God and His Church, I pay my homage to Your Eminence's dignity and with profound reverence have the honor to remain Your Eminence's devoted servant in Christ,

"Rev. D. C. Enrico di Campello." The letter is dated Collegio Pio-Latino Americano, 8th December, 1902.

"Why did they operate on that poor man when they knew the moment he was pulled out of the wreck that his injuries were fatal?" "I believe they wished to make sure that their diagnosis was right."

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WHEN I WAS TWENTY-WAN.

(By Seumas MacManus.)

It's a stormy night, me pipe's aight, and I sit me by the fire, There's devil a soul to disturb me but the cat with kittens by her, I'll hitch me chair—a good oak log—right up ag'in the brace, And cross me legs in comfort—so—an' smoke me pipe in peace. I'd like to have a shanach' now, with Rory or with Dan, Or any of the boys I knew when I was twenty-wan.

But no, for Rory's gone long since, an' Dan is gone likewise, An' many another—like that puff, they started for the skies! Ye're most an' old man now yourself—come Lammass, seventy-seven, An' the worl' is rowlin' ye quickly to the golden gates of Heaven. Faix, Mick, me boy, it's queer to think what droll things filled your span— There's changes, troth, an' strange ones too, since you were twenty-wan!

Ye mind the day that Una tripped with you unto the Althar, An' Father Pether laid on your 'the matrimonial halther? Ye mind her sweet wee face, agra, dark hair, an' sioe-black eyes, That murdered many a stout lad's heart ere you bore off the prize? Ye carried a head as high them times as any in the lan'. For, throgs, ye were consaited, lad, when you were twenty-wan.

An' maybe with some reason, too for ye were strong an' hale, An' tall an' straight as a poplar, with a heart that couldn't quail; Ye were first at heavin' the shoulder-stone, an' first at caman play; An' you faatures was well-favored, to the naybors used to say, But howsomiver that may be, as laist it's thrue, me man, The girls admired Mick Moran when he was twenty-wan.

An' och! how Irish girls have changed in years that have gone since then, They aren't, sure, the same at all, what has taken place here in Rome this morning, the 8th of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the handsome chapel of the Collegio Pio-Latino Americano. After having gone through the holy spiritual exercises in this venerable college, I have had the supreme grace to solemnly abjure on this day at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Adami, Delegate to His Holiness Leo XIII., the Old Catholic sect to which since the year 1881 I have had the misfortune to belong. The happiness I experience at this moment, in which I find myself again as a prodigal son in the true Church of Jesus Christ, would not be complete if I did not inform Your Eminence of what has occurred, and through you all the English Catholics whom I have so much scandalized by my unhappy apostasy. Whilst I discharge this agreeable duty I cannot find words strong enough to condemn my past conduct and to express the depth of my sorrow for having given pain to all the faithful in England, and especially to Your Eminence and your worthy predecessor, Cardinal Manning, when by my presence in London I, as it were, triumphed in my infamy, otherwise my apostasy. God be thanked that by a special act of His mercy He has touched my heart and led me back to the Church which I should not have abandoned. May He grant me grace to lead back by my example those souls who through my unhappy work have been induced to wander from the right path, a fact which now causes me inconsolable remorse. I am certain that Your Eminence, following the example of our merciful Lord, will pardon me the serious annoyance I formerly gave you, and I hope that this my sincere return to the one true Church of the Saviour may move those distinguished Anglicans whom I have known to embrace the truth, and that my sad conduct may not confirm them in the error in which they were born and which but for me they would perhaps have abandoned owing to their virtuous lives, as did Newman, Faber, Manning and others not a few. I shall be immensely grateful to Your Eminence if you make public this expression of my most sincere feeling. Thus in my great sorrow for the erroneous course I have pursued I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all in my power to make reparation where great scandal was formerly given through my blindness. With a heart overflowing with joy at finding myself reconciled with God and His Church, I pay my homage to Your Eminence's dignity and with profound reverence have the honor to remain Your Eminence's devoted servant in Christ,

No: Una looked far prettier in striped petticoats, I vow, She cut no heathen fringes to hide her sweet, white brow, The tightest stays she ever wore was my arm aroun' her waist, An' when my lips met hers, avis, it wasn't aint I'd taste; She wore a nate white bonneteen, but no hat like a pan, An' sorra take the bustle, when I was twenty-wan.

They're talkin' still of Irelan', her bitter wrongs an' woes; An' for redress they're callin'—pray-in' to her foes; It seems to me—though I am old, an' maybe in the wrong— The rem'dy long ago we used was readier, an' more strong— In my young days, each took a pike an' rose up till a man; "Wrong, wrong!" ye say—well, blood was hot when I was twenty-wan.

The worl' has grown so mortal wise! an' wisdom's still the rage! Trath, Mick agra, I sorely doubt ye're far behin' your age; Your musty old worl' notions, sure, iv' what is wrong an' right The lad's that's stammed with larnin' now, would just call blather-skite; But still, I say, if larnin' goes with cunning, h'an' in h'an', Give me the honest ignorance I foun' at twenty-wan!

Well, God be thank! ye had cares an' troubles in yer day, But bore them, knowin' thoroughly 'the Man Above's good pay; An' ye weren't, throgs, mistaken— for now ye're old an' ripe, An' your days glide like the smoke-wreaths there, that's curlin' from your pipe; An' like that pipe you'll soon go out —to ashes turn, me man, Just as ye've seen your comrades go since glorious Twenty-wan!

THE DRY PROFESSOR.

Under circumstances which The Liverpool Post reports, Professor Blank, who was born dry, and is prone to thrust his dryness upon others, recently achieved additional dryness for himself.

He was among a large party shooting on the moors of Scotland. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on. No shelter was at hand, and the sportsmen were drenched. All, at least, but Professor Blank. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and rejoined the party when the sun was shining again. To their amazement, the erudite one was as dry as one of his own books.

"How did you manage to escape a wetting?" growled one of the dripping sportsmen. "As soon as the rain came on I went by off by myself," returned Professor Blank, blandly, "slipped off all my clothes, and sat down on them till the shower was over."

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.

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

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.

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

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

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

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901.

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

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

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

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.

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

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

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

Toronto, April 10, 1902.

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

13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

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

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith.

Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

Fate and Marriage

By Clara Mulholland

CHAPTER XXVII.

Just before Sir Peter arrived Lady Linton was looking anything but her best. There was a frown upon her brow, an angry light in her blue eyes, that sadly spoiled her beauty.

"Every day he becomes more unbearable," she muttered, clenching her fists tightly. "He may bet and play cards and lose money as he pleases, but if I have a bill a little larger than he thinks fit, he grows stungy and mean to an alarming extent, and there is a row. My drawer is now full of unpaid bills, and the creditors are pressing. He laughed scornfully and flatly refused to pay them, when I ventured to tell him of one or two to-day. So anything may happen unless, my only hope is in Sir Peter Goldsmid. He is rich and generous, and has something to gain by keeping me as a friend."

"My dear Sir Peter," she cried, holding out both hands at once and gliding forward softly to meet him, "how quite too charming! I was afraid, really quite afraid, to dare to send you such a short invitation. But, knowing what a true friend you are—"

"You felt sure I would come, delighted, if only fortunate enough to be free. The fates favored me, and so here I am. You got my telegram, dear Lady Linton, of course?"

"To my joy, yes—whilst dressing a few moments ago."

"His eyes rested for a moment upon the elegant satin gown and rich lace, upon the diamonds on her neck and in her hair.

"A most successful toilette. Your ladyship understands the art of dressing better than any lady I know. You are looking charming to-night."

"But as he made this speech with a view to putting his hostess in good humor, he remembered Margaret's simple costume, and smiled. She required but little adornment. She 'walked in beauty,' but the beauty was all her own, and required neither satin nor lace to set it off."

"Base flatterer!" Lady Linton cried, with an arch glance, far from guessing where his thoughts had led him.

"Not at all. I speak quite truly. The gown is in exquisite taste."

"She sighed, and caressed the lace upon the bodice with loving fingers. "If it had not to be paid for, yes. But the day of reckoning always comes, Sir Peter."

"He bent towards her. "And it has come to you, Lady Linton, in a not too pleasant way, I suppose?"

"Yes, truly, it has. But how did you know?"

"He laughed, and as she raised her head their eyes met. "I only guessed, but my surmises were correct. You are at this moment a little hard pressed?"

You are so generous; you would let her spend as she pleased. But you have never, wise man that you are, been tempted to such a folly as matrimony. Now, have you?"

Sir Peter grew grave, and went back to his seat by her side. "I have been—am—tempted, Lady Linton. I am madly in love."

She looked at him in speechless amazement. "Really? Well, of course, it's not so surprising, after all."

"I hope not—I trust not. I am not old, Lady Linton. I am rich, and I love sweet Margaret with my whole soul."

"Margaret? Margaret Fane? My step-daughter?"

"Your step-daughter. Yes. Now, you want my help. You shall have it—his face grew scarlet, "you will help me there."

"Well, really, and," with a little laugh, "you will ask for interest also, Sir Peter?"

"Not also. That—your good-will and help with Margaret is the interest I require."

She looked at him. "And what if my help prove useless? What if you should fail?"

He caught her hand. "I will not blame you, and will ask no further interest—that is, if I feel sure that you have done your best for me."

"Oh," laughing lightly, well pleased at his easy conditions, "you may be sure I'll do my best. And now, how shall I begin? Shall I get Margaret up to town again?"

"No. Leave her where she is. I saw her to-day. She is happy at Riversdale."

"You saw her to-day? Then you saw my poor Hugo, I suppose?"

"Certainly. He too is happy at Riversdale."

"But frail and feeble as ever?"

"I fear so. And greatly enamored of a young gentleman—a namesake of Lord Linton's, one John Fane, whom Mrs. Danvers has foolishly engaged as steward, and seems inclined to treat as a friend."

"Oh!" Lady Linton glanced at him quickly. "And does Margaret favor him too?"

"I scarcely know. But he is a promising young fellow, and fit for something better than acting as steward. I am taking him into my office. I am going to make his fortune."

"How kind of you! So he is to come to town, and Margaret is to stay in the country?"

"That is my idea."

"It would be wiser to ship the young gentleman to the Colonies."

"The days of the pressgang are over, Lady Linton. To ship John Fane to the Colonies would be impossible. At least, I could not do it."

"John Fane? Does he claim any relationship with my husband's family?"

Sir Peter turned aside, that she might not see the strange smile that flitted across his face.

"It would be folly for him to do that, I fancy," he answered, evasively. "Lord Linton has no relatives, I understand. His family, they do say, is almost extinct."

"Almost, I believe. Failing Hugo—and his life is a poor one," with a little sigh—"Margaret and Doris will inherit everything. The title will then die with my husband."

"Exactly. So I thought. But is Lord Linton quite sure that his cousin, the late Lord Archibald Fane, who was killed in a railway accident, you remember, left no heirs?"

"Quite. He could not have done so." She walked across the room and turned up the electric light in the centre of the ceiling.

"Poor Archibald was separated from his wife, Madeline Delorme, for years, and came home to find her dead. They never had any children."

had thought, in Italy, but in London, years later, the day before Archibald came home."

"But he did not see the woman either before or after death."

"No," doggedly. "But everything pointed to the fact that she was Archibald's wife."

"Certainly, the facts pointed that way, and were accepted without dispute at the time. The papers told the thrilling tale, and no one stepped forward to say it was not true."

"Because there was no one to do so." Lady Linton's hands trembled a little as she took up a small vase of roses from a table, and placed it upon a high-standing cabinet. "And I cannot think why you are so anxious to raise the question now," with a reproachful glance, "when you love Margaret, and are so desirous of marrying her."

Sir Peter smiled, and went over to her side. "My dear Lady Linton, I merely put the case—imagined what might possibly be true—asked, for the sake of information, whether your husband had any doubts as to the identity of Madeline Delorme."

"Had he entertained such doubts, is it likely that he would confide them to me?"

Sir Peter looked at her closely. "I suppose not. And yet—However, don't trouble about the matter. I am not, you may be sure, anxious to injure Margaret in any way. And if, he laid great stress on the word, "you help me, and all goes well, I shall never raise the question."

"And if you don't succeed?"

"Bah! We'll not think of anything so miserable—I've sworn to win Margaret, and I will. You must urge Lord Linton to favor me—before everyone."

She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, then laughed. "I'll tell him—and shall I mention why it is advisable he should do so?"

"I trust you will. He will then understand everything."

"He won't like it. And he is anxious that Margaret should marry Lord Kelmford."

Sir Peter grew suddenly scarlet. "So he has told me. But he may change his mind. Some one is coming upstairs, Lady Linton, so there is no time for more: I'll expect your little note to-morrow, and you shall not be kept waiting, I promise you."

"Thank you; you are more than kind."

The door opened, and Sir Peter turned away.

"By Jove," he muttered, "I'd give all I've got if I but met the man who could tell me anything definite about this Madeline Delorme."

"Mr. Gerald Fairfax," announced the butler. And forgetting for the moment the subject he had been discussing with Lady Linton, Sir Peter started round, full of interest, to see what manner of man the young artist was.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sir Peter Goldsmid lost no time in putting into execution his plan of luring John Fane away from Riversdale, and a carefully worded letter indicating that he had been thinking there might be something after all in John's claim and offering him a post in his office as an article clerk, was the first step towards putting it in operation.

This letter came upon John as a great surprise. He could not imagine what had prompted the solicitor to write it, and carried it, in considerable perplexity, to his mother.

"Nothing but pure kindness could have put such an idea into his head," Isabel cried delightedly. "And my dear John, it's the very thing for you. In a good profession you will do well, and it is an immense relief to me to get you away from Riversdale. It is absurd to think of you as a steward on any estate!"

"It's the very opening I have longed for. And, as you know, I have been feeling for some time that I could not—dare not," he said under his breath, "continue my work at Riversdale. But I never for an instant imagined that the person to help me out of my difficulties would be Sir Peter Goldsmid. It is amazing."

"And you'll tell Mrs. Danvers of your decision soon?" said Isabel, after he had exhausted all the possibilities in the way of speculating in John's behalf.

"This very day. I know a man willing and able to take my place at once. So my departure will not inconvenience her."

"That is fortunate. We'll miss you terribly, John. For of course you will have to go to London."

"Oh! of course, that is inevitable. But I'll come home often, mother mine. So no fretting, remember."

And kissing her again, he went away.

It was a lovely morning. The sky was clear and serenely blue; the air full of the perfume of new mown hay. The view from the top of the hill was a favorite one of John's, and turning as he went on his way to Grove Ferry, he stood for a moment gazing in delight, and as the young man looked upon it his eyes grew suddenly dim.

"I'll miss it all," he sighed, passing his hand across his brow. "The dullness and gloom, the noise and bustle of town; the hurry and rush of London are not in my line. To leave this and those I love will be hard. But my whole future depends upon it. It must be done. I wonder upon what care? Hugo will lament openly—but Margaret? Will she miss—Oh! what

a fool I am! Why should she? Her aunt's steward! The ideal Hugo on, John Fane, and when you have proved yourself to be your father's rightful heir, when all the world recognize you as Lord Linton, begin to think of Margaret Fane. Had it as it will be to hurt her, as it must do if I get possession of the title and position now held by her father, I cannot draw back. I must act in justice to my mother, my sister, myself, and, above all, to my dear father. I were a traitor to his name did I not do so—even though it should cost me very dear. Now that things look promising, that Sir Peter Goldsmid seems willing to help in this difficult task, which has been the ambition of my life, I could not give up. But would that what I wish to do could be done without being an instant's sorrow upon Margaret."

Under the shadow of a big hay stack Hugo lay upon his couch, which was strewn with pictures and photographs a pair of scissors and a paintbox. His little face was white and wan; there were dark circles under his eyes, and the corners of his mouth drooped with a sad expression of weariness and discontent as he tossed the papers to and fro with his trembling hands.

"I don't want an artist fellow coming down here to spy about and make remarks," he grumbled, after a few moments' silence; "and I don't want to be painted. What do you think, Meg? Isn't it a bore?"

Margaret, who was sitting on the grass, her back against the couch busily sewing at a child's frock of dainty lace and muslin, looked round at the boy with a smile.

"I'm afraid to say I do, dear, lest I should add to your discontent. But we must try and make the best of it, and be as patient as we can. He won't stay long."

"That's all very fine. You are something to look at, Meg, and if he were coming to paint you it would be all right. But poor me, with my crooked back. It's absurd. Who on earth wants to have a picture of me?"

"Everyone who knows and loves you, Hugo," she said gently; "but your father most of all. He loves you dearly—more than any of us. So for his sake you must let Mr. Fairfax paint you."

"I suppose so. I'd like to please father if I could. But we were so happy, Meg. I never want anyone—not even father—except you and John. He is a dear. Now, isn't he?"

Margaret's reel of cotton had rolled away amongst the hay, and she bent down suddenly to look for it.

"He's very nice, and very good to you, dear," she replied, after a considerable pause, her eyes searching the tumbled hay for the missing reel; "very nice, indeed."

"I should just say he was, and much more than nice. We'd miss him terribly, Meg, if he went away."

Margaret forgot the object she was looking for, and started round with a quick flush.

"Went away? My dear Hugo, what nonsense. He's not going away." Then she laughed, and, picking up her work again, she said quietly: "Who put that into your head, I'd like to know?"

"Aunt Miriam. I heard her praising John yesterday to a lady who was visiting her, and she said: 'I cannot expect to keep Mr. Fane long as steward. He is really fit for better things.'"

"That's true," Margaret murmured low; "I often thought it."

"That's what the lady said; and then she asked if John was a relation."

"Oh, people often ask that when they hear his name is Fane."

"Well, she declared her reason for saying so was his likeness to my father."

Margaret laughed gaily. "She was dreaming. Why, John is dark and—"

"It was expression and a kind of family look. But Aunt Miriam said she couldn't see it, and that he was no relation."

"Of course not. Those Fanes come from New Zealand. Their father was a farmer there. They belong to quite a different family."

"Yes, but John's a gentleman, Meg. Now, isn't he?"

"Yes, to be sure he is."

"It's odd that one gentleman should only be a steward," the child said dreamily, "and another a lord."

Margaret turned suddenly and kissed him. "Don't be perplexed and bother your little head trying to fit in puzzles of that kind," she said, laughing. "There are stranger things than that in life, Hugo."

"There are, I suppose. But, Meg, if John goes away I shall go too. I don't think I could bear Riversdale without him."

"Foolish little boy. Now, that's going too far. But don't worry. He's not going. Have you looked at his photographs yet?"

"Yes; they are very interesting. And some of the groups done when John was a child are puzzling. There's a man—a tall man constantly in them who is like, very like, my father—though handsomer and finer looking. I'll show you one or two and see what you think about it."

And he began to turn over the leaves of one of John's big albums.

"Don't mind now, dear," Margaret cried quickly, as a large black dog bounded suddenly up to the couch.

After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily soars and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

ger to her lip. "Hush, dear; it's foolish to cry for the moon, remember." Hugo fixed his great dark circled eyes upon her face. "Moon? I don't understand. John's not a moon."

Margaret laughed merrily, and began to fold up her work. You are too literal, dear. But here comes Mr. Fane. I wonder what he will think about the portrait. I'm sure he'll be pleased."

Hugo pouted and, as John came across the field, he muttered in a sulky voice. "If he is I'll be surprised, and—very angry."

"I wonder if he knows Mr. Fairfax?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't know anyone so stupid. John, John, I am so glad to see you," half-rising in his eagerness to greet his friend. "Do you know an artist fellow called Fairfax?"

John shook hands with Margaret, then turned away quickly to the impatient boy. His eyes were heavy and his face pale. The news he had to communicate was painful. The child's affectionate greeting and the girl's look of pleasure as she bade him "good morning" made it more difficult, more trying even than it had seemed on the way from Sturry.

(To be Continued.)

OUT OF DEBT.

It helps Betty, You might try it some time, unless, of course, you don't need any help—perhaps you like to wipe dishes! Betty—dear me, how Betty doesn't like to! Although now it isn't nearly as bad, since she made a play of it. It's almost fun now.

When you are ten years old, you can make a play out of almost anything. That is the advantage of being ten years old. You will be surprised how much it helps—ask Betty.

"Come, girls—dishes!" mamma calls, after tea. In the mornings and at noons there are lessons, and mamma washes them herself.

"Dishes! Dishes! Call for Volunteers!" and two volunteers appear. Glory is the older, and washes; Betty wipes. She waits until the drainer is full of glasses and spoons. Then she begins.

"Oh, dear!" she says, "how many debts I owe! I must begin right off and pay 'em up. It will never do to let this go on any longer! There, there's one debt paid a ready. I begin to feel a little relieved. And that's one's paid, and that one, and that one! I'll work very hard, and p'raps some day," sighing, "I'll be out of debt!"

She wipes away busily, a little scowl between her eyes. The tumbler debts, are all paid. The plate and saucer ones come next, and she settles them.

"Why, I'm getting along beautifully!" she murmurs, presently, and the scowl is certainly smoothing out. There is a breathless last minute or two, and then a shout of triumph—"Done!"

The towel waves, Betty dances on her toes, the Gray Princess wakes up and purrs her congratulations. Great times!

"Oh," breathes Betty, "it feel so good to be out of debt!"—Annie H. Donnell.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING

A Story from the Rainy River District.

Mr. Dixon's Sufferings Ended by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Barwick, P. O., Rainy River, Jan. 12.—(Special).—The hardships endured by the settlers of a new country so often bring on Rheumatism that any well authenticated cure is eagerly discussed and carefully investigated in this neighborhood. For this reason the recent cure of William John Dixon has created a sensation. He was a familiar figure limping around with his stick, and his cure was so speedy and complete that it is little wonder people are looking on Dodd's Kidney Pills as something to swear by.

"I had an attack of Typhoid Fever," Mr. Dixon says in telling the story, "and after I got over it and started to work Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use a stick to walk and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four months I could not lace my right shoe or put my right shoe or put my right leg on my right knee."

"A brother of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work and lace up my shoes."

"Six boxes cured me completely."

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED 1851 FIRE and MARINE

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets: Home Saving, 411, 430, 000 Annual Income, 3,380,000 Losses paid since organization, 23,000,000

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THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO Incorporated 1889.

Our Annual Report for 1901 shows as result of the year's operations the following: Substantial increases in the important items shown below:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Gross Assets: \$769,918 75. An increase of \$24,173 43. Interest Income: \$24,173 43. Net Assets: \$769,918 75. Reserve: \$396,928 53. Insurance in force: \$4,439,756 50.

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Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

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Established 1882 TORONTO. WINNIPEG. Paid up Capital - \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund - \$270,000.

Executes Trusts of every description. Acts as Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Guardian, Assignee &c. Issues of Bonds, Debentures and Stocks registered and counter-signed.

Trust funds to loan on Mortgages at lowest current rates of interest.

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Corporation's Manual mailed to any address on application.

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Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soap suds is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and eczema are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap.

C. M. B. A.

Branch 49 Holds a Successful Reunion—Election of Officers.

On the evening of January 7 Branch 49 C. M. B. A. held a most successful and pleasant reunion in Cameron Hall. Covers were laid for over one hundred guests and the table was tastefully decorated. The severe weather did not interfere with the attendance to any appreciable extent, and great satisfaction was felt in the presence of Grand Trustee, Rev. Father J. E. Cronin, who came down from Dunville specially for the occasion.

Grand Deputy E. J. Hearn occupied the chair, having on his right Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G. Other officers present were Grand Deputy M. J. Quinn and Bro. Daly of the Entertainment Committee.

The first part of the evening was that of the Pope, which was responded to by Vicar-General McCann in an eloquent appreciation of the grand life work of Leo XIII.

"The King" was honored by the singing of the National Anthem.

Grand Deputy Quinn replied to the toast of "Our Guest." He complimented Branch 49 upon the attention which its members bestowed upon the social side of the organization, and hoped that the Branch would continue to show an example of the benefit of such gatherings to sister branches.

The speech of the evening, and perhaps the finest address ever listened to in Toronto by members of the C. M. B. A., was delivered by Grand Trustee Rev. J. E. Cronin in response to the toast of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. Though a practical statement of the benefits and advantages of membership in the Association the remarks of the Grand Trustee laid particular stress upon the religious and brotherly aid in sickness, anxiety and need which members of the C. M. B. A. render each other. Figures were given of the total membership, insurance in force, and insurance paid. The speech called forth repeatedly the warmest applause.

The "Press" was replied to by Bro. P. F. Cronin and Mr. D. A. Carey, and Dr. T. F. McMahon, in a witty and happy speech, responded for "The Ladies."

The musical portion of the programme was contributed by Messrs. James McLaughlin, William Kennedy, Frank Fulton (pianist) and Maurice Walsh.

Impromptu toasts called to their feet the members of the Entertainment Committee, Bros. Clancy, Irvine, Grant, McLaughlin and Daly, also Bros. P. J. Mulqueen and Landy. Short and well-worded speeches were delivered by all. The Entertainment Committee had every reason to feel gratified by the success of their efforts in connection with the reunion, which proved the progressive and animated spirit animating Branch 49.

When the meeting came to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" it was voted by all present one of the most pleasant evenings spent under the auspices of Branch 49. Apart from the good fellowship inspired, the meeting must have tended to an increase in the membership roll.

At the regular meeting of the members of this Branch, held at their hall, corner of Queen and Cameron streets, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., the officers elected for this year were installed by District Deputy M. J. Quinn, as follows: John Tully, President; W. J. Irvine, First Vice-President; T. W. Hahndorf, Second Vice-President; J. J. Landy, Recording Secretary; J. J. Rogers, Assistant Recording Secretary; Hugh McCaffrey, Financial Secretary; T. J. O'Connell, Treasurer; W. J. Woods, Marshall, and T. J. Ryan, Guard.

Each of the officers on taking his seat returned thanks for the honor conferred by election, pointing out that the branch had never experienced a more prosperous year than the one just closed, over \$2,000 being promptly sent away for assessments, or greater harmony and good feeling than subsisted between the members, and predicted a large accession of new members to the roll now numbering about 100 members.

St. Helen's Branch No. 111, of the Catholic Benefit Association held its inaugural meeting on Thursday evening in Mallon's Hall, when the following newly-elected officers were installed by the Grand Deputy, Bro. M. Quinn:

President, J. W. Mallon (acclamation); second vice-president, D. Redden; R. S. J. B. Phelan; F. S. V. P. Fayle; A. R. S. W. J. Markie; treasurer, P. Temple; M. W. L. Peeg; G. Thos. McQuillan.

Resolutions of sympathy with the retiring President, Bro. D. Powers, at the recent death of his two children were passed.

It was decided to entertain the members and their friends early in February.

GOVERNMENT BY FORCE

(Continued from page 5.)

tence of hard labor shall disqualify for five years for all municipal offices, these magistrates are using this other engine by giving hard labor sentences to some of the most respected leaders of municipal life in Ireland, and so turning them and keeping them for five years out of office.

I wish I had time to give you some examples of the administration of law and order in Ireland of late date. They would make you laugh; they might sometimes even make you weep.

But I must press on to a close.

All these things are going on to-day. Many of the most trusted men in Ireland are suffering these penalties. Tremendous issues—national, political and social—are being tried. A supreme struggle is being made by a subjugated people, who, while absolutely refraining from those crimes of violence and outrage, which have marked some former agitations, are yet endeavoring, by combined and concerted action, to make manifest and effective the popular decision and to convince the English people of the need of concession.

Now, much can be done in this direction without transcending the real limits of the laws and their interpretations, new and old—sometimes perplexing and obscure—which are invoked, if there were only a just and equitable application of those laws to present conditions. Those limits are in some cases vague and indistinct. They may well be—sometimes unintentionally and sometimes intentionally—overpassed in the struggle for the people's life which is now going on in Ireland.

It may not be the case that everything which has been done in every instance in the course of that struggle is justifiable under the imperfect and antiquated man-made English laws, or even accords with every notion of abstract justice or of the higher law. The question is how and in what spirit the matter shall be determined. It is not for you or me to judge of particular cases to-night. It is not for a resident magistrate, such as I have described, to be judge and jury on them.

If an indictment is to be brought practically against a whole people, by hundreds of prosecutions all over the land, then the gravity and exceptional character of the situation calls for not less, but for added solemnity and safeguards in the attempt. But it is admitted that even with the ordinary safeguards the attempt would fail; and this, as I have told you, is the deliberate excuse for breaking down the safeguards and applying the Crimes Act!

This is no just excuse! Dealing with the Irish people, whom they thus keep in unwilling subjection, the English ought not to be too nice in laying down the limits of political agitation, or in condemning great assemblies, vigorous speeches, strong resolutions, newspaper reports, and articles, determinations on the part of those who suffer to have no dealings with those by whom, or by the aid of whom, they are suffering. These sticklers for "law and order" should remember that there was law-breaking agitation, there were threats and violence, in England, before the English attained that general representation of the people in Parliament which gave them real self-government.

The English ought, at any rate, to leave us the protection of the English law, such as it is. The truth is, that such conditions as exist in Ireland are symptoms of some grave wrong in the body politic, to be cured, not simply by a stern use of repression and punishment under ordinary law, still less by such exceptional means as I have described, but rather by the passage of reforming laws remedying the grievances which give rise to the symptoms.

The sad truth is that these things spring directly from the determination of England to govern Ireland by force.

Meantime, under such conditions as exist, conflicts will ensue and suffering will be inflicted. But if the abuse of power in repression, while it is not used for redress, is met by firmness and resolution at home, and by support, sympathy and encouragement abroad, the end is certain.

Sooner or later this attempt of one people to govern against their will another people, determined to be free, must fail. The remedy for England's difficulty is simple and sure, and complete. It is also the only remedy. It is to concede to the Irish the management of Irish affairs.

On that basis, as, sixteen years ago, Gladstone and Parnell agreed, a treaty can be made under which, justice once done and freedom granted, discontent and disaffection may at no distant day be replaced by concord and mutual respect.

God speed that day!

FINANCES IN BETTER SHAPE.

The trustees of the Separate School Board for 1902 held their final meeting in the De La Salle Institute Monday night and cleared off the order paper. The chief business of the evening was the presentation of the financial statement of the year, the adoption of which was moved by D. A. Carey, chairman of the Finance Committee, and seconded by Chancellor Rev. F. F. Rohleder. In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman of finance pointed out that with the close of the year 1902 the finances of the Separate Schools were in a better shape than on previous occasions.

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL Awarded LABATT'S PALE AND PORTER Existing all Competitors

In the past overdrafts were always found in the annual report, while this year they were entirely absent and a small surplus remained in the bank. The receipts for the year from all sources amounted to \$84,915.61, and the expenditure \$82,915.61.

Rev. Father J. L. Hand, chairman of the management and supplies, moved that the thanks of the Board be tendered the officers of the Board for their services during the year. This was seconded by Mr. M. Walsh, chairman of the Sites and Buildings Committee, and carried unanimously.

Chairman Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., in response, expressed his thanks for the uniform kindness of the members, which made the position a pleasure. It was a pleasing fact to know that the schools had attained such a high state of efficiency, and he hoped that such would continue. Rev. Father Rohleder, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. J. G. Hall, assistant secretary, also expressed their pleasure for the confidence expressed. The latter official gave a history of the finances of the Board since 1877, in which year the taxes only amounted to \$6,500, until now they amounted to nearly \$85,000. The inaugural meeting for 1903 will be held Tuesday evening next.

The members present were Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. Father Rohleder, Rev. Father Hand, Rev. James Walsh, Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. Father La Marche, Messrs. M. Webb and D. A. Carey.

ST. BASIL'S DEFEAT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The 6th debate of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union took place early Thursday evening, Jan. 8th, at St. Joseph's Club Rooms, Queen street east. In opening the debate, the president, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, told the audience that one of the debaters for St. Basil's (L. Monahan) gave word on that day that he could not attend and Mr. O'Sullivan, who is a member of St. Basil's, called upon Mr. J. W. Griffin of the Executive Committee, to take the chair, and he himself spoke for that society. The subject was: "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." Mr. J. H. O'Connell and Mr. J. Doyle, of St. Joseph's Club, very ably upheld the affirmative, while Mr. M. G. Kernahan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, for St. Basil's, successfully contested them on the negative. In the interim, while the judges were forming the decision, Mr. Hugh Kelly made a few appropriate remarks. In giving the decision, Mr. E. J. Hearn spoke at some length in complimenting the various speakers on their able presentation of the arguments and also of the advantages of the Debating Union. He explained how the judges based their decision in a most satisfactory manner to all present. Mr. D. A. Carey, another of the judges, also spoke in a similar strain. After a hearty vote of thanks, moved by Mr. J. H. O'Connell, and seconded by Mr. O'Sullivan, the meeting adjourned.

The next debate will be the first one of the second series, and will take place on Friday, Jan. 16th, at the Student's Club rooms, between the Students and St. Clement's. The standing of the Union is as follows:

Table with columns: Won, Lost. Rows: St. Basil's (2-1), St. Joseph's (1-1), St. Mary's (1-1), St. Clement's (1-1), Student's (1-2).

OBITUARY

On Monday, Dec. 15, the home of Mr. Chas. O'Hara, Peabody, was overshadowed by a cloud of sorrow, when the merciless hand of death removed therefrom his beloved wife Mary. She always enjoyed good health until a week previous to her death. She contracted a cold which eventually settled on her lungs. Her sad demise was not therefore wholly unexpected by her friends and relations, who so sorrowfully watched her succumbing to that dread disease pneumonia, while Death, the stern destroyer over who no earthly power can exercise control, whose ravaging course is impeded by no barrier, however mighty, who knocks impartially at cottage and castle gates, claimed her as his own.

With true Christian resignation she bowed to God's Holy Will. She received the final consolation of religion with edifying fervor, before she lapsed into a weak condition and then calmly awaited the end, which came in its most peaceful form. Her many friends paid her their kindest attention throughout her illness.

Deceased was much esteemed by all who knew her, being possessed of a very amiable and loving disposition. The funeral took place on Wednesday,

17th Dec., at 9 a.m., to St. Paul's Church, Darnoch, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Buckley, after which he rendered a touching discourse, suitable for the occasion. A large concourse of friends followed the funeral cortege, where, amid subdued tears and aching hearts, the body was laid to rest to await the solemn call that shall when time shall be no more, summon it to arise and share with the immortal soul that has gone forth to its eternal reward, and the heartbroken husband, parents, brother and sisters and mourning friends bade a final adieu to one they loved and revered on earth.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on her soul, and may the light of the Holy Ghost lead her to that abode where sorrow and trials are unknown.

Toll sadly ye bells of our dear church,

The soul of our loved one has flown. Toll sadly, and echo the sorrow Of hearts that are weary and lone; For Death's darksome shadow is o'er us And shroudeth us all in its gloom, And the form of our dear loving Mary Is robed for the cold silent tomb.

We gaze on the sweet, pallid features, Now stamped with stern Death's icy seal, And God alone knoweth the sorrow, The anguish her lonely ones feel; But the smile that was light in our darkness Is still on the pale lovely face, Which ever in life seemed to mirror Her soul's spotless beauty and grace.

Oh, calm be thy rest, dearest Mary,

For well was thy life's labor done, And closely thou followedst thy Jesus Till Zion's bright glory was won. The works of thy zeal shine resplendent, More bright than the world's proudest fame, And high in the arches of Heaven Have angels recorded thy name.

And mid the hot tears that are falling As sadly we breathe our "Farewell!" We raise our dim eyes to the glory Which human tongue never can tell; And angels seem whispering softly When earth's weary exile is o'er, In Heavenly joys never ending You'll meet your loved Mary once more.

In the early morn the lights blazed forth in our little church and everything whispered "Happy Christmas." But for all this we knew full well that ere the day was spent, many many eyes would be dimmed with tears at sight of the vacant chair of some departed loved one.

Little did we think, however, that one we knew so well was calmly and

Tickling in the Throat

Throat irritation, hoarseness and sore throat as well as the most severe chest colds are promptly relieved and Cured by

DR. CHASE'S Syrup of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

"Tickling in the throat" may not of itself seem serious, but this is the critical point at which a cold in the head works its way into the bronchial tubes and develops into bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption. This is the point where a few doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will prove sufficient to bring about a thorough and prompt cure. While this great medicine is undoubtedly the most effective treatment for severe chest colds, bronchitis and even asthma, wisdom suggests the use of it when the trouble is just beginning.

Singers and speakers commend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, because they can rely on it absolutely to relieve and cure the hoarseness and throat irritation, which proves so embarrassing to persons appearing on the public platform.

On account of imitations and substitutions, it is necessary for you to insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy. No imitations are as good, or why should they not be sold on their own merits? 25 cents a box, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The sales have now reached the enormous output of upwards of eleven million packets per annum.

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Caylon Tea—Black or Natural Green. SEALED PACKETS ONLY 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. Per Pound. Never Sold in Bulk.

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SINGLE MAN WANTED to act as Sexton for church. Send references. Apply to Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, V.G., St. Thomas, Ont.

WANTED—Teacher for Weston Separate School, state salary and experience. Address Secretary, Separate School Board, Weston Ont.

body now rests, awaiting a glorious resurrection. To those who are left to mourn her, we, the members of the Sodality, extend our deepest sympathy, and we further pray that the dear departed one has only preceded us to that blissful abode where there is neither pain nor sorrow, but eternal peace. Resuscitate in pace.

Her funeral took place at the residence of her father, Mr. Chas. Cundance, 181 Lippincott street, was a great shock to her many friends; for though she had been ailing for some time, her illness did not assume a serious nature until a few days before her death. Her last moments on earth were spent in prayer, and even in the intensity of her suffering, she murmured not. Ever the good Christian daughter and a faithful member of Holy Church, she was the trusted friend of all who had the happy privilege of knowing her, for to know her was to love her. As she lived, so she died, fortified by all the rights of Holy Church, and fully resigned to God's Holy Will.

Her funeral took place on Saturday morning, December 27th, 1902, to St. Peter's Church, where Mass was offered for the repose of her soul by Rev. L. Minehan. After the Mass the funeral cortege wended its way to St. Michael's Cemetery, where her

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely:

(1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or—

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy-Minister of the Interior

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

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