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VOL. XI. No. 1

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1903

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Irish Parliamentary Unity

Mr. Redmond Defines the Situation which the Final Vote on the English Education Bill Accentuated.

Speaking in Dundalk on Dec. 15, when he got a magnificent reception, Mr. John Redmond said: "We know to-day that there was not and that there never was the smallest danger to national unity. The lesson of ten years of inter-ethnic strife in Ireland and their deadly results are too fully realized to-day by the Irish people to allow dissension once more to raise its head in Ireland (hear, hear). But what has occurred is, in my opinion, of more value. It has shown some things very clearly, which are of enormous value to Ireland and to the National cause. It has shown, first of all, that the apparent difference between the Irish Hierarchy and the Irish people was due to an entire misapprehension of the political situation (hear, hear). It has shown, if, indeed, it was necessary to show it to anyone, that the Irish Party was never indifferent to the interests of Catholic education either in Ireland or in England (applause); it has reminded the people in this country that the Irish Party spent many weary weeks and months in supporting Catholic education last summer in Parliament when some of the defenders of Catholic education to-day never showed their faces there at all (applause). It has shown that while, on the one side, the Irish Party never refused to listen with respect on any subject to the voice of the Irish Bishops, and that they recognize to the full that there are subjects, such as religious education, upon which those Prelates have a right to speak with authority, on the other hand, it has been recognized fully by the Bishops themselves that the Irish Party is a political and not a religious organization (applause), and that on mere questions of politics or of Parliamentary tactics they are and must remain absolutely free and independent (hear, hear). There is no inconsistency between those two positions and I am convinced that what has occurred recently will make it impossible for misunderstanding in the future, and will, as I hope, lead to a more thorough exchange of views between those who represent politics in the country and those who represent religion (hear, hear). Now, the second thing that has been proved of enormous value by the little trouble which is now over is the extraordinary and magnificent solidarity of the country. Aye, and more than that, the magnificent loyalty of the country to its Parliamentary leaders (hear, hear). I know of no finer spectacle than has been exhibited by the Irish people during the last few weeks. And after this test has been applied to their unity and their loyalty I can boast that I speak here to-day as fully for the whole National Party in Ireland as any leader ever did (cheers). There never in the past history of Ireland was a Party so absolutely united. I have just come from England. To read the English papers every day about a new Irish Party and a new split in the Nationalist ranks you would think that suddenly the Nationalist Party had been rent into two factions. Why we know that the test that was to split their unity and their loyalty during the last few weeks has been so magnificently faced that not a single man of the Party has been false to Party discipline and to Party ties (applause). The gentlemen who have been taken to the breast of the London Times are not men who have left our Party; they are men who were put out of our Party (cheers), who were put out of our Party, remember not by the Party itself, but by their own constituents, who called upon them each one of them, to resign his seat in the House of Commons (hear, hear) long before this trouble existed. No, the Party to-day is as solid and united and loyal to one another as is the country. And there is one thing more that the last few weeks has proved, and then I pass on the subject. I stated the night I returned from America in Dublin that there was a conspiracy on the part of a handful of men, under the guise of Catholic education, to wreck and ruin the National movement and the National Party (hear, hear). That, at any rate, is clear to-day, clear as the light of day now (hear, hear). It is a conspiracy, I ought not to have dignified it by the name; it is a conspiracy pour rite; it is a conspiracy that has already been laughed out of existence by the common sense and intelligence of the people of Ireland (applause). This trouble, therefore, is over; it has tested the movement, it has tested the Party, and it has tested the solidarity of the country (hear, hear); and I turn away now to address a few words on matters of far more importance than those with which I have been dealing. We are on the eve in Ireland of one of the strangest and most hopeful episodes that has ever occurred in the whole of our history. In a few days' time a body of men will assemble in a private room in Dublin to discuss how the Irish Land question may be ended, that question which has depopulated and beggared this country, that question which has been the cause of crime and of misery and of hatred between man and man, and the men who are to assemble in that room are men who will represent both sides in the fight. For the first time in the history of the Irish Land question representatives of the landlords and representatives of the tenants will come together in friendly consultation to see whether they cannot devise some means of ending this blood-stained struggle, which has ruined Ireland, and has been so fatal to the interest of both classes concerned (hear, hear). We must not be too sanguine I would be the last to lead you to believe that the conference can result in drafting an elaborate scheme or elaborate Bill for the settlement of this question. That I do not believe is possible, and if it were possible I would not consider that it were wise. We must leave the responsibility of drafting schemes on the shoulders of the Government, and we must, on both sides, leave that conference room perfectly free to criticize the details of the Government scheme when it is put forward (hear, hear). But I do solemnly say that, in my opinion, the mere holding of such a conference as I have mentioned is in itself, taken alone, of enormous significance, and of most hopeful augury (hear, hear). If that conference results in agreement, as I have every hope and expectation that it will, upon the main and essential facts of the Irish Land question, then I say that no man living can calculate the enormous importance of the results which may flow from it. But I say again a word of warning. Even if the conference does agree in the name of landlords and of tenants upon the main essentials of the settlement of the Land question, even then, I tell you not to be too sanguine. We are living in the most extraordinary country ever known in the history of the world (hear, hear). We are living in a country where the will of the people is never of importance in the government, and the mere fact that the landlords, through their representatives, and the tenants, through their representatives, the two parties concerned, agree to end this struggle, is no proof for me that English statesmen will be wise enough and rational enough to give legislative effect to this agreement. I know that Mr. Wyndham stated that the English Government could not settle this question, that the settlement must come from an agreement between both parties. Well, if both parties agree, and I believe they will, even then I am not sure that Mr. Wyndham and his Government will give effect to their agreement. But, at any rate, while I am not over sanguine as to the result, I do say that this conference is the most significant episode in the public life of Ireland, certainly for the last century, and that if it end, as I believe, it will, in agreement, it will give to English statesmanship an unparalleled opportunity of bringing to an end that accursed system which has, as they bitterly know, been as bad for the English Empire and the English Government, as it has for its poor victims on the hillsides of Ireland (applause). We are, therefore, on the eve of most important events. I wish to say that our real security is not to be found in promises, it is not to be found in confidences of Mr. Wyndham. Our real security and our only real security is to be found in the unity and determination of ourselves (applause). If our movement is strong, if our agitation is vigorous and menacing, if our unity is unbroken, then, I say, we can afford to await the future with perfect equanimity, and we can say to Mr. Wyndham: "Take this opportunity afforded to you of settling this great question, or do not. We are ready, and the tenant farmers of Ireland are ready, for either event. If you say it must be a declaration of war, then we will give you as much war as you want" (applause). The United Irish League has decided that as soon as Mr. Wyndham's Land Bill is introduced—which probably will be towards the end of the month of February, not later—that the moment it is introduced a great National Convention of the people will be held in Dublin to consider that Bill. If that Bill commends itself to the intelligence of the convention then I believe we are very near to a complete settlement of this question. If it does not commend itself to the wisdom of that convention, if it is another halting and pottering Land Bill dealing with this little point and that little point, but providing no general settlement for the country, then, believe me, that Bill will not only be not accepted by that convention, it will be indignantly rejected by it, and we will go back to the House of Commons with the mandate of Ireland not to tolerate any more tinkering with this question, with the mandate of Ireland to kill and destroy that Bill (cheers). Meantime, we must not throw away our arms. This situation has been brought about by the vigor and intensity and unity of our movement. We cannot afford to let any of these things grow slack. We must conduct this movement from now until February with just as much vigor and intensity all over the country as if there were no promise of a Land Bill at all. The very moment the agitation becomes slack, the very moment that the Government get it into their heads that the Irish people are not in earnest, and are not united, that very moment, good-bye to all hope of useful legislation for Ireland (hear, hear). I have come here to-day to this great historic County of Louth to beg of its people, whose character

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we all know, the character of steady, industrious, intelligent and brave men, to appeal to them to come into this United Irish League movement and to make it as strong in this county as it is in most other Nationalist counties in Ireland (applause). I am convinced from what I have seen to-day that my visit will not be paid in vain (hear, hear). This vast throng of people assembled in this weather here, not come here and have not stayed here in the rain out of mere idle curiosity. You have come here because you are in earnest, and if what I have said to you commends itself to your intelligence then I ask you to follow up this meeting by spreading the United Irish League organization in every parish in the county (hear, hear). The organization has many enemies, unscrupulous and lying enemies. The latest lie which has been told was told in the House of Commons by Mr. Wyndham, who solemnly declared from statistics carefully prepared for him, no doubt in Dublin Castle, declared that there were over 100 officers of branches of the League through Ireland who were occupiers of evicted farms. Now, let me point out to you, with a cowardly and dishonorable accusation that is, I have made a calculation, and I find that there are in Ireland between 8,000 and 10,000 officers of branches of the League, because he included members of committees. Well, now, if this be true, that out of 10,000 officers of the League there are even 100, aye, if even there are 20, who are holders of evicted farms, it is impossible for me to disprove the statement unless I get the names. I challenge Mr. Wyndham to-day to give me the names of these men (hear, hear). I challenge him even to give the counties where this took place. I know something about the evicted farms in Ireland, and I brand the statement as a lie (applause). And if Mr. Wyndham won't give me the names, the next best thing I can do is to refer for information, not to officials in Dublin Castle, but to the officials of our organization everywhere (hear, hear). There are 75 or 76 Divisional Executives of the League—one in each constituency. These Executives are composed of picked men. I appeal to every one of those Executives to make the necessary inquiry in their own Parliamentary division so as to supply me with a categorical answer to what, on the face of it, is an absurd and ridiculous lie, and what is undoubtedly a most malicious and most cowardly one. It is just in keeping with the last statement Mr. Wyndham made about the League, which was, that there were only 49 branches in Ireland (laughter). I heard him pledge himself to the English public to that statement, when, as a matter of fact, I had in my pocket the names of over 1,200 paying branches of the League (applause). I ask you to join this organization, make it strong and all-powerful all over the County Louth; and I say to you, your hope for the future lies in continuing a menacing agitation all over the country, and in preserving National unity (applause).

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HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT

Twenty-eight Dead and Many More Injured in a G. T. R. Wreck

London, Ont., Dec. 28.—What will be known as the Wanstead collision, with its terrible tale of eight and twenty dead, will long have an evil pre-eminence in the annals of railway disasters, writes Mr. J. A. Ewan, in The Globe. By some inexplicable negligence or misunderstanding between the G. T. R. despatcher's office at London and the official on duty at Watford station the Pacific Express and a freight train were allowed to collide a few hundred yards west of Wanstead, a little station 46 miles from this city. There is a dispute as to facts, but in brief, London wired Watford to direct the Pacific Express to pass the freight train at Wanstead. The Watford operator says that this order was subsequently annulled. When London discovered that the express had been allowed to proceed Wyoming was called up to hold the freight train there, but the answer came back that the freight train had just gone through. All that remained was to try and stop the express, and for this purpose Kingscourt Junction was called up with feverish haste. Back came the answer that the express had passed. Between Kingscourt and Wyoming is Wanstead, but there is no operator there at night. The officials at London became conscious of the fearful fact that two trains, unaware of each other's presence, were hurrying along a single track on the eight miles between Kingscourt and Wyoming. There was one chance of safety. The freight had orders to get into the siding at Wanstead. If it reached Wanstead first all would be well. It was not to be. Had it been given ten seconds longer, had the fireman of the express been ever so remiss in feeding the monster, no one would ever have known how narrowly the shores of eternity had been skirted.

A MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION

The feeblest imagination is capable of compassing some measure of the mighty impact that takes place when two locomotives, followed by their almost incalculably massive queues of cars, come together at top speed. One has only to recall the sight of an express as it goes by, not in the slow majesty with which it moves in cities, but as it shoots along in the open country, the strongest, mightiest and most resistible thing that man has made. On some lines the fast express is called the cannon-ball train and that is what they all are—cannon-balls, not of twelve or fifteen tons weight, but of thousands of tons. The very idea of two of these giants meeting in full career, even if we exclude all thought of the human freight they bear, is a thought of dread. One has to go to convulsions of nature, to "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," to exceed its portentous power. How infinitely more shocking it is when we consider that behind these two monsters, bearing their roaring furnaces of flame, scalding water and super-heated steam, are these frail, fleshy tenements of ours, with their delicate integuments and lacework of purple veins. If anything can be said to be fortunate about the catastrophe, it may be said to have been the fact that both monsters were not moving at top speed. The express was, but the crew of the freight had just opened the Wanstead switch, and she was moving slowly on the main line towards the points when the collision occurred. The locomotive of the express was one of the largest of the Moguls. The freight locomotive was much smaller, and the story of their brief but mighty wrestle is apparent to anyone who looks upon them as they lie, two masses of strap iron, in the ditch. The Mogul, like a great bully, is mounted insultingly on the back of his puny opponent.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH

It is well that he was so puissant. Had he not been, the stock to the

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coaches in rear would have been so much the greater, so much the greater would have been the toll of death. As it was, the weight of the heavy Pullmans in the rear came on the first coach like a mighty battering ram. The baggage car in front of it must have risen clear off the rails, so that its floor was as high as the tops of the seats in the day coach. The latter, driven home by the irresistible hammer behind it, stripped the sides of the baggage car, while the narrow er flooring of that car, at about the height, as I have said, of the tops of the seats, went through the day coach like a gargantuan guillotine, shearing off the heads of passengers in its path through three-fourths of the car. Those who were caught fairly were killed in the twinkling of an eye. The floor did not enter the car level, but was higher than the seats on the south side, which accounts for the "escape from instant death of some of those on that side of the car."

A STRANGE INCIDENT

An almost unbelievable thing was that the baggageman was carried up on the floor of his car, while beneath his feet the pitiful decapitation of a score of his fellow-creatures took place, and scarcely a hair of his head was injured. Fate's proverbial sport, indeed, was illustrated in more cases than the living, and, pinned under the wreck, had to bear each other company. Those who had escaped the mighty knife were first threatened by fire and latterly by frost. Held fast in some cases for hours in a biting winter night, in the midst of groans and appeals to God and man for succor, men, women and children faced death in its most appalling aspects. The newspaper chronicler may sometimes be accused of giving everything its deepest tint, but here horror doth so accumulate on horror's head that the truth could not be fully told in all its awful and repulsive detail. Restraint must be put on the pen when the figures in the shambles are those of human beings.

PROMISE MADE BY THE HOLY FATHERS

Said He Would Meet Archbishop Bruchesi Three Years Hence.
 Archbishop Bruchesi was received at Rome by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on December 7th, and presented about sixty Canadians from various sections of this country, as well as several students of the Canadian College. Among those thus presented by the Archbishop were several Protestants from both Ontario and Quebec. It is related, says the Rome correspondent of The Brooklyn Eagle, that the Archbishop, expressing his hopes of seeing the Holy Father on his next visit to Rome, some three years hence, His Holiness replied, promptly: "I will strive to await your coming."

On the same day, His Holiness received a joint pilgrimage of 1,500 people from the diocese of Albano, which gives a title to one of the six Cardinal Bishops. Several hundred strangers in Rome were granted permission by the Grand Chamberlain to join the pilgrimage. They viewed the pilgrims proper in enthusiastically welcoming the entrance in sedia gestatoria of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, from his throne, pronounced in clear, resounding tones, a brief reply to the address read by Cardinal Agliardi, and imparted his benediction to all present, after which the more noted personages of the pilgrimage, including Prince Chigi, hereditary grand marshal of the conclave, with his family, were admitted to kiss the hand of the Pope, who then quitted the hall amid the like universal enthusiasm as on his first appearance, and from time to time rising to his feet on the sedia gestatoria and turning backward to bless anew the crowded assembly, all of whom marvelled at his comparatively robust aspect and evident physical vigor, notwithstanding his many years.

Amid those recently admitted to the Pontifical presence were Professor Laponi, Papal physician, wholly recovered from his late illness, and able to resume his medical duties near his august patient; the Bishop of Clifton, England, who presented to His Holiness a copy of the Greek grammar of Friar Bacon, recently discovered at Cambridge by the director of Prior Park College, Bath, and published by him. The Pope evinced a lively interest in the history of this volume of the erudite English religious, who died in 1202.

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

MEMORIAL CHURCH TO CARDINAL NEWMAN

On February 21, 1893, had he lived as long, Cardinal Newman would have attained the age of 102. Born in 1801, he died on August 11, 1890, full of years and merit. But though twelve years have passed by since he went to his reward, no fitting memorial to his great work as yet exists. Yet his name is held in veneration in the hearts of millions, who, it is presumed, would be glad to give some outward proof of their appreciation of his life and writings.
 The Church at the Oratory in Birmingham, where the Cardinal lived and labored, is no longer safe, and is too small to accommodate the ever-increasing number that seek admission within its walls. Hence the superior of the Oratorians issued an appeal a year ago for funds to erect a new and suitable church, which should worthily carry out the original design of Cardinal Newman, when he founded the Oratory. It is an enterprise that concerns the honor of a name which is a glory to the Church of our age, and, in reply, the Catholics of England have so far contributed \$62,500, or half of what is needed to complete the memorial church.
 But the Catholics of America also owe Cardinal Newman a debt of gratitude, which they are anxious to recognize. Both clergy and lay speak his name with love, honor, and appreciation who, grace, he has accomplished. Church. Many, too, owe the light of the life to his writings and example.
 Will these now lend a hand towards this most deserving enterprise? If every lover of "Lead, Kindly Light," were to send an offering, no matter how small, this much-needed and well-deserved Memorial Church would soon be raised, and the Catholics of America would have the lion's share in the enterprise. The claims upon us are many, but let room be found for this one also.
 Father Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, has lately been sent to this country to enlist the sympathy of all American Catholics and secure their generous help in this work, which deserves a world-wide recognition. He is the guest of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, and to him all offerings should be sent. He will gratefully receive and duly acknowledge the smallest contribution.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

ITALY AND DIVORCE. Rome, Dec. 10.—All Italy is in a state of excitement regarding the introduction into Parliament of the Bill legalizing divorce.

Since 1843, nearly twenty years ago, Zanardelli has been seeking to have a law of divorce established in Italy, and has not yet succeeded.

The Catholics of the country, feeling the greatest abhorrence to this law of divorce, as it has been introduced in a monster petition against the project.

This is how the promoters of liberty of speech and freedom of thought received the expression of the will of three millions and a half of the thirty millions of the population of Italy.

In the midst of the deafening shouts Signor Socci, standing up on the Extreme Left, shouted: "That means to say, gentlemen, that there are at least three millions of imbeciles in Italy."

"Pure idiots! And cowards," were the additions and explanations of other members of the Republican Party surrounding Signor Socci.

ENGLAND

THE EDUCATION BILL. A signal and decisive Parliamentary coup was achieved by the Irish Party on the "Repairs" Amendment. It is admitted on all sides that the brilliant success with which the Party was brought into action at the one crucial moment that had arisen over the Bill exemplifies not only the remarkable ability with which it is led, but the point of perfection it has attained as a Parliamentary organization.

unaffected by the disgruntlement of either Liberal or Tory. An occasion presented itself to the Party to strike a blow for the Catholic schools, and, true to their original intention of availing themselves of such an opportunity, they struck it, and struck home.

There was one point about the final division which should not be lost sight of, as showing in the clearest and most conclusive way the wisdom of the tactics adopted by the Irish Party in regard to this Bill.

IRELAND

DEATH OF MOST REV. DR. WOODLOCK.

The Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, who retired from the See of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise in 1895, died at All Hallows' College, Dublin, last week.

The news of his death was received with feelings of profound grief, not only in his former diocese, but throughout Catholic Ireland. The Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock was an eminent member of the Irish Hierarchy in the two closing decades of the last century, and throughout his whole ecclesiastical career displayed those brilliant gifts which gave him so great a power in his holy labors.

At a time when Dr. Woodlock was engaged in the arduous duties of the position of Vice-President of All Hallows he introduced into Ireland a society, which during the years which have intervened, has done incalculable good throughout the country.

FRANCE

With reference to the campaign against the Oblate Missionaries, the Societ states that if the Fathers are compelled to leave the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, four thousand Catholics of Montmartre, aided by six thousand destitute persons who are fed daily at the great church, will turn out and resist the Janissaries of M. Combes, just as the people of Brittany did. Combes has meanwhile

prepared for the Senate his Bills for the authorization, or partial authorization, of the "White Fathers" of Algeria, the priests of the African missions, and the Brothers of St. John of God. He will subsequently draw up the Bills for the partial authorization of the Trappist Cistercians and the Cistercians of the Immaculate Conception.

APOSTLESHIP OF THE LAITY

General Intention for January Named and Blessed by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Every Christian should be an apostle, because every Christian should love our Lord Jesus Christ, and should wish to see Him loved by all men. This wish constitutes an apostle in desire; and with an effort to realize the wish we have an apostle in deed and reality.

It would be a serious mistake to suppose that this apostleship is confined, by right, to the ranks of the clergy. It would be about as true to think that patriotism is to be found only amongst those whose profession it is to be soldiers.

An apostle then is to be judged much more by what he does than by what he is. If he does the work of an apostle, no matter what his rank or calling may be in the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, he is a true Messenger sent by God to carry on His work.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

This is an error we should not allow to take possession of our minds; for in the work of saving souls and extending the reign of Christ, prayer is the first and great apostleship; and without it, any other would be but the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal.

Apostles of Prayer are those we need most to-day, as they were always most needed in the history of the Church. It is the holy recluses and the cloistered virgins, as well as those untold legions of pious but unassuming souls whose voices were never raised except in prayer and whose deeds were known only to God, and yet who by their prayerful appeals to the Throne of Mercy, have done more for the conversion of the world, than the most eloquent preachers and most active missionaries.

This doctrine of the paramount importance of prayer, lies at the bottom of the whole apostolic life. It was taught us by Christ Himself, who spent the greater part of His life in this holy exercise, and who even when He had begun His more active work, had His hours by day and by night to draw down the grace of God on what He did.

the seed they had planted. No one can deny that the holy men who instituted the League and the Apostleship of Prayer were noted not merely for their learning and prudence, but for their deep insight into spiritual things. For the greater number of the first Associates, prayer, in word and deed, was the only weapon they could wield in the spiritual combat.

APOSTLESHIP IN ACTION.—If the time ever did exist when the Church could dispense with the active assistance and co-operation of the laity, that time has gone by never, apparently, to return.

Two principles must be at the bottom of this apostleship of action. Lay-Catholics must be convinced that their faith and its holy practices are dearer than anything that this world can give, dearer and more precious far than success in business, than the ties of social life or than the highest places and loftiest ambitions of the political world.

In countries where these principles have grown hazy and uncertain and where Catholics also have failed to recognize the importance of united action, we have witnessed of late years too many proofs of what harm can be done to religion in so-called Christian countries, by a mere handful of irreligious but determined men.

We need no more striking proof of how important is the action of laity in securing for the Church the liberty and support she needs to carry on her work. Could there be a stronger argument for apostolic action on the part of her lay-children? The laity they can be apostles, and, as we have just seen are, in many instances, bound to be so.

We cannot go over the whole field of this lay apostleship in action, nor need we do so. It includes every way, every activity that may in any way further the interest of religion or protect them when attacked.

DAILY PRAYER DURING THIS MONTH

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, and according to all the intentions for which Thou sacrificest Thyself continually at our altar; I offer them in particular that the spirit of true apostleship may be aroused in the hearts of Christian laymen.

DAILY RESOLUTION.—Each day I shall note down in a book what I have done to propagate the faith.—Canadian Messenger.

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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, 1493-1803. The Arthur H. Clark Company, of Cleveland, O., announce in a limited edition, an extensive and unusually important literary undertaking—an historical series entitled "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803: Explorations by early navigators, descriptions of the Islands and their Peoples, their History and records of the Catholic Missions as related in contemporaneous books and manuscripts, showing the political, economic, commercial and religious conditions of those Islands from their earliest relations with European Nations to the beginning of the nineteenth century."

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The series will be edited and annotated by Miss Helen Blair, M. A., of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, assistant editor of The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, Ph. B., also formerly engaged upon that work. An historical introduction and notes are furnished by Edward Gaylord Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University, well known as an authority on early Spanish discoveries and colonizations in the New World.

The selection of documents to be published in this series has been made with special reference to the social and economic conditions of the Islands under the Spanish regime, and to the history of the missions conducted therein by great religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church. The undertaking is commended by well known scholars, librarians and ecclesiastics, and promises to be one of the most important literary events of this decade. The work will contain many illustrations of historical importance from Spanish and other originals, from manuscripts, etc. It will further be illustrated with modern and old maps, plans of cities, views, convents, architecture, etc. It will give for the first time in the English language, the complete, original sources of our knowledge of these Islands for over three centuries, and will thereby make accessible to the scholars for the first time the books and manuscripts to which we must refer to get a clear and correct view of the social, economical, political, and religious state and history of the Islands. Many important and almost unknown manuscripts now published for the first time will throw much new light on the present conditions, and on their inner history. The sources and authorities in every case will be carefully given, and the locations of rare Philippine libraries at home and abroad will always be stated.

This work is of great value and interest at the present time when a correct knowledge of the Islands is absolutely necessary, and it will contain much of interest to students of Geography, Ethnology, Linguistics, Comparative Religion, Ecclesiastical History, Administration, etc. The economic and commercial aspects will be given due attention and it is the intention of the editors to make the work such that it will be highly welcome to librarians who are already seriously embarrassed in trying to meet the demand in both reference and public libraries for information relative to our Malaysian possessions—a demand which is increasing rapidly and must continue to increase.

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FIRST MONTH 31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Calendar for January 1903 showing days of the month, feast days, and liturgical events such as Epiphany and the Epiphany season.

Walk Two Miles Feels Like One Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

A MOTHER'S LOGIC. The Living Church, leading organ of the "high" or "ritualistic" wing of the Protestant Episcopal body, publishes the following poetical defense of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead:

my work is made interesting." Can we wonder that such a woman succeeds?

HEALTH HINTS

To prevent a cold in the head or cure one try the following: Stop one nostril and breathe in all the air that is possible through the other nostril.

There are so many different roads to music, and they are so hopelessly intertwined, that it is difficult to find even their beginning.

BOOKS

A good book is a lasting companion. Truths which have taken years to glean, are therein at once freely, carefully communicated.

THE AFTER-LIFE

The king was dead. He lay in state in his castle hall. Above him drooped the banners of conquered peoples.

TWO VIEWS OF A BOY

I was visiting his school, and the boy sat in the back row. Three times I saw him slyly punch his neighbor, who calmly continued his work.

HOW TO LOSE A PLACE

Of course the Little People wish to do something in the world when they grow up. Here is something from an exchange which tells how a position rapidly may be lost:

"LAZY PEOPLE'S MASS."

The Mass that hour (9 o'clock) is principally for the children, in order that their parents may be able to get them away to church at the proper time.

We once knew an old, experienced priest, who never called that Mass by any other name than "the lazy people's Mass."

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN HONESTY

We would like to impress this on the mind of not only the young man, says an exchange, but we want to impress it on the mind of the parent that he ought to teach his boy that it pays to be honest.

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 To all outside points, \$4.00
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THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1903.

TORONTO MAYORALTY.

Four candidates for the Mayorality of 1903 offer the citizens of Toronto a choice of numbers, if nothing else. There is to vary Mayor Howland's phrase — "the inevitable Socialist," but we do not count him in the number to be chosen from. This same Socialist has been an "also ran" for several years, and has been quite content with the advertisement of the thing and the few score votes annually cast in his favor. At the nomination meeting on Monday, he is reported to have distributed a large assortment of Socialistic literature. The other candidates distributed less recriminatory matter than is customary on such occasions; but before the campaign ends this part of the work will doubtless be fully attended to.

Ald. Spence made a few cutting remarks before declining the nomination offered him, and from the tone of his speech evidently wished the electors to regard the contest in reality as not between four aspirants but two. He counted out—and in this we agree with him—Mr. C. C. Robinson and Ald. Thomas Urquhart.

Beyond the popular qualification that he is a Conservative and an active politician, Mr. Robinson has no particular claim upon the prize. This word we use deliberately, for within the period of our recollection of Toronto the Mayorality has been nothing else than a prize supposed to be held in the gift of the dominant political party in the city. R. J. Fleming and the late E. A. Macdonald did a great deal to shatter the common faith both of the donors and aspirants for the office; but under Mayor Howland the old order has been restored, as His Worship's timely warning against "the inevitable Liberal" fully affirmed.

"The inevitable Liberal" in the present instance, who never sleeps, but is always on the watch for divisions in the opposite camp, must be Ald. Urquhart. This young lawyer has been an active champion of municipal ownership in the Council, and has for a number of years received strong support in Ward Four. Ald. Spence gave him good advice, however, when he told him he should have stayed in his Ward, for the present at all events. His loss to the Council will be felt. With his aid the citizens might have looked for quicker relief from the extortion and infirmities of the Bell Telephone Company than they otherwise may get. He is not strong enough to dispute Mayor Howland's possession of the "consolation prize" that has now been his for two years and which he hopes to hold for a third term.

The real challenger is Ald. Lamb who, as the doyen of the Council, had intended to retire this year until the Globe brought him into the ring for the Mayoralty stakes. We must give Ald. Lamb that credit which is due him of saying that he is not suspected of the desire to sit in the Mayor's chair for the sake of drawing the salary. He is very well supplied with this world's goods and does not need a salary from the citizens at his time of life. Long service as an alderman deserves recognition, nor is it unreasonable to contend that the only adequate recognition of it should take the form of the higher municipal honor of the Mayoralty. This, however, is for the citizens to say. To us it seems a good principle to concede the Chief Magistracy to some alderman of long experience and fair record. If Toronto but allowed this principle, it would for one thing help to obliterate a reproach that has gone out against her wherever the name of the city is known or mentioned.

In England, Australia or the United States you can hear Toronto spoken of as the city that will not elect a Catholic Mayor. Candidly, we do not find that the facts are quite as black as they are represented. The

reputation pertains more to the past perhaps; but in these days a much broader and more intelligent spirit animates the people, and it may be partly the fault of the Catholics themselves that in later years the record of religious exclusion has remained unbroken.

Take some well known man like Alderman William Burns, who, as a representative of the people has no superior in the Council in the estimation of the general public. Yet he does not aspire to the Mayoralty. He is a gentleman of dignified presence, pleasing address, business experience and untarnished integrity. Every citizen who knows William Burns trusts him as implicitly in public as in private affairs. The Register would be inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to Protestant Toronto now by saying that her intelligent citizens would only take account of William Burns' merits as a public man if he were to present himself as a Mayoralty candidate. The simple fact remains that he has not done so.

If the candidature of Ald. Lamb serves the single good purpose of getting leaders in the Council to aspire to the Chief Magistracy after ample and honorable service, it may help the people themselves to see the true relation of the actual facts to this putative blot of religious intolerance. Then gentlemen like Mr. Burns may be brought out for the Mayoralty against the dead wall of this too easily accepted exclusion—all too easily accepted as we have said by Catholics themselves—and the appearance of which, however unsubstantial, does no honor either to the public spirit of our Catholic or Protestant citizens.

It is not our wish to ring in a sectarian note upon the present Mayoralty contest, which shows nothing different from the elections of a dozen years past. As between Mr. Howland and Mr. Lamb there is, of course, no difference of this kind whatever.

It is being said that some Catholics in the city have taken umbrage over the remarks of Mayor Howland at the recent dinner to Mgr. Falconio. We would be very surprised, indeed, to know that there is any truth in this story. Whilst the necessity of breaking ground upon the subject of Mayor Howland's digression upon the occasion referred to would not be in the least degree likely to appear to the ordinary self-consciousness of the loyal mind, there was not one word from first to last in His Worship's speech to hurt the susceptibilities of any Catholic who heard him, or read next day in the newspapers the condensed reports of what he said. Therefore we are certain that any of Mr. Howland's opponents who would endeavor to represent that incident to his prejudice are opponents who understand nothing of Catholic opinion about it.

If Mayor Howland and Ald. Lamb are to be the main jousting in the Mayoralty tilting ring this year, the only points of difference between them that are important from the standpoint of civic policy are these: Whether the office of Chief Magistrate should be regarded even in a secondary sort of way as a piece of party patronage, and in the second place whether the office should be looked upon as a proper reward for long service in the Council that Mayor Howland personifies the political claim is something that can be said of him without any reflection upon his political character. He has been an honest and presentable Mayor during the double term of his office. For the matter of that there is quite too much talk about dishonesty indulged in when civic elections are on. The Toronto City Council can stand comparison for the public honesty of its membership with any municipal or legislative body in the Dominion. The ratepayers need not sit up nights worrying about how much more than the salary any man is going to get out of the Toronto City Council who enters it either as mayor or alderman.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has been investigating in France the religious conditions out of which the persecution of the Religious Orders there has arisen. He has discovered so many new leads in the anti-religious policy of the Government that suspicion of an official war upon religion assumes in his mind the force of a conviction. He says, for instance: "It is not merely in connection with the

religious communities that the persecution of Catholics is carried on in France. Take the army. The army there has always been very Catholic, and the officers as a body especially so, but they are now subject to the most terrible persecutions. For instance, if an officer goes to Mass on Sundays marks are put opposite his name in the War Office. In the same manner, if prayer-books or rosaries are found among his effects or if he sends his children to Convent Schools he is black-listed and gets no promotion. The same thing applies to the Civil Service. In France Civil Servants do not hold their office by right of tenure, but from day to day, and are liable to be dismissed at the pleasure of the authorities, whether they are officials in any of the Government departments, or teachers in schools. Any who are suspected of being religiously inclined—for instance, any who go to Mass on Sundays—are marked out for persecution, and for dismissal upon any sort of pretext on the first occasion that arises."

Having put up these barriers against the practice of religion in the army, stronger measures are provided for the benefit of tutors. No professor who has taught in any religious schools are eligible for employment in any other school. No young man who has been educated in any Catholic school or college has a chance of passing the Government examination.

Sir Thomas Esmonde is as pessimistic as other observers of the situation. He says:

"And what is the meaning of this persecution?"

"The pretext for it is difficult to find. There is no more patient or a more long-suffering body of men anywhere than the great body of the French clergy—secular and regular. But the meaning of it all is perfectly plain. It is the outcome of a generation of irreligious teaching in the public schools. The present generation of Frenchmen educated in the public schools have been so taught that they are more to be pitied than blamed. The spirit of the Administration is actively anti-religious. They have driven out the Religious Orders. They have closed the schools in which religion is taught—or they are about to close them; they are persecuting the secular clergy; they are now attacking the Bishops. In fact, to find a parallel for the state of things in France we must go back to Irish history almost to the days of Queen Anne. A Catholic who speaks out in France is denounced as a traitor to his country; and the rallying cry at the elections of the supporters of the existing system is 'Down with the Biretta!'"

"And what will be the outcome of it all?"

"Goodness only knows. There seems no prospect of a change for the better as yet. In my opinion things will be worse before they improve. Our co-religionists in France are passing through a terrible ordeal, and we can only offer them our sympathy."

HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The investigation into the dreadful accident on the G. T. R. at Wanstead, near London, is being narrowed down at the Coroner's inquest to the parts in connection with it of the train-despatcher and the station agent. These two men fail to tell the same story. The settlement of a clerical blunder cannot, however, modify the one appalling revelation disclosed in the chain of circumstances surrounding the calamity. This revelation is the peril at which express trains are run upon trunk lines. They have to proceed between freights scheduled to find a sort of haphazard safety from them upon sidings all along the route. Cars are scarce and employes are driven to utilize every moment available for the moving of freight. Can we imagine the frightful risk of travel under these conditions, when, in the parlance of the telegraph operator, "a minute may bust it"—as indeed it did this time. Has the Government of the country no duty towards the community with regard to the lessening of these risks?

The Coroner's inquest at Wyoming this week may clear up the margin of doubt now existing as to direct responsibility for the technical fault of this or that petty official; but on the rousing of the Government to such permanent intervention as obtains in Great Britain can clear away the sense of terror which this latest disaster has fastened upon the public mind.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We wish all our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the well known Jesuit preacher, and brother of Cardinal Vaughan, lives three nights every week in Whitechapel, where he rents a small room in a mean street, cooks his own meals and caters for his own wants. At half-past eight in the evening he emerges from his chosen dwelling garbed in his cassock and biretta, and, wandering through court and alley, he rings a bell and calls out his intention to hold an open-air service at some suitable spot. The service is a short, simple, but impressive one. A hymn is sung, on most occasions to the accompaniment of a tiny organ. Then, standing on a barrel or an egg box, Father Vaughan catechises the people, this being the first step towards an impassioned address, full of exhortation and hope. There is no element of controversy in his sermon. He culminates by inviting the children to pray. Father Vaughan is applying towards the young savages of modern London the same means of conversion that distinguished the Jesuits of old France in Canada.

A NEW YEAR GREETING

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

For several months past I have been accorded the hospitality of your columns, and no matter what subject I selected—religious, social, national, or even political—you have been kind enough to give me space for its publication. Now that 1903 draws to a close, I wish to give expression to my personal gratitude for such favors and to wish The Catholic Register every imaginable success during the year that is at hand.

It is true that my individuality is not known to your readers, nor is it likely it ever will be; still I feel, as do all writers, that there is a certain bond of friendship, I might say of acquaintanceship, between me and them. Although we may never meet face to face, yet we have been connected in as far as our minds have traversed the same spheres—I in writing, they in reading that which I penned. In this sense I feel as if I were personally interested in each of your subscribers and readers. Consequently in this spirit to extend to them the hand of sincerity as I wish them—individually and collectively—a Happy New Year.

In giving expression to this accustomed wish of the New Year, as far as The Catholic Register is concerned, I hope that its course during 1903 may be marked with prosperity in every acceptance of the term. The success of your paper means simply another triumph for that splendid work which the Holy Father has been pleased to characterize as "the Apostolate of the Press." Every Catholic organ, no matter how extensive or how limited its sphere of action, is a potent factor in the great work of propagation of the Truth. It has its mission, and whosoever aids, in one way or another, in securing a success for that mission, has merited greatly in the eyes of the Church and in the eyes of God. It is to be regretted that our Catholic organs do not receive all the encouragement that they deserve. The complaint is frequently made that "the paper does not contain much." The way to make the paper a useful and important organ is not by criticism and fault-finding, but rather by encouraging those who are laboring for its future, and by increasing its circulation, augmenting its advertising patronage, and in every way giving it that helping hand which it has a right to expect. In making this remark I am not actuated by any personal interest, for as you know, I practice that which I preach—at least as far as concerns Catholic journalism. Therefore, I expect that in wishing the paper "the compliments of the season," I am simply giving expression to a wish for the spread of truth, the increase of faith, the development of charity, the prosperity of the Church and the glory of God.

In the despatches of last week I read that the great and aged Pontiff who rules the Church to-day, celebrated midnight Mass on Christmas day. Considering his very advanced age and his burden of responsibility, it is marvellous to behold him so free from the ills that ninety-odd years are expected to bring. In the contemplation of that unique and august figure—than which no more noble stands on earth to-day—I am reminded of the glowing words of the great Irish Protestant orator, Charles Phillips, when over a century ago he addressed the Catholics of Cork on the imprisonment of the then reigning Pope. I find his words apply so fittingly to Leo XIII. that I will make no excuse for repeating them. He said: "I have seen the venerable Head of your religion bending under the lash of affliction and shining again in his solitude of greatness. I have seen him go forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. I also have seen him with

his crown crumbled, his home a dungeon, his throne a shadow, but if I have, it was only to show to those whose faith was failing, or whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs had not wholly vanished from this earth." In our day do we behold the throne of Peter occupied by one who is the worthy successor of a long line of glorious and suffering Pontiffs. We behold him, like the last mountain of the deluge, immitable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty and the last resting place of heaven's light. On this eve of a new year, while expressing good wishes to all, I humbly join in the universal prayer for the preservation, in health and undiminished powers, of the Holy Father—that he may be spared for a time to come to continue illumining the religious horizon of earth and the beams of his wisdom and sanctity.

There is another wish that is deep down in my breast and that vibrates there until it quickens the pulse and kindles the brain: It is the wish that the coming year may witness the consummation of Ireland's fond hopes and the realization of those dreams of political autonomy and national freedom that have haunted in vain the minds of three generations of my fellow-countrymen. If the signs of the times may be read properly, I would be tempted to cast the horoscope of Ireland's New Year. It seems to me that the end of that long protracted struggle is at hand, that light is breaking in upon the darkness that has for so many decades hung over her cause. It has been announced that Hon. Mr. Costigan will, during the coming session of our Dominion Parliament, ask for a favorable expression on Ireland's policy, and it is to be hoped that such approval, as we know must come from a land enjoying the freedom that we possess, will be accentuated in no uncertain manner on that occasion.

These are a few of the wishes that come with the kindlier feelings of this happy season. Grateful for whatever boons or blessings the dead year brought us, we should be animated with a steady resolve to so utilize the opportunities of the coming year that its story may be still happier and brighter—if such is possible. The Poet Priest of the South has sung of the "Rosary of our Years." The simile appears to me most appropriate. Each year is a bead on that rosary—there are "Our Fathers" for the more important years of life, such as the years of our birth, our first Communion, our marriage, or any other remarkable event; there are "Hail Mary's" for the ordinary years that intervene between those of major importance. It is my fervent hope, for each one, that when he shall have told the rosary of years, when the last "One" shall have been said, and the chaplet is laid aside with a final "Glory be to the Father," he may find all those beads, great and small, returned to him, in a beauteous form, and so multiplied that the infinite alone can calculate them.

This is the sincere greeting of a very humble and very insignificant contributor to the Catholic journalism of our country; may it be reciprocated in the hearts of all the readers of The Catholic Register.

"UNITED WE STAND"
(For The Register.)

One Sunday evening, a short time ago, in one of the Catholic churches of our city, I had the pleasure of hearing an eloquent sermon upon the subject "One Fold, One Shepherd."

While attentively listening to the words of the earnest speaker, I felt, in a greater degree than ever before, what an inestimable privilege it was to belong to that glorious body of which he spoke. In the practices of religion, the following of our Redeemer, we stand always first. It was He who gave them to us, and they have been handed down, without deviation, from one generation to another. We have never sold our birthright.

In the countless divisions and subdivisions of the numerous branches which from time to time have been cut off, we have no part. The old tree still stands, and covers, beneath her vast shade, the whole world, in every portion of which she has her children. From world's end to world's end though you may travel, you will ever find our Church the same. We are one—a proud distinction which belongs exclusively to us.

In the world to-day there are many people who pity us, who wonder how, in the march of civilization and modern progress, we still remain the same, and have not revised any of our articles of faith. The question answers itself. Perfection existed from the beginning—therefore there could be no improvement. In our unity is our strength. We have only one God, and can serve Him in only one way—that which He, through His Son and our Saviour, pointed out to us. We stand upon a Rock, and our foundation cannot be shaken. E.G.B.

CHRISTMAS CLOSING EXERCISES AT ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

The boys of St. Patrick's School may well feel proud of their beautiful Christmas closing. The programme was so well selected, and the rendering of each and every item reflected such credit on the different participants, that the performance would have done honor to any institution of learning.

Rev. Father Barrett, who presided, addressed the boys in his usual learned and eloquent manner, coupling his tribute of commendation with practical and timely advice for the holy season of Christmas. The Reverend Rector, in summing up, spoke of the entertainment in the brightest terms. "The singing," said the Rev. Father, "was enchanting, the recitations impressive; and the gymnastics an object lesson to all present, in a word, the programme was classic."

It would, indeed, be difficult to particularize in bestowing special mention on any particular number, so well was the entire programme executed. A handsome silver watch, donated by Mr. William Ray, was awarded to Master M. Meehan for first in the Catechism Contest made by Father Rector. In awarding the watch to the successful pupil, Mr. Ray made a very appropriate speech on the success of the school and the interest the boys were taking in their studies.

Among those present, besides Rev. Father Rector, were Fathers Stuhl and Dodsworth, Rev. Brother Director and Trustees Michael Walsh and William Ray. Mr. W. Donville directed the Boys' Choir.

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HOLY ORDER OF PRIESTHOOD

Conferred Upon Rev. Thomas Joseph Crowley, at St. Peter's, Peterborough

Most solemn and impressive was the ordination ceremony, of which the scene was St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Sunday morning at the 10.30 Mass. The investment of the Sacerdotal order is always such, but in this case it had a greater significance to the large congregation which seated the capacity of the spacious and handsome edifice, since he who was presented for ordination, Rev. Thomas Crowley, is a young man who was born and raised in Peterborough.

It is known throughout the parish as a worthy the holy avocation, to which he was admitted. On more than one occasion have the people of the parish assembled to witness a like ceremony, when young men, such as the one of Sunday received ordination, and greatly to the honor of the congregation may this be remarked upon. The members of St. Peter's T.A.S., of which Rev. Father Crowley was a member, attended in a body.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The ceremony of Sunday, while retaining all its solemnity and impressiveness, was not an unfamiliar one to the parishioners. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor officiated, clothed in full Pontifical, emblematic of the sacred power which, in obedience to the divine communion, he conferred upon the suppliant for ordination. Rev. Father McColl acted as His Lordship's first assistant, and Rev. Father John O'Brien as his second assistant. Rev. Dr. O'Brien assisted the candidate during the ceremony. Rev. Father Nayl also took part in the ceremony. Having previously received the minor orders, and also the sacred orders of sub-deaconship and deaconship, and after being duly examined concerning his conduct and morals, his knowledge of sacred scripture, theology, etc., the candidate, arrayed in the vestments of a deacon, was presented to His Lordship, and it having been attested that, as far as it was possible to judge, he was worthy of the sublime office, His Lordship addressed the assembled clergy and people, charging them that "should anyone have anything to say against the promotion, let him be before God and for the good of religion, come forward with all confidence and let him speak what he knows." There being no objection, His Lordship then addressed the candidate, charging him to receive the office of Priesthood worthily, and to perform, in manner worthy of praise the duties of the office when received. It behooved the priest to offer sacrifice, to bless, to govern, to preach and to baptize, therefore with great fear must he assume such an office and take care that heavenly wisdom, exemplary conduct, and a continual observance of all virtue commend him to it.

IMPOSITION OF HANDS.

The solemn prostration of the candidate then took place, and the Litany of the Saints having been chanted, His Lordship standing with crozier and mitre blessed him thrice. Upon the conclusion of the Litanies, the imposition of hands was performed by the Bishop and clergy, in stole, by placing their hands upon the head of the candidate, after which His Lordship invoked the blessing and consecration of the omnipotent Father upon His servant, chosen to the holy order of the priesthood. Removing stole from the candidate's left shoulder and crossing it on his breast the Bishop said: "Receive thou the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden light," and after investing him with the chasuble, "Receive the Sacerdotal vestment by which charity is understood, for God is powerful, to increase in thee charity and every perfect work." The Bishop rising, then removed the mitre and offered the following prayer, "O God, author of all holiness, whose consecration is true and blessings beautiful, Thou, O Lord, pour the gifts of Thy benediction upon this Thy servant, whom we have called to the honor of the priesthood; that by the gravity of his conduct and the manner of his living he may show himself to be a priest, trained in the manner which Paul recommended to Titus and Timothy; that meditating night and day upon the law, he may believe, teaches what he believes, and practice what he teaches. May he be a model of justice, constancy, firmness by his admonitions, and preserve pure and immaculate the gift of his ministry. May he change, by an immaculate benediction, for the benefit of the people, bread and wine into the body and blood of Thy Son, filled with the spirit of the Holy Ghost, may he rise by inviolable charity a perfect man in the plenitude of the age of Christ, in the day of justice and eternal judgment of God, with a pure conscience and true faith, through Christ."

THE CONSECRATION.

After the singing of the first verse of "Veni Creator Spiritus," His Lordship arose and prepared to anoint the hands of Rev. Father Crowley, using Holy Oil and saying the following words, "Deign to conse-

crate and sanctify. O Lord, these hands through this unction and our benediction." Then making the Sign of the Cross on the hands of the ordained, he continued to pray, "That whatever these hands shall bless shall be blessed, and whatever they may consecrate shall be consecrated and sanctified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen." The ceremony of joining and binding the hands of the ordained, and of presenting to him a chalice containing wine and water, and patena with a host was then performed by the Bishop, who said, "Receive the power to offer sacrifice to God, to celebrate Mass as well for the living as for the dead in the name of the Lord."

THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

The Mass was then continued by His Lordship, and after the offertory he proceeded to the middle of the Altar and the ceremony of receiving an offering from the newly-ordained priest was performed, and the latter then received communion, after which the Bishop washed his hands and read in the words of the Lord the following admonition:

"Now I will no longer call you servants, but my friends, because you have known all things which I have done in your midst. Alleluia.

"Receive the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete in you.

"He it is whom my Father will send you. Alleluia.

"You are my friends if you do what I command you.

"Receive the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete in you.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

"He it is whom My Father will send you. Alleluia."

Standing before the Altar the ordained then made profession of his faith, reciting the creed, and knelt before the Bishop, who placed both hands on his head, saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." Then unfolding the chasuble, he clothed him entirely with it, saying, "With the stole of innocence may the Lord clothe thee."

The Bishop, taking his hands between his own, received a promise of obedience and reverence to him and his successors, and then gave to the ordained the kiss of peace, saying, "The Peace of the Lord be with you forever." Receiving his mitre and crozier the Bishop admonished the ordained to study most diligently the order of the Mass, the consecration and breaking of the host and the Communion from a learned priest before saying his first Mass, and then rising, pronounced over him this blessing, "May the blessing of God, the Omnipotent Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, descend upon you, that you may be blessed in the order of the Priesthood, and that you may offer pleasing sacrifices for the sins and offences of the people to the Omnipotent God, to whom be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

The address given by Rev. Dr. O'Brien was an eloquent one, comprehensive of the full significance of the occasion. His remarks were based upon the words, "Blessed is he whom thou has chosen to take to Thee; he shall dwell in thy courts."—Psalm 64.

The beautiful ceremony, its awful significance and wondrous effects, he said, scarcely needed words of his to explain. They had seen one of the most solemn and grandest ceremonies of the Catholic Church—the Bishop, in obedience to divine communion, receiving into his consecration and ordaining a priest of God. They had seen them both offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Ordination bore with it the greatest significance, and no wonder therefore that the whole Church was preparing young lives with that object in view, and no wonder that such large crowds were present to see the ordination, because it was divine in its accomplishments and aid in its powers and results. It was wonderful to think of the ordination. Here was a young man who had been one of themselves, raised to the priesthood of Jesus Christ. No wonder they should rejoice with and congratulate him because he was one of their own. Rev. Dr. O'Brien congratulated him with all his heart and welcomed him as their brother to be the priest and the minister of God, dedicated to perpetuate the services of Jesus Christ. He congratulated his good mother and family because they had not realized the recompenses of their sacrifice and of the solicitude that was theirs. God blessed a family from which went forth a priest of God. He congratulated St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society, which had sent a delegation to be present at the ordination of Rev. Father Crowley, who was an enthusiastic member of that organization. The present instance, he hoped, might be taken as an earnest of future development, and he was sure God would bless the leaders, and one and all, because He had taken from the midst of them one of His own priests. God would bless the parish which gave priests to Him.

The ceremony, said Rev. Dr. O'Brien, was an impressive one. The dignity of the priesthood was the greatest honor that could be conferred upon human creature. But, notwithstanding that a priest was the representative of Christ, who gave in the name of Christ and imitated the virtues of Christ and carried on

His work, yet a priest was just as much a man, endowed with human nature, as anyone, and had the same enemies to contend against. The difference was only as the grace of God had changed him and only as Almighty God had taken him to himself. There must be something to bridge the chasm between human lowliness and sinfulness and the divine office to which a priest was called. This was the voluntary, free call of Jesus Christ, which was absolutely necessary. They had not seen, in the ordination, the accomplishment of the will, the wish, the longing or desire of a young man fulfilled, but they had seen the will of God manifested in him who had been ordained priest. It was not the material work that had to be undergone that made the preparation for the priesthood a tremendous burden, but it was the consideration of this—"Am I called of God? Does Jesus Christ want me as His priest?" Once assured of this, and admitted to the divine vocation, the young man would undergo any sacrifice in following it up, and would willingly lay down even his life because he had felt that he was called by God Himself. After a person was sure of that divine vocation, and after spending the best years of his life in undergoing that sacrifice, and passing examinations known only in a Catholic seminary, he went forth to carry on the work of Christ. Before this he had received seven different ordinations. He did not go out then depending simply on talent or a liberal education, but was entrusted with a wonderful prerogative, an understanding of which was available in a consideration of the mission of Christ, who left the priesthood to carry on His work. "As the Father hath sent me," He said, "even so I send you." This was a prerogative, a power, which could only be divine and left nothing natural save the priest's human nature.

The priest had been given power over Christ's own body and over His mystical body, which was the Church. He gave power to change the bread and wine into His body and blood. Before He went to heaven He wished to give His disciples explicit testimony, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, who is sent unto you. Whose sins ye have forgiven they are forgiven them. And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." He gave His priests power to preach and teach in an official manner. His promise to His apostles was that whatsoever they should decree and ordain in His name on earth that would He ratify in Heaven." He was in the midst of the Church guiding it. The Church was not, however, merely for the apostles, nor was Christ given merely for them. But for the whole world. And herein was seen the secret of the power bestowed in the ordination of a priest. As the powers he received in ordination were great, nothing was more beautiful to be considered than how the priests had made use of those powers, graces and gifts bestowed upon them. In this connection Rev. Dr. O'Brien made reference to the work of two of the greatest Jesuit priests who came to this country some 275 years ago, and carried on their mission in the vicinity of Georgian Bay, and to whose memory a church had been erected and which was dedicated a few days ago.

"A more self-sacrificing, self-annihilating body of men than those in the Catholic priesthood could not be found. But the more the priest considered what he should be, the more he should humiliate himself. 'God forbid,' said St. Paul, 'that I should glory in anything but the Cross of Christ.' It would be unworthy the sacerdotal dignity of his office for a priest to be filled with any intention save the salvation of those over whom he was called to preside. The door of the parish priest was always open, night and day—a bell was there for daytime and another for night. In closing he made the request that there be prayers for the priests. There was, he felt, a hand of friendship, and a spiritual hand also between priest and people. The world could not understand it. They could not understand why Catholics had such reverence for their priests. It was due to the work of the priesthood and to the fact that the people knew they had in the priest the greatest friend, who would lay down his life for them if need be. This was what made that of a priest one of the grandest vocations in the sight of God. He asked for prayer for the young priest who had been ordained and for all priests, that they might ever be faithful to the cause of Christ.

Knelling before the Bishop, the Rev. Father Crowley received the following injunction: "Most beloved son, consider diligently the order you have received and the burden placed upon your shoulders; strive to live holily and piously, pleasing Almighty God, that you may acquire His Grace which He may Himself design to grant you through His mercy. Say after your first Mass three other Masses; one of the Holy Ghost, another of the Blessed Virgin, and the third for the faithful departed, and pray the Almighty God for me also."

HIS LORDSHIP'S ADDRESS.

At the conclusion of the Mass, His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, standing with mitre and crozier addressed the congregation. They had great reason to thank Almighty God, he said, that He had called another one of themselves to the holy priesthood, and

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also that they had been witness of the holy ceremony of the administration of the holy priesthood conferred upon one, whom, he said, was but a few years ago one of the sanctuary boys. Because God had won him, and had designs on him, conferring upon him special graces, He had elevated him to the solemn, high and great dignity of the priesthood, that he might, as representing the Saviour on earth, administer the sacrament, pardon those who confessed their sins, offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and otherwise exercise the office of the holy priesthood that the world might have opportunity of receiving that grace which Christ poured forth on His beloved children. There was reason to thank God that another had been chosen for this great dignity, and it gave him great pleasure to have the grace and privilege of setting apart another to that sacred ministry. Within the past thirteen years there had been no less than twelve ordinations in the diocese and these were now laboring in other dioceses. He was assured that the prayers of fathers and mothers would be offered up, that God might select others among their boys to be called to the priesthood, and that daughters would be selected for the religious life to give themselves to God as sisters. Reason for great gratitude to God was it that there should be those endowed with grace to be so called and that families should have these representatives to pray for their sanctification. During his last 12 or 13 years there had been 60 or 70 daughters received to the religious life. His Lordship prayed that God would continue to bless the families and that one or another may be selected from amongst them. When they should find one or more of their children religiously inclined, the parents should pray God that he might preserve them and provide the means of having their inclinations fulfilled to the sanctification of their own souls and the salvation of others. His Lordship announced that Rev. Father Crowley would hold his first Mass in the morning, and he also officiated at vespers in the evening. At the close of the Mass Sunday many came forward to be individually blessed of the new priest.

Monday evening the T.A.S. tendered Rev. Father Crowley a reception and presentation.

Rev. Father Crowley is a native of Peterborough, a son of Mrs. Mary Crowley, Perry street. It will seem but yesterday to all who know him, that he was in their midst as a attendant at school and it goes without saying that he has their heartiest congratulations upon his ordination to the holy order of the priesthood.

The music was a very effective feature of Sunday's ceremony.

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Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland.)

tea. The buzz of voices alarmed her at first, and she felt such a sudden attack of shyness that for one wild moment she was inclined to turn and fly out of the house.

But when Enid came forward, and greeting her with an affectionate embrace, said softly: "My dear, how lovely you look! Like a piece of Dresden china, I declare. And such an exquisitely pretty frock!" she recovered herself, and was able to look calmly round the room. There was nothing pleased Beryl like a word of flattery, and the feeling that she was really looking well put her at her ease at once.

As she sat sipping her tea, listening to the babble of tongues, and thinking how fortunate it was that she had insisted on travelling in her pretty blue muslin after all, the door opened, and a young man in a short cutaway velvet coat and a red tie entered the room. He shook hands with the other visitors, and glanced inquiringly from Beryl to Enid.

"Miss Fane, Gerald," his sister whispered. "She has just arrived from Sturry. Beryl, this is my brother." He bowed, just touched the little hand held out to him, hoped she had had a pleasant journey, and passed on to the other side of the room, where he seated himself beside a dark girl with big, languishing eyes and an enormous picture hat, with whom he began to converse in a low, earnest voice.

Gerald Fairfax was about thirty-five, of average height, but so slight and narrow-chested that he looked considerably shorter than he was. His hair, which he wore longer than most men wear it nowadays, was a dull brown, but very crisp and curly. His eyes were great, with thick dark brows and lashes; his mouth—well, it was so completely concealed by a heavy moustache that even the cleverest physiognomist found it hard to read his character all at once. His manners were easy, and although his habitual expression was one of sadness his smile was pleasant, and lit up his whole face. A little piqued by this scanty attention to herself, Beryl's chin went up in the air, and her eyes flashed scornfully.

"Such a get-up! Well, really, I'd have expected better things from Enid's brother. He looks as if he came out of the Ark with his loose coat and long hair. If I were his sister I wouldn't stand it; and yet, with a surreptitious glance in his direction, "there's something nice about him, especially when he smiles."

Very soon she forgot all about him as she listened to the interesting conversation of a handsome, well-dressed young officer, just home from South Africa, whom Marion Fairfax had introduced as Captain Lester, and who dazzled her vanity by showing her explicitly that he admired her very much. But presently he, with several others, rose to go.

As the door closed behind him Beryl glanced round the room. It was now almost empty. Enid stood by one of the windows talking to a large, stout man with a somewhat stolid expression, a big, clumsy nose, and a very florid complexion.

"I wonder who he is," the girl thought. "An uncle, or—?" She looked up, feeling suddenly that she was being examined, and met Gerald's eyes fixed upon her with a gloomy yet critical expression. He moved away quickly on seeing that she was detected, and disappeared through a door at the far side of the room.

Beryl moved restlessly on her chair. She began to feel neglected and overlooked. "What strange people they are!" she thought, her eyes wandering from Enid to Marion, who was having many final words with a stylish, richly-dressed woman, who seemed to have more to say now that she had risen to depart than during the whole fifteen minutes of her visit.

But at last she was gone, and Marion hastened to Beryl's side. "Come, my dear, to your room," she said kindly. "You have been shamefully neglected, I fear; but this has been an exciting and busy afternoon. Enid has just engaged herself to Sir Henry Dunstable."

"Has she really? Is he nice?" "Marion made a wry face as she and her guest went up the staircase together. "This not for me to speak," she said gravely. "He may be an acquired taste. Enid says he is, and he is unquestionably wealthy. That is an important thing in these days, you know."

"I suppose so," doubtfully. "But shall we about Sir Henry himself. Is he young, good-looking?" "My dear, you want too much—more than any mortal maid could expect. But you have seen Sir Henry, and must judge for yourself. This is your room."

"I did not notice him," Beryl said, beginning at once to take off her hat. "You see—"

"Oh, yes, you did. He was talking to Enid as we came out, and I saw you looking at him."

Beryl could not conceal the surprise she felt. "Not that—?" Then she paused, leaning to vex Marion by her words and looks of horror.

"Yes, that's the man," Marion laughed, and patted the girl's rounded cheek. "But you must learn to dissemble and not show everything you feel. I," kissing her, "like you all the better for it; but it doesn't do in the world—our world—I assure you. Now you must rest, and dress for dinner. We are having quite a party to-night," and she tripped away.

A few moments later Enid Fairfax tapped lightly on the door and came in. She was very tall, very fair, and extremely graceful.

"Well, dear," she said, putting her arms round Beryl, "I have come to have a quiet talk with you before we begin to dress. I am so glad you came early enough to give us time. I have been longing to see you and tell you everything."

"But—but you only got engaged to-day, Marion said."

"Matter of fact, Beryl. Only to-day; but one can do a lot of longing in even half an hour. How sweet you are looking, dear one. Sir Henry said my little pet name, 'Wild Rose,' suited you to perfection."

Beryl blushed brightly. "A fanciful way of calling me a country bumpkin," she said, laughing. "But now, Enid, what about your engagement? Wasn't it rather sudden?"

"A little, perhaps, to me," shyly; "but he has been thinking of me for a long time, only he did not dare to propose."

"No wonder," flashed through Beryl's mind, as before her rose a vision of the Baronet's elderly figure and rosy countenance. Then aloud she said: "But he found courage at last?"

"Oh, yes, poor dear. But," putting her hands before her face, "it took him a long time."

"And you are happy, Enid? You love this man?"

"You romantic puss! Well, since you are not out of your teens, I am happy—oh, I suppose so," with a shrug of her shoulders, "though perfect happiness is not for this world."

"And are your friends pleased? Does your brother like your marrying Sir Henry?"

Enid laughed, and looked down once more at her half-noon of diamonds. "In one way, no; in another, yes. Gerald is rather inclined to think as you do, and he does not care personally for Sir Henry. But my marriage with anyone who can keep me is a comfort to him. You see, I am peculiar. I like change, variety. Everything falls after a time. I'm all nerves, the doctor says, and I was until now, alas! restless. I wanted excitement in my life. Monotony kills me, and I threatened to go on the stage. My eldest sister was an actress, and died of a broken heart. Her worthless husband was an actor. The theatre was at the bottom of her misery, though she might have met and married a scamp just as well anywhere else. Still, Gerald, who is a tender-hearted creature, was mad at the thought of another sister following the example of the first, and sent me away to travel with Marion and a chaperon. That was when we met you, you sweet thing."

"Well—I hope you will be very happy, dear."

"Of course I shall, in my own peculiar way. And now, remember that you are to be bridesmaid. I want to have a perfect bevy of pretty girls; and you are by far the prettiest I know."

Beryl crimsoned to the roots of her hair. "When is the wedding to be, Enid?" "In seven weeks from to-day. Oh, it will be a splendid affair."

"That will be soon for me to come back to you again."

"Back? My dear Wild Rose, you are going to stay and help me to buy my trousseau. You're a delicious novelty to me, and I'll enjoy taking you about."

Then, before Beryl had time to reply, the door opened, and Enid was gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

The drawing-rooms at Queen's Gate Gardens were ablaze with lights and gay with many flowers. Crowds of well-dressed people thronged the staircase, and the rooms were filled to overflowing. At the grand piano Signor Tarantella played Wagner and Bach with a masterly touch, and everyone talked loudly as though anxious to drown the sweet sounds, if that were only possible. Then, as a portly lady in black satin and diamonds stood up, and in a glorious voice began to sing the "Lost Chord," a hush fell upon the room, all present listening eagerly to every word and note.

Beryl stood in one of the windows, her hands clasped, her lips slightly apart. The music had thrilled her to her very soul, and as the last sound of the sweet, sympathetic voice died softly away her eyes were full of tears.

"I hate this sort of thing in public," said some one at her elbow, and starting round, Beryl met the gloomy gaze of Gerald Fairfax.

"Well, you see, you are young, and don't mind showing what you feel. I hate to be harrowed up with the eyes of Europe upon me."

"I forgot there was anyone near me."

He looked at her quickly, his glance full of inquiry, then turned away and drew a long, deep breath.

He went to Beryl's side again. "Will you come with me downstairs, Miss Fane, and have a cup of tea? It's only old Tarantello now. We'll be back before the next song."

Beryl laughed, a sweet, fresh laugh, and looking up, all sign of tears gone now, said brightly:

"Thank you. I would like a cup of tea immensely; but," laying her little hand upon his arm, "we shall have some difficulty in getting through the crowd."

"Some determined pushing will be necessary, I dare say; but in this case the game is worth the candle, as they say in France. Now, isn't it?"

"Quite," Beryl looked at her host in surprise, wondering what happened to him. She had spent six weeks in his house, and had never before heard him attempt to make a joke. Indeed, she had seen but little of him. He was generally away at his studio in Fulham Avenue, and when he was at home paid her but scant attention. He was as a rule a silent man, somewhat morose and gloomy, and took hardly any part in his sister's occupations or amusements.

So to-night, as he laughed and made merry, guiding her through the crowd with many happy remarks, she was completely taken by surprise. "He's really quite cheerful and pleasant to look upon to-night," she murmured with a little chuckle of amusement, as she stole various glances at him in the crowd. "My weebone knight has vanished for ten. Will he return to us to-morrow with a double supply of melancholy, I wonder?"

"How long have you been here, Miss Fane?" he asked suddenly, as, having finished their tea, they pushed their way upstairs again to hear Madame Rossignol sing "Kathleen Ma-vourneen."

Beryl felt her color rise, and looked coldly at her host. Did he think she had stayed too long? Was he wondering when she would go? The sudden rudeness of the question at a moment when he had almost made her like him startled and annoyed her, and her tell-tale lace showed at once what she felt. Gerald stopped short upon the landing, and looked at her in amazement.

"You have misunderstood the meaning of my question," he said, going straight to the point in his usual frank fashion, "and are vexed, and I am sorry if it sounded rude, for it was not intended that way, I assure you."

"Oh, no," Beryl laughed gaily, and as she looked up at him their eyes met. "I am sure you did not. But I—?" Then she blushed a little, and turned away her head with a quick, shy movement.

"I only meant to say," he bent towards her, admiring the sweep of her snow-white throat and the graceful poise of her golden head, "that although you had been here some little time—"

"Six weeks," interrupted Beryl, with a rippling laugh. "A shockingly long visit. But Enid begged me to stay, and so—"

"You honored Enid, did what she asked you, but you never honored me. You have not been once to my studio. I call that disgraceful."

"She turned upon him open-eyed and indignant. Then, with a scornful movement of her head, exclaimed: "Don't blame me for that, Mr. Fairfax. I never go where I am not invited, and you know you never even hinted that you would care to see me there."

"I was afraid," he said, reddening a little, but smiling down upon her as he spoke. "I thought you had a soul above art—at least art as represented by me."

"You are not as truthful as usual, Mr. Fairfax," with an arch glance. "You really thought I had no soul worth mentioning, and, alas! too frivolous and foolish to care for anything so exalted as art, even art represented by you."

"Miss Fane, I assure you—"

"Oh, I forgive you," sweetly. "Pray don't look so put out."

"I am ashamed of myself—throughly ashamed."

"But I am frivolous. I love fun and dancing and finery and—"

"Of course you do; and at your age, why not? You ought to like them. But as you looked at me at the end of that song I said that you had deep feelings, too, that—"

"Really, Mr. Fairfax, I—"

"You think me an ass, and so I am—at least, was. But you'll forgive and forget, and come to the studio? I'd like to make a sketch of you—just a little thing to keep."

"You surprise me," Beryl said, delighted. "Poor, frivolous little me!" "Miss Fane, please! But you'll come if I arrange a day with Marion!" "I certainly will, with the greatest pleasure. I am simply longing to see your pictures and to be sketched."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Returning to the drawing-room,

they found Madame Rossignol just about to sing.

Beryl slipped into a vacant seat near the door, and, following her, Gerald stood by the side, absorbed and silent.

Then the song began, and as it finished amid a round of deafening applause a soldierly-looking man was presented to Beryl, and, offering his arm, led her out on to the balcony.

"I'm out of place here," Gerald muttered as he pushed his way through the rooms. "Routs and parties are not in my line. How I dared inflict myself so long on that bright young girl amazes me. And yet we got on well together. With her I felt less gloomy—in fact, almost happy. And she is pretty—lovely, I should say—and most winsome. How charming is her little figure—how light and graceful! Her hair is beautiful, almost as burn in its shade; her eyes are full of life and health and merriment, yet inexpressibly tender and feeling."

He entered the smoking-room, and finding to his delight, that it was deserted, flung himself into an arm-chair and lit a cigarette.

As Gerald sat buried in thought he took little heed of time, and the evening passed away. From the drawing-room he heard sounds of music and the confused babble of tongues, but he paid no attention, and, feeling quite sure that no one would miss him, did not trouble his head about his sister's guests.

Presently the door opened, and two young men strolled in. "There's no one here. Let's have a quiet chat and a smoke," said one. "It's tiring work standing on one leg doing the polite in a crowd, Allen, isn't it, now?"

Allen laughed. "I generally manage to stand upon two, my friend."

"Then you're deuced lucky! And then the old dowagers one has to take down fro ice and things. They are trying, now, aren't they?"

"They must be. But I always shirk that duty. Leave that to gloomy fellows like you and old Fairfax."

"I wouldn't say much about him. He takes them, young and old, pretty quietly. He's not what one would call an affable host."

"Hardly; but he was pretty attentive to Miss Beryl Fane to-night. By Jove! she is a lovely girl, and as merry as they make 'em. Isn't she, now?"

"Can't say. She was a bit standoffish with me—gave herself airs, so to speak."

"That's the privilege of the pretty ones, old chap," said Allen, laughing. "Besides, they do say Miss Beryl is really somebody."

"Somebody! She's lovely—adorable, but lives in a cottage in Sturry with her mother and step-father. Miss Fairfax told me all about her just now."

"That may be; but there's a mystery about her. She and her brother are, it is being whispered on every side, the children and heirs of the late Lord Linton, who was killed in a railway accident some fifteen years ago."

"I know. The man who came back from New Zealand to find himself a Lord and widower at the same moment. I'm too young to remember it; but I've often heard the story. And the poor fellow was killed? Awfully hard lines. But why isn't her brother Lord Linton?"

"That's where the fun comes in—or rather the mystery. His first wife—the one he found dead, you know, and from whom he had been separated for years—was an actress—one Madeline Delorme; and he—so the story goes—believing her to have been killed somewhere abroad, married again. I had it all circumstantially from my uncle, Sir Peter Goldsmid; and these two—pretty Miss Beryl and her brother—are the children of the second marriage."

"Which was no marriage at all if this Madeline Delorme only died fifteen years ago; and of that there seems no doubt whatever."

"Then I'm afraid, instead of being a somebody, pretty Miss Beryl is very much a nobody."

"Well, that's the mystery. Some declare that Madeline was No. 2, and if so—"

"Then the present Lord Linton has no earthly right to name or estates. Good heavens, what a muddle! What does your uncle think of it?"

Allen lay back in his chair, and puffed the smoke from his cigarette in fine rings up towards the ceiling.

"My uncle," he said presently, "is very close about it all; but he'll do his best, I'll venture to say, to keep those young Fanes where they are. He's madly in love with Lord Linton's daughter, the Honorable Margaret Fane, and would give worlds to make her Lady Goldsmid. Under those circumstances he's not likely to try to oust her father from his possessions, and launch the family into a society scandal."

"Quite agree. So pretty Miss Beryl," rising, "is likely to remain a nobody."

"Yes, unless—well, she is lovely enough to be a duchess; and there are one or two unmarried dukes about."

"Not in the neighborhood of Sturry or Queen's Gate Gardens, old chap."

"This hard to say. Even dukes go everywhere nowadays. Society is very mixed. Let's go back to the fun."

And, laughing immediately at his own wit, he seized Allen by the arm and drew him out of the room.

"Fanes! Yet I never associated them with that man," he said with a shiver. "The cause of my darling's misery. And if Allen's last supposition be true—and it must be—the girl is at least twenty, and her mother still lives. Oh, heavens! I knew he broke her heart, but this makes him even a greater scoundrel than I imagined. Thank God you died, Madeline, before he returned to add disgrace to your other sorrows. And—well, it was a fitting punishment," clenching his fists, "for his crimes that he was killed instead of living to enjoy honor and distinction as Lord Linton. Till she died and the papers rang with the story we had no idea who the poor girl's husband was. But," his heart beat wildly, a mist rose before his eyes, "if he was Beryl's father—I must never look into her sweet face again."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir Peter Goldsmid left Riversdale after lunch that day, feeling saddened and depressed. For the last two years he had lived in a dream. He loved Margaret, beautiful, stately Margaret, with an all-absorbing passion. He was not young, not good-looking, did not belong to a family of any great note or distinction; but he was clever. He had worked his way up to the very top of his profession, had received the honor of knighthood, and was a welcome guest in the very best society in London.

Everything that he had ever attempted had been crowned with the utmost success, and, besides being the owner of a fine house in town and a delightful old Queen Anne mansion in the country, he had a large and increasing income with which to keep them up. What more could any girl want? he asked himself continually, and yet in his heart of hearts he knew that Margaret valued these things very little, and required something that he, powerful and talented as he was, could never give her. Until to-day he had hoped to win her yet in spite of many refusals and constant rebuffs, telling himself that she was young and shy, and required time to think it all out. But after Mrs. Danvers's plain speaking and Margaret's distinct and chivalrous manner he almost resolved to give up the fight, and said good-bye to his hopes for ever.

"My dream is over. I may as well make up my mind to that, and think of her no more," he told himself.

"But no, I cannot—not yet. I'll come to Riversdale as a friend, make business with Mrs. Danvers, but come I will. Even to see Margaret is a joy."

He took his place in an empty first-class carriage, tipped the guard to lock him in that he might be alone with his gloomy thoughts, and sank back with a deep sigh into a corner. Before his eyes rose a vision of Margaret as he had seen her on the lawn, in the morning-room, beside Hugo's low couch near the window, and he told himself there was not another woman in the world to compare with her in grace and beauty.

Then suddenly he seemed to see John Fane's tall, lithe figure walking by her side, and he uttered a deep groan. There was longer in that young man's society.

"Ah! I have an idea. Fane shall leave of his own accord. I will tempt him away. He is too good to lead the life of a steward in a small place like Riversdale at a low salary. He is clever, I am sure, so I'll lure him to my office by offering to take him in as a clerk, and promising to push him on all I can. Then, to make his acceptance of my offer doubly sure, I'll promise to look more closely into his case—see what I can do to help him to prove his right to the estates and titles of Lord Linton. He'll never do it; but still, if I can by any means and on any pretence get John Fane away from Riversdale and Margaret I will." And, highly delighted with his clever idea of luring John to London to become a solicitor, his spirits rose, and, unfolding his evening paper, he was soon deep in the latest news from the seat of war.

Having left Hugo in the safe keeping of his kindly French nurse, John left the house and went round the farm. He interviewed the various men he met about their work, gave orders here, directions there, and at last, late in the afternoon, went back to Sturry. He was tired after his day's work, and looked white and weary, his mother thought, as he entered the little, low-ceilinged drawing-room, where she was sitting at her sewing, a book upon her knee.

His mother glanced at him. "You look quite doleful, John. What is the matter?"

"Matter?" he laughed. "Oh, nothing. But that is—well, I saw Sir Peter Goldsmid to-day. He was lurching at Riversdale, and the sight of him revived old memories, awakened hopes and dreams that I fancied I was forgetting."

"My poor boy! John, I don't much like the position you have taken in the Riversdale establishment. You are too good for it. And if ever you saw an opening, a possibility of asserting your claim, you could not well do so and remain on friendly terms with your employers."

(To be Continued.)

The musician was talking, and the real estate agent was buried in thought. "It's a symphony in A flat," explained the musician. "First or second floor?" asked the real estate agent.

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BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

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

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

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) SE. JOHNSON.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN McGROGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.:
DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from Lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 19, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., 189 King Street East:
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that yes to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 29th, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof, I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

254 King Street East, Toronto, December 19, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours truly, PETER AUSSEN.

Toronto, April 20, 1902.
Mr. John O'Connor:
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not do my work. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING.

13 Spruce street, Toronto.
Toronto, April 14th, 1902.
J. O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, T. J. CLARKE.

441 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1900.
John O'Connor, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith.

Address G. B.
JOHN O'CONNOR, 193 KING ST. E.
FOR SALE BY
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170

Mrs. Chick

(By Virginia Woodward Cloude.)

"Now I'm settled in my own house. I reckon I'll have a heap o' company," said Mrs. Chick, looking happily around her bare little room. There was a stove, a pine table, and in one corner a settle that served as a bed. "Mrs. Bell let fall that there gettin' from her market wagon, and it's growin' grand!" The neighbor addressed looked dubiously at the scabby slip in its close confines of a tomato can and said nothing. "And Isaac Beck says his mother's got real citronalis,—it smells so sweet, you know—and she'll give me a slip in the spring. I declare, folks are so ky' and attentive! Blessin's pile up and heap on me."

The neighbor looked doubtful. "You do keep real cheerful, Mis' Chick, but seems to me you're had a heap o' trouble this past year, tossed around as you were till you got these two rooms, and they nothin' to brag of, leakin' as they do."

"I just opened Mis' Green's umbrella over my bed," put in Mrs. Chick.

"And the cow dyin'."

"Mis' Wright sent me over a whole quart o' milk."

"And you all crippled up with sciaticky, hardly able to move outer your chair."

"My left leg goes a heap easier mornin'."

"And all snowed up only last week, and dug outer this hollow, with everybody waitin' to see you dead or smothered."

"Wasn't it grand!" Mrs. Chick's small hands clasped the chair-arms in her excitement. "I never spent such a night! My! 'twas so still! 'Ja' kep' quiet and got the feelin' that I was in my coffin for good and all."

"Mercy, I'd ha' been scared though!" said the other.

"Scared!" Mrs. Chick drew herself up.

"It warn't the time to be scared. 'Twas too grand feelin' for that. A body can get scared when a mouse squeals if she's a mind to; but as for one's coffin, what's there to be scared of in a place that holds nothin' but one's self? No, indeed; I just shut my eyes and got the feelin' that I was waitin' for the day o' judgment."

"My land!" breathed the neighbor.

"And 'long toward late mornin', when I heard the first shovel, I says, 'There's Gabriel!' 'Twas just Billy Bates, but the feelin' was the same, and feelin's a great thing. Then to be dragged out as 'live as anybody else—"

"You certainly was alive," said the neighbor, with a sniff. "I never seen your like; everybody standin' there worryin' and solemn, and you pulled outer in your best mohair and pin, lookin' like you'd never enjoyed yourself as much!"

"Why, they was my layin'-out clothes!" said Mrs. Chick. "A body must wear her best frock for the last. Enjoyed it? I don't want to brag, but I wouldn't ha' missed that feelin' for a coach ride to Barnwell and back."

"Well, feelin's may be all right in their place, but they ain't always fillin'," said the neighbor, "so I fetched you over some o' them pip-pins. Thought maybe you could make 'em."

"Now, ain't that just as I said!" exclaimed Mrs. Chick. "I do get more favours than enough! I must get ready to make room for those that'll come Christmas. Folks are so good in rememberin' Christmas, and it's only three days off."

The neighbors looked around her again. Then she remarked: "I hope all your relations'll remember you well this Christmas, Mis' Chick. So much has happened to you this year. There's a heap of things they could do, maybe—a cushion for that chair, and a tidy or two; a barrel o' flour by freight wouldn't hurt, 'so say nothin' o' cans of things. Do you still write 'em letters?"

"Whenever there's a stamp convenient," said Mrs. Chick, working her chair to the table to avoid rising on her painful little limbs. "They're so much company to write. I had a letter only last week from Hannah—that's Brother Ned's widow. She's so pleased that I'm doin' so well. She'll be sure to send a box, for Hannah's well-to-do and a free-headed girl. So Martha Fitz. They're awful pleased when I write 'em. They say it cheers 'em up to hear of prosperity when there's so much trouble around 'em."

"My goodness, Mis' Chick! Didn't you write 'em about losin' your place and your horse, and breakin' your leg last fall, and your cow dyin', and your taxes, and the fire, and your spring runnin' dry, and you havin' the gripe, and gettin' all crippled up with sciaticky, and bein' snowed up and dug out, and your roof lettin' in snow, and not a mouthful—"

The neighbor stopped short. The bare harder and meager resources might have added to the list, but Mrs. Chick broke in, weighing an apple in each hand.

"To be sure, I wrote and told 'em all about the snowin' up and diggin' out, and Hannah says it's the most excitin' readin' she's had in a long time, and that most people would ha' got into a heap o' trouble

over it. She thinks I escaped wonderful. And they certainly did congratulate me over such an interesting experience. The same way when my leg was broken. They said it might ha' been my neck, and so it might. They tell me I'm the luckiest woman they ever heard tell of, and I certainly am. I'm real full of gettin' ready for Christmas," added Mrs. Chick, irreverently. "I'd try my hand at makin' a pie of these apples if lard wasn't so scarce; but I've got a notion that a Brown Betty would be fine. I declare, I get the feelin' for Christmas so strong, and it's a grand feelin'! You come over as soon as you can, Henrietta, and see my things that come."

The neighbor promised and went her way, while Mrs. Chick sat before the fire to plan her Christmas.

When Christmas day arrived, however, the neighbor was too busy to go across to Mrs. Chick's until afternoon. Then she rapped at the door, and it was immediately opened by Mrs. Chick. She was arrayed in her laying-out clothes, and her eyes sparkled with the delight of living. She hobbled to the table, which was carefully covered with newspapers.

"They've all come, every one of them! I covered 'em with papers to keep from a speck of dust."

"I didn't see the expressman stop," remarked the neighbor, eyeing the table suspiciously.

"Mail!" Mrs. Chick carefully removed the papers and disclosed a white surface beneath. "They came by mail!"

The other stared down at the table.

"Well! What are all—well, upon my word, Mis' Chick!"

"Pocket-handkerchiefs!" said Mrs. Chick, triumphantly, "all of 'em."

"Hannah sent me a whole dozen, and all hemstitched, too! Martha she sent another dozen, and Tom's widow she sent six with letters on 'em—look! B—that's for Betsy. Cousin Neal sent two, and here's one from Mis' Petty, up at Barnwell, and another from the prgacher's wife up there. Ain't they grand? Hannah says she sent handkerchiefs 'cause they could mail 'em so easy, and so they could. 'Twas a mighty sensible thought and saved 'em trouble. Martha says a body who has as many friends as I have needs handkerchiefs—there's so useful at goin' out to tea and to funerals. I do like a nice stiff handkerchief at a funeral! Mrs. Chick Passed her hand proudly over the array of linen. Then the neighbor said:

"Thirty-seven pocket-handkerchiefs. Well, I never!"

"Nor I," said Mrs. Chick, proudly. "I don't want to be braggy, but I don't believe anybody around got so many, and I'll have one fresh for every Sunday."

The neighbor looked around her—a comprehensive glance that took in the table, empty save for a plate and broken-handled knife, the struggling geranium slip, the pale winter sunlight that left nothing disguised—and then she said:

"Pocket-handkerchiefs are good in their place; a body can't eat 'em, though."

"Well, I declare, the Christmas feelin' has been so strong that I've not thought much about the eatin' part," said Mrs. Chick. "I've got all those letters to write by and by."

"So I fetched along a piece of roast turkey," added the neighbor. "As I said, feelin's ain't fillin'."

Mrs. Chick was speechless. Then she seized the nearest handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes.

"Oh, Henrietta! To think I should make the first use of 'em by cryin' into 'em! But it's tears of thankfulness, and thankfulness is a grand feelin'!"—The Century Magazine.

QUIET RESTING PLACES.

There is always peace in the heart that is conscious of God's presence. "It is because we do not know that He is with us," some one has said, "and more than half doubt that He is anywhere, that we become nervous, irritable, uneasy and unhappy." It is possible to reach such a height of faith as to find perfect freedom from the petty perplexities and daily cares and small worries which produce mental restlessness and physical disease. From these rare altitudes a man looks down on the troubles of life with calm indifference, and looks up to God with serene trust. The experience of life cannot seriously disturb a soul to whom the Infinite seems close by. Heaven has already begun in such a heart. Our Divine Lord's "Peace, be still" has been uttered over all the billows that threaten to toss the bark. It has inward rest whatever be the outward commotion. Environment is a small matter to him who contemplates the Almighty. Not easy of attainment this point of vantage from which to survey the world, the perfect poise of complete faith, but it is well worth what it costs.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE. Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

CATHOLIC NEWS

Thirty years ago the Catholics of New South Wales numbered only 147,267, now they number 347,286, an increase of over 135 per cent.

It is stated that the Pope is preparing another encyclical regarding Biblical studies, which will soon be published.

The wills of two eminent English divines have just been proved. Dr. William Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, and brother to Cardinal Vaughan, who died at the age of 88, left an estate valued at £154; whilst Dr. Joseph Angus, formerly secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, and subsequently president of Regent's Park College, left an estate which has been valued at £27,835 gross.

An organ for the use of the Catholic Church in Pekin is the first instrument of its kind to be taken into the kingdom of the Celestials. The parts of it were packed for export in fifty-one different boxes. Until now the Chinese Government has prohibited the use of such instruments in Catholic churches.

John Hungerford Pollen, formerly proctor of Oxford University, died on December 1, aged 82. He was a convert to the Catholic faith, and one of the last survivors of the well-known Oxford movement.

The Swiss Catholic University of Fribourg has 477 students, 13 of whom are Americans. Fribourg is an absolutely free university; the student's only expenses are his board and lodging; the whole education is gratis.

Early this year Sir Francis C. Burnand, the editor of Punch, will publish his "Reminiscences." It is safe to predict, says Ave Maria, that it will be one of the most widely-read books of the year, for the career of Sir Francis has been one of uncommon interest, and there are few prominent figures in the social, literary and artistic circles of London who will not yield the humorist one good story. As Burnand is an earnest convert, there is little doubt that his "Reminiscences" will be more than usually interesting to Catholic readers.

The conversion is recorded of the Evangelical school principal and theologian Herman Albrecht, of Cavelpass. He makes the following trenchant statement: "Herewith I declare my withdrawal from the Evangelical Lutheran Church, of which I have been a member from the days of my baptism and confirmation and later as a candidate of the ministry. Inasmuch as my inward religious and theological development as a member of the Protestant heresy would lead me into complete atheism, a result which as a regenerated Christian I decline under any condition, I herewith join publicly the cause of the Roman Catholic view of Christianity."

Ordination at St. Patrick's Church Port Colborne.

Port Colborne, Ont., Dec. 25.—Saturday, the 20th of December, will be long remembered in Port Colborne, as on that day the residents of the village witnessed the elevation to the priesthood of a young man who was born and had grown up in their midst. After a successful career in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he spent the last five years preparing himself for the sacred office he now holds, the Rev. Hugh J. Murray, B. C. L., was ordained by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, who assembled in St. Patrick's Church, Port Colborne, to be present at the ordination of a priest in the Catholic Church, to congratulate the young priest on his success in attaining the desired end of his labors, and to receive the first blessing from his newly-consecrated hands.

At 8.30 Saturday morning, His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, clad in Pontifical vestments, began the Mass of Ordination, and, after reading the collects, lessons and Epistle of the day, took his seat before the main altar, where two candidates, bearing lighted candles, were presented to him for ordination by the Archbishop, the Rev. Boniface Hund, O.C.C., for the office of deacon, and the Rev. Hugh J. Murray for that of priesthood. After the usual questions, in reference to the candidates, were answered by the Archbishop, and the Archbishop had delivered his customary admonition to those who were to be promoted, the two candidates prostrated themselves before the altar, whilst the Archbishop and all the clergy present recited the Litany of Saints. At the close of the litany, the Archbishop, wearing his Mitre and holding his Crozier in his left hand, made the Sign of the Cross three times over the candidates, praying that God would bless, sanctify and consecrate them in the office to which He had called them. The litany finished, His Grace proceeded with the ordination of the deacon, placing the Stole on his left shoulder (the manner in which the deacon wears that vestment), and clothing him with the Dalmatic, the upper vestment worn by the deacon when assisting at Solemn High Mass; next came the giving of the missal, containing the different gospels, which it will be his duty henceforward to read in the church.

After the deacon was ordained, he read with the Archbishop the gospel of the Mass at which he was then assisting.

The ordination of deacon was followed by that of the priest, one of the most imposing functions of the Catholic Church. The Archbishop, after reminding the candidate of the duties attached to the office of the priest, placed both hands on his head, and the imposition of hands was made by the nine priests who were present and who were vested in surplice and stole for that purpose. Holding the hands extended over the candidate, the prayer of imposition was recited by the ordaining prelate. After two other prayers from the Pontifical were recited, the Archbishop again took his seat before the altar and the candidate knelt before him, whilst he changed the stole, up to this time worn across the left shoulder, and placing it around the neck, crossed it on his breast, after which he invested him with the chasuble, the upper vestment worn by the priest when celebrating Mass. This vestment remains folded on the shoulders until the end of the ordination Mass, to show that he has not yet received the full powers of the priesthood and also to remind us of the power of consecrating bread and wine and of changing them into the body and blood of Christ was given to the Apostles before Our Lord died on the cross, and that the power of forgiveness of sins was not conferred until after He arose again from the dead.

The Archbishop then intoned the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," "Come Holy Ghost," which was taken up and finished by the priests who were assisting, and divesting himself of the Pontifical ring and gloves, he consecrated the hands of the new priest with the holy oils, praying whilst anointing them that God would deign to bless everything that should receive a blessing from those hands. The hands, thus consecrated, were then bound in a white linen, and the chalice containing wine and water, and the patent containing bread (the elements used in the Sacrifice of the Mass) were placed between them, the Archbishop then conferring on him the power of celebrating Mass for the living and the dead. The linen cloth was then removed and the young priest washed his hands, after which he knelt beside the Archbishop and continued the Mass with him until the Holy Communion, which he received immediately after the Archbishop had communicated.

After the communion the new priest made his profession of faith and the ordaining prelate, placing both hands on his head, with the words "Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins you forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you retain they are retained," committed to him the power of forgiving sins in the Sacrament of Penance, after which the chasuble, heretofore folded on his shoulders, was unfastened and allowed to fall over the alb, and then you beheld the young priest fully clad in sacerdotal vestments for the first time.

At the end of the Mass the Archbishop explained the meaning of the duties attached to the orders he had just conferred, and congratulated the people of Port Colborne on the fact that God had called to the service of the altar one of themselves. His Grace also praised the people on the improvements made in the church since his last visitation. When the Archbishop had finished speaking, the entire congregation came forward to offer their congratulations and to receive the first blessing of the new priest.

The Very Rev. Dionysius Best, O. C. C., Archdeacon and Rev. Father Sullivan, of Thorold, were assistants to the Archbishop. Rev. Father Bench, of St. Catherine's, assisted the young priest, and Rev. Father Trayling acted as Master of Ceremonies. The other priests present were Rev. Father L. Gunther, O.C.C., Niagara Falls; McCall, St. Catharines; Killcullen, Adjala, Ont.; Smyth, Merrittville, and Finegan, of Grimby. Rev. Father Murray celebrated his first Mass on last Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, and expects to leave for Toronto after New Year's to receive his appointment.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Drop a tear
For the fading fame and glory
Of the sighing, dying, hoary
Old year,
As he passes, cold and rigid,
On his frosty, frozen, frigid
White bier.

Borne at last,
Chill and cheerless, to that very
Drear and dreamful cemetery
Called the past.
Though his faults may find correction,
He will hear no resurrection
Bugle blast.

Seers and sages
Will review and make report of
His achievements in the court of
Future ages,
And record his sins and follies,
And his crimes of melancholy's
Moody pangs.

May his sin
Vanish with the old transgressor,
Unbequeathed to his successor
Coming in!
May the New come not with sabers,
But with songs of peace and labor's
Cheerful din!

Greet the New
With his wonders yet unguessed
And with secrets in his breast
Hid from view!
Oh, the mysteries concealed
That are soon to be revealed
Unto you!

Oh, to know
All the secrets and the tragic
Marvels of his mighty magic
Here below,
That will more than rival Fancy's
Fabrics wrought in necromancy's
Utmost throes!
Banners furled,
May he stay the hand of slaughter

Whether here or o'er the water,
Bombs unburied!
May he hear the proclamation,
"Peace on earth," to every nation
In the world.
—Will Scott in The Pilgrim for January.

There is a virtue in the chastening of God and in the discipline of Christian living. It makes us appreciate that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment," as Christ said. So God chastens us because He is mindful of our soul's eternal welfare. Do any of us regret the training of our childhood years, which has equipped us to fight better in the warfare of life? Ought we, then, to complain of our Father's chastening love, which fits us to fully enjoy our inheritance in the Kingdom of Eternal Peace?—Rev. Charles H. Scholey.

We ought, after the example of St. Teresa and St. Francis, endeavor to appreciate what prayer is. Even among the distractions of the world men can do it and have done it. St. Louis, amid all the distractions of a King, thought of the Divine Presence many times in the day, and said as often as he performed any kindly functions: "My God, I do this for Thee." Every man has two lives. The outer life is the only one seen by the world; the real life is the life of motive. The life of prayer is a life of union with God, a life of love hidden with Christ in God. Prayer is not merely petition, but an elevation of the soul to God to adore Him, not merely by being a beggar of favors, but by acknowledging Him as our Creator. The prayer of adoration can be offered to no creature, not even to the Blessed Virgin nor to all the angels and saints, but to God alone. The prayer of petition ceases in Heaven, but the prayer of adoration continues for all eternity.— Archbishop Ryan.

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Every Woman Should Know.

That Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has recently made a number of analyses of soaps, and reports that "Sunlight Soap contains that high percentage of oils or fats necessary to a good laundry soap."

What every woman does not know is that in common soaps she frequently pays for adulterations at the price of oils and fats. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 300

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Live Stock Quotations in the British Markets—Grain Trade.

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 29. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Wheat—Prices advanced 1/2c per bushel; 200 bushels of white and 100 bushels of red sold at 69 1/2c per bushel.

The Visible Supply.

Table with columns for Dec. 29, '02, Dec. 30, '02, Dec. 31, '02 and rows for Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Barley, and Flour.

British Cattle Markets.

London, Dec. 29.—No market at Deptford today. Saturday's prices—American cattle, 6 1/2d; sheep, 6 1/2d.

Montreal Live Stock.

Montreal, Dec. 29.—There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, 50 calves and 70 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the Grand Bazaar today.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Dec. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 12,122 head; prime and shipping steers slow; choice steady, others 10c to 15c lower.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 26,000; choice steady, others 10c to 15c lower; good to prime steers, \$6.40 to \$6.50; poor to medium, \$2.25 to \$3.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ESCAPE.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.—While Cardinal Gibbon, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and other leading churchmen were descending in an elevator at the Hotel Schenley Saturday night to meet about 300 representative citizens, the cage suddenly gave way and the occupants started downward at a rapid pace.

DEATHS.

McMAHON—At her mother's residence, 153 Oak street, Katie McMahon, in her 15th year.

QUIGLEY—At her late residence, 831 Wilton avenue, on Dec. 28, 1902, Mrs. Michael Quigley, aged 85 years.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER BURTIN

Quebec, Dec. 29.—Rev. Father Burtin, O. M. I., of the Parish of St. Sauveur, died yesterday morning at the Hotel Dieu Hospital.

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.

A full list of the subscriptions collected in aid of the United Irish League will be published next week.

C.O.F.

At the last regular meeting of St. Joseph's Court Catholic Order of Foresters the following officers were elected: C. R., J. J. Ryan; V. G. R., John Erz; Rec. Sec., P. J. Murphy; Fin. Sec., Wm. Mitchell; Treas., W. F. Brooks; Trustees, Jas. O'Dea, P. Condoran and John Cullen; Delegate to Prov. Convention, L. V. McBrady; Alternate, Wm. Mitchell.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, LINDSAY.

The closing entertainment of St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, took place on Monday evening, the 22nd of December, when a very pleasing programme was successfully carried out by the young ladies of the Senior Music and Elocution class.

A very interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of gold medals to the Misses LeHane and Butler. These beautiful, artistically designed medals have been awarded by the Venerable Archdeacon Casey and the Rev. Father McGuire, of Hastings, to the pupils who, having obtained a second-class certificate, have also taken honors in the English course.

TORONTO MAYORALTY ELECTION '03

C. C. ROBINSON FOR MAYOR

Election 5th January, 1903

WARD NO. 2

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for Election of

DR. JOHN NOBLE

As Alderman for 1903.

Polling Day, 5th January, 1903.

WARD 4 1903

Re-Elect

ALDERMAN WILLIAM BURNS

Election, January 5th, 1903

WARD 1 1903

Re-Elect

ALDERMAN ROBERT FLEMING

Polling Day, January 5th, 1903

WARD 2 1903

RE-ELECT

Ald. JOSEPH OLIVER

Polling Day, January 5th, 1903

WARD 3 1903

Your vote and influence is respectfully Solicited on behalf of the re-election of

MAYOR

Howland

POLLING DAY: January 5th

WARD 2

VOTE FOR

E. Strachan Cox

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1903

WARD NO. 3 1903

VOTE FOR

J. G. RAMSDEN

As Alderman for 1903

ELECTION, January 5th, 1903

WARD 4 1903

Your Vote and Influence Solicited for the

Re-Election of

ALD. HUBBARD

ELECTION, January 5th, 1903

WARD 4 1903

VOTE FOR

Stephen W. Burns

FOR ALDERMAN

ELECTION, January 5th, 1903

WARD 4 1903

Your Vote and Influence Solicited for the

Re-Election of

Ald. SHEPPARD

Election, January 5th

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or— (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or— (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS

Robert McCausland, Limited 88 Wellington St. W., - - Toronto

THR... COSGRAVE

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Maltsters, Brewers and bottlers TORONTO.

Are supplying the trade with their supplies ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

Brewed from the finest Malt and best English brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Labor and General Excellence of Quality. See Table Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma 1876.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St TELEPHONE PARK 140.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

A good resolution for the New Year USE TOMLIN'S BREAD TOMLIN'S, 420-424 BATHURST ST

Vote for Mayor Howland POLLING DAY: January 5th

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