

One Catholic Register

"The Church is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest." — BALMEZ.

VOL. IX.—NO. 1.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1901.

PRICE FIVE C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Thursday—Octave of St John the Evangelist.
Friday—Octave Holy Innocents.
Saturday—Vigil Epiphany.
Sunday—The Epiphany.
Monday—Within the Octave of Epiphany.
Tuesday—Within the Octave of Epiphany.
Wednesday—Within the Octave of Epiphany.

Current Topics.

Crowe Taken. Pat Crowe, the notorious desperado, charged with being the leader of the gang, which kidnapped young Cudahy at Omaha, has been captured, and is being brought to Chalderon, Neb. A large posse recently went from there in search of Crowe, and one squad overtook and captured him near the agency of the Pine Ridge reservation, and is bringing him to town. When the officers came upon Crowe he was driving, and when they hailed him he applied the whip. A running fight followed, the posse firing on him with six-shooters and bringing him to a halt.

The Cape Town correspondent of The Daily Boer War. Mail, who dwells upon the gravity of the position in Cape Colony says: "The Boers invaders number 5,000. The western invasion gives the most concern. It has split into two divisions, which are marching like the prongs of a fork, one by way of Sutherland towards Matthesburg, and the other towards Beaufort West. The enemy are now ranging over an immense tract of territory, necessitating the employment of an army corps to deal with them. Lord Kitchener has posted troops into the disturbed areas, but the fugitive tactics of the Boers have, to a large extent, neutralized his precautions. It was felt that the only means of excluding the invaders from the rich districts in the western part of the colony was to call out the farmers. To-day's telegrams promise a splendid response from the eastern portion, but the western is doubtful, not 30 per cent. of the population being regarded as loyal. Hence the Boer concentration in that direction. Letters are arriving detailing damage and robbery by the invaders, and beseeching military assistance. Any action on the part of the colony will not abate the urgent need of large reinforcements." Meanwhile, every day brings fresh reports of minor reverses to British arms at the hands of the raiding Boers. At a moment when all is perfectly safe, the Boer swoop down on the unsuspecting British, and secure almost invariably some slight advantage.

Coal Strike. The threatened strike in the Nova Scotia collieries materialized on Monday in two districts, notwithstanding the announcement made on Saturday that a ten days' truce had been generally agreed to. Two hundred men are out at Thorburn, Westville, and Stellarton, and as many more at Spryfield are expected to join them. There is no news from Cape Breton, and it is stated in some quarters that the two thousand coal miners of that island are not in full sympathy with the strike in the rest of the Province. The decision to go out in Pictou and Cumberland counties was taken at a joint meeting of the employees of the Acadia and Drummond mines at Westville. Some of the men who were at the meeting state that the management of the Drummond mine made no answer to the demands of the miners for an increase of wages. The management of the Acadia mines offered an increase of wages to the overground men, but none to the underground employes. The meeting unanimously decided to strike. The engineers operating the fans will be allowed to remain at work until Wednesday. Advice from Westville to-night say there is very little coal used, and the strike will tie up the railways connecting with the mines, and the works of the Nova Scotia Steel Company at Forrora. Anxiety prevails in Halifax owing to the absence of definite news from Cape Breton. Should the two thousand employes of the Dominion Coal Company and the other Cape Breton companies be induced to strike also, a serious coal famine in Nova Scotia will ensue. The mines have been working to their fullest capacity for months past, and are still behind in their

contracts. Coal for general consumption has not been so scarce in the provinces and Newfoundland for many years.

A New Bill. A new Canadian four-dollar bill will make its appearance early in the new century. The Department of Finance has decided to issue a new bill, and it will be as nice as the money printers can design it. On the obverse side will be vignettes of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Minto, and a scene of Sault Ste. Marie. The looks in Canada's big canal will be shown with a boat passing through, the view being designed as a tribute to the importance of the Sault Ste. Marie canal in the development of the ever-growing lake commerce of Canada. On the reverse side will be a pretty view of the Parliament buildings. The greatest effort will be made to make the bill one of the most artistic ever produced in Canada. It will appear early in 1901.

Nowboys and Candy Train Boys and fruit dealers on the Must Go. Erie railway system are about to make their final trips. From the officials in charge has come a decree, that the last breath of the nineteenth century shall mark the time when all trainboys operating on that part of the system between Salamanca, N.Y., and Chicago must go. After January 31, 1901, all of the trainboys doing business on the lines of the system east of Salamanca, too, will not be at their old stands. Some time ago the Chicago and Alton and Lehigh Valley roads did away with the trainboys. The Erie is the first of the Chicago east-bound lines to declare against the boys. Frank W. Buskirk of the Erie, said: "The action is taken for the benefit of the travelling public. The management believes that in keeping the news agents and candy and fruit peddlars off the road is ridding the patrons of the road of a marked annoyance. Arrangements have been made to have all the latest papers and periodicals and groceries at the main stations, where stops are long enough to permit of visits to the news counters."

Irish Pay. The leader of the Irish Nationalist party has fixed \$15 a week as the regulation pay for members of Parliament who are unable to defray the cost of living in London during the session out of their own resources. While it cannot be said that he has erred on the side of generosity the amount is really sufficient for plain living if they are content merely to lead laborious lives for the good of Ireland. The trouble is that a goodly proportion of the Irish members require some little luxuries which necessitate additions to these \$15. Some of them supply political information to English newspapers, Tory as well as Liberal, and write Parliamentary reports and sketches. The leader is credited with an intention of putting a stop to this state of affairs, but he will not be able to do so unless he is prepared to pay more than \$15 a week, and from present indications his financial resources will be strained to the utmost to supply even the modest stipend. Of eighty odd Irish Nationalists elected, there are about sixty who must have salaries. That means \$600 a week during a session of six months. The fund for this purpose which was recently started in Ireland is growing slowly, and it looks as if America would have to supply the deficit, because in addition to supporting the members of Parliament the party machinery in Ireland must be maintained.

Jubilee Statistics. During the present month alone there was received in Peter's Pence the enormous sum of 2,400,000 lire, about \$150,000. Nothing like this had been received in a single month since the Pope ceased to be a temporal sovereign. The exact figures have not yet been officially declared, but it is stated on semi-official authority that the total of Peter's Pence for the year ending Dec. 21 was 17,000,000 lire. Six hundred thousand pilgrims, properly so-called, arrived in Rome during the year, while there were 500,000 non-pilgrim visitors, making the influx for the year over a million. The Vatican records show that in 1775 half a million pilgrims visited Rome, and 700,000 in 1825, but in both these cases the methods of calculating were, to say the least, of a rough-and-ready character, and it may safely be declared that he has beaten the record.

Buying. The States have announced that the United States Minister Swenson, at Copenhagen, has opened negotiations with the Danish Government for the purchase by the United States of the Danish West Indies. There have been many false rumours to this effect, but the State Department announces that the negotiations are now actually on foot. The principal question is as to the price to be paid. Denmark, it is announced, wants \$7,000,000, and the United States is willing to give half of that amount. Minister Swenson has been instructed as to the maximum amount this country would give in any circumstances. The United States is ready to pay \$8,500,000 for the islands, and might stretch this to \$10,000,000.

The State Department American and Turkey. The State Department has received no money from the Turkish indemnity claims, nor has it had any connection whatever with the deal which has been made by the Cramps with the Turkish Government for the inclusion of the amount of the indemnity in the price to be paid for a warship by the Turkish Government. But it does know, that such contract has been made, and it also has had for its own part promises from the Turkish Government that the claims shall be paid. If the money comes through the Cramps it will be accepted, as the State department recognizes the right of the Porto to select any messenger it may choose to transmit the money. All that is necessary to make the transaction proper is that the fact shall clearly appear on the records that the money is paid by the Turkish Government to the Government of the United States, which will distribute it among the claimants adjudged to be entitled to compensation.

The new Panama Canal

Panama Company, at its meeting

Causal. In Paris, adopted the re-

port in which the direc-

tors, referring to the United States com-

mision's report, say: "We think that

a reasonable agreement, wherein the

United States and Columbian Govern-

ments and our Company should unite,

realizable, and might finally determine

the preference of the United States in

favor of Panama. The President of the

Company is now pursuing negotiations

at Washington to that end. Should it be

found impossible to arrive within a rea-

sonable period at an equitable under-

standing with the United States, we

shall have to seek and submit to you

the means of actively carry on our work.

It is neither possible nor permissible to

say any more on this subject to-day."

The members of the Cabinet

new Government of Chosen. Prince Edward Island are:—Premier Farquharson, Attorney-General; Mr. A. Peters, Commissioner of Public Works; Mr. Cumiskey, Commissioner of Agriculture; Mr. B. Rogers, Provincial Secretary-treasurer; without portfolio Messrs. Malcolm Macdonald, Jas. Richards, R. O. McLeod, Peter McNutt and George Forbes. The choice is considered excellent. Four of the number were previously members of the Farquharson Government. A choice of Speaker has not yet been made. The members of the Executive have been sworn to-day.

The Earl of Hopetoun

A Second. was sworn in as the first

Governor General of the Federated Australian Colonies at Sydney, on New Year's day,

amidst scenes of pageantry such as never

before had been attempted in Australia.

Scores of thousands of people participated

in the demonstration. The ro-

icing of the commonwealth was inten-

sified by a message which Queen Vic-

toria sent through Colonial Secretary

Chamberlain, which was read by the

Earl of Hopetoun as follows:—"The

Queen commands me to express through

you to the people of Australia her Ma-

jesty's heartfelt interest in the inaugura-

tion of the commonwealth, and her

earnest wish that under Divine Provi-

dence it may insure increased prospe-

rity and well-being to her loyal and

beloved subjects in Australia."

The Earl of Hopetoun briefly congratulated

the members of the Cabinet, and then

read the Queen's message, given above,

which evoked prolonged cheering, and

was followed by a second message, as

follows:—"Her Majesty's Government

sends cordial greeting to the Com-

monwealth of Australia. They welcome her

to her place among the nations united under her Majesty's sovereignty, and confidently anticipate for the new Federation a future of ever-increasing prosperity and influence. They recognize in the long desired consummation of the hopes of patriotic Australasians a further step in the direction of permanent unity of the British Empire, and they are satisfied that the wider powers and responsibilities henceforth accorded to Australia will give a fresh opportunity for a display of that genuine loyalty and devotion to the throne of the empire which had characterized the action in the past of its several States."

Mr. Ulric Bartho, Sec-

French, Secretary of the Quebec

Canadian Bridge Company, who

has spent the past few weeks across the border, has returned to Quebec.

During the first week of his

trip, which was for the purpose of holding

repatriation conferences, he spoke

at Worcester, Mass., Augusta and San-

ford, Me., together with the colonization

agent whom he accompanied. Mr.

Bartho is sanguine over the prospects,

as he maintains there is a strong desire

being evinced by the majority of French

Canadians living in the New England

States to return to their native country,

as the fool and realize the uselessness

beyond gaining a livelihood, of their

remaining where they are now. The

scale of wages given to the operatives is

comparatively the same as that paid in

Canada to-day. The actual remuner-

ation may be higher in the States, but

the mode of living entails an expense

which is greatly in excess of that re-

quired in Canada. In the places where

the conferences were held a dullness in

trade was perceptible, and particularly

in Sandford, Me., where the principal

industry of the place, a large worsted

factory, was only running half time.

On the whole Mr. Bartho is satisfied

that the work recently done will be the

means of bringing many Canadians back

in the near future."

William George Armstrong

strong inventor of the

dead armstrong gun, and a

writer upon electrical

and scientific topics, died this morning

at his home at Cragside.

Lord William George Armstrong was

born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 26,

1810. He early busied himself with

physical sciences and experiments. He

studied law for a time, but devoted all

his leisure to mechanical pursuits. His

early inventions were improvements on

hydraulic appliances. In 1842 he in-

vited a machine for the production of

electricity from steam. Attracted by

the artillery used in the Crimean War,

Weekly Sermon

FOR CATHOLICS.

A large congregation the Monsignor J. S. Vaughan in course of sermons, took up the words; "Do not bear your own conceit." One of the difficulties and dangers for at the present day, said the great preacher, had arisen out of the environment in which they lived. They were living in a country they were continually conversing, and intercourses with men and women were not of their faith. Gathered, then, in their homes and business with them dined in, Catholics were bound up in different ways with men who either did not belong to the faith or perhaps to no one. He (the right rev. prelate) saying Catholics were doing thus associating with those who were not blamable, only giving a despicable atmosphere in which large proportion of Catholics, and those of the press, the tenet. Those books that came in by day, the magistrature of all kinds that ad broadcast throughout the homes of the people, in hubs in the reading-rooms, and in libraries—that literature, with exceptions, if it was not anti-Catholic, was at least non-Catholic. The result was that Catholics were daily living in an atmosphere was dangerous and injurious unless they were conscious of the sense which that atmosphere was constantly producing on them. Catholics in this country were numerically here handful and they heard men and women round about them bringing in views on various things, expressing their opinions, and passing their hasty judgments with great ability, a great subtlety of argument, Catholics often took all in, they listened to it, and frequently were, at last to some degree, affected by it, and thought that perhaps, after all, there was something in what was said. No wisdom of the world, as Holy scripture told them, was in the eyes of God folly, and many a very wise sentence and profound judgment in the name of God was folly. Catholics in this country were placed in the midst of an atmosphere laden with every sort of infidelity and heresy, and scientists told them it was the tendency of everything to accommodate itself to its environment, and in the same way there was always a tendency on the part of Catholics to accommodate themselves to their surroundings and to look at things as other people looked at them to see them from their point of view, to take the worldly judgment of some great scientist or some one in a high station of life. And why? Not because he was a man of God, but because he was in the possession of the world's wisdom. Because he had dabbled in science and philosophy they thought he had a right to teach them, and they were influenced by him, and little by little they changed, and did not change for the better. Take the case of the man who entered life loyal to God and to the Church, always doing his duty, and recognizing in her the voice of Christ, a man full of reverence, submission, and loyalty to the Church. So much so that when he heard anyone speak against her he was hurt, and if he heard anyone abuse the Church he was inclined to grow warm and would at once rise up his voice in her defense. But after awhile, hearing those things said, so often, he became affected by it, and was inclined to accept the harsh judgments of men and women, till at last the Church laid her hands upon him and said, "You shall not do so and so. It is wrong." At once he questioned her authority, and asked, "Why may I not do it?" That was an example of the atmosphere of the world eating into the soul of a Catholic and causing change to take place in his heart. The rev. preacher then proceeded to further illustrate his meaning by other examples, such as instance, as when a lady who was as beautiful in body as she was in soul, undressed herself on the great altar of sacrifice and entered a convent to dwell all her life in union with God. Some so-called Catholics would describe such an act as low, and say, "What a pity it was not her ugly sister, who went into the convent. But God desired the choicest and best fruit. He would have it again, what old people say about eternal punishment, and they heard a great deal of talk at the present time about that most essential and certain doctrine? not going to believe that. How could there be justice in punishing a person forever? What proportion is there between the virtue of a moment and

the sin of a lifetime? They themselves are judges, and might just as well say the sea was bottomless because they could not touch the bottom with their umbrella. They said the doctrine of eternal punishment was cruel, but God was not cruel. God, they were told in Holy Scripture, was love. He was goodness and if there was hell there must be eternal punishment. If they could not reconcile these two doctrines whose fault was it? It was the fault of those own puny little intellects. Mortal objects were often at first sight difficult for men to understand. What, then, were they to think of those great and supernatural things which they were unable to deal with because of their greatness and sublimity, and because they brought them so near to God? Surely the proper attitude of the child of the Church—which was founded by Christ to teach men all truth—should be one of profound humility, realizing that what he knew was practically nothing compared with what there was to be known. It was pride that made men say, "The Church is wrong and I am right." If they believed the spirit of God was with His Church let them submit their judgment to the Church and remember the words of Holy Scripture, "Unless you become as a little child you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

THE TEACHING OF IRISH

Address by the archbishop of Dublin

Speaking a few days ago after an inspection of the Training College for Female Teachers, Baggott street, the Archbishop of Dublin, after explaining the elasticity of the new school programme, said: You will see that instead of its being laid down in the programme that this, that, or the other definite thing is to be done, the prevailing idea is that, within the limits of the programme suitable school courses may be framed, suited to the wants or circumstances of different localities, of the schools or of the children. The subject in connection with which this question of elasticity will of necessity have the fullest play, or will at all events lead to the widest practical difference in the working of two different classes of schools, is one to which I now come. It is the matter about which I specially wished to say something to you here to-day. It is a subject now attracting widespread attention throughout the country, and perhaps, taking all things round—I may say, in Dublin more than anywhere else, I mean the teaching of Irish in our national schools. Deeply interested as I am in this particular matter, I am not indeed without some apprehension that the extent to which attention is being called to what is now going on in a number of our Dublin schools, may have the very undesirable effect of drawing off attention from a far more important work, the work in connection with the teaching of Irish. What they really want is a grievance. But in this particular matter the occupation of the grievance-monger is rapidly coming to an end. As for the case of the Irish-speaking districts, the really important section of the subject, I should wish to read for you here to-day some few passages from the official reports of Sir Patrick Keenan, whose name, for a reason that is known to us all, must be held in special respect in this training college, and in every school or college connected with the work of the Sisters of this Baggot street Convent. In a memorable report, the first, I think, of those drawn up by him as head inspector—you will be surprised to hear that it goes back as far as 1855, practically half a century ago—Sir Patrick Keenan refers incidentally to the desire entertained he says, "by some even good men, that the Irish language should gradually fall into disuse and be forgotten." He then goes on to say:

"Many good men would rejoice at this, but they seem to me to forget that the people might know both Irish and English, and they also forget that by continuing to speak Irish and learning English through its medium, the latter language would be enriched by the imagery and vigor of the mother tongue, and the process of learning would be a mental exercise of so varied and powerful a character that its disciplinary effect upon the mind would be equal in itself, and by itself, to a whole course of education of the ordinary kind."

He then adds a suggestive remark: "The shrewdest people in the world are those who are bilingual; borderers have always been remarkable in this respect." But the most stupid children I have ever met with are those who are learning English whilst endeavoring to forget Irish.

The difficulty of the process to which these unfortunate children are subjected is next stated:

"It is hard to conceive any more difficult school exercise than to begin out-

first alphabet, our first syllabification, our first attempt at reading, in a language of which we know nothing, and all this without the means of reference to, or comparison with, a word of our mother tongue. Yet this is the ordeal Irish-speaking children have to pass through, and the natural result is that the English which they acquire is very imperfect."

Then comes the remedy, plainly stated:

"The real policy of the educationalist would, in my opinion, be to teach Irish grammatically and soundly to the Irish-speaking people, and then to teach them English through the medium of their national language. Sir Patrick Keenan was not satisfied with stating this in general terms. He set it out in detail: "I am convinced," he said; 1. That the Irish-speaking people ought to be taught the Irish language grammatically, and that school books in Irish should be prepared for the purpose. 2. That English should be taught to all Irish-speaking children through the medium of the Irish. 3. That if this system is pursued the people will be very soon better educated than they now are or possibly can be for many generations upon the present system, and 4. That the English language will in a short time be more generally and purely spoken than it can be by the present system for many generations."

All this, as I have said, was in the first report he made to the Commissioners as Head Inspector in 1855. He was full of the subject, as anyone who has once got hold of it must be full of it. He returned to it eagerly in his report for the year 1856. Let me quote a few passages. The first has reference to one of the islands off our northern coasts. He found the people there most eager to learn English. They were all Irish-speaking people, but their desire to learn English was undoubted. The result was an absolute failure. Sir Patrick Keenan asks how this is to be explained. And then he says:

"The people, as I have stated, are most eager to learn English, and that they fail to do it is not to be attributed to apathy or dullness on their part, but to the inexplicable system universally pursued, by which pupils are forced to learn the vocabulary and the grammar of a strange language before they are taught the alphabet of their own. In my general report for 1855 I opened the discussion of this important question, and another year's experience, particularly that which I derived from my visits to the island schools, shows me quite clearly that our present system in this respect is defective, irrational, and impracticable, that while ages will pass away before the people can learn English by it; that its effect is to give a bad smattering of a new tongue, and to spoil the purity of the old; and that it is productive of listlessness, hopelessness and mental depression in the unfortunate children who are subject to it."

There we have it all. "The unfortunate children." "The inexplicable system universally pursued." "The children forced to learn the vocabulary and the grammar of a strange language before they are taught the alphabet of their own." "A 'National' system of education, defective, irrational, and impracticable." And here I quote again from the same report of 1856—it is a striking object lesson in the folly of it all:

At Gairn (an island off the coast), although every child on the island goes to school, although the school has been about seven years open, there is not one on the island an adult, except the teacher, who can read, and there does not appear to be any knowledge whatever of English possessed by either the people or children. The worst of all this is that the teachers in attempting to teach English completely neglect everything else in the way of education, so that the whole system is a mere idle, profitless waste of time."

DERELICT FARMS IN IRELAND.

Lord O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, on giving the addresses for the province of Munster, at Cork, on December 3, commented on the state of the country. He said he found in County Clare eleven persons were receiving constant police protection, who maintained the presence of police in the house of a man who is protected, or in adjacent huts built for the purpose. Twenty-six persons were also receiving protection by police patrol. There were 120 evicted farms, 47 of which were derelict, which meant abandoned by landlord and tenant, the former being unable to stock them. That was a serious and suggestive matter.

In County Limerick 28 persons were receiving police protection by patrol, there were 30 evicted farms, 14 being worthless. The state of North Tipperary was fairly satisfactory, though one gentleman had been under police protection for 15 years. In South Tipperary 223 people were under police protection by patrol. In County Kerry 323 persons were under constant police protection, and 64 were receiving protection. Evicted farms in the county numbered 241 of which 100 were derelict.

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FATHER MARQUETTE

Announcement is made by Ann Arbor officials that what are supposed to be the remains of Rev. Father Marquette, intrepid missionary and explorer, have been exhumed by workmen near Frankford, Mich. Only the skull and important bones remained, and experts declare them to be those of a white man. A streak of rust and small spots, close to the head, are believed to have been the father's bonds and cross. The find was made at considerable depth while excavating for a big summer hotel.

The Michigan Historical Society claims to possess the proof that Father Marquette was buried at this point in the year 1675, in the bed of a small stream. It was in changing the course of a stream that the remains were found. Great interest is being taken in the find by Michigan historians, and a thorough investigation is being made. The commonly accepted belief is that Père Marquette's remains were buried at the mission of St. Ignace, Michigan. A tradition existed for years among the Indians that a "great priest" was buried at the head of East Moran bay, south of the present village of St. Ignace. The Jesuit Relations bear this theory out, inasmuch as the Jesuit mission built by Father Nouvel in 1674, where Marquette was buried, stood on the point north of the strait, "as now, known as Point St. Ignace. In September 1877, excavations made under direction of Father Jacker, brought to light what is generally believed to be the remains of the old St. Ignace chapel. The remains of a bark canoe were found as also a number of fragments of human bone, which evidence strongly points to as being those of Père Marquette. These are at present plausibly preserved at Marquette college.

Frankford, where the alleged remains have been discovered is on the east shore of Michigan, far removed from St. Ignace which is to the northeast on the north side of the straits of Mackinaw.

It is not known certainly whether Marquette died on the banks of Poco Marquette river (where Ludington now stands) or eight leagues north, at the promontory of the Sleeping Bear. It is certain that his two Indian companions buried him with his priestly possessions and carried the sad news of his untimely death to St. Ignace. Two years later, in 1677, a party of Kiskakons, formerly disciples of Marquette, went from the straits and found his grave. Placing his remains in a birch box, they reverently conveyed them to St. Ignace, and buried them under the altar of the chapel that he had built a few years before.

Father Barrows, president of Marquette college, in speaking of the matter said, "I saw the despatch and I shall be interested in the disclosure of the proofs said to be in the hands of the Michigan State Historical society. There was nothing in the nature of a proof in the item published this morning. All priests are buried in their vestments. Still the skull may be all that is left for it. It is not absolutely certain that the Marquette relics in possession of the college are authentic. Father Jacker, who discovered them at St. Ignace, gave his reasons for believing them to be so, and they have been accepted as probably true."

THE CROISIER BEADS

One of the easiest and most powerful means of merit for one's soul is the recitation of Indulgences and in assisting the souls in Purgatory is, without doubt, the Rosary, the daily prayer book of pious souls.

The Rosary is the universal prayer-book. It can be used by all and always. The highest intellect finds worthy exercise in its meditations, and the poorest and most uneducated comfort and peace in its spoken words. The young, who are unable to comprehend other prayers, the sick, in their long, weary hours of pain, the old, whose poor eyes dim to the printed page; all Christians, in a word, find in the Rosary a help and a blessing, a strength and a means of grace, suited to all classes of society and to men of every grade.

The Rosary is a wonderful instrument for the destruction of sin, the recovery of God's grace and the advancement of His glory."

Pope Gregory XVI.

THE CROISIER BEADS.

The Croisier Beads are named from the Croisier Fathers or Regular Canons of the Order of the Holy Cross by whom they are blessed.

INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO CROISIER BEADS.

1. Two Papal Indulgences. These indulgences are ten in number and may be acquired for oneself or applied to the souls in Purgatory. (Read the "Iniquitatis" p. 372).

II. Two Bridgetine Indulgences

which are also ten in number.

III. Two Dominican Indulgences which are four in number.

IV. The Croisier Indulgences or an indulgence of 600 days for every Pater and Ave said on the beads. To gain this indulgence it is not necessary to say an entire Rosary nor even a decade of it. An indulgence of 500 days is gained by the recital of Our Father or Hail Mary.

To gain the Dominican indulgences it is necessary to meditate, according to one's ability, on the principal mysteries of the Life, Death and Resurrection of Our Lord. Meditation is not necessary to gain the other indulgences named above.

To the Crucifix attached to the Croisier Beads the following indulgences are appended:

I. The Papal Indulgences;

II. The indulgences of a Happy Death;

III. The indulgences for the Way of the Cross.

N. B. Two indulgences can be gained only by the person who first, after the blessing, recited the Rosary for personal use. If given to another to be used with the intention of gaining the indulgences attached the indulgences are null and void until the Rosary is again blessed.

Of all the indulgences attached to the Rosary, this indulgence of five hundred days is certainly one of the easiest and the easiest to gain, because it is not necessary either to meditate on the Divine Mysteries of the Rosary, nor to recite all the Rosary, not even an entire decade. A single Hail Mary said amid occupations, or no matter which bead of these Rosaries, will gain this indulgence of five hundred days.

The impossibility which one often finds of reciting the entire Rosary and thus gaining the indulgence of the Rosary, or of Saint Bridget, should make this indulgence of the Croisier Fathers particularly dear to all the faithful who are desirous of gaining a great number of indulgences and of thus assuaging the souls in Purgatory. Persons desirous of obtaining the Croisier Beads, may apply for them at the Protectory; such application should be accompanied by a donation for the maintenance of the home.

Address: Brother Superior, St. Joseph's Protectory, Vine St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE PASSING OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Hartford Transcript tells of a monument in plain sight of the Brighton Seminary, where many of the priests of New England are grounded in theology, which bears the simple and rather startling inscription, "Death to Priestcraft." Here was one who had vowed death to priestcraft, and priestcraft was flourishing over his grave.

The coadjoint is fairly indicative of the great mutations which are being enacted around us," reflects the Transcript. "When priestcraft, haunted the dreams of the godly men who built up our New England commonwealths, Catholics were but a scattering few. Now they have multiplied and waxed mighty, and become a full third of the entire population. The decade is not far distant when they will have passed from the minority to the majority."

The process of their advancement is deplorable, at least from one point of view. The descendants of the old priest-baiters are affected with such a terror of a numerous progeny that their numbers are bound to dwindle, and many of them will pass from the land without leaving an offspring to perpetuate their name. How many of the old New England families are already extinct?

MORMONS IN CANADA.

The Mormons have of late been assiduously making inroads upon religious denominations in North Bruce, and on recent Sunday they came in for a terrible castigation by Rev. Henry Dierlamm, of Port Elgin, who before a very large audience exposed and held up to the light of day things of which birth called doctrines and covenants of the Church of Latter Day Saints. The Rev. Mr. Dierlamm is a minister of the German Evangelical church and was stationed in this section about eighteen years ago. A number of Mormon elders were present at the service during which Mr. Dierlamm attacked them, and they loudly resented the reverend gentleman's well substantiated remarks. But when Mr. Dierlamm leaves a stone among a pack of wolves he likes to hear them howl. He was thoroughly prepared and dealt our right and left cleansing strokes that swept before them the reeds of pestilential creed that rankly grow only in the fens of ignorance. Two of the elders who disturbed the meeting were afterwards brought up before the magistrate and fined \$1 each and costs, amounting to \$1 in all. Mr. Dierlamm asked for leniency, or the penalty might have been more severe. The elders were mobbed out of town.—*Epworth Star.*

1. Two Papal Indulgences. These indulgences are ten in number and may be acquired for oneself or applied to the souls in Purgatory. (Read the "Iniquitatis" p. 372).

II. Two Bridgetine Indulgences

ENGLAND'S CONVERSION

The Views of an Irish Priest on the English Mission.

Two Rev. E. O'Don, of Saltash, Cornwall, England, writer in the December number of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record of "The Conversion of England." He gives the statistics of growth in fifty years, which show that priests and churches have almost quadrupled their numbers.

But much of this is due to the Irish incoming, though much also to conversions, and there is a leakage among hereditary Catholics of the poorer classes to discourage somewhat the most optimistic Catholic. Still the gains are great.

What is the chief difficulty in the way of a more rapid progress?

Written Father O'Don,

"The great obstacle in the way of England's conversion, is, without doubt, the peculiar, indefinable religious feeling among the masses of the people. It is impossible to define exactly this peculiar religious, or, rather, irreligious feeling. Unquestionably, rationalism and unbelief are growing fast in England—rationalism in the educated and unbelief among the masses. The 'Open Bible' and the interminable disputes in the Establishment are, to a great extent, responsible for so much irreligion.

"Will England soon become Catholic again? We do not know, we can only hope and pray. To build up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a hundred years. One thing we may be certain of—that the Catholic Church has come to stay in this country, and in another fifty years it is not at all improbable that Catholicity and infidelity will be the two opposing forces in England, swaying and molding the mind and intellect of the nation. There is a great deal of uphill work before us, but we have no slight outfit for the warfare. The saints and martyrs of England are interceding for us. The blood of those martyrs who died three centuries ago, and since, is a witness that England did not willingly give up the faith. The long imprisonment, the weary dungeons, the savage torture of those holy victims, are they to have no reward? The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, and the blood of those glorious martyrs shall purify and re-consecrate the soil to God. The Romeward movement in the Church of England is another good omen. Thousands of clergymen of the Established Church are preaching from as many pulpits the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Cardinal Vaughan, at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society two years ago, said;

"The Nonconformist Churches have a far greater hold upon their followers than the Established Church. Their religion is free and easy; their tenets few and simple, and, generally speaking, they do not approve of such a place as hell. They do not relish the idea of eternal punishment in another world and rarely mention it, except to explain it away. Their ritual, too, is simplicity itself, and many illiterate laymen have an opportunity of preaching in the Nonconformist chapels which would be denied them in the Church of England. Such a religion, or, rather, congeries of religions, find much favor among the lower orders of the English people. The average Englishman likes and approves of a religion from which such practices as fasting and confession and all self-restraint is strictly excluded. When he is brought up to believe that he can get to heaven without such inconvenient commandments, he very naturally gives the Catholic Church the widest birth."

It is difficult for the Catholic Church to make much headway in a country so saturated with anti-Catholic ideas, but with God nothing is impossible. We have made wonderful progress during the past half century, have we not good reasons to hope for greater things in the next fifty years? England was once the dowry of Mary for hundreds of years; there was no country more devoted to Peter than England, and nowhere, excepting Italy, was there a land which had given so many martyrs to the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope. She has been dedicated over and over again to the Virgin Mother of God and to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles. Church and bearing her name are springing up again in this land; processions are held in her honor and her sweet name is invoked again in a land which three hundred years ago was bereft of so powerful a patronage. The Ritualists too, have taken kindly to our Lady, they pray to her to intercede for them, and from many a pitiably outcast Catholic Church the name of Mary is heard and her virtues extolled. It is well, it is lawful we have been waiting for, that this country would turn again to its queen and mother. In the Memorare of St. Bernard it is said "that never has it been known in any age, that those who appealed to Mary for assistance were left abandoned by her, and the incense of many prayers rising up before her that heaven has already drawn down many blessings on this forsaken land." Let us hope, let us pray that her sweet name may be invoked once again by the little ones, that it may linger on the lips of the aged and dying, and that her powerful influence may be felt

or exerted to win back the land which was once proud to be called her "dowry."

"And the shadows of the saints are again stealing over the land. St. Benedict there, speaking to us by the voice of the holy and learned Bishop of Newbury, one of many priests. The grand old abbey of Buckfast, for three hundred years a ruin, and a silent witness of the past glories of the Order in England, is once again in the possession of the sons of St. Benedict, and to its hospitable roof the sinners and the pilgrims are welcome as of old. The white icon of St. Dominic is there, preaching and invoking the same power which overthrew the Albigenses. The sons of St. Bernard are there, too, communing in the solitude, and encouraging us by their prayers and the examples of their hidden lives. And the sons of the soldier saint, Ignatius, are there, the plowmen and champions of learning, the Life Guards of the grand army of the Catholic Church. Others, too, are there, healing and blessing this sacrilegious nation, a sure proof that the arm of the Lord is not waxed short, nor His mercy failed.

"Will England soon become Catholic again? We do not know, we can only hope and pray. To build up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a hundred years. One thing we may be certain of—that the Catholic Church has come to stay in this country, and in another fifty years it is not at all improbable that Catholicity and infidelity will be the two opposing forces in England, swaying and molding the mind and intellect of the nation. There is a great deal of uphill work before us, but we have no slight outfit for the warfare. The saints and martyrs of England are interceding for us. The blood of those martyrs who died three centuries ago, and since, is a witness that England did not willingly give up the faith. The long imprisonment, the weary dungeons, the savage torture of those holy victims, are they to have no reward? The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, and the blood of those glorious martyrs shall purify and re-consecrate the soil to God. The Romeward movement in the Church of England is another good omen. Thousands of clergymen of the Established Church are preaching from as many pulpits the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Cardinal Vaughan, at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society two years ago, said;

"The doctrines of the Catholic Church which has been rejected and condemned as being blasphemous, superstitious, and fond inventions, have been re-examined, and taken back, one by one, until the Thirty-nine Articles have been banished and buried as a rule of faith. The Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, offered for the living and the dead—sometimes even in Latin, not infrequent reservation of the sacrament, regular eucaristic confession, extreme unction, purgatory, prayers for the dead, devotions to our Lady, to her Immaculate Conception, the use of the Rosary, and the invocation of saints, are doctrines taught and accepted with a growing desire and relish for them in the Church of England. A celibate clergy, the institution of monks and nuns under vows, retreats for the clergy, missions for the people, fasting and other penitential exercises, candles, lamps, incense, crucifixes, images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints held in honor, stations of the cross, caskets, cottas, Roman collars, birettas, copes, dalmatics, vestments, mitres, croziers, the adoption of an ornate Catholic ritual, and now, recently, an elaborate display of the whole ceremonial of the Catholic Pontifical—all this speaks a strange and a movement towards the Catholic Church that would have appeared absolutely incredible at the beginning of the century.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1901.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The question of education must always be a live one among the civilized nations of the world. There is no intention in a short essay such as this article is to be, of going into debatable ground of any kind. Education in the past century has developed wonderfully in its system of imparting knowledge; in the adaptability of the school curriculums to the wants of a business career. It has become an absolute necessity to success among English-speaking people. No matter how humble one's position in life may be, no matter how seldom one may be called upon to exercise some simple rule that was learned in school—the fact remains that education is necessary in every walk in English life. The young man who has had the advantage of having his mind developed in our schools must necessarily outstrip his rival in the race for honors, who has not received any education other than that of experience. He learns to think for himself, and to think quickly; he learns to put his thought into action without any unnecessary waste of energy; but above all, he learns to be self-reliant; to repose the utmost confidence in his own ability to solve problems; to undertake seeming impossibilities. There is not, nor can there be, any controversy on this subject. It is quite safe to say that a brain polished up and developed by education is fully 50 per cent sharper, more energetic, more capable of grasping a point than in its rougher state; it is quite safe to say that the uneducated man is laboring under the disadvantage of about 60 per cent. People will point out such and such an eminently successful man who began without education, and who outstripped his educated rivals in the race. There are such cases in existence, but they are so few that one can readily count them. How much more successful would these men have been had they possessed the advantages of a good education? Notwithstanding a few isolated instances of unqualified success of uneducated men, of men who, if they had been well educated, must have far outshone the brilliant careers they did run—notwithstanding these instances, the fact remains that education is necessary to success, and that it is becoming more so every day. Everybody recognizes the benefits of education as a developer of character, as a builder of self-reliance, as a factor, as a maker of ladies and gentlemen. We have at our doors to-day throughout the length and breadth of the free land of ours, a school system that yields to none on earth in point of excellence. We have our Separate Schools for the children, our High Schools and academies, our colleges and convents, and our universities. There is no more complete system of education in the wide world to-day than is offered the Catholics of Canada. The means of bringing up our children in a Christian manner is at

our door, the parents are relieved in this very grave matter of educating their children, not only in preparation for their life-struggle, but also in the love and fear of God, at least as much as it is possible to relieve them, by this chain of Catholic educational institutions. The System is at hand; the teachers are at their desks, and they are second to none in talent, in training, and in knowledge—the only thing lost is the assemblage of pupils. If there is anything lacking in our system, it is the want of care exercised by the parents in insisting upon the attendance of their children at the school sessions. There is something lacking, and there has been since Canada was settled. The question to be answered is whether this "something" will be supplied in the future. The old type of Irishman was careless in seeing to it that his children received the advantages of an education; as a rule, he came to this country with absolutely no school training, and failed to see the necessity of it in his children. They went to school when they liked, and were invariably taken away in the early spring. It was a system of winter education, of education that profited them little or nothing because of its shortness. As soon as a boy had grown strong enough to work, he was set at it. Poverty was pleaded as an excuse for this injustice to the children. There is scarcely any necessity now-a-days to show the fallacy of such shortsightedness. The result was that Irish-Catholics remained in the laboring classes, while their Protestant neighbors went to fill positions of trust and of importance throughout the country. This generation of children is still suffering to a greater or less degree from the same lack of looking to the future. Too many of our Catholics are living entirely in the present. We have been "hewers of wood" and drawers of water" long enough. We have by far the cheapest system of higher education in this country simply because the teachers and professors in our colleges and convents draw no salaries. It is a disgrace to Catholic parents in Canada that our Catholic Colleges are fully one-half filled with American students. Canadian Catholics have not come to the realization of the fact that it is only through education that we can go ahead with any degree of success. There is an idea abroad that unless a boy is to enter Holy Orders, or a girl to devote herself to a life of teaching, that higher education is a waste of time, energy and money. The sooner that notion is dispelled the better. The Church to-day needs educated laymen quite as much as priests and teachers.

GIRLS AND DRINK.

The recent startling announcement from a prominent Protestant minister that the drink habit is securing a strong hold on the girls of Ontario, a statement that the statistics of the Provincial Institutions bear out, gives a great deal of food for thought. Girls coming from the country into industrial centres, where they are thrown upon their own resources and left pretty much, if not entirely, to themselves; girls coming to these centres to become servants or to take their places in the factories—the weight of the statement has been thrown upon them. There is no doubt but that girls thus placed in a large city without a guiding hand to direct and guard them are, to say the least, subject to many great temptations, that city girls have not to contend against. They are left alone in a great city to choose for themselves, and the newly acquired liberty only too often runs to license. Lest to themselves, a sense of loneliness drives them to choose companions, both male and female, that their parents would not pick out for them. There is but little doubt but that this class of girl does go a long way toward filling our Provincial Institutions; it is they who are the first to fall under the eye of the police, precisely because they are what they are. Only too often these girls come to the cities already disgraced, and fall immediately into the great maelstrom of vice that floods every centre. Drink in country places is an almost unknown vice among women and girls, so that it must be the surroundings, the companionship of the industrial centres that develop this taste for drink in our young women. The Provincial statistics furnish us with the information necessary to saddle country girls with this

vice, but there are no statistics to show how deeply this habit has sent its roots into our city girls. Hundreds of young girls in this city are now indulging in drink, and worse. We have been in the habit of prideing ourselves upon the morality of our city, but to a close observer there is absolutely no room for any congratulation. These girls do not come under the eye of the police, and statistics do not teach us how greatly the drink habit has taken hold of them. Many of this class belong to highly respectable parents who are totally unaware of the existence of such a state of affairs. It is the duty of every individual parent in this city, and in every other city and town, to make himself fully acquainted with the companions his daughters associate with; it is his duty to know where she spends her time. If some of them know how and where their daughters put in their evenings there would be a mighty revolution in their households. Easy-going parents have much to answer for, both to society and to God. These girls naturally cannot frequent the Sacraments as they should, or they could not go on as they do. A young lady who has a dislike for Confession and Communion will bear watching; and it is her parents' duty to find out the reasons of this non-frequentation of the sacraments.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

Last week there was formed in New York, at the Church of the Paulist Fathers, the Catholic Converts' League of America. The officers of the League for the ensuing year are as follows: Dr. F. De Costa, President, George D. Mackay, Vice-President; Miss Anne Burritt, Secretary, and S. Coates, Treasurer. The idea of the League is to assist as much as possible in the non-Catholic missions that are being conducted throughout the United States, with an occasional incursion into Canada. The Association includes some of the brightest minds in the New England States, and cannot but be productive of good; if it were only for their banding into a League and nothing else. So splendid a list of illustrious names as are enrolled in the new league is sufficient in itself to make our Protestant friends think. It seems to us that the very best thing the new club can do for the advancement of the cause of non-Catholic missions is to have a simple list of the names of its members printed for distribution at these missions. When so many and such men and women have seen the truth of the Church and accepted it; when they have not only embraced the true faith but have banded themselves together for aggressive work among their former co-religionists—that should be a sufficiently clear proof to any unprejudiced mind that Catholicism is not only not going back, but that it is making rapid progress toward the unification of Christianity. This League is a lesson to us who have been born Catholics, and who are only too often too unappreciative of the grand birthright that has been ours. It is a lesson to us in that we are prone to rest on our oars, to go into a semi-sleep and allow things to drift along as best they may. Only too often is this sleep productive of great harm in its effects—indifference and worse. Catholics are too often heard to cry out that we are too bigoted; that we should live at peace with our Protestant neighbor; that religion should not come into consideration at all except in church. We should be bigoted in so far as we know that our faith is the only true one, but we should not be intolerant, for many a Protestant thinks that he is right and lives up to his belief; we should live at peace with our neighbors—we have no quarrel with them, it is with their beliefs. Religion should be a part and parcel of our lives: we should ever keep before our minds that we are Catholics, and show to the world by our lives that we are so not only in name but in deed. This League is to teach us a lesson in what our course should be. The members feeling it their duty to place before Protestants what the Catholic doctrines really are, will do their utmost to carry them to them. We have sat idly by for years, allowing our Church to be traduced, and her doctrines presented to Protestants in a wholly unrecognized form; we have been sleeping. These converts know how important it is to aggressive, how absolutely neces-

sary it is to place the truth in plain simple language before Protestants, and they are losing no time in carrying their purpose out. In looking over this grand body of converts, aggressive and united, we cannot but think what a sorry-looking lot those Catholics who have drifted into Protestantism would make when compared intellectually with our converts. There is no food for thought in that direction.

GRANT TO QUEEN'S

The question of a Government grant to Queen's University has been brought to the front of late. While there is no likelihood of such a grant ever being made, yet it can do no harm to raise a protest against even the consideration of such a thing. It was claimed by the authorities of Queen's University, Kingston, that as they were conducting a university which is for the benefit not only of the Presbyterian Church alone, but of the community at large, they felt that the Ontario Government should recognize that work by a grant. That Queen's University has been doing a good work no one in his senses will deny. Under the present regime the Kingston University has gone ahead with amazing rapidity, and a brilliant future is doubtless before it. Notwithstanding that fact, notwithstanding the fact that Queen's has been engaged in the secular training of young men, though not exclusively, at any rate very largely, we cannot see that they are entitled to any assistance from the Ontario Government. There is not a single department at Kingston that has not its counterpart at the Provincial University here in Toronto, the secular training that has been imparted at Queen's could have been given at Toronto quite as well; and in most instances far better than at Queen's. With the Provincial University cramped for means, it is pretty hard to see how the Ontario Government can give a grant to Queen's and let their own college go on suffering. As a matter of fact, Queen's University is a denominational college. It is under the control of the Presbyterian Church; it has few if any affiliations. They doubtless have been a great factor in the higher education of Ontario, but so, too, have other denominational institutions, and if grants are made to Queen's it is but fair that they, too, should receive encouragement and financial assistance from the government. Ottawa, University, Trinity, Sandwich College, Berlin, not to mention the host of colleges that are affiliated with Toronto, have done excellent work in the educating of the young men of Ontario, and are quite as much entitled to a grant as Queen's. Even though Queen's University were entirely undenominational, even though Presbyterianism had never entered its halls, we do not think a grant should be given them. The Government has established a central university here in Toronto, a university that is practically free to everybody; a university that teaches any and every branch that Queen's does. Toronto University is as easily gotten at as Queen's; it does not cost more to secure an education there than at Kingston. Toronto is quite large enough; quite strong and far-reaching enough to educate Ontario within its walls, and that is all that is necessary. It is no business of the Ontario Government that Queen's needs money to extend her courses. They have furnished a seat of learning sufficient to accommodate all Ontario, and that is all that can reasonably be asked of them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Anarchists are still strong enough in the United States to dare to shoot an officer of the law. Last week at Barre, Vt., Chief of Police Patrick Brown tried to quell a riot among Italian Anarchists at a hall, and received three bullets for his pains. It is high time that America should do something radical to rid herself of this great menace to society.

The question of the race cry which ran riot during the late elections is still occupying the attention of many of our Canadian editors. It seems about time that the whole thing were consigned to oblivion with the many other race and crood cries that have only too often besmirched Canadian politics. This issue should never have been raised, but that part of it is now past. The profit to be gained by

keeping it before the public seems to be far less than nothing. A mistake was made in raising such a cry, and another one is being added to it by continuing it.

There does not appear to be any desire on the part of our supporters of Separate Schools throughout Ontario to enter into the field as candidates for the School Boards. Reports coming in from nearly every town show almost every board to have been elected by acclamation. While this unanimity may go to show that our schools are in such good hands that a change would not be in the interests of their progress, on the other hand, it is more than likely that the cause is the indifference of Catholics in this matter. There is not sufficient interest shown in the Separate School elections and, as a result, the best men are only too often lost at home because of their not caring to trouble themselves with anything but their own personal affairs. This is not as it should be. We cannot have our school boards too strong, and everybody should be willing to sacrifice himself a little for the good of the community at large.

The recent stand taken by the Provincial authorities on the registration of births has produced excellent results. As a consequence of several prosecutions, the reports of births are being sent in from all parts of the province much more completely. It would seem that not more than half of the births which actually took place in this Province were registered at all in times past. The law was a dead letter, and people were beginning to think that the whole thing was a mere matter of form. The returns now coming in serve to show how generally this law had been disregarded. There are some other enactments on the Statute books that might serve a better purpose if some such energetic action were used in applying them—notably the sale of cigarettes to minors.

With the first of the year and its municipal elections comes the thought of the famous campaign of the P.P.A. some few years ago. "Catholic aggression" was a by-word without any foundation in political fact. A journal, with the infamous Margaret Sheppard as its editor, was published and spread broadcast throughout the Province. In fact, things began to look as though we should be swept out of the country. The elections over, the "Protective Association" was buried so deep that it has never been heard of since. One or two towns did elect P.P.A. mayors and councils, but the Catholics are still living in them. Now, the greatest insult that one can offer a man is to accuse him of being a P.P.A. Canadian can certainly find matter for congratulation in the happy state of religious tolerance which the new century finds in this country.

We wish to convey our thanks to our out-of-town correspondents for the communications that were sent us during the past year. We are very grateful to those who take such an interest in our paper and in the progress of Catholicity, generally, as to think it worth their while to spare a few moments each week to chronicle the events that have taken place in their several parishes. While we thank those above-mentioned, we also think that more of the same work might be done for us throughout the country. It requires but a few minutes each week or indeed, perhaps each month, to send us a few lines of news. We want correspondents in every centre of Catholicity, and no one need have any fear for that he lacks literary elegance sufficient for the work required. Let the Catholics of Ontario know what is being done in the several parishes. Thus we shall keep in touch with one another, and feel that we are indeed one. It does not take much to make a news item, and it is very seldom that a month passes without something worth telling. Your neighbor does not occur within your parish. Let us pull together, and at this time next year we shall see how much better satisfied we are with ourselves and the condition of Catholicity in Ontario. We beg, however, to inform our correspondents that, as we go to press at noon on Wednesday, copy should arrive here on Tuesday if at all possible.

The agitation that is now under way to have the Catholic chaplain of

the Canadian forces in South Africa, Father O'Leary appointed to the chaplaincy of the Senate is worthy of support. Never perhaps in the history of Canada has a Catholic priest secured so strong a hold on the hearts of the Canadian people, whether Protestant or Catholic, as Father O'Leary, and his appointment to the post left vacant by the death of the estimable Archdeacon Lauder would be a fitting crown to the worthy Chaplain's war career. Father O'Leary has done a great deal towards removing the prejudice that Protestants naturally feel against the Catholic Church, and his appointment would be looked upon not only as an honor to Father O'Leary, but also as a recognition of the fact that Catholics are not as black as they are sometimes painted.

On Christmas day the second portion of the Canadian Contingent returned from South Africa. After being treated as the heroes they are, in England, where enthusiastic crowds greeted them at every turn with cheers and praises; where our noble Queen received them as a mother, and congratulated them upon the splendid work they had done at the front, they at last arrived in their native land, in the land that feels as proud of them as they do of her. Grand receptions were tendered them all along the line from Halifax to Windsor, and they were made to feel that Canada is indeed their own native land. While there are not a few of these fighting Canadians yet in South Africa or on their way home, yet this last contingent of returning heroes practically means Canada's withdrawal from a war in which she did herself proud. Col. Otter the Commander, and his suite, came home with the latest batch of soldiers. With them, too, and in command, came Capt. Mason and Capt. McDonnell, who sustained Canada's reputation as a colony of fighters in their own persons. To Captains Mason and McDonnell, perhaps, more than to any other Canadians, do Catholics point as their representatives on the field of battle, and nobly and well did they give the lie to their Church's traducers who would have us believe that Catholics are not loyal. No Canadian officer lost anything in reputation in South Africa, and Captains Mason and McDonnell are decidedly Canadian officers.

IRISH SCENERY

Pleasure Derived From Recalling Familiar Scenes in Ireland.

The exiles of Erin, no matter in what part of the world their lot may be cast, are, in a measure, fortunate in so far as they leave behind them a country of halleyed memories, of charming spots endowed by the richest of natural beauty and picturesque views, when to these gifts of bountiful nature's bestowing, is added the sacred associations of past centuries arising from the heroic struggle to preserve intact the true faith and the existence of the fatherland against foreign invasion, a link is formed in two chain which forever binds the true Celt to his own dear native land. The exiled son of Erin may have his temporary home in America, in Canada, in far away Australia, in the wild wastes of Asia and Africa, or in lands where the English tongue is not spoken, still, neither distance nor time nor place can weaken the Irishman's love for the home of his ancestors, and it is the thought uppermost in his mind, and the dream of his life, to revisit his native country and once more feast his eyes and senses upon the sacred spots familiar to him in the days of his childhood. This is the pleasant aspiration that the truly devoted Celt carries with him into whatever country he may be driven by excessive landlord cruelty, storm poverty, or any one of the hundred causes that have, for the past eight centuries forced the Celts race to scatter over the four corners of the earth. Thousands, of course, are doomed never again to see the face of their native home or that of their fathers, but that does not stifle their love and attachment for the little green Isle in the bosom of the Atlantic. The memory, the will, and the imagination are the free gifts of Providence, and the exercise of those inherent powers can, at least in spirit take the exiled Irishman back again and again to the beloved haunts of his youth. If he happens to be a native of Donegal, especially of the "Highlands" or "Wicks" of that historic county, whether he sees it again in actual reality or through the eyes of his imagination, his blood will run quicker in his veins as he gazes once again upon the wild-

and romantic coast lashed by the furious waves of the broad Atlantic in their continual assault upon the rugged headlands and storm rocks which have from time immemorial withstood the fury of the ocean's poundings. If he looks inland his heart will rejoice at sight of the lofty peaks which lift their heads heavenward and look across the mainland to Tory Island, that miniature "kingdom" which has rejoiced in its own "king," and refuses to acknowledge the sovereignty of England and even the sway of the legal authorities of the county to which it is supposed to belong. Veering eastward the scenery maintains its jagged grandeur, and from one bold headland to another you are led onward to Donegalagh and Inishowen, the latter being the famous seat for the distillation of the historic "Poateen" of pure stimulative quality and world-wide fame. Continuing your course you find yourself in the placid and beautiful waters of Lough Swilly, embosomed in a district made notable as the land of the O'Donnell chieftains, and as the seat of many stirring adventures and incidents in the history of Ireland, when the native leaders were in deadly conflict with the Anglo-Saxon invaders. In the interior many picturesque lakes are met with, nestling at the bases of high mountains, forming a picture of natural loneliness unsurpassed anywhere. In the Glens of Donegal you meet with inhabitants who speak the pure old Irish Gæl, with hardly a word of English interlarded between. These pure old Gæl stock have never mixed their blood with that of the Anglo-Saxon intruders, hence their isolation and primitive modes of life, their purity of morals and faith, their quaint greetings and sturdy adherence to customs that prevailed hundreds of years ago. It may be asked why these people of frugal habits and simple lives separated themselves from the more wealthy and progressive people of the Lagan district, which is favored in richness of soil and climate. This query is easily answered, for the conquering arms of Cromwell left the native Catholic peasants no choice other than to betake themselves to arid districts which were not good enough for the soldiers and camp followers of the invading English, who had the right, by virtue of conquest, to select and own the choice tracts wherever they wished to settle. This was in harmony with Cromwell's policy of extermination, or if it rested short of that, to place the conquered nations on barren lands not fit for tillage nor capable of yielding a decent support to the most diligent husbandman. It was akin to "Hobson's Choice" and of a piece with the brutal conqueror's rule in other parts of Ireland, where he made the choice easy and simple for the defeated Celts, who were reduced to choose between life and Connaught, the latter being on the other side of the Shannon and composed of fruitless soil, as bad or worse than the worst in Donegal. The former death-trap being beyond the grave, and life being sweet, the hapless peasants had to accept the poor quarters offered them and submit to the cruelty of their hard fate. But, starting out as we did, with a promise of pleasure derived from renewing acquaintance with familiar scenes at home, we had better not dwell too long on the dark side of the picture.

If we pass from the northeastern, continue to that of the southwestern we find a coast line of wild yet majestic grandeur, revealing its beauties at every step of the way. Indentations in the rock-bound shores admitting volumes of water, calm, clear and limpid, and saturated with the refreshing odors wafted by the salt sea breezes, and imparting freshness and vigor to the mind and body, whether the experience is had by those in already robust health or invalids whose spirits may be drooping. If we elect to stay over at Burtonport, Bundeg, Dungloe, Inver, Glentos, Donegal town, the ancient home of the "Four Masters" and that ruined castle which vividly recalls events of other days, we are in a position to enjoy the vivifying and beneficial atmosphere which comes laden with sweet scents begotten of surrounding hen-pecked flocks, and health-laden breezes from the zone of the vast Atlantic.

If we happen to be making our tour and sojourn at a time of the year when nature's blosoms are at their height and their fragrance wafted to us by the calm zephyrs, we are irresistibly attracted both in body and mind; we feel the good influences of the return and stay in our own dear native land. And more especially, if we have the good fortune to hit upon the sunnier season, made dear and joyous by bright sunshine, we are fifty times over compensated for the trouble of crossing and recrossing the ocean.

If we linger at Donegal Bay and look across the broad expanse of waters toward China in the great Repub-

lic of the west, which may, perchance, be the land of our adoption, when the sun is sinking in the far west, we are captivated by the scene and we are convinced that the Ireland of which the Celts race the world over is so proud, has attractions and forms of beauty peculiar to her own, and which no other country can rival. Pursuing our course we come to Bundoran, a suburb of Dallyshannon, a town which has the distinction of being the birthplace of the illustrious Archibishop Keane, of Dubuque, and ex-Bishop of the Catholic University of America. Nor is the great prelate and eloquent preacher indifferent about his connection with his native country, for he is going to travel from his far distant archdiocese in the United States to preach the sermon in June next for the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell when that learned and patriotic bishop opens his magnificent cathedral in Letterkenny. The above-named are but a few of the interesting places lying along the coast of Donegal, however, it may be well in a future issue of the Catholic Register to speak of the world-famous Giant's Causeway.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS

What the Church Has Been Doing for a Hundred Years.

The end of a century affords a favorable opportunity for making up the great account of the world. Science in all its ramifications has made great advances, literature, and art have been popularized. If not perfected, the education and amelioration of the people have thriven apace, and there will be few bold enough to deny that on the whole the dying century has been a century of progress. Meanwhile how have the spiritual interests of mankind fared, and how has the old Church stood the test of new conditions? The question is an important one in many respects. The stock argument against the Catholic Church has been that she is reactionary—the foe to the liberty and growth of knowledge and freedom. We accept the criterion of the nineteenth century and from bold theories appeal to bold facts.

The religious history of the last hundred years has been mainly normal. The growth or decrease of the different sections of Christianity has been in large measure the result of their own inherent character and activity rather than of any external stimulus or opposition. There have been, of course, some exceptions to this rule, but the rule stands, and as a consequence, the epoch that is coming to a close affords a better illustration of the vitality of the Catholic Church than any other period of her existence.

IN CATHOLIC LANDS.

Little of importance has been changed in the religious aspect of Catholic countries. There have been a few spasmodic but wholly abortive attempts at schism and heresy within their dominions. In Italy an apostate priest named Gavazzi put himself at the head of what he called the "National Church" in 1870. For a few years he kept together a small congregation, but the movement finally collapsed some six years ago, when the unhappy founder dropped dead in the street, in front of the Pantheon. A mere insidious system is, however, at work in various parts of the country. The present writer was astonished some three years ago to come upon a Protestant orphanage for Catholic children in the walls of the Apennines. The hapless little ones were bound over body and soul to the tenet-mongers of Protestant teachers. When their "education" is finished, they are set loose to do what harm they may among their Catholic neighbors.

Within recent years we have witnessed the misguided zeal of the Protestant archbishop of Dublin in trying to establish Protestantism in Spain. But this movement, too, is utterly devoid of significance. France, which at the beginning of the century was more or less tainted with Gallicanism and Jansenism, has become more Catholic than ever. Even the undoubted eloquence and ability of the apostate Père Hélyot has not sufficed to keep open the doors of his solitary church in Paris. The Old Catholic movement in Germany, which began its career with such a flourish of triumphs after the Vatican Council, is dying slowly of inanition. Austria has given no encouragement to the sects. Portugal has not swerved. Belgium is steadily Catholic. Ireland deserves a word of special mention. Her people are as intensely loyal to the old faith as they have always been in the course of their troubled history, but in Ireland alone of European countries the population has diminished during the last hundred years. Towards the middle of the present century its inhabitants numbered over eight millions, of whom seven-eighths were Catholics. At the last census the total population was less than five

million, which may, perchance, be the limit of our adoption, when the sun is sinking in the far west, we are

CHECK IN RUSSIA.

In only one part of Europe has Catholicity not with a check. The Muscovite dominion has menaced the peace of the church as well as the peace of Europe. In 1801 the Ruthenian branch of the Orthodox Church counted 650,000, today it has no official existence, and its followers scattered through the Russian Empire, scarcely number 100,000. This unhappy result has been mainly brought about by the overt and covert persecution of the government, and unfortunately, too, by the defection of some of the priests. In Poland, especially since 1800, Catholicity and patriotism have suffered together. Now, however, that diplomatic relations have been permanently established between Russia and the Holy See, there is good reason to hope that the trials of the church will be mitigated if not ended.

Everywhere in Protestant countries the Church has surely, if slowly, gained ground. At the beginning of the century the Catholics of Switzerland and North Germany were steeped in apathy, but since their God's great remedy, persecution, has brought about a sweeping change. Instead of the 6,000,000 of ninety years ago, North Germany has to-day a population of 13,000,000 of the most zealous and loyal Catholics in Christendom. In Switzerland the animosity against Catholics has been very bitter, and especially since 1870, the radicals have displayed an implacable hostility against the Church, but the tide of Catholicity has risen day by day. In 1880, the Catholic population was barely one-tenth of the total—it is now at least two-fifths.

Catholic emancipation in Denmark dates from 1817. In that year there were but three missionaries and 300 Catholics, without school or chapel, in the country. In 1852 Denmark became a vicariate-apostolic, with thirty-nine priests and a population of 4,000, Sweden and Norway, in 1860 and 1869 respectively, granted freedom to the church. The work in these countries has been especially difficult and the progress has been slow, but the Catholics have increased from 400 to 2,000.

Holland however may justly claim the honor of showing a greater proportionate increase of Catholicity than any other Protestant country. In 1810 William of Nassau tried in vain to induce his Calvinist subjects to consent to the establishment of the hierarchy. Thirteen years later it was restored by Pius IX., and since that the Church has shown a steady increase. Two 350,000 Catholics in Holland at the beginning of the century have been increased by over a million, the present population being 1,483,352. Further still, the apostolic spirit has thriven apace, many Dutch priests being now laboring in England.

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The growth and prosperity of the Church in Great Britain presents many remarkable features. In the year 1800 England and Scotland together had but 120,000 Catholics, with 65 priests and 6 vicars-apostolic. They were absolutely destitute of public schools, schools and institutions. Today the country wears a very different aspect with its cardinal-bishop, its two archbishops, 18 bishops, and 3,000 priests to look after the spiritual welfare of more than 2,000,000 Catholics. The material advantages in churches, colleges, schools, and institutions of different kinds have more than kept pace with the numerical increase. The Church has received converts from all classes of society, though the cultured portion of the community has furnished more than its proportionate quota. Some ten years ago it began to be realized that while the Church was receiving large numbers of converts annually the actual increase of the Catholic population was not as great as might have been expected. Cardinal Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford, instituted a searching investigation as to the cause of the leakage in his own diocese. It was soon found that the losses were traceable to three sources: 1st, the wholesale proselytizing of Catholic children by Protestant societies, 2d, the neglect of careless and dissolute parents of their children, and 3d, the prevalence of mixed marriages. The first evil was promptly met by the establishment of the Catholic Protection and Rescue Society of Salford, which in this one diocese has spent over \$50,000 annually in rescuing destitute children from the dangers which threaten their faith and morals in the large towns. The recent letter of the Pope urging the people of England to pray for their union with the Church has been very favorably received among a large section of Anglicans, and there are many signs to justify the hope that England is on the eve of a great Catholic reversion.

In Turkey in Europe Rome has made considerable advances. Had it not been for the indifference of France and the papal states there are now 100 missions, with 25,000 Catholics, and there is good reason to hope that the whole tribe of Bisuton, numbering 180,000 souls, will shortly enter the Church in a body. The great island of Madagascar, after three centuries of Jesuit rule, has now a population of 100,000 Catholics, who are likely to be much increased when a mission is sent.

To Cure for Rheumatism.—The injection of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthful condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. This action upon the kidneys is pronounced, and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

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Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullock, Sunderland, writes:—"For fourteen years I was afflicted with fits, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither Dr. Quinby nor Quinby have treated me since."

Impurities in the Blood.—When the actions of the kidneys become impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these pills are in the first rank.

St. John's Wort.—The infusion of St. John's Wort in a strong decoction will be found to be a valuable remedy for the treatment of skin diseases, particularly those of a scaly character, such as psoriasis, etc. It is also useful in the treatment of ulcers, and in the cure of warts.

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St. John's Wort.—The infusion of St.

The Home Circle.

THE MAN BENEATH THE BED.

What cosmic whim has fathered him
Or made his tribe exist,
Proud to be to? by Solon old
Or learned ethnologist;
He seems a dream, yet myriads deem
Him to life's vigor bred,
Him to life's vigor bred,
And by the score are looking for,
The man beneath the bed.

Inquiring mind of womankind
Industrious search doth wage
Night after night to bring to light
This rumored personage,
And though with will they ro hunting still,
Their efforts have but led
We hope uncrowned they've never found,
The man beneath the bed.

This is a time when acts sublime
Are due to sex of Eve,
And who shall say in coming day
What deed they may achieve?
Will one of her to Christopher
Columbus genius wed,
Win meed of rest, and yet reveal
The man beneath the bed?

A DINNER GOWN.

A dinner gown may consist of a strip of lace wound round the shoulders and caught with a flower upon the bust, below which long stoles of lace play & charitable part toward the old silk body, over which the lace was worn. The back draped simply with the point of lace, well brought down and pinned, would pass muster anywhere. Above this simple twist of lace the dinner girl would rise supreme with snowy shoulders and matchless throat. Along the lacy lines of her bodice, however, stamp her moth white arms would lie content. There is something about the American woman, arrayed in a dinner gown, which cannot be approached. An English poet, visiting this country once expressed it; "The American women all act as though they were beauties; and it is surprising to note how many of them really become such." Take the platiest American woman and "dress her up," put her in decollete, encircle her nicely, polish her skin with beautifiers and seat her in a drawing room with chance guests of other nations, and she will shine and sparkle, schillate and gleam—no matter how simple or how old, her gowning may be. But do not think that the clever American woman is content with the twist of lace, the twining of chiffon, the guipure of guipure. She has looked abroad over the wide, wide world and has found some charming things. Those she has brought to her own country and has engrafted them upon American taste. Her dinner gown of the waning season of 1900 and the approaching one of 1901 will be remarkable for its beauty, brilliancy, for its artistic treatment, and, of course, for its expense. It is a feat to accomplish a fashion-able dinner gown of today upon a small sum, but it can be done. Clever women are doing it every day. They are taking simple muslins and embroidering them. In the heart of the daisies which they so cleverly build up on the flimsy fabrics, they stitch spangles of gold, and upon the roses which they broider so well, they set a pearl drop. Little all of silver, they work upon tissues, and for a center they embroider a heart of gold. The work basket of a fashionable woman bristles with threads of gold and silver; and bits of tinsel gleam where formerly the modest thread lay. No woman of India ever handled the shining bits more dexterously, nor did a lady of Persia ever stitch them more cleverly, nor with more gaily colored silks. The Russian woman, who houses every thing, and trusts to her leaders to carry off the house, has consented to the use of gold and tinsel upon her garments, and so we have the Russian blouse, the Russian house coat, and the Russian collar, all in dinner stuff, and all elaborately touched with tinsel.

CHENILLE USES.

Two uses for which chenille has been found adapted are manifold, and it seems as if almost every new thing one sees has this beautiful trimming added in some way. Braided, it forms the foundation for hats, crowns and trim, and sewed along the edge of silk or other material it is quilted up and is made into rosettes and other trimming. Bows are made of different sizes, either sewed along the edge or made into fringes at the front, and this extends frequently, almost to the bottom of the skirt. Chenille is so soft and velvety that it is as becoming as brocade. One chenille bow was made of an accordion pleated ribbon silk, and the edge was pulled out straight, and a row of the thickest chenille was put directly on the edge. Bows for the

bath and floating loops are added to dresses, and, in fact, one may see it everywhere just now. It is true that it has taken several months for the vogue of chenille to reach such proportions.

Princess forms are seen in evening gowns and also in some street attire, but in this case the form is cleverly disguised. Many new gowns are made with drapery around the waist, like the old style tablier, and others again have flounces up to the top. More are made with tulle which fall over a deep flounce of satin or velvet of some darker color. Quite a number of these dresses show a double skirt, and many more are open at the sides and slashed from top to bottom, with an inset of something else. I remember one beautiful evening gown which had the fronts left loose and slightly draped on the left side. This was slashed all the way, and there was an inset of black lace over green silk. The dress itself was of apple green crepe chine, and all around the bottom and up the sides was an embroidery of silver and dark green chenille about three inches wide. Along the edges was a narrow line of black fur and this was carried all around the neck, which was quite low. It was princess shape in the back. On the shoulder and in three places down the side, where it closed, there were large rosettes of black tulle. The full long sleeves were of black lace laid over green in narrow plaits. This same style of dinner gown was duplicated in pale pink setting.

This is quite a revival of accordion plaiting for evening dresses, especially for the younger ladies, and this is made of twin moasseline de sole and other diaphanous materials. It is especially pretty for dancing, as it floats out with such dainty grace. These skirts generally have waists of the same, with a short figaro and often a handsome wide sash. These sashes are most often of wide ribbon, but are sometimes of velvet cut with rounded tabs and richly embroidered all the way. It must be admitted that these heavy sashes do not look exactly right with a frock of tulle or fine silk mull, but perhaps that is just the reason why they are so well liked;

SWELL POKO HAT.

The poko hat is undoubtedly in style, though it is different in shape from the former poko hats and different in material. It much resembles the Gwenolen hat of last year, sometimes called the "Dolly." The poko is a "made" hat, constructed upon a frame and fashioned of velvetine, which comes in all the new shades. Dun colored gray is fashionable, combined with red-brown satin, while around the face is a little spiraling of white lace covered with black chiffon. A hat of this description was recently worn by a young woman of very high position in Gothic society. It was worn on an afternoon walk and was made to match the gown in color, which was a deep shade of green. The gown had stitching of black and gold and the hat had bows of black and gold. The peculiarity of the hat lay in the arrangement of the flowers, which were of silk delicately scented. They were fastened to the hat brim and were so arranged as to fall down over the back of the neck and to trail upon the shoulder. The roses were light as they lay upon the brim, but gradually deepened until they were the color of American beauties. The hair is worn in curls, for evening but for day the graceful trailing rose takes its place. Tobacco brown is the brown of the season and is worn with the bronze greens. Few hats or gowns are made all in one color, a variety being introduced if only in the stitching, which is so freely used upon cloth, velvet, silk and even upon ribbon.

A VISITING COSTUME.

A smart walking costume, made of a serviceable, yet fairly substantial material, which can be trimmed prettily on the bodice, is a necessity, and here is a charming and very novel design possessing all these advantages. The material used is faced cloth in a pretty shade of fawn, and the skirt, which is in the very latest fashion, has a shaped band round the hips, which extends to the hem of the skirt in front, and is covered with several rows of machine stitching. The rest of the skirt, which is gored at the top to leave only little fulness to gather into the shaped band, is lined through with soft silk or satin of a delicate shade of turquoise blue.

The coat, which can be made like a bodice, with a tight fitting lining and loose fronts joined in at the shoulder and underarm seams, has a vest of pale turquoise blue silk, with corn lace insertions on the yoke, and points of turquoise lace are turned out of the edge of the coat fronts. The sleeves are tucked all the way down, except at the elbows, where the material is let loose, and points of creamy lace are seen at the wrists. The drawn waistband is of black panne velvet. The stylish hat which

completes this toilet is made of tucked glass silk to match the dress and is trimmed with turquoise blue rosettes and black and fawn ostrich feathers.

This charming model could be carried out equally well in cloth of any other color and also in black. It is also suitable for serges, coatings and other autumn materials.

THE DISAGREEABLE.

Many people fail to get on in the world because they will not do the things that are disagreeable to them. They gladly pick the flowers in their vocation, but will not touch the weeds or thorns. They like to do the things that are easy and agreeable, but shrink from the disagreeable or laborious.

They go around the hills of difficulty instead of over them; they leave the enemy half conquered, and he is always coming up to attack them unexpectedly from the rear.

The best way to overcome this dread of drudgery is to determine to do the disagreeable things first.

Take hold of them with vigor, as you would grasp a nettle, if you would avoid the sting, and after awhile you will find what seemed so difficult in conception is really easy in execution, says Success.

Naturalists say that, when examined minutely with a microscope, it will be found that no creature or object in nature is positively ugly, that there is a certain harmony or symmetry of parts that renders the whole agreeable rather than the reverse.

So the most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in their proper proportions, reveal a poetic, an attractive side heretofore undreamed of. Turn on the sunlight of good cheer, the determination, to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant even in the most dreaded task.

I have seen men working under the most trying conditions, amid the most repulsive surroundings, who found light in the shade, poetry in the dull prose of their environment, and happiness and content in spite of all unfavorable circumstances.

On the other hand, I have seen people occupying desirable positions in the professional and business walks of life, with every inducement to cheerfulness and happiness in all their surroundings, who were gloomy, disagreeable and discontented. They saw nothing but clouds.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WHEN DAD COMES HOME AT NIGHT.

By Amadous.

There is no dad like our Dad,
No matter what you say;
The house is dull and lonesome
Wherever he is away;

Inpatient for his presence

To make the place look bright,
For us, the hours pass slowly

Till Dad comes home at night.

And when he comes, such greeting
Was never known before;

We all rush out to meet him,

And welcome him once more;

One takes his coat and bundles;

One goes with might and main

To find his easy slippers

When Dad comes home at night.

Two supper's on the table,
And some one is made glad,

Because, to-night he's given

A seat close up to Dad;

Sue! chat and happy daughter!

Sue! cheery hearts and light!

Tis just a taste of heaven.

Who! Dad comes home at night.

Two supper's on the table,
And dad will tell the stories

Of which we never tire;

Of native land and glory,

Of men that fought for right;

Tis history repeated,

When Dad comes home at night.

One speaks a piece worth hearing,
One sings a little song,

And so, with mirth and music,

Swift goes the night along;

Dad smokes his pipe in comfort,

His spirits never blight.

He knows his boys are happy

When he comes home at night.

God bless the dear old father,

Who is to us our all.

And leave us long, together

To wait upon his call;

God bless his kindly nature,

And, when life takes its flight,

May heaven renew the welcome

We gave to Dad each night!

—Dyquot.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CIRCS.

Speaking of Christmas trees," said Judge Craftree, as he leaned back in a comfortable angle after dinner, "I want to say that I approve of 'em. They're a highly satisfactory deco-

rative. I wonder tho Arboriculture Society doesn't offer prizes for their cultivation and improvement. Posdure's seedling Christmas tree, or the early Thanksgiving Christmas tree, would be interesting novelties."

You heard about the unappreciated western villagers who hung their congressman in effigy to their Christmas tree?" inquired Major Dodge.

"Yes. And speaking of western experiences with Christmas trees reminds me of the time I was with Ford's circus, in Texas. You see, Ford failed, and I was appointed receiver, and finished out the season in the south with the circus. Christmas overtook us in western Texas. We were on the prairie, 200 miles from a tree of any sort, much less a regular Christmas tree. Still everybody agreed that we must have a Christmas tree. Want to do was more than we could figure out. Then the lady who rode the spotted horse arose and settled the question. Senorita Tocardo was bubbling over with it. I took her hand and says I; 'Mrs. Stumpkin, your idea is a good one. We'll carry it out.'

"You see, the senorita's notion was to use the giraffe, and we proceeded to do so. Stood him in the center of the ring and dressed him up in tinsel and strings of popcorn, with candies stuck about here and there, and red apples and Chinese lanterns and such things. Tied a few brooms and feather dusters up along his trunk-neck. I mean—to represent boughs and foliage, and there you were—good enough Christmas tree for anybody.

"There was just sufficient of him to accommodate all the presents. We took our seats around on the edge of the ring, the steam piano played a selection in long metro as a delicate compliment to our tree's neck, and the distribution of the presents began, with the ringmaster to read off the names, and the clown with a thirty-foot pole to hand down the things. The tree stood perfectly still with the exception of occasionally turning his head a trifle, which only caused the boughs to sway gently, and give an appearance of a breeze through the top. The senorita declared that it was more natural than the real thing. The animal trainer wanted to bring in the elephant to reach down the presents, but we couldn't trust him with the pop-corn and apples.

"We had got about a third of the presents off, and the piano was gently playing. 'Hushed' was the Hour, when the giraffe happened to turn his head a little and look down, and see what a blaze of glory he was. I was watching his face with a small telescope, and saw an expression of astonishment pass over his countenance. Just then the brush on the end of his tail chanced to catch fire from one of the lanterns. This was too much. That blamed old camel leopard gave a mighty jump, cleared both the ringmaster and the clown, and started out round the ring, his hind legs flying like a windmill.

"The first jump put out the constipation in his tail, but he kept right on; We fell over helterskelter and ran for the high seats. The Christmas tree kept on around the ring, shedding presents and popcorn, candies and confectionery. The second time around he knocked over the calliope; and every last key began to tool and screene.

"This excited the animals in the next tent, and the elephants and beasts of prey commenced a little Christmas carol of their own, but they were securely fastened; and we had no fear.

"Not so, however, the camels and kangaroos, who charged in and joined the procession around the ring. The trick mare also appeared, and mingled in the simple Yuletide festivities by planting himself just outside the ring and taking a kick at the kangaroo every time he passed. If I remember rightly, the troupe of trained monkeys likewise took part in the exercises by jumping on to the fleeing animals and beginning their performance. I think, too, that there were some spotted horses and striped cows implicated, though I confess, by this time the air was so full of presents and steam piano notes that it was hard to see anything.

"About this time we crawled up through the caves of the tent and got out on the roof. The big master crept up to the center-pole and cut a hole in the top. The tree put his head out and began to look around. The fresh air did him good, and in a few moments reason regulated her throne in his lofty mind. The other animals gradually became quiet and returned to their tent. We went down, the piano player banked the fires in his instrument, and we went on with the exercises. Everybody was satisfied but the man. He set up a great outcry that he wanted his salary raised. Said he was hired to give ordinary selections, and that when he presented a Wagnerian performance he must have double rates.

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OWEN ROE O'NEIL or THE BLOW OF THE HAND

M. A. Manning.

I.—THE CARDINAL WAITS.

"Why be his horse so long in coming?"

An old man, much older in ear than years, looked anxiously forth from a window in his house at Rouen, a few leagues from Paris. Thin, hasty, in the sweeping robes of a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, he looked taller than he really was. Motionless, statuesque, this silent watcher. The heavy curtain was drawn back by one hand—a long and shapely hand; a bit cruel, within—the other played with the jewelled order that hung from the ribbon around his neck. Moments passed, yet not a stir. The trees outside, a long avenue of stately elms, rustled, and the watcher fancying he heard the faint sound of hurried footfalls leaned forward—but it was only the wind making sound among the boughs. The white moon showed the winding avenue, and the grass swayed, and the fountain playing softly. Not a human being was there, no man came or went.

Silence profound. Within a log fell in the grate, and the sparks flew upward, no other sound in that chamber—where every heavy piece of oak furniture was as stiff and grim in the half light as the figure of the Cardinal himself. Another wait, and the watcher dropped the curtains and gilded to the fireplace and peered into the bright timbers.

A curious face, a meagre of all that is good and firm struggling with all that urges man to do great things—great things that are not always good things. He lifts his head, and there is the face, that same forehead and chin, the same eyes that look out at you from that wonderful canvas in the Louvre today, the face of Armand Du Plessis, Due De Richelieu, the founder of the greatness of France, one of the world's most notable men, one who having put his hand to the plough never looked back, fit, not even when on his deathbed he gave to his country the legacy of a disinterestedness that was always impeached but never found wanting.

The flickering light throw deep shadows on that wonderful face. Eyes that never told the workings of a soul or brain; the long refined nose; the close-pressed lips and firm chin; a face with a dash of ferocity too; the face of a man seeing far beyond the limit of his own time; one who would watch the execution of his own brother, if that brother had lifted a hand against the King or the power or prestige of France.

And to-night in his house that stood in the silence of the country, the great Cardinal waits and watches for some swift courier who bears news what his army in Artois, an army of 100,000, picked troops, under three Marshals of France, does against Colonel Eugenio O'Neill, who, with 1,500 Spaniards and 300 Irish exiles, holds the town of Arras, for his Catholic Majesty, King Philip IV. of Spain.

Strange that this man, this Irish refugee, this soldier of fortune, this Owen Roe O'Neill, should hold in check the might of Louis XIII of France, and keep at bay the best equipped army he had ever sent forth to battle.

Nearly two hundred years afterwards a man, great as Richelieu himself, but who never lost so many lasting monuments to his genius, or built up so many benefits for people, stood on a rugged cliff at St. Helena, and gazed on the blood red lines of the setting sun, and gnawed his heart out that he had not hearkened to the pleadings of Wolfe Tone, and landed on the shores of Ireland with that vast army of Egypt that was thinned by two Marmathes, and rotted in the tents before Acre. Napoleon knew his error too late. And there, on that July night, in the year of Our Lord, 1640, the fear fell on Cardinal Richelieu that he had underrated the force of character and the military genius of this Owen Roe O'Neill, this Ulster Knight of the Bloody Hand, who was devoted to military service in a foreign land because England had gripped the throats of the Ulster Earls, and driven them forth by force and fraud.

The figure of the Cardinal gilded to a corner deep in shadow, where stood a heavy chest, iron-clasped, and padlocked. He opens it, and takes forth a letter with many seals. It is a memorandum from Owen Roe, written many a long year ago, setting out the advantages of harassing England by a French Invasion of Ireland, for Owen knew even then that France it was, and not Spain that could wipe out the marks of the Pale, and send two Stranger and the Undertaker back to their bones across the sea. Owen felt this in his heart, just as Wolfe Tone felt it a hundred and fifty years afterwards, and both shall be France from Flanders to

Rouen."

And he kept his word. From the fixed purpose of his life he never wavered. He had to walk over thousands of bodies; he had to let the axo fall on many a noble neck; he had to bound the Queen-mother out of France, and humble the woman's pride of Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis his master. He did it all. No show of remorse, always and ever looking forward—never looking backward.

Seated in his chair the Cardinal reads this letter again and again. Is it too late to enlist this gallant Irishman in the service of his Master, Louis, the wayward one, the swayed of passion and passing fancy? The lines of care deepen as he reads, and then the twitch of pain, and the dark lines under the eyes and the shadow of death that has already fallen upon that great soul—greater than Mazarin, the Italian, the intriguer; Wolsey, the master mind; or Ximenes, the Spaniard, that built up a dynasty out of chaos.

Curious that this Irishman who prayed his help for Ireland with a soldier's openness ten years before should stand in his path this night.

The Cardinal's eyes fall upon a little silver crucifix, the gift to him of the Capuchin Friar, Joseph, that faithful soul who lived for Richelieu, his confidant and friend. A tender smile lights up the white, cold face for Richelieu loved this dead monk, loved him for he knew that he was the one man in all France who lived believing him, and died with his trust in him full and fervent. If he were only alive that night, he would be dispatched, a ready and subtle messenger to this Irish soldier. Joseph could wheedle, Joseph could promise, Joseph knew man's motives and could buy and sell favors. But the Cardinal's second self, was dead for two weary years, and in his place he had the service of Mazarin, the soft-voiced Italian, whom he first met in Malta when he was the representative of the Court of Rome at Turin. Richelieu knew the Italian's talents; it did not lie in the ways of the humble Capuchin, this Joseph Du Tremblay, who was the right arm and half the heart of the terrible Minister of Louis.

The vulgar notion is that Owen Roe O'Neill was some rough, keen-witted, mountain fighter, a chaman, a Rob Roy MacGregor of a certain pattern. It is to our shame we do not know him better. The greatest power in this seventeenth century was that grim, unyielding, Cardinal, the brain that directed France and swayed Europe. Yet on that July night, 1640, he realized fully that this Irish soldier, who fought his armies in Flanders, was a force he had to absorb or crush.

The Cardinal replaced Owen's letter in the chest, and once more drew back the heavy drapery that hung before the window. Out into the night he peers once again. No courier comes clattering along. Is it a press of defeat? Can this handful of Spaniards and this Owen Roe O'Neill have, by some awful mischance, humbled three Marshals of France? It is impossible.

Up and down the room he paces. His tread falls lightly upon the thick carpet, but the rustle of his robes is a monotonous murmur.

The solitary table in this room is littered with memoranda, returns of the strength of his armies, accounts of two whisperings of plotters—for his spies are everywhere—correspondence with his secret agents in Scotland, where he is stirring up the Covenanters against King Charles I. of England; reports from his ministers in Vienna and Brussels, details of conspiracies that could bring many a proud head to the block. They are forgotten. To-night he rages that he has been so remiss as not to have secured to his service this man who holds the walls of Arras against Louis for his hated enemy, Philip IV. of Spain.

He was meant for a soldier, this Cardinal Richelieu. As a young lad he entered the College of Navarre to study the arts of war, but his elder brother, Regnault the Bishopric of Lucon—a See that was almost hereditary in the family—he became a divinity student, and qualifying himself in a few years, succeeded to the dignity in 1607, when only twenty-two years of age.

Mario de Medici, the Queen's mother, saw the young dyvine, heard him debate in the States-General, marked him out for royal favor, and from being her almoner he rose in 1624 to be Chief Minister of the Crown, a position he never relinquished until death laid his hand upon his heart.

And this was the man whose arms were being held in check on that July night, 1640, by an Irish exile.

To the King he had said:—"I will crush the Huguenots; I will bend the necks of the haughty nobles of France, who will not brook the Royal authority. I will humble Austria, France,

and the death warrants of his own flesh and blood and gashed the slots of the gallotino.

The Arras of two hundred and sixty years ago was a beleaguered city, held by Don Eugenio O'Neill—Owen Roe. And this is how it came to pass.

When the Emperor Charles V— he who was Charles I of Spain, and assumed the former title when he succeeded to the throne of the vast German Empire—laid down his sceptre, and retired into a convent in 1556, he partitioned his kingdom. To his brother Ferdinand he gave the German Empire—that is our Germany, Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary. To his son Philip I he gave Spain and the Netherlands, or the Low Countries, as the French called them. Philip was succeeded by his son Philip III, who, in turn, was succeeded by Philip IV., the monarch for whom Owen Roe O'Neill held Arras. He came to the Spanish Throne in 1621, and for over forty years waged a series of devastating and unfortunate wars.

Faithfully Phillips hid, but their Spanish Court was ever open to the Irish exile, to the O'Donnells, and O'Neills, and all the others who fled from the Isle of Destiny.

Ferdinand reigned in Vienna, the Spanish Archdukes held Court in Brussels, Regal Court in a way, although politically subject to the powerful Spanish Monarch. To this capital of the Spanish Netherlands flocked the Anglo-Irish to serve under Colonel Preston—one of the Gorhamstown Prestons—and the old Irish who came in twos and threes to take service under this Don Eugenio O'Neill, their.

Owen Roe, the man in whose veins ran the richest and the reddest blood of Ulster. The Anglo-Irish were permitted to leave openly. It was part of the English game to thin them down. But the clansmen of O'Neill left the Old Country in darkness of night, or in light vessels that flew the Spanish flag and traded as peaceful merchantmen to Galway.

The Cardinal breaks the seals and reads. It is a curious document. It pleads excuses for defeat, for this Irish O'Neill has again and again given heart and hope to the garrison that holds out so bravely for Philip of Spain. The French commanders could come to no decision as to a final assault. They left the matter to Richelieu's decisions.

The great Mazarin knew his men, or, he wrote,—"Your business is war and mine is to govern France, if you fall in taking Arras I shall take your heads."

"You will set out at daybreak," he said to the weary courier. "No more."

Aye! Owen Roe still held out. Brave heart, with the best blood of Ireland in your veins!

Owen's command increased until he had 3,000 men serving under him, Irishmen who clung at garrisoning those "scabby towns of Flanders," who swore many a round Irish oath that the day would come when they would raise the old war cry on the slopes of many an Ulster hillside, and drive home pike and sword, and send the round shot sure and straight from the angry breath from the cannon's mouth.

And that day did come, thank God! And thus it was that Owen Roe was held in high esteem by the Spanish Archdukes, and by the King's own brother, the Cardinal Infant, a man who had seen much service, no silk and satin warrior, but a soldier from his plume to his spurs. The Chief of his Staff, one Don Philip de Silva, noted the Irish Chieftain, and marked his reserve of mien, his close counsel, his trick of saying nothing at times, when other men and good men too, sword heavy oaths and blustered. He perceived qualities which other men passed over, for they were not showy and on the surface. The lips closed pressed, but curved and honest; the big eyes, astute, when Ireland was the theme; the high forehead, with the span that balanced the thinker's and the scholar's part; the tick of letting others talk. Owen was a good listener, and even when that was said, which made his heart shrink with apprehension, or his hand itch to draw the long, straight Ferrara blade, he was outwardly calm, the deep grey Irish eyes a little hard, perhaps glittering—but that was all. A man to rule others would first return to rule himself, and Owen Roe O'Neill never let his thoughts run riot.

Today the mills and factories burn and hum in this prosperous French town. Laco and that textile named after the place are turned out in goodly quantities. There are fine promenades and open spaces, squares and parks; a grand Cathedral uplifts its noble spire, and a City Hall stands in Gothic beauty. Rising grim and threatening is the citadel designed by Vauban, prince of fortress-builders, but it has outlived its time, and is useless. The citizens call it the Useless Beauty, but they will not allow a stone to be touched. It reminds them of many a glorious episode in the past, of times of danger, when the bells clamoured and the townsfolk took up ready arms and battled for their freedom and their privileges.

You will learn from its first man in the street that Robespierre was born there, as was Lebon, a father and a friend of the French Revolution. Once

a week its squares and streets are thronged with thrifty peasantry who bring corn to the buyers that seek to the great market—to the same squares that resounded to the clang of steel in the long ago when Owen Roe held the fort, the same squares that ran with blood in the days of the Revolution, when Lebon scrawled

the death warrants of his own flesh and blood and gashed the slots of the gallotino.

The Arras of two hundred and sixty years ago was a beleaguered city, held by Don Eugenio O'Neill—Owen Roe. And this is how it came to pass.

When the Emperor Charles V— he who was Charles I of Spain, and assumed the former title when he succeeded to the throne of the vast German Empire—laid down his sceptre, and retired into a convent in 1556, he partitioned his kingdom.

To his brother Ferdinand he gave the German Empire—that is our Germany, Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary. To his son Philip I he gave Spain and the Netherlands, or the Low Countries, as the French called them. Philip was succeeded by his son Philip III, who, in turn, was succeeded by Philip IV., the monarch for whom Owen Roe O'Neill held Arras. He came to the Spanish Throne in 1621, and for over forty years waged a series of devastating and unfortunate wars.

Faithfully Phillips hid, but their Spanish Court was ever open to the Irish exile, to the O'Donnells, and O'Neills, and all the others who fled from the Isle of Destiny.

Owen Roe, the man in whose veins ran the richest and the reddest blood of Ulster. The Anglo-Irish were permitted to leave openly. It was part of the English game to thin them down. But the clansmen of O'Neill left the Old Country in darkness of night, or in light vessels that flew the Spanish flag and traded as peaceful merchantmen to Galway.

The Cardinal, who eked out the lot of his skin with the fox, painted superbly and secretly. On Flanders he would hunt the splendid army he had collected, old veterans who fought at Roehelle and held the breakwater against the English marines, the veterans who had crossed the Alps with him to prop up the Duke of Nevers in Mantua; the veterans who swept down on the Duke of Montmorency when he dared to take up arms against the great Cardinal, and saw the noble head of the son and grandson of few Constables of France laid on the block in that courtyard at Toulouse on the very day he was tried for treason to France—that is, treason to Armand du Plessis, Due de Richelieu.

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General News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Midnight Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's on New Year's morning. Very Rev. Father Loerkeamp was celebrant, Father Millar, Deacon, and Father Stull, Sub-Deacon. The choir sang their Christmas Mass. There was an exposition of the blessed Sacrament and Benediction.

At the nine o'clock Mass, the children's choir sang. This choir is without the grandeur that Toronto or even Canada has ever heard. Musical critics in the city are enthusiastic in their praise of the rendering of the Mass by these boys and girls. There are fifty voices and more in the choir, and some of them are magnificent, while all show most careful training. They are a credit to the parish and to the city.

A lovely little girl of six years, Anna Irene Wells, was buried last Saturday morning. Her sunny disposition and beautiful character made her a favorite with everybody. She took bronchitis and passed away very suddenly. The parents have the sympathy of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan, of Louisa St., lost one of their children—Joseph. He died of brain fever, as the result of striking his head in a fall. He was ten months old. The funeral took place on Monday.

The funeral of the late M. Gallagher, Bulwer street, took place this week. His death occurred in St. Michael's Hospital on Friday last, R. I. P. Large congregations continue to be present at the special Sunday evening sermons. Standing room only has been the result for the past month or more.

There have been 40 deaths, 133 baptisms, and 21 marriages in St. Patrick's parish during the year.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

The Midnight Mass was sung on New Year's morning with an immense congregation assisting. His Grace the Archbishop was celebrating; Father Rohleder, Deacon; Father Bench, Sub-Deacon, and Father Ryan, Assistant Priest. His Grace addressed the congregation after Benediction.

The Junction Separate School is now ready for use and will be occupied immediately after the holidays.

The school at the Palace is being rapidly hurried forward and is already advanced nearly one story high.

There was a meeting of the new Cemetery Board at the Palace on Sunday.

ST. MARY'S.

A very old and highly respected member of St. Mary's parish, Mrs. Ellen Grancary, was buried from the church on Monday morning. A mass was said at 9.30 for the repose of her soul. May she rest in peace.

Masses were said on New Year's at midnight, 7.30 and 9 o'clock. A solemn High Mass was sung at midnight. The blessed sacrament was exposed and benediction given. The choir repeated the Christmas Mass with the same soloists. At 9 o'clock the second High Mass was sung.

Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock a Mass was said for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Catharine Hogan. The Literary and Athletic Club met as usual on Sunday afternoon. In the absence of President D. A. Carey, Mr. Joseph Marshman was voted into the chair. Routine business was gone through. At the request of those who were to take part in the weekly debate they were excused because of the shortness of the time given them for preparation. The debate will take place next Sunday. The Executive Committee came in for their share of commendation for the good work done by it. Three new members were received into the association.

ST. JOSEPH'S, C.O.F.

At the regular meeting of St. Joseph Court No. 370, Catholic Order of Foresters, the following officers were elected, Past Chief Ranger, C. J. McCabe, B.A.; Chief Ranger, Jos. Gibbons, (acclamation); Vice-Chief Ranger, J. J. Ryan, (acclamation); Recording Secretary, F. J. Murphy, (acclamation); Financial Secretary, W. J. Mitchell, (acclamation); Treasurer, W. P. Brooks, (acclamation); Medical Examiner, Dr. P. J. Brown; Trustees, B. McGuffin, Jas. Carton and H. Strickland; Delegate, M. F. Hogan, Alternate, C. J. McCabe.

ST. BASIL'S.

The many friends of Mrs. Kate Fitzgerald will be sorry to hear of her death which took place at the Hotel of Providence on Saturday morning last. For a great many years she was a resident in St. Basil's Parish and her life was a model Catholic one. She and her sister, Mrs. Butler, who was also a widow, the pulpit to St. Basil's Church. Her sister, Sister Benedicta, of Dunkirk, was present at the funeral on Monday morning at St. Basil's Church. May her soul rest in peace.

The children of St. Basil's Sunday School were given their annual Christmas Tree entertainment at the college yesterday. Mr. Thompson, the ventriloquist, furnished amusement for the little ones. A full musical programme was rendered for them. The usual presents were distributed. The college will reopen on Tuesday, January 8.

Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.B., of Sandwich College, has been transferred to Owen Sound, where he will spend the remainder of the year at the Novitiate on St. Clair Avenue.

As in all the churches, Midnight Mass was celebrated in St. Basil's on New Year's morning. The choir rendered two same Mass as at Christmas.

St. Basil's Choir Supper.

The annual supper given to the members of St. Basil's choir, and the collectors and ushers of the church, took place last Thursday night. Very Rev. Father Marjon, in a short but very agreeable address, thanked the members of the choir for their services during the year. He said that singing was a form of prayer and a beautiful form also, and that the members while singing should remember this, and he was sure that such was the case, as could be seen by the successful way in which the Masses had been rendered. He hoped during the coming year they would all remember this, and they would be abundantly rewarded.

The singing was of the usual high order, about ten of the members singing songs, when the concert closed with a chorus.

A special feature of the entertainment was a reading given by Mr. Miller which was highly appreciated by those present for its execution as well as for Mr. Miller's usual foresight in giving something out of the ordinary on such occasions. It was voted by one and all to have been the greatest success ever attained.

The evening closed by singing God Save the Queen.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

St. Mary's Commandery Knights of St. John No. 216, at their last regular meeting, held on Thursday, Dec. 27, elected the following officers for the year 1901:

President—J. E. Whelan.
First Vice-President—Peter Herbert.
Second Vice-President—Ed Cahill.
Recording Secretary—Chas. O'Brien.
Financial Secretary—John Whelan.
Treasurer—Chas. Bird.
Messenger—John Doveraux.
Guard—John Curran.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Ed. Huntley.
Trustees—John Doveraux, J. P. McCarthy, P. Herbert, J. Curran, Alf. Bailey, Medical Examiner—Dr. T. F. McMahon.

At the last regular Meeting of St. Mary's Commandery No. 216 Knights of St. John, Toronto, the following resolutions were adopted. Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to His eternal reward our beloved Brother, St. Knight William Hogan, who died Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1900.

Resolved that the Members of this Commandery tender their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this hour of sadness: be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread in minutes of the Commandery and a copy sent to the bereaved family and a copy also sent to the Catholic Register for publication.

Christmas Offerings to the House of Providence.

The following Christmas offerings are most gratefully acknowledged by the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence:

Very Rev. Vicar General—McCann, 1

fat sheep; Rev. F. Ryan, 1 turkey; Rev. F. Rohleder, 1 turkey; a friend, \$10.

Mr. John Wood, 1 Fox; Piper Invalid bed; Mr. E. O'Keeffe, 1 quarter beef;

Messrs. John Sloan & Co., nuts, figs and raisins; Mr. J. C. Smith, 1 barrel flour and 1 barrel rolled oats; Mr. Phillips Kennedy, \$10; Dominion Brewery, 60 gallons ale; Mrs. Hughes, oranges; Mrs. Gallagher, 1 case oranges; Mr. F. C. Cousineau \$10; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrove, 1 barrel ale, 1 turkey and 1 goose; Canada Veiling Co., nuts; Canada Printing Ink Co., \$5; Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, \$20; Mr. T. Gibson, 1 quarter beef; Mrs. Nolan, 1 turkey, oranges and candies; The Wm. Ryan Co., 8 turkeys, 6 geese and 6 pair chickens; Mr. John McMannis, \$5; Miss M. A. Crawford, \$4; Messrs. McWilliam & Everest, 1 case lemons; Messrs. Dawson & Co., 1 case oranges; Messrs. Husband Bros., 1 case oranges and figs; The Steele Briggs Seed Co., 2 case holly; Reinhardt & Co., 2 kegs; Mr. Cooper \$1; Major Gray, turkey and beef; Mr. R. Disette, 2 turkeys; Messrs. L. Coffey Co., 5 barrels flour; Mrs. O'Dea, 1 bag flour; Mr. C. Cannon, \$15; Mr. John E. Porter, 1 turkey; Mr. Robert Thompson, Mr. H. F. Ash, fish; East India Tea Co., coffee; Mrs. Connolly, 3 boxes biscuits; Messrs. Christie Brown & Co., 2 barrels biscuits; Mr. Geo. F. McGuire, 1 large palm; Mrs. Kennard, candies; Robert Watson & Co., Candies; Mr. V. J. Hughes \$8; Mr. S. Moyor, bananas; Mr. J. Conants, case haddie; Mr. Charles Kingston, fish; Mr. T. A. Lytle, 1 pair pickles; Misses Smith, 1 case oranges; Messrs. Clancy Bros., turkey and goose; Toronto Brit Vinigar Co., Pickles; The Tait-Bredin Co., bread; Mr. Shortiss, candies; Mr. Chas. Schmidt, cakes; The Bazaar, dolls and toys; Mrs. McMannis, turkey; Miss McMahon, cake; Miss O'Loughlin tobacco; Mr. J. H. Knox, 2 boxes candies; Mr. Bradshaw, 1 case pop corn; Mr. J. A. McClellan, goose; Messrs. Minto Bros., tea; Barton Bros., vegetables; Mrs. Henry Wright, jelly and fruits; Mr. T. H. Smith, 2 turkeys; Mr. Fox, 2 barrel apples; Mr. McConkey, cakes; Mr. Carrick, cake.

The Sisters also take this opportunity to thank the citizens who have helped them to maintain the poor under their care during the past year and to wish them all a happy new century full of peace and good will.

London Changes.

His Lordship Bishop McLavoy has made the following transfers of priests in the Diocese of London:

Venerable Archdeacon Andreux, from Palisacourt to Belle River; Rev. Father Flanigan, from Windsor to Irish Town; Rev. Father Meunier, from Belle River to Windallacour; Rev. Father Ronan, from Wallaceburg; Rev. Father Ronan, from Wallaceburg to Logan and Mitchell; Rev. Father Courtney, from French Settlement to Palisacourt; Rev. Father McManamain, from Wawandash to new parish of Clinton and Blythe; Rev. Father Fogarty, from Clinton to new parish of Dublin; Rev. Father Bousfield, from Walkerville to Dryden; Rev. Father Hanlon (recently ordained) to St. Augustine; Rev. Father Downey, from Mitchell and Legion, and Hogan, from Mount Carmel, to be assistant at Windsor.

IRISH MUSICAL ART SOCIETY.

The first rehearsal of the Irish Musical Art Society is announced to take place in the I.C.D.U. Hall, southwest corner of King and Jarvis streets, on Monday evening next, Jan. 7th, at 8 o'clock.

Mass sets for the Festival are now on sale at Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East, and the committee has arranged that they will only cost members 50 cents for complete set.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

Midnight Mass was celebrated in all the city churches on New Year's morning, beginning at 12 o'clock sharp. Immense congregations were present at all the churches, all the available space being taken up long before the hour of the beginning of the service. The several choirs sang their Christmas masses, and they lost nothing in their repetition. The Christmas decorations throughout the city must be reckoned well up in the thousands and the clergy have every reason to feel proud of the showing of piety and devotion made by their parishioners in thus taking advantage of gaining the plenary indulgence and of conforming to the wish of our Holy Father in such great numbers. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the Masses and benediction given after Mass.

SUNNYSIDE THANKS.

The Sisters in charge of the Sunnyside Orphanage wish to return their sincere thanks to the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, Branch 1, for a Christmas donation made by the Branch in aid of the orphans in their charge at Sunnyside. The Branch sent the good Sisters twelve dollars to assist them in brightening up the hearts of the little ones at Christmas time. It was very kind and thoughtful of the Union and it shall not be without its reward.

IRISH MIST AND SUNSHINE.

Irishmen in particular, and Catholics in general will be pleased to learn that a new book of poems is soon to be added to the already illustrious product of Irish singers. The latest "Irish Mist and Sunshine" from the pen of Father Dollard of St. Mary's Parish in this city is now on the American market from the press of a first class Boston firm of publishers. Already the book is a success and the Christmas sale was large, even beyond the most sanguine expectations. Critics pronounce the work an excellent one, a Canadian edition enlarged and revised will soon be placed before the public here and is sure to meet with a welcome that has always greeted merit and beauty among Irishmen and Catholics. Father Dollard is to be congratulated upon the success of his first venture in the book line.

AYTON'S BOX SOCIAL.

The box social given by Miss T. Madigan, teacher of Separate School section, No. 5, Ayton, has been the topic of much favorable comment by those fortunate enough to have attended the same. In that section it is a new style of entertainment and was very much appreciated and enjoyed. Miss Madigan is being complimented on her well arranged programme, every number of which was well received. The pupils, in the rendering of their selections, showed careful training. Part of the programme was rendered by Mount Forest talent and that part was not the least enjoyable. Mr. T. E. Flynn filled the chair, and Mr. M. Murray the position of auctioneer. Following is the programme:

Chairman's Address.

Recitation of welcome and chorus by the pupils.

Recitation, Mr. James Booth.

Violin selection by H. Ball and John Costin. Organ accompaniment by Miss T. Madigan.

Song, "Only a Tangle of Golden Curls," Nellie Madigan.

Dialogue and chorus, "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," by 18 pupils.

Recitation, "Johnny's Speeches," John O'Reilly.

Song, "Springtime is here," Rose O'Reilly.

Trio, "Old Ponty," Maggie, May and Nellie Lynch.

Recitation, "An Evening and a Hair," A. Crabbtree.

Song, "Nothing Too Good for the Irish," B. O'Reilly.

Accordion selection with organ accompaniment, H. Lynch and T. Madigan.

Song, "Tell Them I Have Gone," Tom, Suzy Scholes.

Duet, H. Lynch and D. Sheehy.

Song, "Will My Soul Pass Through Old Ireland?" Myrtle Small.

Come reading on modern education, Nettie Corbett.

Recitation, "My Sister and Her Beau," Frank Sheehy.

Duet, "My Wild Irish Rose," A. Schools and K. Lynch.

Disposal of Boxes.

George, "Two Soldiers of the Queen," by pupils.

Recitation, "A Little Boy's Troubles," Dan Farrelly.

Violin selection and organ accompaniment, by H. Ball, John Costin and T. Madigan.

Song, "A Fortnight," Dan Farrelly.

Dialogue, "A Day's Event," by ten small pupils.

Song, M. Galbraith.

Recitation, A. Craibtree.

Song, Myrtle Small.

Song, L. Stratton.

Song, A Soldier's Dream of Home, N. Madigan.

Song, L. O'Riordan.

Song, God Save the Queen.

Ayton Advance.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Nominations for the School Board

The nominations for the Separate School Board were held yesterday and resulted in elections by acclamation in the Second, Third and Fifth Wards. Those placed in nomination were:

First Ward—Messrs. Joseph Cadoret and Maurice Devano.

Second Ward—Rev. Father Hand (acclamation).

Third Ward—Rev. Dr. Tracy (acclamation).

Fourth Ward—Mr. Michael Walsh, and Rev. C. Dodsworth.

Fifth Ward—D. A. C. Carey (acclamation).

Sixth Ward—Messrs. James Louis Woods and W. J. Marklo.

LATEST MARKETS.

FARMER'S MARKETS.

TORONTO.

We quote:			
Wheat, white, straight; now	... 80 07	3	00
Wheat, red, now	... 68	00	00
Wheat, gold, now	... 62	00	00
Wheat, green, now	... 58	00	00
Buckwheat	... 63	00	00
Pea	... 32	00	00
Barley	... 41	00	04
Oats	... 25		