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VOL. X. No. 11

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Late Father Ryan

Let us not dwell upon the painful suddenness with which Father Frank Ryan has been taken from our midst. Death, as all his friends were well aware, found him not only prepared, but brought to him release from prolonged physical suffering. During the last year he lived in the knowledge which the sick in body entertain without alarm. Father Ryan was prevailed upon by his friends to try "the sea air of the South, and he returned a couple of months ago without having experienced more than the temporary benefit of rest from hard work. But he was a man of action at all times, and was out on Monday, though the next day brought the collapse.

We shall not attempt to speak of him in terms of eulogy. He found in Toronto a field congenial to his activities. In the public eye he was the ideal citizen, the respected clergyman, the influential personality, because all good and benevolent movements gained by his association with them. As the Catholic priest he was, and deserved to be, beloved.

In the ranks of the priesthood natural disposition can no more be concealed than among the laity. Father Ryan was the very soul of generous sympathy. Hundreds of times was his voice heard in the pulpit of St. Michael's; but never once, we believe, in the stern tones of the priest who sometimes feels that the sins of the world are past human pity. He resembled those result missionaries of old who preached with uplifted crucifix. He drew men's hearts to him by pointing to the Saviour, who died for sinners, and with His last breath forgave them. The gospel of Divine Love breathed in every spoken word; and his daily life was of good will to all men. His heart was open to every appeal of want and suffering, and his slender means were never withheld from those who claimed them.

Father Ryan's learning distinguished him socially, but without effort or desire on his part. His simple, gentle nature repelled the parade of scholarship whenever and wherever he lectured, his discourses were conversational and extempore. His training and life, as student and professor, gave him all the characteristics of the educated man, and the familiar style of speech which is the most graceful feature of cultivated scholars, belonged to him in a rare degree, because he had no need to assume it.

In the more forceful attitude of a platform orator Father Ryan was often seen. His deep attachment to the national cause of his race brought him before public meetings on some notable occasions. The Irish Race Convention, held in Leinster Hall, Dublin, in 1896, heard him immediately after the eloquent Chairman, Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, had resumed his seat. The Bishop has the voice, presence and range of language that stamp the born leader of men.



THE LATE FATHER RYAN.

He had thrilled the audience and raised enthusiasm to a high pitch. It is enough to say that that pitch of enthusiasm was fully sustained by Father Ryan. Subsequently, on various provincial platforms, his words were listened to with strained attention and his influence upon the popular meetings was notable.

The Labor circles of Toronto held him in esteem and were always anxious to hear the Catholic view of the problem of Capital and Labor from his lips. That his moderation and good sense impressed the workers was attested by their acceptance of his mediation in a number of local disputes.

Father Ryan was above all things a patriotic Canadian. He believed confidently in the contentment and solidity of our Canadian institutions and took pains to instill his convictions into the young minds with whom he was in every-day contact. This was all the more significant of him, inasmuch as the ardent years of his manhood were lived in the United States, in a college permeated with the patriotism of the Republic. On both sides of the line, however, he

identified himself with the ambitions of the young men who were proud to cultivate their interest in public affairs and watch their efforts to take creditable part in the citizenship of their country.

We have touched only upon a few points of Father Ryan's public life as patriot and citizen. Of his spiritual life nothing shall be added more than this: that the priest largely endowed with gift of mind and physical energy found labor and responsibility growing upon him that must have been a heavy burden when accepted along with the austerities of the sacred calling. Overwork broke down the engine, and Father Ryan, who a few years ago looked the embodiment of health, is in his grave at 58. How many Catholic priests may the same not be said of? They give their lives for God, and it is all they can give. But such lives leave the noblest lessons; and that those lessons are lost upon the hurrying world, who would be so insensible as to think? The public of Toronto without distinction of creed or calling paid honor to the memory of Father Ryan on Tuesday, as we have seen honor paid to many other priests who, like him, fought the good fight in the sphere of activity in which they were placed, and left all who knew them better and broader for their acquaintance.

The people not only of St. Michael's parish but of the entire city mourn the loss of a true priest and in their Catholic faith will pray that his soul may enter into the eternal reward.

Rev. Francis Ryan was born in the year 1813 of Irish parents who had settled in Newfoundland. He was educated in St. John's, in Ireland, France and England, studying in the Jesuit schools of those countries. On Sept. 19, 1875, he was ordained to the priesthood, and first visited Canada in the capacity of secretary to the late Dr. Conroy, Papal Delegate. Father Ryan had been Dr. Conroy's pupil and stood high in his esteem. After the death of the Delegate, Father Ryan came to Montreal, and was for two years English preacher in the Church of the Jesuits there. He was next appointed Professor of Philosophy in St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and also taught at St. Francis Xavier College. Pastoral charges were given him, first in St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore, and the Church of the Holy Trinity, Chicago. He was known as an eloquent preacher of ecclesiastical retreats, in the leading dioceses of the United States and Canada and visited Toronto in that capacity before being called to this city by the late Archbishop Walsh. He was appointed rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and acted as the personal representative of the Archbishop upon many public occasions both in Canada and abroad. He was elected to the Senate of the University, to the High School Board, the Separate School Board and other educational bodies. He promoted the League of the Sacred Heart, the Catholic Truth Society and other religious aid societies in the Cathedral parish, and was closely identified with works of charity within the parish and throughout the city.

Increase of American Divorces

(From The New York Sun.)

The Tribune from the Pope by Father Pardon at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Monday for upholding "the absolute integrity and sanctity of the marriage tie," was also a tribute to the Roman Catholic Church for maintaining the indissolubility of matrimony, as a sacrament and thus making divorce a sin against God in its eyes.

Unquestionably, the only efficient bar against divorce is raised by such a prohibition, so far as concerns those who recognize the spiritual authority of the Church, and render obedience to it as a religious obligation. As a consequence divorce among Roman Catholics of anything like strict allegiance to their Church are practically unknown.

Father Pardon asserted that "during the last twenty years 320,000 divorces have been granted in this country," but where he could have obtained any exact statistics for that particular period, we cannot tell. In 1881, however, the United States Commissioner of Labor, under authority from Congress, published a report in which were collected the statistics of marriage and divorce throughout this country for the period of twenty years from 1867 to 1888, inclusive. In those years the number of divorces granted was shown to be 328,716. It is probably to these statistics that Father Pardon referred, and his further assertion that for twenty years the aggregate of European divorces had been only 260,000 must also have been based on that report, in which the total was put at 214,811.

When matrimony is separated from a purely religious obligation, and the Church is deprived of control over it, divorce, and divorce for many causes, naturally results. Undoubtedly, the Roman Catholic Church by making matrimony an indissoluble sacrament puts up the only effective bar against divorce which can be erected for those who render obedience to its spiritual authority; but in every American State, with the sole exception of South Carolina, the contract is dissoluble by the civil law, and the bar to divorce having been thus thrown down the causes made legally sufficient for the dissolution are bound to be multiplied.

Outside of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, only social sentiment can act as a force restraining from divorce, for there is no possibility that American legislation will ever make the contract of marriage indissoluble. If social opinion frowned on divorce and subjected the divorced to social reproach it would tend to deter those in fear of its consequences from taking advantage of civil facilities for escaping from irksome marriages. The experience shows that actually social sentiment has been growing the more tolerant of divorce the more they have increased.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Home Rule and the Tories.

The London correspondent of The New York Tribune in his summary of the Irish political situation on Monday wrote:

The Home Rule question is coming rapidly to the front again. The Irish Nationalists regard the situation as much more promising than at any time since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. They are not deceived by the report that it is the intention of the Government to suppress the United Irish League and to govern Ireland by means of the Crimes Act. The league will, they maintain, thrive more than ever after it is officially suppressed, and the revival of coercion they regard as the one thing needed to bring the Irish question more into the very forefront of British party politics. They feel firmly convinced that a couple of years of real, genuine unconstitutionalism in Ireland will land Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the fighting Liberal party back into power with

Home Rule as the first plank in their platform.

Despite the premature announcement of the substitution of the coercion of Ireland for the legislation programme, there is reason to believe that the Ministers have been frightened by the steady progress of Mr. O'Brien's powerful league, and that a belated attempt may be made to grapple with it. This will be a reactionary policy, which will complete the Government record of inefficiency and ineptitude. The postponement of the education bill after three unsuccessful attempts to reorganize the system of primary and secondary education will be discreditable when the local authorities throughout the country are demanding evolution from chaos to order in the existing arrangements, but the reversion to the coercion of Ireland will be a confession that the policy of smothering the island with kindness is a failure. It seems incredible that Mr. O'Brien's power should be challenged a few weeks before the coronation festivities, but the Unionist journals are already denouncing him as a frenzied fanatic, describing the intimidation now existing as equal to the worst forms of boycotting of Mr. Parnell's time, and calling aloud for the suppression of the United Irish League, and for throttling the fast-growing hydra of tyranny and anarchy.

COERCION MOST PROBABLE POLICY.

The Ministers without doubt are seriously disturbed by the condition of the island. Mr. O'Brien's powerful organization has taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the agrarian agitation. The Unionist Ministry had supposed that it had brought the Home Rule movement to an end by establishing local government, and enabling landlords to sell out to tenants on reasonable terms. Purchase, where it had been arranged, has unsettled the districts where the landlords have been unwilling to dispose of estates, and a new conflict has opened, with the resources of the United Irish League behind the discontented tenants. It is easier for the Government to revert to coercion than to accept the principle that land reform has been carried so far that it must be taken further, and purchase rendered compulsory.

Every thought which genius and ploty throw into the world alters the world.—Emerson.

NO REASONABLE MAN expects to cure a neglected cold in a day, but Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

Ottawa Correspondence.

(Special to The Register.)

Men who are engaged in the "art preservative," and whose talents are devoted towards bringing The Catholic Register to that high state of mechanical perfection which it is rapidly reaching, appear to take an extraordinary delight in robbing my librarians of their length, their width and their profundity. Last week I stated that Sir Richard Cartwright was first elected for "Lennox," but a typographical butcher who feared neither the Minister of Trade and Commerce, nor myself, substituted "Simcoe" therefor. I am told that this horrible blunder has thrown Sir Richard's whole system into a terrible state of disorder, and that if I approach him closely enough during those penitential times, he will poke into the sanctity of my precious person with his crutch—the chief means, which I deeply and sincerely regret to say, he has now for locomotion.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

The most elaborate preparations are under way to make our National Anniversary an unprecedented success. Efficient committees representing the various national, benevolent and religious societies, are hard at work and the fact that Irishmen from outlying counties will attend in large numbers and that the orator of the occasion will be the Rev. Dr. Fallon, now stationed at Buffalo, I am safe in predicting that the 17th day of March will mark a red-letter day in the social and national history of our race at the Dominion capital.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

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that which congregates in the various rooms of the above building almost every night since its opening. I was much troubled with fear that Clannan Gael had suffered a terrible diminution at the seat of govern-

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In the street shop possible. Holds Dr. Kille's Analytical Certificate and two World's Fair Medals. Cheap and effective. Every town should have a barrel for schools, public buildings, hospitals, etc.

ALONZO W. SPOONER, Laboratory, Post Hops, Ont.

ment, but judging from the large gatherings which I meet here, of their intelligence, and of their patriotism, I see every reason to hope that when the old guard will have passed on the stage of life, a young generation full of enthusiasm will be ready to grasp and wave aloft, the green banner of our forefathers. All honor to the man who, in a practical manner, set about erecting such a building and bringing it to a successful consummation. Hundreds of young men in Ottawa, who prefer a respectable meeting place to the demoralizing attractions and allurements of the whiskey shop, will honor the man, whilst generations unborn will revere his memory.

IRISHMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

The recent bye-elections have resulted in a valuable addition to the Irish contingent in the Canadian House of Commons. Two Williams—Wm. Hart, of Kingston, and Wm. Power, of Quebec—have floated in on the last wave, and all who know them will rejoice that they have made their way in perfect safety. Wm. Hart was born in the town of Peterborough about half a century ago, as close as I can now remember. His father, John Hart, owned and carried on a large mercantile establishment in that flourishing town, and whether through his commercial integrity, his warm love for the Old Land, or his sterling devotion to the Old Faith, he created a swarm of friends amongst those of whom he was fondly revered. The Hartys, many of whom settled in Kingston, and made several marks in the commercial world of the limestone city, were natives of the banner county of Ireland—Tipperary. Mr. Hart himself embarked in commercial pursuits in this city until death struck down that able statesman, Christopher Finlay Fraser, a member of the

Ontario Cabinet, upon which sad event the subject of this notice was by common consent, selected to fill the vacancy. It need not be said here that it required a man of more than average ability to manage a department over which Mr. Fraser had presided for years. Mr. Hart, however, accepted the position and proved himself an able match for all the requirements of the new situation. That he would be still a member of the Provincial Government of Ontario had he chosen, is an admitted fact, were his health not shattered through protracted disease of an acute character. Mr. Hart, I am pained to say, still has to fight an obstinate complaint, but the political wire-pullers of Kingston thought that it was sound enough to keep from the grasp of Toryism the constituency made vacant by the elevation of Mr. B. M. Britton to the Bench.

Mr. Wm. Power, the newly-elected member for Quebec West, was born in the "Hoek City," a little more than half a century ago, his father, a native of the County of Waterford, where half the congregation of every Parish Chapel bear that name, having crossed the Atlantic some years previously. Those acquainted with the state of parties in the City of Quebec need not be told that Mr. Power had he so chosen, could have represented Quebec West in either the Provincial or Federal Legislatures. Owing to his large business interests it was impossible for him to yield to the entreaties of men who name candidates, and it was only during his absence on the other side of the Atlantic that he was recently elected to a seat in the Parliament of Canada. What his future movements may be, I, of course, cannot tell, but in the election of the two Williams a respectable addition has been made to the Irish contingent, as well as a most valuable accession to the business and debating talent of the Canadian House of Commons.

RAMBLER

P. S.—There are other Irishmen already in Parliament about whom something must be said later on.

THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA.

In olden time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

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Jim's Sister

The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient, a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward—a room that was always like a ship's deck stripped for action, with its metal bed of white enamel, its metal table and its gray-green wall, decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily.

death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart—who had been sending him these baskets of fruit. He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand. Although she was not aware of it, he had changed for her, from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interest, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled panting through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. And another time he had been writing on an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of "Nurse Blakely" with an impatience which he might have recognized as longing if his physical weakness had not distinguished affection in him. An irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light-footed. He crowded a feeble "Ah ha! Did you hear what the doctor said?" "What did he say?" She arranged his pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile. "I'm to be humored, the doctor said; I'm to have my own way in everything." "Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit."

"You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up." She laughed and passed it to him. He began to read. "Don't sit in a rocking-chair and rock while resting." "Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked at him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment." He read again. "Well, great Eh!" he cried, and looked up at her. "Why, it was you!" "What was?" "Come here, please." She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger to an accusing "Don't kiss your patient." She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap. "Not even delirious patients?" he inquired. She turned her back on him from the window. "Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say. "Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzling over it ever since it was just before I fell asleep and woke up to my senses again. At first I thought: It was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blakely a relative of yours?" He was drowned.

THE COUNTRY PAPER. Amid the pile of papers, that swam up his desk each day and drove him weak with clipping and filing staff away. Comes once a week—on Thursday—The quaint old four-page sheet That's printed up in Pelham. A drowsy county seat. You see, 'twas up in Pelham That first I saw the light, And—well, my heart grows softer And I feel my eyes shone bright. Right rovers my touch is. It spreads the columns wide, The local's what I'm seeking— The patented inside. Ah, here it is, "The County." And "Jottings," "Local News"— You learn who's traded horses And who have rented pews, It tells about the schoolhouse, Where we used to sit and dream A-watching dust specks dancing In the sunlight's shifty beam. The sturdy names of boyhood Come tumbling through our thought, Of Tom and Brick and Patsy— How we loved and how we fought! The friends when years grew graver. Called now beyond our ken. In the typo-lines of the paper They live and speak again. Oh, toilers in life's workshops, Are not those dream-misgivers sweet, Which memory casts about us? When past and present meet? And so, I love that paper From the village in the hills For the old life that it wakens, For the weariness it stills. —Rochester Post

St. Kevin's Bed (Dublin Freeman's Journal.) A Chancery suit, briefly reported in our issue of Saturday last, has some features of great public interest. It was, in form, an action by which the owner of a hotel and a considerable tract of land at Glendalough sought to restrain another innkeeper from trespass. The plaintiff is the owner of a great portion of the shore of the upper lake, including the rocky cliff on which is the famous cave known as "St. Kevin's Bed." The defendant was in the habit of ferrying across his guests from a point on the lake shore to the bed, and the plaintiff alleged that, both at the point of embarkation and disembarkation, the defendant trespassed on his property. The action was not defended, and the injunction went. Now the point of interest to the public is this: It seems to be established by the suit that the "Bed" is private property. No one suggests that the plaintiff will make an improper use of his rights, but, nevertheless, if the "Bed" is private property, its owner may at any time seal it against public access or destroy it with gunpowder. Already the hands of the private owner have been laid heavily on many objects of national interest or beauty. Perhaps the two wildest and most soothing scenes in the Three Kingdoms were Stonehenge—that noble and stately monument of Celtic Britain—broke the wide horizon of Salisbury Plain, and the cliffs where the North Sea beat against the basalt pillars of the Giant's Causeway. Both are now surrounded with a fence, and only accessible through the pay-stile to the happy possessor of a sixpence. It was only the fortunes of the auction-room which prevented the other day, the Lakes of Killarney from falling into the hands of some curmudgeon who might have closed them against the world, or some speculator who might have associated them with jerry-built villas. Such places ought to be secured for the nation, and this is pre-eminently true of St. Kevin's Bed, one of the most ancient and authentic of the holy places of Ireland. The story of St. Kevin has been overlaid with legends—some beautiful, many vulgar or grotesque—but his authentic history is well known from writers who wrote at or near his time. Coemgen—better known as Kevin—was an Irish noble whose story belongs to the earlier days of Christianity in Ireland. He was born only a few years after the death of St. Patrick, and at an early age entered on a religious life, and was ordained a priest. Kevin felt in all its intensity that passion for a solitary and contemplative life which filled with the cells of hermits all Christendom from the sands of Syria to the wind-swept islands of Western Ireland. He retired from the world of action to the world of prayer and contemplation. Not alone a monk early and unbroken tradition, but the statements of writers who lived near his time, like Angus the Culdee, establish that he dwelt for years as an anchorite in the little cave now known as his "Bed." It is a matter of grave history that he repulsed foolish girls whose "eyes of mast unholly blue" had roared too fondly on the young saint. On this incident Moore founded that, perhaps, the most graceful and pathetic, ballad which has made the round of the world and has been translated into every language of Christendom. The lanes of Erin spread far and wide, and at length the scales of the rainbow and the rainbow's end, the rainbow's end.

THE DANGER OF CONTROVERSY. We have noted in the many country letters in which Catholic challenge certain points of debate to public upon the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Several of the letters have demonstrated very clearly how painful and incompetent the challenge is to present the claims of the Catholic Church. The Ave Maria has noted these facts, and it remarks that in such cases as we speak of the Church needs to be saved from her friends. As our contemporary says, it is better far that our holy faith should be misrepresented by its enemies than that it should suffer from a bungling defense by those who have neither the duty nor the ability to champion its cause. A lumbering, heavy-handed brief will compromise the best case in law, and a dull incompetent apology for the Church is worse than a whole broadside from the agnostic cannons. The glib-tongued infidel makes an impression, it is true, but the earnest seeker after truth, remembering that there are two sides to every question, holds his judgment suspended and thus remains open to conviction. On the other hand, when the position of the Church is feebly stated, in thousands of ignorant minds it is not the individual member, but the whole Church, which has suffered defeat. Men of marked ability hesitate to engage in controversy with a bigot or an infidel, but those who are not suited to defend the Church hasten to the fray. They are the fools who rush in where disciplined scholars fear to tread. Cardinal Newman remarked once to one who wished to draw him into public argument against religion: "Debate with you? No, but I'll fiddle against you, if you desire." It is related that when this great man felt obliged to write his magnificent "Apologia" he groaned in spirit at the thought of his responsibility, and his friends had to exercise all their influence to induce him to undertake the work. There is something, too, in considering the character of those who invite controversy. A certain class of professional defamers, utterly without principle, have but one end in view—notoriety. They are impervious to logic or reason, care nothing for facts and will cite pages of "damaging testimony" never written. The persons who challenge bigots and infidels to debate should realize the position they thus assume. As self-constituted spokesmen of the Catholic Church, what they say is regarded as a correct exposition of Catholic doctrine. If they fall into error their opponents will not concede that fact, but, on the contrary, they will take advantage of it and use it to further misrepresent the Church. Thus it is plainly the duty of Catholics to be wary of falling into traps. If there must be controversy, let only those who are competent speak for the Catholic Church.

"Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History"

Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. With the Imprimatur of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago. Approved by the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. 256 SUPERB VIEWS.

What Catholic has not seen in dreams the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the House of Loretto, the Cathedral of St. Peter, its sister the spire-crowned and exquisite great Church of Milan, the Grotto of Lourdes, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Abbey of Muckross, Notre Dame of Paris, the Tomb of Edward the Confessor? These and a hundred other places are close to the cores of Catholic hearts. These and over 250 other superb photographic views, with graphic commentary, legend and description, by eminent Catholic writers. Courteous prelates and generous priests and kind laymen from nearly every diocese on the continent, have aided in the work. The world has been searched for architectural beauties created for the greater glory of God. From Rome to Lima, from Constantine to Cortez, from Assisi to Notre Dame, from Rheims to New Orleans, these pictures, have come, each the best and the latest.

Letter from Mr. Stoll, formerly Apostolic Delegate. Size of Volume 13 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in. 3 in. thick.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 3, 1895. D.H. McBRIDE, Publisher. DEAR SIR, I have received the copy of "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History" which you so kindly sent me, and I desire to thank you most heartily for it. I have examined it with care and exceeding pleasure, and must congratulate you on having published one of the most beautiful and interesting as well as instructive works that I have seen in a long while. Your publication itself is a monument of the subject matter of which it treats. I am familiar with the magnificent works published in Europe, and I do not hesitate to say that you have produced a book which need fear no comparison with the best artistic publications of the Old World. Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, with sentiments of highest esteem, Most faithfully yours in Christ, AROHP. SATOLLI.

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What Catholic has not seen in dreams the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the House of Loretto, the Cathedral of St. Peter, its sister the spire-crowned and exquisite great Church of Milan, the Grotto of Lourdes, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Abbey of Muckross, Notre Dame of Paris, the Tomb of Edward the Confessor? These and a hundred other places are close to the cores of Catholic hearts. These and over 250 other superb photographic views, with graphic commentary, legend and description, by eminent Catholic writers. Courteous prelates and generous priests and kind laymen from nearly every diocese on the continent, have aided in the work. The world has been searched for architectural beauties created for the greater glory of God. From Rome to Lima, from Constantine to Cortez, from Assisi to Notre Dame, from Rheims to New Orleans, these pictures, have come, each the best and the latest.

ASTONISHING PROGRESS. Medical Science has Advanced by Leaps and Bounds. Now an Absolute Cure for Rheumatism has been Discovered—I is no Experiment, having been successfully Proven in many of the Very Worst and Apparently Hopeless Cases. One who has never had to endure the dreadful pain and depression of Dyspepsia cannot understand the wonderful gratitude of the slave who has found freedom from the bonds of this torturing monster. This feeling of gratitude is so overwhelming that its expression is often hard for these inexperienced ones to understand. It lends a color to the letters received in praise of DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets which makes them seem almost overdue. "I thank Providence for having been so good as to put DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets in my way," is a sentence selected from a recent letter. This is a sample of what thousands say in different ways. F. C. Hunt, the assistant Post Master at Opemican P. O. in Quebec, tells of his deliverance in this way: "Dyspepsia had me for a victim for some time—I suffered very severely—I saw an advertisement of DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets and the cures they were making of very bad cases. I decided that if they could cure others so promptly and effectively they would be worth trying and so I began to use them. "From the very start I was benefited and now I am completely cured. "My thankfulness to DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets is too great for words to express, but I will always recommend them to those who may be suffering with Stomach Trouble or Dyspepsia. "Such warm expressions of gratitude are won by very few medicines, and testify in the most eloquent manner to the genuine curative qualities of DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets. "There are many to-day enjoying the glad blessing of good health who but for DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets would still be the melancholy and miserable victims of Stomach Troubles of one kind or another. "It is any wonder then that strong language is used in expressing the thankfulness of those liberated cap-

FAMILY OF SEVEN EMBRACE THE FAITH. New York, March 5.—It was learned yesterday, says The Sun, that the Rev. Rudolf Aitschul, formerly a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was recently received into the Roman Catholic Church with his wife and five children. The ceremony was performed in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, on the afternoon of Washington's birthday. No announcement had been made, and there were few in the church. Mr. Aitschul and his wife are middle-aged. Their children, three girls and two boys, range in age from 22 to 8 years. Mr. Aitschul moved a short time ago to New York from Philadelphia. Since coming here he has devoted his time to lecturing, literary work and preparation for entrance into the Catholic Church. The entire family were instructed at the same time. Mr. Aitschul and his family are now living at 458 East Eighty-ninth street. Mr. Aitschul is now in the employ of a large Catholic book publishing concern. He said last night that he had studied the question for a number of years before he made up his mind to abandon the Reformed Episcopal Church. Finally, he said, he called upon Archbishop Corrigan, who gave him a letter to the Paulist Fathers. He and his family were under instruction for a number of weeks. One of his daughters is 22 years old, one 19 and one 11. His boys are 13 and 8 years old respectively. He says he came to this country about twenty-five years ago, but went to London some years later to prepare for the ministry. He was graduated, he says, from the Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary in London and was ordained by Bishop Richardson. After doing missionary work in the West End he began to travel and lectured, in many parts of Europe. Speaking of the causes that led him to become a Catholic, he said: "I found indifference in the Protestant Church and a great disregard for the sacred truths of Christianity. I also became satisfied that the Church of Christ can be ruled by only one visible head." AN IMPOSSIBLE thing to find in a plaster equal to "The D & L." Menthol, which is being imitated Get the genuine For sore throats, headaches, all these, nothing equals it. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1902

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

That the Irish people are a world race—not a "world power" in the current imperialist phrase—is a proposition needing no clearer proof than is annually afforded by the universal observance of the feast of Ireland's patron Saint upon the far-flung empire of which Ireland is an integral part, the sun may not set, but beyond that empire in the republics and monarchies that rival its strength and prestige, if not its extent, the shamrock shines every where as brightly on St. Patrick's Day.

The United States of America now hold more than half the people who are proud to call themselves Irish without indifference to the land of their adoption. The future will doubtless witness a steady increase in the proportion of American Irish to the remainder of the Gael. But the practically free Commonwealths of Canada and Australia are destined, also, to feel the influence of an increasing Irish population, which the statesmen of both have repeatedly anticipated as eminently desirable to national development in Canada and Australia, as in the United States, Irishmen have attained and hold some of the highest places of honor, influence and administration.

In France, Austria, and even in Russia, the descendants of the Irish soldier-immigrants have been separated from their race identity in a measure, through the partial obliteration of the old names, but there is not among them one who has really lost his Irish sympathies. In Spain even the names have stood the test of time. We mention these things not to repeat familiar themes again, but to illustrate the fidelity and tenacity of the Irish nature, and to show that it is not under British institutions alone that Irishmen find congenial atmosphere; rather with liberty that has been denied them in their native land, at least during the period of the Union.

But of the Irish people wherever settled throughout the British dominions, this much may unhesitatingly be said, that they are a contented people, living in harmony and mutual esteem with all communities of their fellow-citizens. In Great Britain the rule is the same. But in Ireland itself the parrot reiterates of a century of politicians would still have it that the Irish as a people are not yet fit for the responsibilities of self-government.

There is little need among Canadians or any other modern-spirited people to dwell upon this point. Far more impressive is the friendship of the world to Ireland and to the Irish; and it is the pleasant side of the picture we should place before our eyes upon the one day when all the world is Irish in sympathy.

St. Patrick's Day brings a responsibility and a duty to every man of Irish blood. His conduct in word and action should reflect credit upon the race to which he belongs. This unwritten law, has ever been the unwritten law. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is in its most conspicuous form religious—a profession of faith. For the rest it is a festival of Irish song and story, bringing not only Irish people themselves together, but strengthening other important ties of citizenship and social harmony on every hand. This is the blessing of the great St. Patrick to Christianity. May it continue while the world lasts to the glory of the faith and the welfare of Irishmen.

DECLARATION AND OATH.

After Mr. Balfour's statement in the House of Commons that nothing would be done before the coronation with regard to the anti-Catholic Declaration of the Sovereign, the following, which comes from the English Press Association, is interesting: Important alterations will be made in the King's Coronation Oath, as it will be submitted or administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey on June

20th. Whether or not any modification of the declaration against transubstantiation is possible does not come within the purview of the most striking changes for the declaration is made before Parliament prior to the Coronation and not open to public discussion. The changes contemplated in the Coronation Oath are a special privilege of the Privy Council and are not to be made public. The most important changes are to cover the King's new titles of Emperor of India and Sovereign Lord of the British Dominions beyond the Seas. The third clause previously contained a reference to the United Church of England and Ireland and the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 of course necessitated an alteration in the wording. It is therefore probable that the King in Council will revert to the simpler form of words employed at the Coronation of William and Mary who were thus interrogated: "Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the real profession of the Gospel and the Protestant reformed religion established by law, and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them or any of them."

THE THEATRE OF WAR

March has come in South Africa like the proverbial lion. On the first day of the month General Delarey captured a convoy after a bloody fight and took five or six hundred prisoners. This nine days' wonder had not subsided when the same Boer commandant captured General Lord Methuen and overpowered his force, the disaster being preceded by a fierce battle, in which the British lost over forty killed and seventy wounded, including a large number of officers. Lord Methuen is held a prisoner.

The war prophets in London have once more risen to the occasion and assured the nation that the renewal of Boer activity is but the last flare-up of the dying embers of strife, and that everything will be ended before the coronation. Serious reverses do no more than create a passing sensation of surprise and pain. Everything is going on well. Lord Kitchener is wearing down the enemy to his last legs, and the final collapse may be expected from day to day. This undoubtedly, is the condition of the public mind in Great Britain. But if the combatants, instead of being Briton and Boer, were completely outside the pale of national sympathies and prejudices, would the public mind be so docile in the belief that all goes well?

Of course, it is hard to form any opinion at this distance from the scene of hostilities, and perhaps the man of common-sense would say on that account that the safest course is to accept the views entertained by the British generals in the field. Yet general have been known to err. The greatest modern British general, Lord Roberts, wildly erred, when, eighteen months ago, he announced the official end of the war and returned home. General Kitchener repeated the error when he ended the war by proclamation and thought to leave the rest with a mere constabulary force. It is even possible that England is still in error of the resources and endurance of her enemy. It could hardly be possible for Delarey to perform his last two exploits without having a wide territory under his own control where he could gather his men, rest and equip them for a descent upon the foe, after probably a day or two days' ride. Battles are not all matters of accident or fortune. They are carefully calculated and nothing is rashly undertaken. Delarey then must unquestionably be in a position of sufficient strength and security to plan campaigns and execute them without mischance. And if this be the position of Delarey, why should it be supposed that the circumstances of Dewet, Botha and other commanders are harder? A thousand times during the last year and a half have Dewet and Botha been "hard pressed," "scattered," "hopeless." It may be that the British commanders in their desire to put the best face upon the continuation of the war have put on too good a face. But what is more likely in that the Government in the selfish desire to justify its war management by hook or crook have given Lord Kitchener the colors for his roscaceous despatches, as Lord Roberts was entreated to announce the end of the war at hand at a moment when the face of the Government de-

ended upon the announcement. Never was a responsible Government in the whole history of democracy more impudently treated with more consideration and patience than the British people have extended to the South African Chamberlain combination. Never has a Government committed blunders more deserving of a dishonourable punishment. The natural trait of John Bull is withal the disorder and incoherence of his statesmen and the impotence of a hostile world may explain this truly wonderful exhibition of British composure. The rod is no doubt in pickle and in time will be laid on with terrible effect. But there are worse calamities than the washing of soiled linen and unless the run of fresh disasters to the army be cut short it may happen that the Tories whose war this is—as all unfortunat British wars have been—cannot keep house till the restoration of peace.

Peace is to-day the keenest wish of the nation, and there are responsible men in England who believe that it will never be sought about under the present Government, to which in its present extremity of incompetence the continuance of the war is the only hope of staying in office. Hope it may be, but not by any means a guaranteed tenure. National patience is like the camel's load and the third year of a war that has been disastrous from its inception may try the patience of John Bull beyond his phenomenal endurance. One view may now be safely enough indulged in as a prophecy, that the resignation of the present Ministry would be a prelude of certain peace.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The sympathy of the country goes out to Premier Ross upon the death of his wife.

General Methuen is one of the "hard luck" officers of the war, and is receiving now a vast amount of criticism from the arm chair campaigners. But General Methuen has proved himself a brave and generous soldier, for whom even his foes feel admiration.

While the Irish language movement is booming, the Scotch Gaelic speakers are falling off. Since the last census they have diminished by 23,000. The number who speak Gaelic only was 43,738 in 1891, in 1901 only 23,106. Surely a Gaelic revival is needed in Scotland, too.

Instead of attending to the war and its responsibilities the Tory Government in London has been sitting in conclave over the "alarming condition in Ireland." There is no alarming condition in Ireland. The country is the most peaceful division of the United Kingdom. True, the landlords are not collecting their rents in the West, but the non-payment of Irish rents does not essentially amount to lawlessness.

The English Catholic Association, of which the Earl of Lennox is President, sent the following telegram to the Pope on his reaching the 25th year of his Pontificate: "The Catholic Association, under whose auspices the English pilgrims have journeyed to Rome each year since 1898, express homage and veneration to Your Holiness upon reaching the 25th year of your glorious Pontificate."

Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State, replied as follows: "The homage of your association, that guided with zeal so many pilgrimages to Rome, was especially acceptable to His Holiness, who sends with fatherly love the Apostolic Blessing."

The Governments of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Belgium will send special missions to the Pope to express to His Holiness the congratulations of the Heads of those States on the occasion of his Pontifical Jubilee.

The French, Austro-Hungarian and Portuguese Governments will furnish their ambassadors, accredited to the Holy See, with the credentials of Envoys Extraordinary for the purpose of presenting autograph letters of felicitation to His Holiness from the chiefs of their respective States. Spain has as yet come to no decision on the matter, but she will probably also furnish her Ambassador with similar credentials.

The Russian Minister resident at the Vatican will not be furnished by his Government with credentials as Envoy Extraordinary, but he will be charged in his present capacity to hand to the Pope an autograph letter from the Czar.

Nothing is at present known regarding the intentions of the British Government, but it does not seem probable that it will send a special mission on this occasion. In recognition of distinguished service in South Africa Captain J. Cooper Mason, son of Col. Mason, of Toronto, has been promoted to the rank of Major. This young officer has already received the D. S. O. His record is of the kind that offsets much of the newspaper talk of what would have been accomplished towards shortening the war had officers of the British side been properly trained and of the motto which their work called for.

There have been plenty of examples of valor, humanity and skill among the British officers. There was Capt. Power of Kilkenny, whose death was recorded last week from enteric. Before one day with a brother officer and half a dozen men, the party came upon a patrol of three Boers had their backs away. The Boers had their backs away and did not see them. Capt. Power immediately gave the order that not a shot was to be fired though the killing of the Boers could have been accomplished without the slightest risk. He divided his men into two parties and ordered them to gallop round the two sides of the kopje in order to capture the patrol. The Boers, before this was accomplished, saw they were pursued, and galloped away, singing out as they went. When fired on they were at long range, and so escaped. Talking of the affair afterwards, Captain Power said: "I could have killed the three as easily as I blow out a candle, but I cannot hit a man in cold blood, nor stand by and see it done either."

THE FEDERAL LIFE

After twenty years of progress the Federal Life Assurance Company of Hamilton has at its head Mr. David Dexter, who organized the company a score of years ago and who since that time has been its Managing Director. Mr. Dexter succeeded the late Mr. Keatty as President of the company and still retains his office as Managing Director. The twentieth annual report of the company shows that the total risks now aggregate more than \$13,000,000 and that the new business of the past year reached \$2,385,768. The premium income was \$439,501 and the interest income \$57,554, while the payments on policyholders' accounts were \$182,925. As will be seen by this statement the Federal Life now occupies a position of power and influence, having during its score of years of life grown from very small beginnings to its present enviable position. Since the end of the past year the agents of the company are reported to have been unusually active and successful, so that the prospects of the current year are most encouraging.

Two Vice-Presidents were appointed at the meeting, Lieut.-Col. Kerns of Burlington and T. H. Macpherson of Hamilton.

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

The President, Mr. C. J. Read, was the chairman at the last regular meeting held in the rooms of the association.

The feature of the meeting was an address by Mr. Frank A. Anglin, in the course of which he referred to the advantages to be derived from the study of literature, from essays and from debating, and also to the benefits resulting from greater union among Catholics in general. His address was most interesting and was greatly appreciated by those present.

In the debate which followed, Mr. John Muldoon acted as chairman. Messrs. S. J. Deane and W. F. Coyle supporting the affirmative side of the question "Resolved, that the merchant is a more desirable representative in Parliament than the lawyer," and Messrs. W. J. Maguire and C. A. Girvin the negative. Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, in his capacity as critic also made a very able address in summing up the arguments.

Messrs. H. C. Stuart and C. J. Derocier, representing the association were successful in gaining the decision in the debate with St. Basil's C. U. on Thursday, the 6th inst., in the second series of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S SOCIETY

On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop O'Connor addressed the members of this society. It was the occasion of the commencement of their annual retreat, and His Grace complimented the society on the completion of its first year, which was a very successful one. He referred to the objects for which the society was formed and expressed the hope that it would continue to be the force it now is in uniting together the Catholic students of the city. The following officers were elected at the last meeting for the year 1902-03: President—Rev. Dr. Teely, President, W. H. McGuire, Vice-President, J. M. Ferguson, Recording Secretary, G. F. Nagle, Corresponding Secretary, T. D. Buck, Treasurer, F. J. Sheehan, S. P. S. Representative, M. G. Kernahan, Dental College Representative, G. Doran, Trinity Medical College Representative, P. J. Dodd.

I. C. B. U.

On Sunday, March 9, the members of the I. C. B. U. held their semi-annual communion parade to St. Paul's Church. About 200 members approached the Holy Table. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Cantillon and sermon preached by the Rev. Father Hand on the Gospel of the day. In the course of his remarks Father Hand referred to a touching manner to the death of their chaplain, Rev. Father Ryan, and exhorted the members to always try to follow the ideal of conduct set for them by the deceased priest.

Y.S. (who have) has an advantage over other maps provided, inasmuch as it does not contain any errors. It is a map of the world, showing the continents, islands, and seas, and is a very useful and accurate map. It is a map of the world, showing the continents, islands, and seas, and is a very useful and accurate map. It is a map of the world, showing the continents, islands, and seas, and is a very useful and accurate map.

Parliamentary Notes

(Special to The Register)

Writing from the House of Commons on the eve, almost, of St. Patrick's Day, the mind very naturally flicks back over the space that extends to Confederation, and looks out the various representatives of the Irish race, who at different periods and under different circumstances, have occupied seats in the Federal Legislature of this Dominion. And it is with no small sense of national pride that a humble and unknown student of that olden race notes the eminent talents and the conspicuous abilities of the many Irish Catholics, and Irish Protestants, whose voices have been heard within the Commons Chamber at Ottawa.

It is not for your correspondent to review the lives of the Irishmen who voted the interests of their people in this House, much less could he attempt the biographical sketches of these men, many of whom have passed into the domain of Canadian history, not a few of whom have left the public arena to ascend the Bench, or to occupy places of importance in the different sections of our social system and a few of whom still remain to carry on a work that is at once patriotic and noble in its aims.

Amongst the Fathers of Confederation, foremost as one of the first, was the illustrious, the gloriously-gifted poet, orator, historian and statesman, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The life of McGee, during the last ten years of his earthly career, was the history of this Dominion, in its cradle and in its infant steps along the pathway which, with giant strides, it has since followed. It was given to the Irish race to have had such a representative at the hour when the bell of destiny rang forth the appearance of a Canadian nation, and never since, was eloquence such as his heard in the legislative halls of a young land. And yet, in the midst of his wonderful schemes for the future development of Canada, and the future greatness of his own special race, McGee stepped aside, in order to make room for another Irishman—because the geographical difficulties which that statesman saw in this country, had to be contended, and it expedient that harmony and good-will from all the Provinces, should be established at the dawn of our Confederation. It is needless to detail all that McGee, in his too brief career, had done to secure recognition for the principle of Irish representation in the administration of this young country's affairs.

From the hour when McGee was forced by the circumstances referred to, to give place to another, down to the hour when Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, entered the Cabinet of Canada had no Irish-Catholic representation in the Council of the nation. And it was meet that the position vacated thirty odd years ago, by the most brilliant Irishman that ever set foot on Ireland on our soil, should be now filled by one who can justly lay claim to being the most successful, talented, and able Irish Catholic representative that our Dominion has since produced.

Between the Alpha (McGee) and Omega (Fitzpatrick) of Irish-Catholic representation in the Cabinet of Canada, a long chain of more than the third of a century, exists. And the links in that chain have been made of solid, sterling material, which alone can endure, and alone can solidly bind together, the interests of whole people.

Without interruption, from Confederation down to this moment, one man has occupied a seat for the same constituency in the House of Commons, and for a score of years held a portfolio in the Federal Cabinets. That man is the Hon. John Costigan, member for Victoria, N. B. A most unique career has been that of Mr. Costigan. So faithful to his trust as an Irish representative has he been that his old constituency elected and re-elected, and would again and again re-elect him to the seat he now holds. He might come to them as a supporter of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, or as a supporter of the present Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but matters not—his honesty, his straightforwardness, and his solidity of principles have been such that no man would question his position, but merely support Mr. Costigan, knowing he must be in the right. And not his own constituency alone, but almost forty others, in all parts of Canada, would return him to Parliament were he to ask them. Surely the Irish race has reason to be proud of such a representative.

How can I run over the list of the many other splendid Irishmen and Irish-Canadians who have sat in our House of Commons at different times since the first Dominion Day was proclaimed in 1867? I have dwelt in a special manner upon those who have held Cabinet positions; but there is a lengthy and brilliant band-rolle of Irish members of Parliament whose efforts for the good of their fellow-countrymen and the advancement of Canada challenge the gratitude of the entire country.

Needless to mention, as one of the first, Hon. Edward Blake. To follow that splendid legal mind, that gifted orator, that devoted patriot, beyond the limits of our Canadian political field, would be to trace the movement for Irish Home Rule during all

the vicissitudes of the past decade. But I am merely referring to our House of Commons, and that would be stepping into a domain foreign to my purpose. Blake looms up in proportion upon the horizon of our past political story. If his personality had long been a guiding star, we must not forget that on the same day, from Confederation to our day, there is scattered a veritable galaxy of Irish talent, perseverance, courage and statesmanlike qualities. The names alone will suggest the story of over thirty years, without any comment of mine being needed.

Bernard Devlin, the great criminal lawyer, the eloquent and once successful opponent of McGee, M. P. Ryan, the courtly and energetic man of business who closed his useful career as Collector of Customs in Montreal, the present Mr. Justice Curran, once Solicitor-General, and for a decade and a half one of the most brilliant orators in the House of Commons and one of the most powerful advocates of Irish rights; C. H. Devlin, nephew of the late Bernard Devlin—to-day the much-abused Immigration Agent of the Dominion in Ireland—and one of the most polished speakers and able representatives that ever held a seat in the House of Commons, the late N. F. Davin—the genuine son of Ireland, the gentle, the refined, the gifted, the patriotic, the noble, the most versatile of all since McGee, and the most ill-fated since the day when the blackness of night swept over the noon-day sun of the immortal "American."

There, side by side, or else crossing swords with these able representatives of the Irish race, were the late lamented Dr. Bergin, the soul of truth and chivalry, the ex-successor of Curran, Mr. Quinn, the talented and eloquent advocate, and the late William Murray, brother of the present Indomitable and progressive member for Pontiac. At this moment in the House sits Mr. D. Galley, who is at one and the same time a representative of St. Ann's of Montreal, in the Federal House, and alderman in the City Council of Montreal. A man of push, ability, talent and one who allows no occasion to slip when a good turn can be done for those who confided in him, or an advancement can be secured for an Irish-Catholic. Then Kingston sends the Hon. Mr. Hart, of whose career I need write nothing, for it is familiar to every reader of The Register. There may be names that I have missed in this hurried sketch, if so, it is perfectly unintentional. Were I to go into the Senate I might find subject-matter for a small volume in the late Sir Frank Smith, the present Speaker Power, the Sullivan of Kingston's, O'Brien, Hingston, Murphys of Montreal, the O'Donoghues, the Adams, and all that long list of able, brilliant Irishmen who have added dignity and importance to the Upper House. But I feel that on this—St. Patrick's Day, I have dotted down enough to make the readers of The Catholic Register feel proud of the representatives of the Irish race in our Canadian Federal Legislature ever since the day of Confederation.

TRAGIC DEATH OF CARMELITE BROTHER

Brother Telephorus, a member of the Carmelite community at the monastery on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls, was gored to death by a bull on the morning of February 22. His body was not found until late in the afternoon.

M. J. Kelly, the coachman, who usually goes the chores about the place, was ill, and Brother Telephorus went out to attend the stock. His long absence aroused suspicion, and about 5 o'clock a search was made, resulting in the finding of the body in the bull's stall.

The animal was covered with the blood of the unfortunate man and was very wild. Those who found the body were afraid to go in to rescue it, and a hole was cut in the door, and three charges of buckshot fired into the bull, killing it.

Brother Telephorus' family name Seigel. He was thirty years old. A board tightly clasped in the hands of the dead man showed that he had made a brave effort to defend himself.

FATHER TOM BURKE.

The following anecdote is related of the boyish days of the famous Dominican preacher. He had committed some youthful prank deserving of condign punishment. His mother took him into an inner room, and locking the door, knelt down and repeated the prayer, "Direct, O Lord, our actions," etc., after which she administered a sound thrashing. In after years Father Burke said: "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew that I could expect no mercy. I never got such a beating as that one directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it."

A MAGIC PILL.—Byzopsia is a toe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and in all appearances vanquished in one, it then its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch, or a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons diarrhoea of the stomach and some such suffering to these "Farnese's Vegetable Pills" are recommended as solid and sure.

EMPEROR WILLIAM DISCOVERS

American Buckwheat Cakes

Sends His Chef to Learn to Make This Delicious Breakfast Dish.

(From The New York Herald.) That good old American buckwheat cakes, with maple syrup, can take an imperial salute, is the latest discovery made by William II., of Germany. The Emperor learned the appealing qualities of American cooking during a visit to the new Hamburg American yacht Princess Victoria Louise, to which, for the occasion, the noted chef of the crack steamer, Deutschland, Herr Fahrenhelm, had been transferred. An American breakfast was prepared for the Emperor, which he enjoyed so well that he stayed another day. His Majesty especially praised the buckwheat cakes, which he declared had proven extremely palatable, and finally sent his own chef to the Deutschland, where he took a two days' course in American cooking, during which the Deutschland's chef, he was taught how to make American buckwheat cakes and other typical American dishes.

The American buckwheat cake served on the Deutschland, and which is to be hereafter a part of Emperor William's menu, is made in the following manner: Two cups of buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

THE POPE AND LITERATURE

Pope Leo XIII. has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, of Doneraile, Ire., author of "My New Curate—'Luke Delmege,'" etc. His Holiness has also sent a magnificent medal to Dr. Sheehan and one of equal splendour and significance to the distinguished Celtic scholar, the Rev. B. McCarthy, D. D., of Inisicarra, Ire. Dr. Sheehan's work is too fresh in the popular mind in America to call for more than a passing reference here. Every one who read "My New Curate"—which has reached a sale of over 25,000 copies in the United States—is now reading "Luke Delmege," and hoping for many more books from its beloved author.

The interest of Pope Leo XIII. in literature and in every branch of learning is well known, and the Irish people generally will appreciate his favor to these two priests who so ably represent in their respective fields of endeavor the new and hopeful inspiring Irish Literary movement. Both men are devoted priests, and their work is of and for their own people—no pale reflection of the ideas and tastes of another land.

A WORD IN SEASON.

We hope that, as St. Patrick's Day approaches, those who are charged with the work of getting up concerts and entertainments for that day will bear in mind the need of making such affairs creditable to the occasion. We are unhappy only too well accustomed to the St. Patrick's Day entertainment which is libel on the Irish character and an insult to all people of Irish blood. Irish societies which think themselves highly patriotic are very often to blame for this kind of entertainment. We earnestly hope that the coming festival of Ireland's patron saint will not be marred by observations which include the antics of the "stage Irishman," or the vulgarities of the coon song. There is a great treasury of Irish music and Irish literature from which to draw. Why should those who profess the faith of St. Patrick descend to Downy vulgarity and indecency when they wish to celebrate St. Patrick's Day?—The Sacred Heart Review.

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W. S. DINNICK - MANAGER

Western Assurance Company.

The annual meeting of shareholders was held at the company's offices, Toronto, on Wednesday, 14th February, 1902. The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair.

The following annual report of the directors, with accompanying financial statement, was then read by the Secretary:

Fifty-first Annual Report

The directors have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders their report on the transactions of the company for the past year.

The net premium income amounted to \$3,292,629, and the earnings from interest were \$86,527. After providing for losses and expenses the revenue account shows a profit balance of \$189,048.

The estimated liability on unexpired risks at 31st December, calculated at 35 per cent of the year's premium, with full provision for all unexpired Marine risks, is \$989,210.

Table with financial data: Capital paid-up 31st December last \$1,940,370.00, Reserve fund \$2,000,000.00, Total funds \$3,050,553.16.

The President's Address.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said: The statements that have just been read, which with the directors' report have been in the hands of the shareholders for some days, indicate, I think, very clearly the general results of the business of the company for the past year.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held subsequently, Hon. Geo. A. Cox was re-elected President, and Mr. J. J. Keay, Vice-President for the ensuing year.

regarded in the past as rare occurrences, or at least as events which warranted our treating any year in which one occurred as exceptional.

In presenting our report to shareholders a year ago I referred at some length to the unprofitable results of the fire insurance business on this continent, and expressed the hope that the advanced rates which were being adopted by companies generally would place it on a more satisfactory footing than it had been during the two preceding years.

There can be no doubt that there has been an increase in the fire waste on this continent altogether out of proportion to the growth in the value of property. By many this is thought to be largely due to the extensive use of electricity for light and power and an examination into the causes of fires in which our own company has been interested goes far to sustain this theory.

At 9 o'clock the Solemn High Mass of Requiem was begun in the presence of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, who assisted in cope and mitre.

Among the clergy in the Sanctuary were the following: From Chicago, Rev. V. Murray, St. Bernard's Church; Rev. Father Flood, St. Matthew's Church; Rev. Father Aylward, from Hamilton; Very Rev. George Keaney, S. J. (Guelph); Rev. M. Brady, Rev. Father Hinchey, Rev. Father Holden, Rev. Father O'Reilly (Oakville), Rev. Father Donovan, from Peterborough; Very Rev. Archdeacon Casey (Lindsay), Father Schweitzer (St. Jerome's College).

I desire also to acknowledge the good work performed by the officers, branch managers and agents of the company generally during the past year.

MORE COLDS are cured by Perry-Davis' Pink Pills. It cures quickly and certainly. Bronchial affections give way readily to it. Recommended by the proprietors of Perry-Davis' Pink Pills.

Death of Father Ryan

It was with the deepest regret the public of Toronto learned late on Saturday afternoon of the death of Reverend Frank Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral.

Father Ryan had been ailing for over twelve months. He took a vacation last summer of a few months, which he passed by the seaside. He returned early in October, apparently somewhat recuperated in health, and was able to attend in a certain measure to the works of his sacred ministry. However, he was not really better, and he felt himself that he was gradually growing weaker.

The body was brought to St. Michael's Palace on Saturday night by W. K. Murphy and his assistants. On Sunday it lay in the front parlour of the palace, which was draped by the ladies of the Altar Society. Hundreds of people viewed the remains. On Monday at 4 p. m. the body was borne to St. Michael's Cathedral, where Vespers for the Dead were chanted by Vicar-General McCann, assisted by the priests.

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AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE. (Toronto Sunday World.) The city's busy throng moves tonight as usual. But the pulse of many has been quickened and the hearts of thousands have been saddened by the news that the Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, is dead.

The death of the rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and the rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and the rector of St. Michael's Cathedral.

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DEAR SIR: Nearly four years ago I purchased my first Underwood Typewriter, and on account of the great satisfaction this machine has given me, I have gradually increased my equipment until now I have eighty machines in daily use—sixty of which are Underwoods.

I remain, yours truly, W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE DUTY OF PENANCE

The following is the pastoral letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster...

It is the season of penance. Penance is necessary to all. Hear the Gospel. Jesus Christ began to preach and to say: Do penance...

LOOK NOT ON PENANCE AS SOMETHING HARSH AND UNENDURABLE

Self-love will naturally fret and revolt against the presentation of hard, lean, unsympathetic picture of pain as the ideal of penance. Penance must be lovingly associated with our Blessed Lord to render it acceptable...

THE PRINCIPAL—NAVY, THE ONLY DEVOTION OF A CHRISTIAN

It is from this neglect that souls made little progress in virtue and fell back ever into grievous sins. During Lent hear Mass as often and as devoutly as you can. In the Mass you will find Jesus Christ Himself, in all His unpeakable love, rich in mercy to all who call upon Him...

THE FACT IS NOT SO FAMILIAR TO THE PRESENT GENERATION AS IT WAS TO THE LAST

that the provisions of these institutions and their maintenance in repair must be made out of charitable funds. No building grant has ever been made by a public authority excepting the School Board for London, which once made a grant to St.

John's, Walthamstow, of £1,875 for this purpose. When one considers the fact that the diocese possesses seven such institutions, some of which are burdened with debt, it will be evident that they cannot be kept up except at enormous expense...

TO ESTABLISH YET ANOTHER IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

This we would gladly do if we were able, but as things are we have not the means, though there can be no doubt that if another were established a large number of lads who have only just commenced to be criminals would be saved from ruin...

CHAPLAINS IN THE NAVY

The only concession which the Government made in the House of Commons last week after the debate on the question of Catholic chaplains in the Navy was to say that chaplains would be allowed upon fleets going into action.

On the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the naval estimates, Mr. McKillop moved—"That in the opinion of this House, Roman Catholic chaplains in His Majesty's navy should be placed upon the same footing as regards rank and pay as chaplains in His Majesty's army. There were two main points, he said, to be considered in this matter. First, the question of affording proper facilities to enable Catholic sailors to practise their religion while serving in the navy, and, second, the question of placing Catholic chaplains in the navy on equal terms with the chaplains of other denominations...

action they had taken (Irish cheers) since justice was given to this motion, which he was now bringing forward, he had received many communications from the governors of Catholic boys' homes and other institutions in various parts of the kingdom, all hoping that the Government would see their way to comply with the request which the Irish Party was now making. One letter, he wished to add, came from the governor of an institution in Scotland in which there were 400 Catholic boys. At the present time there were from twelve to fifteen thousand Catholics serving in the navy and it was nothing less than scandal that proper provision was not made for their spiritual needs (hear, hear). The demands made on this question were not unreasonable. No member of the House advocating these demands suggested that there should be a Catholic chaplain in every warship. But surely they were entitled to ask that at least one Catholic chaplain should be attached to every squadron (hear, hear). The question of placing Catholic chaplains on an equality with chaplains of other creeds was also an important one. At present the salaries of Catholic chaplains in the Navy ranged from £25 to £175 a year. To limit the salaries of chaplains regularly attached to the fleet to £175 a year was an injustice. He was quite ready to admit that on the question of salaries to chaplains of all creeds there was too much of a tendency to economize, but in regard to Catholic chaplains the grievance was accentuated owing to the fact that others were given better treatment. Last session the Secretary to the Treasury, in endeavoring to find an answer to the demand put forward by the Irish Party, referred to the policy of the French Admiralty in allowing no chaplains of any denomination to accompany their fleets. He (Mr. McKillop) could not help thinking that France lost by this policy, and he hoped they were far from the day when the Government of England would dispense with the services of chaplains in the British Navy (hear, hear). Why not do for the Navy what had been done for the Army in respect of the appointment of chaplains? He hoped the Government would deal practically with the question, and give an undertaking to settle it on satisfactory lines. If they did not do so the Irish Party would be compelled to raise the question again and to keep it before the House until Justice was done (Irish cheers).

Hon. Edward Blake in Westminster

The most remarkable debate in the British House of Commons last week took place upon the proposed new punishment rule directed against the Irish members, for opposing the present Government policy. The papers are loud in their praise of Hon. Edward Blake's denunciation of the proposals. We append Mr. Blake's speech on the question: Mr. Blake said, Mr. Parnell, when asked how it was he had learned the Rules of the House so well, replied that it was by systematically and persistently breaking them (Irish cheers). The House was now asked to engage in a most serious operation. It was proposed in an assembly, which must approach with reluctance any legislation or arrangements inflicting penalties on its members, to largely increase in extent and character the severity of the punishment for the offences in respect of which the House had provided punishment already. The First Lord of the Treasury, in opening the discussion on these Rules, did not consider this matter worthy of his attention—no explanation was offered, no reason was given for these proposals. The amendment dealt with the penalties provided for certain classes of offences. Under the Rule as it stood, and under the amendment made last session, punishment was provided for a particular class of offences. He was not now discussing the case where recourse was had to forcible resistance. He wished to eliminate that point from the discussion until it came up at its proper time. They were dealing now with offences, not of the gravest character, but with offences for which the Rules as they stand prescribed certain penalties. A week's suspension was provided for the first offence, a fortnight for the second, and a month for the third. He was prepared to admit that the question of providing a penalty for an offence committed on the very eve of a long adjournment or prorogation demanded separate consideration, but the House was dealing now with the broad question of the enlargement of the penalty. Under the new Rule the penalty was enormously increased, and it was increased still more from the fact that each of the sitting days during which the suspension would last contained more than a natural day in point of time (hear, hear). The penalty was, therefore, enormously increased, and added to that there was the provision for an apology or expression of regret as a condition for a member to be restored to the discharge of duties which his constituents sent him here to fulfil. There would be some ground for a punitive provision of this kind if it could be shown that the penalties in force were ineffective and that greater severity was necessary. But that was not proved (Irish cheers). At this time of the day people had ceased to adopt the Draconian view of the law—they looked at things from a more humane, a more practical and a more just point of view. They considered that if penalties were to be inflicted at all it would be a misfortune to inflict them unnecessarily and that they ought not to be greater than what experience proved to be necessary. The House had lived under the present system for many years and many sessions, and had anything occurred to establish the inefficacy of the present system or the necessity of adopting severe penalties? Apart from a case when forcible resistance might take place there was nothing to demonstrate the inefficiency of the present punishment rules (hear, hear). During the last session there were only three cases of suspension, apart from what took place on an occasion which would be dealt with separately, and was on that circumstance the proposal was now gravely made to the House to determine that the existing rigor of its laws was inadequate to secure order? In his opinion it was a dangerous innovation to propound a long suspension against any member, because the right of the constituency to his services had to be considered. What warrant or necessity there was for raising this question he could not see. What ground was there for the suggestion that the present punishment was inadequate? None, as far as he could gather. Whatever beggary reason was alleged for increasing the penalty for the first offence there was literally no excuse at all for enlarging the penalty in the case of a second or third offence (hear, hear). The law as it stood was efficacious, because it had a deterrent effect (hear, hear). It had prevented the commission of offences, and, although that was so, it was now proposed without proof of the necessity—in fact with the negative proof of want of necessity—to more than double the penalty in point of time. The House was entering on a new departure altogether from the traditions of the House, when they proposed to extend the penalties beyond the prorogation of the House. The session had, except in case of impeachment and one or two other things, settled everything. It, instead of banishment, a man was imprisoned, was sent to the Clink Tower, or, in addition, the requirement of an expression of regret. They were called upon to deal with these classes of offences in a more rigorous manner without any proof whatever of there being any need of increased rigor as to a second and third offence; with, on the contrary, proof that the existing law was adequate to prevent a second and third offence, and even with reference to a first offence, there was reasonable proof that the law answered all practical purposes. Under these circumstances, he (Mr. Blake) was glad that the hon. baronet caught the Speaker's eye before any suggested amendments were placed in his hands, because it would seem that the general principles upon which the House could act with reference to punitive legislation could only be discussed before any amendments were moved. The whole question, to his mind, was one of a most serious character, and he protested against the view that there was any case against the hon. members amongst whom he was proud to sit—(cheers)—for an increase in the severity of the rules of the House in this regard (cheers). The truth was, that what the First Lord of the Treasury complained of out of doors, what the Colonial Secretary complained of out of doors, what was the real reason of complaint, was quite a different thing (cheers). It was not defiance of the orders of the Speaker, it was not irregularity in that respect, but it was because they had been more fertile and ingenious in the finding of arguments; they had been longer in the discussion of affairs; the Government considered that its business had been impeded in that way, and therefore the suggestion was set up that Irish members were disorderly to the extent of resisting the chair, a suggestion that was not borne out in the sense of demanding further rigor by the records of the House.

Mr. Robson observed that the First Lord of the Treasury must contemplate by this new rule either subjecting the Irish Party to the humiliation of making an apology which was not sincere or driving them out of the House of Commons (hear, hear). In his belief the Irish members were treated by the Speaker with absolute impartiality; but it was not unnatural that they should think that in some cases they should not get equal treatment, and certainly the Government were not as quick to take notice of offences on the part of their own followers as they were of the offences of Irish members (Nationalist cheers). It would add to the bitterness of the antagonism between the two countries if representatives of Ireland were driven from the House unless they submitted to an intolerable stigma and insult (hear, hear).

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST

Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pneumonia it can be used with good effect.

Tribute of Love to Pope Leo XIII

Father Fidelis, C. P. (Rev. James Kent Stone) who personally responded to Pope Pius IX's plea for Christian unity and whose book, "The Invitation Heeded," has proved a help to others who, like himself, had given adhesion to Protestantism, delivered the sermon on the Papal Jubilee in Philadelphia in substance he spoke as follows:

Then Jesus said to the twelve Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

And we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of God—(Sixth chapter of St. John, 68, 69 and 70th verse.)

Your Grace, my dear friends. When our Divine Lord asked the question in this text His Heart was grieved because many of His disciples had gone back and left Him. Many were scandalized through their weak faith because of the wonderful words which He had spoken in regard to the Divine Sacrament which He was to give them. He had been telling them that He should give them His flesh to eat, and when some had said, "This is a hard saying," He did not abate one tittle, but said, "Unless ye eat of My flesh ye have not life in you." Many went away. And turning to the twelve Jesus said, "Will you also go away?" And, as usual, the chief of the Apostles and the spokesman of them all made answer and said, "Lord, to whom shall we go. We have believed and known that Thou art the Christ." It was an evident allusion to the great confession which he had made when our Divine Lord asked His Apostles, "Whom do you say that I am?" and St. Peter, speaking again for the twelve, replied: "Thou art the Christ," and our Lord turned and said to him, "Thou art Peter (a rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

TWO GREAT TRUTHS

There is no truth in the Holy Scriptures plainer than the one which the whole history of Christianity has abundantly verified, the fact that our Divine Lord founded His Church upon the rock of Peter, and it is a strange thing that the heretics of the sixteenth century attacked and denied by eminence above all other truths which are the most prominent central truths of Christianity and which are associated in this text. First, the truth of the Real Presence which our Lord enunciated then when He knew the interpretation put upon His words and which He emphasized when He said, "This is My body." This truth is associated in the text with that of the infallibility and indestructibility of the Holy See instituted on St. Peter and to last to the end of time. These two truths Protestants have assailed and endeavored to bring to naught.

Christianity without a basis of authority and a centre of unity is impossible—impossible as an organism which shall live and grow and stand unassailable and indestructible until the end of time. It is for these great reasons our Blessed Lord made provision when He founded His Church and in His Church established these great things and the consequences which follow from them. He established in the person and in the office of St. Peter and his successors the centre of Church unity and the foundation and mouthpiece of divine authority. Unity, my dear brethren, is impossible in the long run unless it be individual; individual means indivisible. That is the very meaning of the word, and our Lord founded His Church on an individual and upon that rock which is Peter. Unity was what our Lord had most prominently in mind in the establishment of His Church. It was that infallible gift He asked of the Father in the solemn hour when He and His Apostles were gathered together before His crucifixion. He petitioned for unity and returned again and again to it, making variations of the same theme. Remember it was God who spoke to God. Our Lord asked that they might all be one, "even as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me" (John xvii.).

God could not refuse the petition "Father, I pray for them and all that through their word believe in Me. I pray that they may be one as I in Thee and Thou in Me." What a marvelous comparison of unity! "As I, Father, art in Thee" "That they also may be one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." See, He makes this unity the very proof, the unanswerable argument for His divinity. He therefore founded an undivided Church. He said "My Church," not "My churches." And so it has proved throughout the centuries that on this rock the Church has rested and withstood the waves of error which have dashed against it in vain. St. Ambrose said, "Where Peter is, there is the Church," and that is the test in the twentieth century and will be until the end of the world. If you know who is a Catholic,

who is a Christian according to Christ, ask if he holds to the authority of Peter, whether he preserves that unity with St. Peter's successor

THE BRANCH THEORY

There are human organisms claiming to be branches of the great tree. They were once, but, as St. Augustine says, they have been cut off and are dead limbs cumbering the ground. Ask the man that makes the claim that there are three branches, the Roman, Greek and Anglican, where the trunk is and where he claims it is to be united. The most he can do is to point you back to the sixteenth century, when the Anglican Church was united to the See of Peter; or to the sixth century, when Photius and the Greek schismatics were cut off from the Church. That is but a genealogical tree, not a living and growing tree. Those dates mark when the living branches were cut off and fell to the ground. Where now is their union with the centre? Where now that faith that they held with St. Peter? Where now is that indivisible unity in all things in the faith, in that rock of the Church, that holder of the keys and more, whose faith should fall not?

As the Holy See is the centre of unity, so also is the source of divine authority. "I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth I will bind also in heaven; whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth I will loose also in heaven." In God's Holy Church, in every system of government there must be a centre and source of authority, else unity cannot be preserved. You see, brethren, that the necessity of authority follows as a logical consequence and corollary of unity. Unless power is centralized somewhere there will be divisions, discord and destruction, even in temporal affairs. Common sense tells us there must be an organ of authority which even in human affairs must be practically infallible. Of course, we do not expect infallibility in human matters, but there must be a supreme tribunal beyond which there is no appeal. When we come to speak of the authority of the Church we speak of no mere temporalities or mere matter of expediency as to what is best to do. We speak then of Almighty God's divinely revealed truth. Therefore, the authority to which we refer its decision must be infallible. It cannot err, else what would become of truth? A basis of certainty is necessary in all sciences, but much more so in the science of sciences, theology, the science of God.

INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY IS NECESSARY

There is nothing more simple than an infallible Church. She does not create truth. Truth comes to her from God, Who is truth and Who has founded her to teach the truth without perversion. It must be with certainty also it cannot teach. How are we to believe unless this teacher speaks positively? Not "this is what I think it to be, this is my interpretation." She must teach with authority. How can you be sure of the message unless you recognize the seal, the divine sanction of the infallible truth God has committed to His Church? We merely bow our intellect to the authority of God who has revealed the truth through His Holy Church. She always knows what it is as she goes down the centuries, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The world cavils at her and asks why she does not change. She has the same old dogmas. Because the truth never changes. God cannot change. She demands and commands our faith by the simple rational submission of our minds to the authority of God who has provided one unalterable centre of authority. He speaks through Peter. Notice that he is the man for whom our Lord prayed that his faith fall not. "And the Lord said Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fall not, and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Notice the change from the plural to the singular. Satan desired to have all of you (all the Apostles), but I have prayed for thee (Peter) that thy faith fall not. As if He had said, "When thou hast passed through thy trial (which our Lord foresaw) and art converted, do thou confirm thy brethren." He made him not only the centre, but the strengthener of His brethren in the Apostolic College. Around him they gathered and have done so ever since. And to-day the Church infallible speaks not with a discord of voices, but with one strong, unflattering note. In Councils, it is true, she has spoken in the past, but always through the head of the Council. Councils may not meet in hundreds or thousands of years. Oh, unhappy they who are forced to go back five centuries, ten centuries to the days which they speak of as the days of the undivided Church, not noticing that they thus admit that the Church is divided and deny the efficacy of our Lord's prayer that it might be one. The Holy See is not merely the centre of unity, the source of authority, the organ and mouthpiece of infallibility but the symbol of the Church's perpetuity until the end of time.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS PHENOMENON IN THE WORLD

"Upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The most marvelous phenomenon in the world, ancient or modern, is the indestructibility of the Catholic Church, founded on the rock of Peter. Generation and centuries pass and each sees some new assault upon that rock, but the waves of human passion do not prevail against those adamantine foundations. Never in the history of the Church seemed about to founder when to the eyes of the world the Church was not in danger. It has ever been as on the sea of Galilee, when Jesus lay asleep in Peter's bark and the storm arose, and the disciples cried to our Lord, "Come and save us." "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" He spoke and the sea was calm. To the world, eye to Catholics, there have been times when the Church seemed about to founder in the storm-tossed world amid the upheaval of thrones, the destruction of dynasties and the waves of heresy. All the time our Lord was calmly resting in the bark of Peter and all was well.

The Arabs have a tradition, says Lord Macaulay, that the great pyramid alone survived the deluge. So it has been with the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. The wars of revolution have swept over the earth and it seemed as if all former landmarks would be washed away but there came a calm, and there stood the unchangeable rock of Peter. There was the head of the Church, and therefore, the Church was safe. "The gates of hell shall never prevail against thee." Nearly a generation ago it seemed once more as though the end had come. Europe was convulsed with the great Franco-Prussian War, and the issue no man foresaw. The Emperor of France, the first daughter of the Church, had divinely abandoned the successor of St. Peter and left him to what men thought fate, and the Piedmontese King, with 200,000 men thundered at the gates of Rome and battered them down, and from that day to this Peter's successor is practically a prisoner without a visible human defence, with not a cannon nor a bayonet, and all the powers of Europe combined against him. France! Where is that eldest daughter of the Church to-day? She drives out the religious orders and in her Senate is heard this utterance: "The clerics must be taught to render unto Caesar as the things which are Caesar's." Italy, so far as she is represented by her Government, is anti-Christian. Spain in her decrepitude is in the throes of revolution. The successor of the fisherman in his lonely solitude is beleaguered round about, and yet he is to-day the grandest, strongest and most revered authority on earth. His very enemies cannot deny him the tribute of a reluctant admiration. Never before in the history of the world has prophecy been so perfectly fulfilled as that of St. Paul, spoken of the Apostles, when he said, "The sound of our voice is gone out to all the earth." Never a Pope who has been so joyously heard and so loyally obeyed by Catholics—in Orient and Occident, in China, Japan, Asia, Europe and America. We Catholics of to-day are privileged and happy to have lived so long under the reign of a Pontiff who is so glorious a successor of St. Peter, so truly worthy of the responsibility the Lord laid upon him.

A GREAT PONTIFF

At the death of his great predecessor Pius IX., Catholics trembled and a shout of triumph went up from the enemies of the Church. But slowly, patiently, Leo went to work as in name, Leo went to work to build up and reunite what seemed to be the shattered fragments of Papal power. Little by little, and yet not by force of arms, he conquered, until the foremost man of his day, the man of blood and iron, Bismarck, who said he should never go to Canossa, came at last to wear around his neck a badge of honor Leo XIII. had sent him, and counted it the proudest decoration he had ever received. We to-day celebrate and inaugurate the year of his Pontifical Jubilee. May we celebrate it not merely by acclamations and by the tribute of our support, but by standing true to the inheritance God has given us. Through no merits of our own are we Roman Catholics. May we appreciate this blessing. May our lives be such that we may see and be forced to admire and to say one to another: "See how they are one in heart, one in faith, one in the purity of their lives. See how they love one another." Seated on the glowing throne of Peter is one not shining in worldly splendor, but with divine illumination. Pray for him, Pontiff as he is, humanly speaking he is but a feeble old man. He must be lonely in his little room, his cell as it were. Let us pray for him day by day. May the Lord prolong his life, make him happy on earth and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies.

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 247 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LENTEN PROMISES.

"I'll mind the baby!" said frolicsome Nannie; "I'll cut the kindling!" said lazy John; "I'll help with the dishes!" said frivolous Fanny; "We'll all be good!" said every one.

All through Lent they tended the baby, Cut the kindling and kept things trim, Nor scolded nor quarreled nor tasted candy— Silent Carry and thoughtful Tim —Hope Willis

JESSIE'S LESSON.

It was one of those cold winter days when Jack Frost almost bites off the noses and ears of little boys and girls, and some older people, too. Jessie ran home from school as fast as her little legs could carry her, and into the room where her mother sat by the fire, busily sewing.

"O mamma! may I go coasting with Mary and Clara? We want to go over on the Porter Hill Do, mamma!"

"Will my little girl come home by five o'clock? It will then be almost dark."

"Yes, sure, mamma!" cried the child, clapping her hands. Mrs. Carey kissed Jessie's rosy cheeks, and helped her prepare for the hour's amusement with her sled.

Jessie joined Mary and Clara at the gate, and together they trudged along through the snow to the hill. The time passed quickly—as it always does when one is interested in what he is doing—and it was not long until the hands of the big town clock swung around to a quarter to five.

"Now, let's hurry!" exclaimed Jessie, quite out of breath from a long tramp up the hill; "we can have one more ride. Mamma told me to be home at five."

Clara scowled. "Oh, dear! our mamma didn't say when we had to be home. I wish yours hadn't."

And the three went off down the hill—Mary and Clara on one sled, and Jessie on her little new coaster. That last ride seemed so short! The girls wished the hill were many times its length.

As they neared the top of the hill again, Mary exclaimed, as she glanced up at the big clock. "We can go down once more, for we have five minutes yet, and you can tell your mamma, Jessie that the clock struck just as we were on the way down, and we couldn't stop then."

Jessie stood still, and looked at the ground. Should she obey mamma, or have the one coveted ride? "Oh, hurry!" called the girls, who had gone ahead.

Quickly they reached their starting-place, and the two sisters seated themselves for another ride. Jessie hesitated, then took her position. "Ding-dong-ding-dong-ding," rang the big bell, but at the very first sound—as if it had hands, and with them had reached all the way down from the belly and set the sleds in motion—the girls started, and by the last stroke were gaining speed every second.

Now about half-way down the hill was a cross-road, and occasionally teams passed along. As the girls neared this crossing, they heard the sound of sleigh-bells, but did not stop to think what it might mean. Mary and Clara were in the lead. Just as they came to the crossing, the sleigh drove in sight, but it was too late now; neither sleigh nor children had seen the other soon enough to stop. On went the sisters, crossing just a few feet ahead of the horses, but poor little Jessie came just in time to be thrown directly under the sleigh.

By this time, Clara and Mary, in their fright, had tumbled over into a snowbank, and were picking themselves up. "Look, see Jessie!" exclaimed Clara. "Oh! oh! what is the matter?"

"Those dreadful horses—" The man had stopped his team, and was running back to where Jessie lay in a little heap. Forgetting their sled, the sisters hastened to the scene. They reached Jessie first, and bending over her, called her by name, but there was no reply. Just then the man came up. "Oh! wo— you have killed her," sobbed out Mary.

ward. They had a mournful tale to tell their mother, that night. "We forgot our sled, mamma, and maybe somebody else will get it. But we won't forget so easy next time, and coax anybody to do what her mamma has told her not to do."

As mother and daughter were talking that night in regard to the happening of the afternoon, Jessie said, "I wasn't hurt much, mamma, but I was dreadfully scared. It was all because I didn't mind you—wasn't it? Next time I'll come home before the clock strikes."

FAMOUS POLITE SPEECHES.

Woman is the Sunday of man. —Michelet

Woman is the sweetest present that God has given to man—Guyard.

Woman has a snail for every joy and a tear for every sorrow —Sainte-Foix.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—Balzac.

There is a woman at the bottom of all great things.—Lamartine.

There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses.—Malherbe.

All the evil that women have done to us comes from us, and all the good they have done to us comes from them.—Maitle.

A beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man is the most perfect thing in nature, we find in her all the merits of both sexes —La Bruyere.

Lover, daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, in those six words lies what the human heart contains of the sweetest, the most ecstatic, the most sacred, the purest, the most ineffable.—Chateaubriand.

ST PATRICK'S DAY.

(By Denis A. McCarthy in March Donahoe's.)

Oh, why are the bugles playing? And the drums why do they beat? And why are the pennants swaying High over the crowded street? What pageant is it appearing Like a verdant ribbon unrolled? And why are the people cheering A banner of green and gold?

The drums so loudly beating, The bugles that gaily blow, The banners that wave a greeting High over the crowd below, The stalwarts ranks parading, The cheers that deafen the skies For a flag of green unfading That over the column flies—

All these are the Gael's expression Of love for a land afar, All these are his soul's confession Of the sweetest dreams that are, Of the live-long year he holds it Deep-hid in his heart await, But wide to the world unfold it In honor of St. Patrick's Day!

This day wherever he wanders, Whatever his name or place, With faithful spirit he ponders, The home of his ancient race; In new lands over the ocean, To-day he remembers the old, And follows with deep devotion A banner of green and gold!

GRATEFUL WORDS!

A Quebec Gentleman who found in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a Perfect Cure for his Dyspepsia.

Sundridge, Ont., March 10.—(Special.)—Physicians and others who study the treatment and cure of disease have been greatly interested in the case of Mr. Wm. Doeg, a farmer living in Strong Township about four miles from here.

Mr. Doeg had Rheumatism so bad as to be a cripple for years and was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

In order to verify the report he was visited at his home and the following signed statement of the facts secured:

"For four years I suffered excruciating torture. I was scarcely an hour free from pain. The trouble commenced in my back where it often remained stationary for months, and so intense was the pain that I could not lie down or take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would then move to other parts of my body and when my knees I was unable to walk and confined constantly to my room.

"I was treated by several doctors and also tried many medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I would never again experience the pleasure of being free from pain.

The Birds of March

Estelle M. Hart, in Sunday School Times.

Chickadees, woodpeckers, nut-hatches, brown creepers, juncos, and other of our winter birds, are still with us during the month of March, but our keen interest in them commences to wane when the time comes for the summer residents to begin to arrive.

"Pretty soon, pretty quick," calls the robin in the garden on a bright March morning, and, sure enough, "pretty soon" the prophecy is fulfilled, and familiar notes are heard in the greening meadows, and from the bare trees.

The bluebird, with "the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back," as John Burroughs so aptly puts it, greets us early in the month, and the song sparrows are not far behind.

To a casual observer they are not much unlike the English sparrows in appearance, but the song sparrow has streaks of black and brown on his whitish breast and sides, his wings are shorter, and his tail longer than those of his English cousin.

The principal difference between them, however, is one of spirit, and this is expressed in their notes. Instead of the noisy, scolding chatter of the English sparrow, the song sparrow pours out his free, joyous soul in a song so sweet and cheery that it makes one ashamed of any but courageous thoughts and high hopes to hear it—a little song, just one high, clear note, three times repeated, and followed by a sort of cadenza.

Early in March, also, comes the purple grackle or crow blackbird. What a stir and a breeze they make as large flocks arrive together, and clamor and creak (I know of no more musical words with which to indicate their calls) in flapping companies among the tall trees, or walk proudly about the lawns! The grackles are over twelve inches long, a little larger than the robin, which measures ten inches. They are glossy black all over, but their backs shine with iridescent colors in the sun.

The red-winged blackbirds appear at about the same time. They are not so large as the crow blackbirds. The general color is black, but on the "shoulders" are gleaming epaulets of scarlet, edged with gold. They take up their abode in boggy meadows, nesting in low bushes, and there we may find them in large numbers, and hear the oft-repeated "konk-a-ree" that answers for their song.

Soon after the tenth of the month, a near relative of these blackbirds appears—the meadow-lark. The meadow-lark is about the length of the robin. The upper parts are brown, mottled with black, the breast bright yellow, with a conspicuous black crescent on it, there are yellow stripes over the eye and through the crown. He is most easily identified, however, by the white of the outer tail feathers, which is very noticeable when he flies. Like their relatives the blackbirds, the meadow-larks are walkers, and one may often see them walking in the bare March fields. If you draw too near, there will be a flapping of wings, a sudden sailing flight and off goes your bird to alight on a fence-post, very likely, with a nasal call.

"Recent" This is not at all like the song, which is a high, clear whistle, unusually sweet. Some one has syllabled the notes, "I see you—can't see me," which is very good English for it.

A comfortable, home-keeping little bird makes his appearance, usually, by the middle of the month—the phoebe, one of the fly catchers. The phoebe is a smaller bird than the lark and the robin, about the length of the bluebird—seven inches. He is of a soft sooty-brown color, the head darker than the back, the under parts white, purest on the throat, the sides of the breast slightly streaked with brownish-gray. Like the other fly-catchers, the phoebe perches in an erect position, and raises a slight crest as he sits quietly on a fence-rail, or a dry twig, and watches for his luncheon to fly by. Under a beam or rafter he builds a nest of moss or mud, lined with grass and hair. He is devoted to his family, and has a contented, trustful spirit that makes him a welcome neighbor near our homes.

We grow fond of his simple song as we learn to respect his homely worth. Mr. Chapman, in his "Handbook,"—an invaluable aid to bird students, by the way—says of the phoebe's song, a "humble, monotonous, 'Pewit, phoebe, pewit, phoebe,'—a hopelessly tuneless performance, but who that has heard it in early spring, when the 'pussy-willow' seems almost to purr with soft-blossoms, will not affirm that phoebe touches chords dumb to more ambitious songsters!"

During the last ten days of the month you may have the fortune, if you will take a walk along a quiet road late in the afternoon, to catch a glimpse of a rather dimly marked and pale-colored sparrow, that will fly ahead of you from one low bush to another, showing, as he flies, a white feather on either side of his tail.

You may see him at any time of day, but if your hour is late afternoon he will probably treat you to a delightful song, sweet and loud and clear—a really soul-stirring performance.

ance. This is the vesper sparrow, so named from the fact that he chooses this late hour of the day for his service of song, though it does not disdain to throw in a little matin concert sometimes as well.

There is another bird one may hope to see before the end of March, if he has a chance to watch near a stream or pond. This is the belted kingfisher—a martial-looking bird in a grayish-blue uniform, with a white vest and collar, and a broad band of blue across his breast. He has a splendid crest and a strong long bill. He perches quietly on a limb overhanging the water, and flies from point to point along the shore. As he skims along, he catches the glint of a fish, then, with swiftly beating wings, poises a moment, then darts beneath the surface, to rise in an instant with his prey in his bill, and, uttering a harsh rattle, off he flies to a perch with his prize. He is rather a handsome fellow, as his blue and white flashes in the sun, and worth at least a slight acquaintance.

One may feel that he has had a fair sight of the commonest birds of the month, though there are still others to catch glimpses of, if he sees, during March these that have been referred to, and by the end of the month he will be quite ready to welcome the new comers than milder April will usher in.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. should try Brown's Bronchial Troches, a simple and effectual remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

JUST A THIEF UPON THE CROSS.

Just a thief upon the cross, Surely for my sins I die, Every pain is justly mine All the grief and misery But Thou, holy spotless One, Dying to set sinners free, Hear my last despairing cry, Jesu, Lord! remember me

Just a thief upon the cross, Soul and body filled with pain, Bitterly the past I mourn, While I on this cross remain Neither love, nor sympathy On strange faces can I see, Save Thine own, O Blessed One! Jesu, Lord! remember me

Just a thief upon the cross I am dying by Thy side Thou to save the world from sin, I because of sin, How wide Is the gulf between us, Lord! Thou with love beyond degree, Holy, blameless, merciful, Saviour, Christ! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross, Soon will death bring flesh release, But my soul! my soul, O Christ! Grant it rest, forgiveness, peace. Safe with Thee, in Paradise, Thou hast promised I shall be, In Thy mercy do I trust, Lamb of God! remember me.

Just a thief upon the cross, Oh, what peace when death shall come! Cleared from weakness, sorrow, sin, Welcomed in Thy heavenly home, Warring human nature stilled, After death's Gehseman, Nevermore to raise the cry, Jesu, Lord! remember me. B A HITCHCOCK

—The Catholic World Magazine.

CONSUMPTION

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