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VOL. XII, No. 2

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1904

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Chronicles of An Old-Timer

The Late Municipal Elections in Toronto and Ottawa, and the Failure of Catholics to win Success—How it Used to be in Days gone by and what Organization Accomplished—How Mayor Bowes Always Won the Irish-Catholic Vote—Death of General Longstreet, a Distinguished American Catholic—Fresh Disasters in Chicago—Why is the Pallium not Conferred—Recollection of the Quebec Theatre Fire of 1846.

Chicago, Jan. 9, 1904.

I notice that the municipal elections in Ontario have in no way been favorable to the Catholics, who instead of increasing their representative influence, are losing ground. Even such a veteran in municipal affairs in Toronto as Mr. William Burns, was defeated for the Board of Control, and the bold and aspiring young politician, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, was defeated for mayor in the Catholic city of Ottawa. I do not recognize the name of one Catholic citizen except that of Ald. J. J. Ward, elected for any office in Toronto. This is sad and disheartening. It seems to me we used to do better in the old times.

I remember several famous municipal election contests in which Catholics sought to secure some share of representation in the local affairs. In Toronto it was my lot to take part in many such contests thirty-five to forty years ago, with varying results, but not without many victories. The oldest municipal contest that I remember in which a Catholic was concerned was in Hamilton in 1844. This was some years before Hamilton was a city, and only trustees were chosen, one for each of the four wards of the town—St. George's, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's. There had been no Catholic on the town board up to this time, and the one ward in which the Catholics had any considerable strength was St. Patrick's, better known as "Corktown." The prominent Catholics at this time were Samuel McCurdy, a fashionable tailor; Terena Branagan, a baker, and rather noisy sort of a small politician; John Brick, a contracting plasterer. There were several men of prominence with Irish Catholic names in the town, but they were not with us, among whom was one Denis Kelly, a man of considerable importance as a carriage builder. Kelly undertook to represent St. Patrick's ward in the town board and as he was abnoxious to all good Irish Catholics, they determined to oppose him, and John Brick's elder brother, Timothy, who was his partner in business, was set up against him. It was a decidedly warm contest, in which great interest was taken, and it was looked upon as a trial of strength between Protestants and Catholics. In those early years Hamilton had a large "Yankee" element of population and Kelly being a "Yankee," was strongly supported by that element. His factory, too, was in the ward and gave employment to a good many men, and possessing enterprise and intelligence, he had a strong support, many Irish Catholics, too, backing him. It was a truly hot contest, and no stone was left unturned on either side to win. Mr. Brick being a plasterer by occupation and his name being Brick, the shout on his side was, "Hurrah for brick and mortar!" On Kelly's side it was "Hurrah for the Yankee Irishman." Arthur Brick won by a small majority, and the Irish Catholics rejoiced over the event, as the first victory they had ever won for themselves at the polls in the "Am-

bitious Town." John Brick, his brother, and the smarter of the two, for a couple of years, carried around a big book among the property owners, making assessments. Among the residents of St. Patrick's ward at that time were Judge Miles O'Reilly and his brother, Hamilton O'Reilly. They were Episcopalians in religion, but never meddled in politics. The judge, however, was a very amiable gentleman, was well liked by the Irish, to the poor people which nationality he was ever kind. It has often been a wonder to me how so many people of such prominent Irish Catholic antecedents like the O'Reillys could be Protestants, but I suppose the penal days and threats of confiscation accounts for the odd circumstance.

There was a family of the Fitzpatricks in Hamilton in those early days that had considerable respect. Two of them, Kenny and Martin, were prominent members of the Mechanics' Institute, and were looked upon as reliable, intelligent citizens. They resided in St. Mary's Ward. After Hamilton was incorporated as a city it had aldermen. Kenny Fitzpatrick was nominated for alderman for that ward and was elected, and so popular did he prove that for nineteen years, year after year, he was elected without opposition. After taking his seat for the nineteenth time he was seized with heart failure on that night and died in his chair, to the regret of the people of the city, as no man that ever sat in the city council had more respect and confidence reposed in him. His wife was a Toronto lady, a daughter of the late Mr. Molloy of Osgoode Hall, and a sister of the late Mrs. Mathew O'Connor of Toronto. A son of the late Hamilton alderman now fills a responsible position as cashier of the probate court of Cook County, Chicago, and is a much respected bachelor gentleman. There are other members of the family here too, filling responsible positions.

Thomas Gray, who came to Hamilton from Dundas, was a popular Irish Catholic who was at one time alderman for St. George's Ward. He was the founder of the Hamilton Times newspaper. He died in Toronto a good many years ago, where he was a contractor for the Grand Trunk Railroad.

In the old days I believe the Catholics had more sway in Dundas than any town in Upper Canada and always had representatives on the town board. The Collins family is an instance of their influence in public matters, one of the brothers being mayor and another Sheriff at the same time.

In London from the earliest days, the Catholics had due representation in public affairs, as instance the election of the late Sir Frank Smith of Toronto as mayor of that city in 1867, the year before he left there to establish his business in Toronto.

I have scanned the returns of your city election and I do not recognize the name of more than one Catholic elected to any position in Toronto. This is an anomalous condition of affairs, and speaks badly for the influence, the power and the organizing force of the present generation of Catholics in Toronto. We did better in the old days when Orangemen and anti-Catholics were rampant, and there was hardly a ward in the city that did not have a Catholic councillor or alderman at one time or another. But we had method and organization in those days. We had leadership, too, that was effective. The late Senator John O'Donoghue was a great municipal organizer in his day. There was one year in the sixties, I forget which, that with our compact and intelligent organization, we carried nearly every ward in the city council. In those days, too, such able and representative men as John George Bowes, a whole-souled liberal Irish Protestant Conservative, who was twice mayor; Senator John O'Donoghue, who represented St. David's Ward; the late Judge Adam Wilson; Hon. Oliver Mowat, the late Lieut-Gov.; Hon. Geo. W. Allan, who served two terms as mayor of the city; John McMurrough, the wholesale merchant, afterwards a member of the Dominion Senate; James Vance, a great debater, and many other men of prominence in the fifties and sixties.

The first Irish Catholic that I remember to have broken into the Orange city council was William Murphy, for St. Lawrence Ward. Under the Catholic-Grit alliance James Stock, an English Catholic, represented the same ward afterwards. St. David's Ward, in which St. Paul's Church was situated, was represented at different times by Senator O'Donoghue, Patrick Hayes, and James Mallon. St. Patrick's Ward, in the west, was represented by Geo. Evans, and St. Andrew's Ward by John Mulvey. I do not think, however, there was ever more than three Catholics in the city council at one time.

We performed a great coup, however, one year, when we turned eleven Orangemen out of the city council and put eighteen English Liberals in their places! I forget what year of the sixties that was now, but I would like to know. I think it was the year we made the late Chief Justice Wilson mayor, and he was our friend ever afterwards.

We did not always ally ourselves to the Liberals, but we won our greatest

victories with them. We always supported John George Bowes for any position he sought—alderman, mayor or member of parliament. Mr. Bowes was an Irish Protestant who sometimes united orange and green. The Scotch not only hated but persecuted him, and we stuck by him. He was a resourceful politician and one of those public men who never tired of doing favors for constituents. Mathew Crooks Cameron, who was a Liberal Conservative who carried Catholic favor, was one occasion Mr. Bowes' opponent for the mayoralty. We called our members together for a consultation as to which of those men should be our choice for our support. Your correspondent had something to say, in such matters in those days. His argument was, "There are two friends before us seeking our support, and we have to choose between them. One is an old and tried friend, the other is a new and valued friend; see no reason why we should abandon an old and tried friend for a new and valued one; therefore, I submit that Mr. Bowes should continue to receive our support as heretofore."

The Hon. Capt. John Elmsley immediately arose and said: "The last speaker has expressed my views exactly, and I propose that Mr. Bowes shall receive our support for mayor at the pending election. Mr. Bowes received our unanimous support and was elected."

Several distinguished American Catholics have died of late, among them General James Longstreet, the last of the great Confederate generals of the war of the rebellion, whose funeral was held at Gainesville, Georgia, a few days ago. Bishop Kellogg of Savannah officiated at the religious services.

In my last letter I dilated on the discomforts and dangers of life in Chicago. I am impressed with it more and more every day. The principal cause of this is the congestion of the downtown district beyond all reason. The effort is to cram every thing of importance into the first ward, between the lake and the river, which is only about half a mile wide. There is one office building in this district that houses five thousand people every day. A movement has been started to remove the city hall to the west of the river. You have no idea how the elevated trains and surface cars are packed every morning and evening going to and from this congested district. Unless this congestion is relieved there will be constant panics and catastrophes.

The very evening of the day on which I wrote those remarks there was another hotel fire horror in which three lives were lost, one of them being that of Mr. P. F. Ryan, an Irish merchant, who conducted a large dry goods store on West Madison street for twenty-five years.

Thursday the coroner commenced his inquest on the Iroquois Theatre fire. The evening of that day the Iroquois Club House immediately opposite the theatre, was destroyed by fire, and the framework of some of the windows of the Unity Building adjoining where I do some of my writing, were scorched. The loss of life and the injuries to limbs since the great catastrophe would fill a column of

your paper. This is saying nothing of the discomforts of local transportation, of which Toronto people have no idea, but which are here a matter of course.

It is a matter of surprise to many Catholics why the pallium is not conferred on Archbishop Quigley. The pallium has been in Chicago for several months.

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At that time there resided in Hamilton three brothers named Harrison—John, Mark and Thomas. I think they were an English family. John was a portrait painter, Mark was a landscape painter, and Thomas a grocer's clerk. The artists were talented men and highly respectable. John was manager of the amateur theatrical company that then gave regular performances in the old chair factory on Catherine street, and was a great society favorite. He used to take the leading lady characters himself in the performances and was a most excellent manager. Thomas, the youngest brother, used to take part in the performances too, but I do not think that Mark ever did, his taste not being that way, preferring to devote his whole time to his art.

He had been working on what was then known as a series of dioramas with the view of exhibiting them in the various cities of the country. I cannot now call to mind what all his subjects were, but they were scriptural. They were exhibited in several cities of Canada before they were shown in Quebec. In this enterprise Thomas Harrison joined his brother Mark as manager and was with him at Quebec, and there lost his life. The exhibitions given were in the old riding school at Durham Terrace, which had been converted into a theatre. The "illuminated diorama" on exhibition on the night of the fatal fire June 12, 1846, was descriptive of Belschazzar's Feast. At the close of the exhibition, when the audience were leaving the house, a large lamp suspended from the ceiling fell and ignited the curtain in front of the stage. The house was at once in a blaze. There was only one place of egress, and the doors opened inwards. The greater portion of the audience, which was large, had got away in time, but nearly fifty were caught in the trap and perished, among them being the manager of the entertainment, Mr. Thomas Harrison, who was doing what he could to save the lives of others. The conflagration was confined to the building in which it originated.

It was about this time the electric telegraph was set up in Hamilton, but I am not sure whether the news of the disaster came by wire or by steamboat, but I think by steamboat, because the crowds that gathered on the corners of the streets formed after the steamboat came in from Toronto, discussing the calamity, with John Harrison in the midst of them, weeping as he told the terrible tale.

The occurrence made a very profound impression and I think Mr. John D'Arcy then abandoned the management of the "Theatre Royal," as it was called. "Tom" Harrison's funeral was very largely attended and sympathy for the family was deep and general.

It was after this occurrence that an act of the Legislature was passed requiring that all doors of public places should open outward instead of inward, as was then the custom, strange as it may appear. If I recollect aright the principal cause of so many lives being lost in the Quebec fire here described was that the doors opened inward.

John Harrison became a very serious and changed man and soon after became a convert to the Catholic faith. I think he retired to live on a farm across the bay, but at any rate he seemed desirous of shunning all notoriety. He was before this sad occurrence Hamilton's favorite son, and could get almost anything he asked for.

Mark Harrison, the landscape and picture painter, was a genuine artist and of great talent. He was a small, dark-haired and dark featured man. He did not, I think, remain long in Hamilton after his unfortunate experience in Quebec. For many years I wondered what had become of him. About eight years ago, however, I read in the Chicago "Chronicle" an account of a great scenic painter who resided at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and views of some of his great pictures were attempted in the same paper. I was delighted to learn the artist referred to was Mark Harrison, because I knew him. If he is yet alive he is a pretty old man.

William Halley.

His Last Call to Duty (For The Register.)

The world admires, honors and praises the actions of the brave and heroic. The noble warrior of the battle-field, the brave captain who stands by his vessel in time of danger, the heroic fireman who risks his life at duty's call—all these are termed brave. Year after year many names are engraved on the Records of Fame for such deeds. The year just beginning will have to record the name of one of Montreal's gallant firemen in the person of Frank Hutt who lost his life at duty's call in the fire of Tuesday, January 5th, which destroyed the Mount Royal Club building situated on Sherbrooke street. At ten minutes to seven in the morning the alarm rang, and No. 1 hose wagon on which the unfortunate fireman was reached the scene of the disaster. Hutt, with two of his companions, carried a hose, entered the burning building. The chief of the Brigade, Benoit, gave orders for Hutt to change his position. As he was leaving to obey his general's command a large stone weighing about 300 lbs. fell on his head and he was felled to the ground. Willing hands and willing hearts helped the dying young fireman to a house nearby, but in three or four minutes he was "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking"—he was dead. He had answered his last duty's call as regards this world, and his first and last call to the world beyond.

"No sound, no stair, no whispered breath,
No faintest sign of life—
And then his spirit, sunk in death,
Had given o'er the strife."

The deceased fireman was supposed to be a Protestant, but the real facts are that he was baptized a Catholic, but his relatives with whom he lived were members of the Church of England.

On Thursday afternoon the streets of the city were lined with citizens eager to see the last of the young fireman who sacrificed his life on duty's altar. But, hush! a sound of music is heard in the distance, the evening shades are falling fast 'o'er the city, the music becomes plainer, the strains of the "Dead March in D" are heard, followed by the band, then came the hearse bearing the cross on high, heavily draped, resting underneath the crown. As the hearse was passing all heads were reverently bared, and the crowds stood in silent reverence. At the Bonaventure station the beautiful polished oak casket was put in a case of the same material and then covered with wreaths of flowers. One wreath given by the firemen being marked, "His Last Call" How appropriate! Yes, his last call, life's battle closed his career with brave and noble Frank Hutt, at the age of 22 years. What a noble fight and a

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Rev. Dr. Kilroy's Death

Stratford, Jan. 12.—Rev. Dean Kilroy, for thirty years rector of St. Joseph's Church of this city, passed away here at 5 o'clock this evening. He had been ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected. He was one of the best-known and oldest priests in Canada, and withal one of the kindest, having been beloved by his parishioners and respected by all classes and creeds alike. Having received an excellent education and possessing a commanding appearance, he was both an eloquent and a convincing speaker.

Edmund Burke Kilroy was born in Clonmacnois, King's county, Ireland, and when six years of age came to Canada with his parents, settling in Essex county. Removing to Lockport, N.Y., he received his preliminary education there, having been confirmed by Archbishop Hughes, then the only Roman Catholic Bishop in New York. In 1852 he graduated from Notre Dame University, Indiana, and was at his death the oldest graduate. He was ordained a priest in 1854, and in 1856 was made President of St. Mary's College, Chicago, and later conducted a mission at Lafayette, Indiana. In 1864 he acted as chaplain in the civil war, having been appointed by Governor Morton to look after the dead of Indiana, and having pastoral charge of the armies of Cumberland, Mississippi and the Potomac. He was wounded in a battle, however, and forced to give up his charge. In 1864 he was made parish priest of Sarnia, having charge of the district east to Watford, including Petrolia, Wyoming and Forest. At Sarnia he established the Sisters of the Holy Name. In 1869 he came to St. Mary's as priest, and in 1873 was made rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London. In 1874, when Rev. Dr. Cronin was made Bishop of Hamilton he was appointed parish priest at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, a position he held till his death, a period of thirty years. While in Rome in 1876 he was elected a D.D. by the College of the Propaganda, and in 1878 was created a Dean by Right Rev. Bishop McEvay of London, in which year he also celebrated his silver jubilee as priest at St. Joseph's. Dean Kilroy was a great patron of education, having in 1878 established Loreto Convent here, and at various periods since then donated liberal sums for educational purposes. He was chairman of the Separate School Board at the time of his death. He travelled extensively, and at his death had almost completed his fiftieth year as a priest. His death will be mourned not only by his parishioners, but by the city at large, of which he was a most progressive citizen. The funeral will be held on Friday morning here. Two sisters, M. Kilroy and Mrs. Marion St. Louis of Detroit, and one Brother, J. A. Kilroy, Phoenix, Ariz., survive.

Chinese in the Rand
Ottawa, Jan. 12.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier a short time since received from the Premier of New Zealand a cabled proposition to co-operate in a protest against the importation of Chinamen to work in the Rand mines in South Africa. The Prime Minister immediately replied in courteous but emphatic terms to Mr. Seddon that he did not consider the matter to be one in which Canada was called upon to interere.

Chinese in the Rand

Chinese in the Rand

Chinese in the Rand

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Chinese in the Rand

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A Royal Cemetery

At Teltown, Co. Meath, where the Ancient Royalties of Ireland are Interred

(James Martin, in Dublin Freeman's Journal)

In ancient Ireland there were three great Pagan Royal cemeteries; one at Drogheda, another at Crochan, and the third at Teltown, in the Barony of Lower Kells, County Meath.

Mr. Conwell, assisted by some well-known Irish antiquaries, made a most minute inspection of these hills, and of the sepulchral remains which they contained, in 1860. As a result of their researches, which included the discovery of urns, amulets, bones, etc., as well as hieroglyphic inscriptions on the pillars and stones of the vaults, these savants here located the ancient Pagan Royal cemetery of Teltown.

Mr. Conwell was so satisfied of their accuracy that he embodied them in a book which he entitled, "The Tomb of Ollam Fodhla," which he has asserted he had discovered on the Loughcrew Hills.

It is estimated that Mr. Conwell's statements at their trial were due to the fact that he was given him for establishing beyond contradiction the fact of an ancient royal cemetery having been placed in Teltown.

These two mounds are now very much contracted in size as compared with their former limits and extent. Portions of them must have been dug away formerly, indeed, with the past-fifty years a considerable slice was taken off one of them and the earth used as top-dressing.

Another and even more significant lapse was made by Mr. Conwell through the situation in his book that "the present Teltown lies in a remarkably elevated position, and the banks of the River Blackwater, and that the place is singularly destitute of hills."

Another and even more significant lapse was made by Mr. Conwell through the situation in his book that "the present Teltown lies in a remarkably elevated position, and the banks of the River Blackwater, and that the place is singularly destitute of hills."

and the site of the present Roman Catholic Chapel of Oristown. In O'Donovan's "Ordnance Survey Papers," in the R.I.A., this field is marked on a map given with the papers relating to the site of the "Hill of the Fair," or the "Fair of the Fair," buying and selling, making bargains, marriage contracts, etc. The quotation appears to have been taken from "Cormac's Glossary," and it clearly indicates that here was held the ancient "Fair of Teltown."

So imbued was he with this conviction that he made a feeble attempt also to transfer not alone the cemetery, but even the site of the ancient Fair of Teltown to the country between Kells and Loughcrew. The mixed character of Mr. Conwell's reasoning is best shown by the contradictory nature of his statements that "Teltown may have been the scene of the celebration of various games, aquatic sports, races, and the Teltown marriage, but that he cannot concur in the popularly received opinion that the great 'Fair of Teltown' was held in the modern Teltown."

It is difficult to reconcile these statements with others on the same subject which appear in our old Irish history. Sir James Ferguson, who visited the Loughcrew Hills in 1870, expresses surprise that the Ultonians or Kings of Ulster should have chosen Teltown as their burial-place, it being placed at a distance of 45 miles from their palatial residence in Armagh and so near the rival capital of Tara.

It must be further recollected that the two kings mentioned above, together with upwards of twenty other Kings of Ulster, ruled as chief monarchs of Ireland, and probably resided at Tara as well as at Armagh. Teltown belonged to the Kings of Ulster until it was taken from them by King Tuathal, who reigned towards the close of the first, and the beginning of the second, century after the Christian era.

Besides the quotation already given from the "Book of Leinster," we have the fact of Queen Taltilla's burial in Teltown mentioned in the "Book of Lecan" (folio 258 a.a. Dindsean), both in prose and verse. The following is a translation from the prose: "Taltilla, why so called? Answer: Taltilla, daughter of Maghmor, the wife of Eochaid Garbh... was the nurse of Lugaid, and it was she that requested her husband to cut down Caill Cuan that it should be an Oenach (a fair or assembly place) around her grave, and she died on the Kalend (first) of August after that, and her guba (lamentations) and her nosad (games, funeral rites) were celebrated by Lugaid, hence Lughas (1st of August) is derived." The poem taken from the same source, after describing the extent and limits of the great forest of Cull Cuan (formerly Teltown), proceeds:

"The mur (tomb) of Taltitean survives all time In which she was buried without doubt, And a mur which conceals multitudes In which was buried Eochaid Garbh. Upon the mur of Eochaid of chiselled stone Are the twenty mounds of the Kings of Temar (Tara). And on the mur of his wife there also Are the twenty mounds of their Queens."

The last quoted verse of the above old Irish poem goes to prove that "the Cocnacs" in Teltown not only mark the last resting place of Queen Taltilla and her second husband, Eochaid Garbh, but that they are in reality the remains of the ancient pagan royal cemetery of Teltown, which were interred the kings and nobles of ancient Ireland, including the great monarch Ollam Fodhla. The poem says, after mentioning the "mur" of Taltilla (the Queen), that there were twenty fords of the

A General Attack on the Church in France

Development of the Movement That Was Inaugurated With the Passage of the Associations Law.

The real animus and scope of the anti-Christian campaign being carried on by the Radicals and Republicans who now constitute the ruling power in France are clearly set forth in the following communication from Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., to the "New York Sun":

The French religious congregations have not been expelled from France. Many reasons were alleged for passing the Associations Law which brought about this state of things. But there is one to which the framers and supporters of the law cling when every other reason fails them. It was indicated by M. Brisson when urging the measure as far back as 1882, and again as late as 1889, in his proposal to declare null and void associations whose members renounced their inalienable rights, that is, the right to own property, to marry, and to do as one pleases—rights which are sacrificed though not alienated by religious vows.

This clause was actually contained in the bill introduced by M. Trouillot in 1900, but it was excised so that the law might not be applied to the International, the Universal Jewish Alliance, and the Grand Orient. In his speech January 21, 1900, Waldeck Rousseau spoke of the vows as "the vice of the congregations" and M. Valle, in reporting the law to the Senate, denounced the religious vow as a criminal act. Only last month M. Girard offered an amendment to the Chaumie educational bill, excluding from teaching all who made vows of celibacy or obedience, and M. Combes, though deploring this phrasing, accepted the amendment, which was, however, defeated. The persistence with which this clause is inserted in every measure against the French religious shows that the real cause or motive of the legislation which penalizes and discriminates against them, not seeking to regulate other associations, is hostility to their religious life itself, and to the religion which this life is a most emphatic expression.

The other reasons alleged for this legislation were never seriously entertained, either by the extreme Republicans or by the Radicals, to whom chiefly M. Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes have looked for support. This the abnormal wealth, the milliard of francs (\$20,000,000) attributed to the religious, was soon discovered to be about one-fifth that amount (\$4,000,000), or \$325 property for each of the 170,000 religious in France. The alarm which M. Rousseau excited about the evils of mormonism, arising from the perpetual ownership of the religious, ceased when it became known that they had not, since 1883, to real persons, income and inheritance taxes eight times as great as the members of other corporations. The Bishops of France, with scarcely an exception, and the clergy also, repudiate M. Rousseau's assertions that the religious were antagonizing and supplanting the secular clergy and preachers and confessors. The charge that the religious were indoctrinating the youth in their schools with patriotic and anti-national sentiments meant simply that they were only opposing, as they had the right to oppose, the extremely radical sentiments of an administration like the present, and Frenchmen could not be blind to the inconsistency of depriving them of the right to educate at home, while encouraging their schools in the colonies.

As the movement against the religious advances, it is clear that the Radicals, without whose aid the present government could not last, are having their way; that the Associations law, as M. Viviani declared when it was first under debate in 1900, "was only a skirmish in the series of battles of the past and future, and as the 'Temps' observed, 'Not only the first blow of the pick at the structure of the Concordat, but the first step in the radical extirpation of the religious spirit, or as it is said, in the de-christianization of France.' A disguise is being thrown off, and the Republic becomes unnequivocally showing more clearly the purpose not merely to separate Church and State by a breach of the Concordat—which many churchmen would welcome in the circumstances—but to effect this breach in such a way as to deprive the Church of its rightful resources and necessary independence. Already M. Combes has begun to exercise against the bishops and clergy a coercion which is equivalent to a breach of the treaty between Church and State in France, by depriving at least eight Bishops of their stipend for presuming to express their political sentiments publicly, and withholding 300,000 francs (60,000) in salaries from the clergy. For the past few years

The Abandoned Children of the Rich

One of the Most Pathetic Effects of the Divorce Evil.

In the luxurious drawing room of the Nielson mansion at No. 100 Fifth Avenue, in New York, a fashionable woman pressed to her heart a tiny mite of a girl.

"Good-by," she whispered, "good-by." The little girl was Chiffon Kemp, and she was going abroad with her aunt, Miss Marion Kemp, because her own mamma had found a new husband whom she infinitely preferred to her small daughter. Little Chiffon had been brought to her grandfather's Fifth Avenue mansion to say good-by to the beautiful mother who had abandoned her.

It happened that just at the same hour in the alley of an institution for friendless children there crept weeping bitterly a mother of another class. She dropped her little one into the crib that stands ready and unflinching for any such, and stole out, hiding her face under her threadbare shawl to lose herself among her kind. Yet her excesses were gone and palpable. Her clothes were rags, her home was bare, she was without money or food. But she was a mother who had abandoned her child and she was ashamed of the eyes of men. She was an ignorant woman, so ignorant that it seemed to her that only very poor and very wretched mothers ever deserted their children. She was so ignorant that she had never heard of the poor little abandoned children of the rich—children who drive through the streets clad in velvet and furs; children whose mothers are alive and well; multi-millionaire children, whose hearts are hungry for love in this twentieth century we poison the call again the "grande passion."

In the name of love—a love that does not include in its category the sacred bond of motherhood—the little children of the rich have been abandoned. History among our aristocrats repeats itself. To marry Mrs. Henry T. Sloane deserted her two young daughters. To become Mrs. Philip Lydig and very wretched Mrs. E. D. Stokes, abandoned a small son. By marrying the Hon. Cecil Baring she who was Mrs. T. Sufferer Taylor, forfeited all right to her little boy. The reunion of love came, and Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Snow, who has divorced her husband, is now called upon to desert one of her children. Years ago Mrs. James Brown Potter loved her little boy with her husband and said good-by to her small daughter forever. Swayed by what we call love, Mrs. Arthur Kemp, she who was "Baby Belle" Neilson, a few days ago, said good-by to the baby girl whom she was about to give up to marry Hollis Hunnewell, the divorced Boston millionaire.

Chiffon is three years old, and of course she knows nothing of the mysteries of love. Any one who knows that all little girls have mothers and that she wants hers. Poor little Chiffon, she seems to think that because she has always slept on a bed of down under embroidered sheets on a lacetrimmed pillow, and wore beautiful sashes and mull dresses and lived in a big house where there were rows and rows of dolls, that her mother loved her better than anything in the world. In that house there is a picture of her stretched out in her mother's lap yawning. It has a place of honor in the drawing-room where once Chiffon was queen.

"Lemme go down an' peep in at me an' mamma," she used to say to her nurse on the days when "Baby Belle" was too busy with society to spend much time with her. And then she would toddle with her mamma's lips and eyes with the tip of her finger and say, "Pitty mamma, pitty baby me," and go off cooing, knowing that before night mamma would surely come floating into her nursery to snatch a hasty kiss.

The picture is still there to perpetuate the glory of mother's love, while mule away where Chiffon is, her mother is trying to make her forget the word "mamma." Poor little girl. No one has told her—how could she?—that this same mother loves a man a hundred thousand times better than she loved the little toddler whom she nicknamed Chiffon. Chiffon—a bit of fluff and frill that you could blow away like a feather. Mrs. Arthur Kemp called her baby that she had her christened with all church pomp and ceremony Mary Isabella Virginia Katherine. The abandoned children of the rich are everywhere. They are not always helpless little toddlers in the nursery. When Mrs. Henry T. Sloane voluntarily relinquished the custody of her children to become the wife of Perry Belmont, one was fifteen and the other eleven. They were girls, both of them, and they adored

dioceses and parishes have been left vacant, the government refusing to sanction episcopal appointments. In fact, the Minister of Public Worship is actually disputing the right of the Holy See to appoint Bishops to three vacancies, or to exercise any jurisdiction in such appointments, except to consecrate whomever it may please the government to designate.

It is plain, therefore, that the movement against the religious in France is but a part of a general attack on the Catholic Church in that country, and it has succeeded thus far chiefly because it has been well planned by the well-organized Radical party, and because Catholics, though the vast majority in France, have failed to protect their rights, partly because of dissensions among themselves, but chiefly because their natural leaders in religious matters, the Bishops and clergy, have been prevented by despotic applications of the Concordat from training the people in such elementary principles as their rights and duties as citizens and proper use of the franchise.

THE ABANDONED CHILDREN OF THE RICH

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(From the New York American.)

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Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for January 1904. Includes dates for Holy Innocents, Epiphany, and various feasts.

Church Lighting advertisement for McDonald & Willson, Toronto. Includes text: 'To obtain the best effect consult McDonald & Willson Toronto. Plan and estimate gladly submitted on request.'

HOME CIRCLE advertisement. Includes text: 'The HOME CIRCLE' and decorative elements.

THINGS WE SHOULD KNOW. I give you a few examples in regard to pronunciation, grammar and custom. Pronounce Tuesday, new, duty and stupid with the sound of a broad, clear u, not Toosday, noo, dooty, stoopid. Educated persons pronounce the wh in which, whisper and white. They do not say wick, wisper or write. They sound the ow in window and yellow, and do not say winder, yellor. It is careless to omit the final g in going, coming, singing, evening, and to say goin', main', singin', evenin'. It is litterate to add letters where they do not belong and to say across for across, height for height. It is incorrect to cut words and to say sudd'n for sudden, cert'n for certain, patt'n for pattern. Some persons confuse the verbs lay and lie, and say, 'I shall lay down for a nap,' when they should say, 'I shall lie down for a nap.' The word get and got are often used superfluously. It is incorrect to say, 'I shall go when I get time,' or, 'I have got a new dress,' or, 'Have you got time to go there?' instead of saying, 'I shall go when I have time,' 'I have a new dress,' 'Have you time to go there?'

Children's Corner

A MEMORY OF LINCOLN. Here is a boyhood memory of Lincoln that shows the great man in a particular graceful and lovable light. One afternoon when on a visit to his brother, in Ogio, the then small boy was much interested in a huge machine on exhibition at the State Fair in progress at the time. He had wandered off by himself and was vainly trying to decipher the uses of the great piece of mechanism and had half decided to seek council of the only man in sight. 'I stepped up close to him,' writes Capt. Burgess of Kansas. 'His head was bowed down upon his hands, seemingly in meditation. I hesitated to disturb him and was about to withdraw when he arose and said: "Well, my boy, are you trying to investigate this machine?"

WHEN THE MERRYMANS MOVED

(Grace Willis in Sunday School Times.) The Merrymans had moved. And that was a very tremendous affair, for the last moving was not within the memory of the Quades, and Elsie was but two years old at the time. It was a little inconvenient to have company so soon after moving, but the plans for the visit had been made before those for the moving, and, not wanting to disappoint the girls, Mama Merryman had not postponed the visit. 'What do you think?' said Elsie. 'This morning I came home from the morning school and walking right around to the back door of the Hiltons, next door. The neighborhood was a new one to the Merrymans, and there were several houses in a row, very much alike. "Well, last night, when I came home at ten o'clock," admitted Papa Merryman, "I went up to the front door of the Quades, on the other side, and tried to open the door with my latch-key. Mrs. Quades came to the door, and told me I had made a mistake in the house. The twins chuckled, and nudged each other. "We don't ever get mixed up," Billie said. "We know where home is."

A JANUARY THAW

Out of Doors When the First Warm Days of Winter Come. There is not always a "thaw" in January, nor do all springlike days come in January. As the old-fashioned almanacs would put it, scattering the words down the page for January. About this time—expect—several—warm—days. Even if the "about this time" were the last of February, the country people would regard it as "our January thaw, only about a month late this year!" The first of these warm days is often cloudy, and so misty and cloudy that the ground seems to steam. The snow that may have fallen two or three weeks ago is nearly all melted. Then how slushy it is!—how "disagreeable getting about," the older folks would say. But to Howard, in new rubber boots, going to and fro from house to barn, there is a fascination in wading through the soft mixture. Indeed, it is evident that all young folks know how to make the best of many things that older persons call disagreeable. Some one has said that "everything is fish that comes to the net of the naturalist," meaning that the naturalist takes an interest in all that he observes in nature. And everything seems to be fun that comes within the experience of the young folks, because they see only the bright side of life. Not only the boys, but the girls, enjoy such wading. At the edge of a pool they search for the grass that the protecting blanket of snow may have kept fresh and green—a bit of spring in midwinter. On such a warm day as this the brook looks like a battle-field where have struggled the forces of heat and cold. Blocks of ice lie broken and crushed beside the plunging, foaming water. In this ravine we find spring strangely intermingled with winter, rushing down the brook are miniature icebergs, and bordering its banks are panoramas of arctic ice-fields. Yet on the hillside the grass peeps green above the snow. In a small branch of the brook is the water-cress which Thoreau observed, on a mid-winter day, "as green as ever, waving in the stream as in summer."

SEAL HOUSES. How the Mother Seal Builds a Comfortable Home for her Little Ones. Although the seal spends its life in and under the water, it is an air-breathing animal and cannot live for any great length of time without air. As winter spreads sheets of ice over the fast freezing arctic sea, the seal breaks a hole in the ice over the where it lives. This hole it is very careful to keep open all winter long, breaking away each new crust as it forms, so that, no matter how thick the ice becomes, the animal always finds there a breathing place and a passage to the surface of the ice above, where it can get fresh air and take a nap, for it does not sleep in the water. Then again, although the seal can exist for a time out of water, it has to seek its food in the sea; so that without both land (or ice) and water it could not survive the arctic winter. How, after once leaving its breathing-hole in search of the fish upon which it feeds, the seal can find its way in the dark under the ice, a yard in thickness, and spreading over many miles, back again to its hole no one knows; but it is not less certain that when it needs air it swims as straight to its breathing-place as a bird could fly through the air to its nest. When the seal is about to build her house she first makes the breathing-hole larger, and then, by means of her strong claws and flippers or fore paws, scoops out the snow, taking it down with her through the ice until she has made a dome-like apartment of the same shape, though not the same size, as that built by the Eskimo. Unlike the huts built by man, however, it cannot be seen from without, for above it stretches the long, soft, unbroken snow, and the hole is sealed for whose comfort the house was built, and its mother, are safe from any foes that cannot find where the house is by the sense of smell. The house, however, is sometimes discovered by the great polar bear, who, when his nose has told him that he is upon the top of the seal house, leaps in the air and, bringing his feet together, comes down with all his great weight, breaking through the roof and catching the baby seal before it can get away. Hooking one of his sharp claws into its little flipper, the bear then does a very cruel thing. He lets the cub down the breathing-hole so as to lead the anxious mother to come to it as it struggles in the water. When she does so, he slowly draws it up again, and she follows it, strikes and seizes her with the claws of his other paw. Very few of these seal houses are found out, however, either by men or beasts of prey; and they last until the feeble arctic summer partly melts the snow that covered and concealed them. Of course by this time the baby seal has grown large and strong enough to take care of itself, and a great way from its place of birth.

conductor where she wanted to stop, as she usually did, thinking she could take care of herself, and punch the little button at the side of the window. After a few minutes she stopped chatting with the girls, and began to watch. The trees were not very familiar, and she couldn't tell very well until they got nearer home, so she chatted on for a few minutes. When she watched the streets again she grew a little anxious, and then really alarmed. "Alecia," she said, "I believe we've gone beyond our street. We must get right out and walk back." And she punched the button. As they stepped out, she said to the conductor, "Have we passed Lee street?" "Five blocks back," answered the conductor. "Oh, dear! I'm so tired!" murmured Mertie, the younger, unused to hard city pavements. "Aren't we 'most home, Elsie?" "My best, Mertie; just one block more, and then we are at Lee Street." But when they came to Lee street it didn't look familiar at all. "I think we have to go several blocks down Lee street before we get to our house," exclaimed Elsie. "Do you know where Merrymans live?" she asked bravely. The boy shook his head. "Oh! thank you then, just as much," she said. "I guess we can find it." And they trudged on. Another block, and then she stopped short. "Alecia and Mertie, it's past supper time," she said, and I'm afraid we went the wrong way when we got off the car. We're going to go clear back and go the other way." Mertie began to cry, and Elsie felt very helpless. "Elsie," exclaimed Alecia, "there are some houses over there, across the street, that look like yours; and one has blinds,—yes, two of them have, and there are some birch-trees." "Look, Alecia, at that big sign on the front door! Do you see what it says? O Mertie, Mertie! stop crying, dear! We're home! Oh, those blessed boys and their jokes!" The twins waited to greet them with eyes bubbling with fun. The sign on the front door was a single word in big, irregular, blue, chalked letters, on a piece of cardboard about a yard long. "HOME." And Alecia had worried about the girls, either; for it was not nearly so late as they had imagined, and Papa Merryman had not yet come home to supper.

Daniel O'Connell's Last Case

A thrilling account of Daniel O'Connell's last case, that of the "Donerail Conspiracy," says The Gael, is here given: An unpopular Irish magistrate had been murdered and the resulting investigation unearthed a conspiracy to kill a number of oppressive local magnates. One hundred and fifty persons were indicted, and were to be tried in three batches. In the defence of the first batch O'Connell was not engaged, and they were all convicted and sentenced, and aged men together, to execution within the week. The remaining prisoners and their friends, seized with panic, sent an urgent messenger from Cork to Derrynane, ninety miles away, and O'Connell hastened to the rescue. There was not a moment to spare, as the judge had refused to delay the opening of the second trial for his arrival. Traveling in a light gig with relays of horses, and scarcely stopping for rest or food, O'Connell traversed the rugged Kerry roads at full speed, and at length arrived in the court house square joggling his exhausted horse, which dropped dead between the shafts as he descended, hailed by a crowd of thousands with wild shouts: "He's come! He's come!" Amid a frantic uproar of cheers, he was swept into the court room, where the opposing lawyer, Mr. Doherty, was addressing the jury. The solicitor-general turned white. The cloud of despair lifted from the faces of the prisoners in the dock. O'Connell at once bowed to the judges and apologized for not appearing in wig and gown. He also craved permission to refresh himself in court. A bowl of bread and milk was brought, and as he ate the young barrister on either side of him poured into each ear an account of all that had been done, and of how the case stood. It was a contrast, the big, massive counsellor snatching his hasty breakfast, and the graceful, aristocratic Mr. Doherty talking in the most refined way to the court. As he laid down a doctrine of law, O'Connell, with marked contempt, cried out with his mouth full of bread and milk: "That's not law!" Again and again he interrupted, but always the decision of the judges upheld him and affirmed the error of his antagonist. He was still more successful when the witnesses fell into his hands for cross-examination. They told or tried to tell the same story upon which the former prisoners had been convicted; but O'Connell so badgered, tripped and terrified them that their evidence went hopelessly to pieces. "Wishu thin," cried one of them hysterically, visibly trembling. "God knows 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here this day. Counsellor O'Connell, may the Lord save me from you!" The jury could not agree, although locked up and starved for a day and a half. Nor were the accused tried again, for the third batch having received meanwhile a full acquittal, the government despaired of conviction and they were discharged, while the sentence of the unfortunates already condemned to be hanged was commuted to transportation.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS. Toronto, Sept. 15, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Toronto: DEAR SIR—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE, 212 King street east. 186 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 31, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG. Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON. 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for six weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN. 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 15, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 14, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN. 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 10, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON. 85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry. 256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTIN. Toronto, April 19, 1903. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 18 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1903. J. O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, U. J. CLARKE. 73 Wolsley street. Address C. E. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. Price. \$1 per box.

The Catholic Register

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PATRICK F. CROHIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Subscription: 1. City, including delivery, \$3.00 per annum in advance. 2. Outside, \$4.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 10c. OFFICE—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Note, Express Money, or by Registered Letter. When changing address, the name of former Post Office should be given. Telephone, Main 489.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1904.

CATHOLICS AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES.

We cannot think that any Catholics are to be held responsible for bringing the Catholic name into the discussion of party politics and into the contentions that are inseparable from party organizations. No one needs to be told that there is not a Catholic party in Canadian politics.

In the early sixties when the school question was in a critical stage and Mr. (now Senator) Scott, then the most prominent Catholic layman in Ontario, took charge of the case in parliament, the idea of a Catholic party did not even once suggest itself.

The Catholic League was not a party. It was a short-lived organization created by a demand for parliamentary representation and offices by men who believed the politicians of their day passed them over on account of sectarian prejudice.

Independent parties—temporarily independent as a rule—in Canada at the present time are the result of losing the common cause, but for individual interests. There is no denomination which is so desirous of promoting the "broad Canadian spirit" as we hear so much of than English-speaking Catholics, though in whatever political company they find themselves they are never quite secure from the jealousy of other groups that do not understand them.

Several English newspapers print the following: Sir Anthony MacDonnell, Under Secretary for Ireland, has disposed of his property situate at Shragh, County Mayo, to his tenants on the following terms: 6s. in the pound, or 30 per cent. reduction on second term rents. This means 2 1/2 years' purchase of second term rents. But, in addition, the Under Secretary has remitted a year's rent due by the tenants, reducing the term to 20 1/2 years, which is further reduced by the distribution of a bottom grazing tract of 300 acres equally amongst the occupiers, the distribution representing a calculation of something over two years' purchase. This, with the remission of rent, brings the term of purchase practically down to 18 years' purchase of second term rents.

either case if the candidate were to attempt the pose of a Protestant or Catholic politician we have not the least doubt that the Conservative opponent would find his chances of election very considerably improved.

South Toronto is interesting because it is a constituency in which Protestant and Catholic citizens are pretty fairly balanced. It is not a constituency that has suffered from any racial or religious misunderstanding. It is a constituency in which the people ought to be allowed to take their politics pure and undiluted. Catholics have no notion of imposing a religious test either on the Liberal or Conservative candidate in South Toronto. Nor should any clique of Protestants do so. The little spasm in the Reform Executive last week is not worthy of serious notice. The parties responsible for it imbibe their political inspirations from the Evening News.

The Register does not suspect for a moment that the clique, or clique journalism, will impose a Liberal candidate upon South Toronto offensive to any class of electors in the constituency, either Protestant or Catholic. If the Liberals have among them a man strong enough to carry South Toronto and they pass him over for no other reason than that he is a Catholic, they will lose, as they deserve to lose, the constituency. And on the other hand, large though the denominational strength of Catholics may be in this particular constituency, they do not claim an exclusive privilege in any political convention. In the still broader sense, they are entirely too intelligent to ask that the election shall be made a denominational rather than a political test.

EDITORIAL NOTES
Russia and Japan appear to be drawing colour to their inevitable war. Mr. Balour gives an indication that Great Britain will take a hand, and the London jingo papers are of course shouting for their patron god, Japan being the home of the original jingo. The sapient London editors also declare that the colonies will be called upon to defend the integrity of the empire. It is not made clear how this integrity is menaced, except by the argument that the Japs are Anglo-Saxons by treaty. Where do the Chinese stand?

The Evening News comes out with a particularly malicious paragraph concerning the reasons alleged for the "split" in the Liberal party organization. The News is still in pursuit of Mr. T. Frank Slattery because he voted in favour of a Catholic applicant for a position on the high school staff. The Register has, however, received a report from one who was present at a caucus meeting held in the house of a certain lawyer previous to the annual meeting of the Toronto Reform Association. At that meeting it was decided to defeat Mr. Slattery, not was the least effort made to disguise the motive assigned that Mr. Slattery had been too keen after Catholic appointments. The Evening News could give its readers the full particulars of the meeting we refer to. It suits its purpose better to deny an anti-Catholic prejudice.

Example of a Catholic Government Official
Several English newspapers print the following: Sir Anthony MacDonnell, Under Secretary for Ireland, has disposed of his property situate at Shragh, County Mayo, to his tenants on the following terms: 6s. in the pound, or 30 per cent. reduction on second term rents. This means 2 1/2 years' purchase of second term rents. But, in addition, the Under Secretary has remitted a year's rent due by the tenants, reducing the term to 20 1/2 years, which is further reduced by the distribution of a bottom grazing tract of 300 acres equally amongst the occupiers, the distribution representing a calculation of something over two years' purchase. This, with the remission of rent, brings the term of purchase practically down to 18 years' purchase of second term rents.

What Mr. D'Arcy Scott Says
Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, was a visitor in Toronto this week. Not at all downcast by the circumstances of his defeat for the Ottawa mayoralty, Mr. Scott said his only regret was that appeals had been made to racial and anti-Irish prejudices. He had not taken any notice of these cries during the campaign, and for the good of his native city he hoped they would now be forgotten.

The Contest for the Mayoralty

(Editorial Ottawa Free Press of Jan. 5th.)

The electors of Ottawa did an ill day's work yesterday—a day's work which it is to be feared they will, upon calm reflection, when the excitement of the conflict is over, deeply rue.

The freely sowed seed that will produce fruit exceedingly bitter to the taste, with the opportunity of making a wise election of a Chief Magistrate, they deliberately passed over the worthiest of the candidates and chose the worst.

No city can do this with impunity. It means that the second best will be the order of the whole mayoral term; that the second best will shape its policy and direct its administration; that the second best will preside over its deliberations and be the symbol of its institutions.

It is not a creditable position in which to place the Capital of this great Dominion; the seat of Government; the cynosure of all eyes; the fair gem of Canada which attracts from afar. For this the citizens will be responsible—those of the citizens who failed to respond to the call made upon their civic patriotism, their enlightened conception of electoral obligations—in a word, their duty.

It would puzzle many of the citizens who voted with the majority yesterday to explain their action on rational grounds. Neither on civic policy, on principle, not on business administration can they justify their action. In the contest the ratepayers had only the men to consider, for there was no burning question involved in the issue; no cardinal factor of municipal policy that was represented by one candidate and not by the others. They had the men to consider, knowing that in such circumstances the quality of municipal government is determined by the persons chosen to administer the affairs of the city.

Our Montreal Budget

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The Irish parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste Parish are determined to make a noble fight to have another Irish Catholic Parish. Rev. Father Casey's clear explanation of the project leaves little room for doubt, but that the new parish is a settled fact. A great deal, however, will depend on the action of the people of St. Patrick's, who will, according to rumor, call a meeting and set forth their views in the matter.

The following is the full report of the proceedings: Rev. Father Casey and his followers are in readiness for the opponents of their proposed new parish. Last Sunday during ten o'clock service in St. Jean Baptiste Church, Fr. Casey stated succinctly facts and figures to be used by the promoters of the new parish at the public meeting called by Archbishop Bruchesi, for the evening of January 15th, in the Olier School Hall.

Another stock objection, said Father Casey, "is the impossibility of building a church without taxation. This is false, for the Alliance Insurance Company and the Artisans Canadiens Francais are willing to advance all the money required without taxation. The only security required is the approval of the parishioners, authorizing the church wardens to make the loan signed by His Grace, the Archbishop. The church we have in view would cost in the neighborhood of \$20,000, with grounds and presbytery, would amount to about \$45,000. This will be a small debt when compared with other parishes. St. Mary's, with only 300 families, sustained a debt of \$60,000 and paid off \$50,000 in five years without taxation. The debt we would assume would be less than the present debt of St. Gabriel's Church or St. Anthony's, the parishioners of which are not taxed. At present we have a population of 500 families, which is bound to increase very considerably. The revenue of this parish will be about \$8,000 and expenditures \$5,000. The objection that the forming of a new parish would seriously injure St. Patrick's is very shallow. Could the transferring to another parish of one or two hundred families of St. Patrick's parish seriously harm that parish which to-day is without debt, whose parishioners aggregate wealth to \$7,845,000, numbering 4,000 families and about 18,000 souls? My figures differ very materially from those recently given of St. Patrick's Parish, but I have taken them from the Dominion census of 1901, and they compare very accurately with those of the different parishes of today.

Instead of opposing us the people of St. Patrick's should lend an encouraging and helping hand. The Irish Catholics of this city are not united enough. They can learn an apt lesson from our French-Canadian people. Go where you will, the church, the convent and the parochial school crops up immediately as if by magic. The non-Catholic of this city, who number 78,000, have 59 churches, and the English-speaking Catholics, numbering 42,000, have only six. I hope that the meeting to be held on January 15th, under the presidency of Archbishop Mgr. Archambault will be largely attended and every one will give full expression to his honest convictions.

St. Michael's Parish seems to have enjoyed a year of financial prosperity. Another lesson of "where there's a will there's a way" and where pastor and people work hand in hand, wonders can be accomplished. The churchwardens elected Mr. Timothy Gaudin to replace Mr. John Keegan. The report of Mr. Keegan was read. It showed a surplus for the year 1903 of \$1,668.65. A new churchwarden was added in the person of Mr. Thomas Flood. After the elections Rev. Father Kiernan, the pastor, dined the churchwardens and trustees at the presbytery in Montreal. The Rev. Fathers Kiernan and Fahy, Messrs. John Dillon, Thomas Flood, Timothy Garon, John Keegan, Stephen Traynor, Dante Foley, Malcolm McKenzie, Cornelius McGee, Thomas Cox, Richard Meahan and Thomas Tobin.

promised to smoke the pipe of peace and good wishes for the Club. Among the visitors present were Lady Kingston, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. Renaud, the Misses Gettling, Drummond, Jones, Braunen, Doyle, McKeown, Brown, Murphy, McAdam, Sheridan and Stewart.

This event concluded the dispensing of holiday cheer by the Club, a Christmas tree having already been given to one hundred poor children in the Free Library Hall. A rumor is in circulation that Rev. Dr. Lake Callaghan of St. Patrick's Church is to be made Archbishop of Vancouver. From information learned from those who know there is some truth in the rumor. Time will tell.

After the banquet to the suffering ones a musical entertainment was given in which Mrs. J. G. H. Bergeron, Mrs. Villeneuve and Mr. P. Survevor took part. Afterwards the Christmas tree was stripped by the ladies and presents distributed amidst the merry shouts of the young and old.

Speeches praising the good work of the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu and thanking the ladies who interested themselves in the supper were made by Mr. F. D. Monk, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Rev. Father Louis Lalande, S.J., Alderman Laporte and Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron. Before parting the visitors were shown around the hospital and viewed the latest improvements. The following were those who managed the affair and who by their presence and touching kindness relieved so much pain: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. H. Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beaudin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Forget, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lavolette, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bisailon, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Monk, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lavergne, Miss Lavergne, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Alderman H. Laporte, Mr. and Mrs. C. Grant, Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Villeneuve, Mrs. J. O. Villeneuve, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lemay, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Painchaud, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Terroux, Miss Terroux, Dr. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Burnside, Dr. and Mrs. Merrill, Miss N. J. O'Hara, Miss O'Hara, Miss Sexton, Miss Ste. Marie, Miss Wall, Miss Wall, Mr. H. E. Wall, Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, J. Denis, M. R. Survevor, Doctors E. J. Kennedy, Bourgeois, Verver, Lafreille, Bedard, Hamelin and Prevost.

Before departing the visitors cordially thanked Rev. Mother Broseau, Sister Morrissey and Rev. Father O'Reilly for the entertainment. Rev. Father O'Reilly, in the name of the Sisters, thanked all for their presence and assistance. The city and the municipalities of St. Henri, Westmount and Ste. Cene-goyde are at present in the grip of typhoid fever and la grippe.

The second number of a French magazine is on the market. The work is a gift from the "dark regions," unchristian and foul in its contents, and written by some infidel or scoffer of religion. Its attacks on the Church, and her ministers are vile in the extreme, and the hand of Satan is seen in such a work. It will be short-lived, I hope, in Catholic Montreal. "We note a country's waning by its lack of moral training. While its scoffers are disdainful of the true God; What's the human new sophistic With a doctrine atheistic In the mirror of the mystic But a cloud."

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daughters, Mrs. Thomas O'Connell and Miss Lily McEntee. The funeral took place on Saturday morning at eight o'clock from the residence of Mr. O'Connell, to St. Ann's Church, and was largely attended. The service at the church was very impressive. Internment was at Cote des Neiges. R.I.P.

The Third Order of St. Francis in Montreal

The English section of the Third Order of St. Francis numbers at present about one hundred and ten. The number seems rather small, though it is some seven or eight years since the English Section was formed. A few reasons might be given for the smallness of the numbers. In the first place many Catholic men and women also imagine that the order imposes too many obligations. In the second place it is not very well known in the city. In the third place it receives little or no support from some of the clergy. In the fourth place, the spirit of the world to-day has entwined itself around the hearts of our young men, and they think of nothing but pleasure, theatres, etc. There is nothing so false as to believe that the Order imposes too many obligations. I suppose "a bad excuse is better than none." Let us see if this is true. The following are some of the obligations: (1) To say 12 Our Fathers and 12 Hail Marys daily. This forms the office. (2) To go to confession and communion once a month. (3) The novices and postulants to attend their meeting on the third Sunday of each month. (4) All the members, professed and novices, to assist at the monthly meeting held in the Church on the fourth Sunday of each month. (5) They will refrain with the utmost caution from dangerous stage-plays and dances, and from all levity.

Every good Catholic observes those things whether they are Franciscans or not, and yet those who make such objections forget about the great indulgences attached to the Order. There is no confraternity in the world that has such great indulgences as the Third Order of St. Francis. Those members who keep the rule are models in the different parishes to which they belong. And yet the Catholic young man finds no time to join such an order. A sad state of affairs. A form of indifference in matters pertaining to religion. A very dangerous snare by which numbers of our Catholic parishes are entrapped. It is at the solemn moment—death—that gladness will be with the faithful Sons of St. Francis. At the last monthly meeting of the Third Order of St. Francis, twenty members made their profession in the Order. At 2.30 the office was recited, which consists of the Vespers of the Most Blessed Virgin. The "Ave Maria Stella" and the "Magnificat" were sung by alternate choirs, and then Rev. Father Ambrose, O.F.M., ascended the pulpit and told the members that Rev. Father Christopher was ill with a severe cold, and could not preach the sermon. He, however, wished the Brothers a simon-peter, in the name of Father Christopher, merry Christmas, and thanked them for the kindness during the year to the Friars at the monastery. He craved the indulgence of his listeners while he gave them some lessons to be learnt from the Infant Babe in the crib. The preacher dwelt at length on the great humility of the Son of God, and His great love for mankind. He gave a description of the work of the great St. Francis, whose name and work were being praised not only by the good, but by the bad. He exhorted the members of the Third Order to follow carefully in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, their Divine Model, to be true children of their father, St. Francis, by observing his rule, and when death would come they would see Jesus Christ in His glory, and be happy with Him forever.

Immediately after the sermon, the candidates advanced to the altar rail, and were asked the following question: "Brothers, what do you ask?" To which the reply came: "Rev. Father, we ask to be admitted to holy profession in the Third Order of St. Francis, that we may serve God in His will." Rev. Father Ambrose reminded them once again to be faithful imitators of St. Francis, who, according to Tradition, was born like our Divine Savior in a stable. The act of profession, approved of by Popes Nicholas IV and Leo XIII., was then read, after which the priest replied: "And I, on the part of God, if thou observest these things, promise thee life everlasting. In the name of the Fa-

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St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society

The third quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Toronto was held in St. Vincent's Hall at 8 p.m.
President Mathew O'Connor asked Rev. Father Coyte to preside. There were also present Mrs. Walsh, Miss Hughes, Miss McDonnell, Mrs. Nasr, Mrs. P. Hynes, Mrs. Trowman, Messrs. D. Miller, W. O'Connor, W. D. Kernahan, P. Hynes, Thomas Wintertbery, William Witterbery, Patrick O'Connor, F. P. Lee, V. P. Fayle, Thomas Long, Commander Law, L. I. Cosgrave, L. V. McBrady and many others.
The meeting was of a most social nature.
Communications were received from His Grace the Archbishop, inclosing substantial donations and encouragement towards the good work.
The agent's report showed the work of this society for the three months ending Dec. 31st, 1903.
During that term 123 cases were brought to the notice of the Society, affecting the interest of 157 children. Of these cases 57 were from the children's court and 66 reported to the office and agent.
His Worship the Police Magistrate disposed of the court cases as follows: Committed to St. John's Industrial School, 6; committed to St. Mary's Industrial School, 1; fined, 11; discharged, 9; remanded till called on, 19; discharged on suspended sentence after short confinement in Blyth-tyre Shelter, 9; withdrawn, 2; total, 57.
These cases have been more numerous than usual during this quarter owing to the fact that your agent has found it most desirable to keep a close look, after the guarantee from the schools, and he not infrequently finds that the parents are more to blame than the children, but as truancy from school, from what ever cause, is generally the first step on the down grade to an evil life.
Therefore, much good may, and has, been effected, by nipping it in the bud, by preventive action, and I am pleased to report that many important rescues have been made in that way of both sexes.
Of course the usual vigorous and prompt investigation of all complaints is continued with the best possible results, and all necessary relief and advice given at all times.
During the quarter one child was made a ward of this Society, three were placed out for adoption, and three were placed out on probation, which gives a grand total of 96 children, who have been made wards, and who have received the best consideration and support of this Society up to date.
The great majority of whom have been adopted by in good families and are doing well, as testified to, by themselves, their guardians, and government inspector O'Connor, of which we submit a few short samples.
December 21, 1903.

Case No. 40.
Dear Mr. Hynes.—As the joy of Christmas draws near I feel it my duty to write you a few lines of happy greeting, as well as letting you know I have succeeded in my studies this last year.
I was confirmed on the 31st of May and took for a Saint's name Agnes Cecilia. I have joined the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and I am going to be received in on the Second Sunday in January.
We have a Christmas choir here for Christmas morning, and Sister Anna has given me the privilege of singing a solo, and the name of it is "Wonderous Sight and Sweetest Song." Mamma says I will have to make a greater effort with regard to my lessons, especially the arithmetic.
Are my parents any better or do you ever hear anything about them? Papa and mamma are very well and

Case No. 17.
Dear Sir,—I think it is about time to send you a report about the boy. Well I must say that he is as nice a child as the sun ever shone on.
My wife thinks there is not another boy in the world like him and he thinks the same of her.
I don't think we could live without him.
Yours faithfully,
I am yours, etc.

Case No. 88.
Dear Sir,—My little boy is in good health except for a slight affection of the throat. He is the life of our home, and reflects credit on the good Sisters (who raised him.) I hope God will bless you all in your good work as He has blessed me in my boy.
All outstanding accounts against the Society have been called in and are as follows:
House of Providence \$19.28
Monastery of Our Lady of Charity 17.16
Sacred Heart Orphanage 11.92
St. John's Industrial School 13.71
Total \$62.07
I am also happy to report the best of good fellowship exists between your society, the public and all surroundings.
The Treasurer's report showed a balance in hand after allowing for outstanding debts, of \$340.80, but as the Society year has yet three months to run, and the principal receipts have been received, it will be a close call to meet all expenditure and leave no deficit on the 31st March next at annual meeting.
The President gave a minute account of all the wards and other good works of the Society.
Messrs. Long and Miller expressed strong approval of the management of the works of the Society and the way the Advisory Board and officers had done their work. The meeting then adjourned.

Luther and Polygamy
From the London Catholic Times.
The ninth and tenth volumes of Luther's correspondence, which Dr. Enders is publishing, have recently appeared in Germany. Luther declared against the dissolution of Henry VIII's first marriage, and said "he would rather permit the King to take another Queen, and after the example of the ancient Patriarchs and Kings to have two wives or Queens at the same time." Dr. Enders, commenting on the passage, observes that the Reformers agreed in this matter with a proposal which had been made by the Pope. It is clear that Dr. Enders has been misled by a statement of Henry's agent in Rome, Gergerio da Casale, who wrote to the King on the 18th of September, 1530, that the Pope had disclosed to him a project whereby the King would be allowed to have two wives. That there was no truth in this assertion of Casale is manifest from the report of Dr. Bennett, another English representative in Rome, who wrote on October 27, 1530, little more than a month later, that the question of two wives for Henry had been mentioned to him by the Pope, and that His Holiness said he would take further counsel upon it, but that "now of late the Pope schemed that his counsel should be plain that he could not do it." Probably the proposal was put forward in a specious way by Casale, who was naturally very anxious to please Henry. Had Luther been able to point to the Pope's example he would not have given permission for two wives to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse that the Catholics would make a great row, but that they could do their worst.

Mrs. Kalling—You haven't got that splendid butter now?
Mrs. Parvenu—No, he was a fraud.
Mrs. Kalling—Indeed?
Mrs. Parvenu—Yes, he forgot himself once and neglected to drop his "it," so we discovered he wasn't English at all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Volcano.—"What is a volcano?" asked the teacher.
"A mountain with a fire inside," said one.
"A smile of comprehension spread over the puzzled face of the smallest scholar as she asked, surprisedly, "Is that a mountain range?"—Harper's Magazine.

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THE CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y.

The Twentieth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company was held at the Company's offices, in the City of Toronto, on Thursday, the 7th day of January, 1904, at two p.m.
The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, having taken the chair, Mr. E. R. Wood, Managing Director, was requested to act as Secretary to the meeting.
After reading the notice convening the meeting, the Secretary read the Twentieth Annual Report and the accompanying Financial Statement as follows:—

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Twentieth Annual Report for the year ending 31st December, 1903.
The net earnings amount to \$166,670.01, equal to 13.33% on the paid-up capital of \$1,250,000.

They were disposed of in the following manner:
(a) By the payment of four quarterly dividends of 1 1/4% each being 6% for the year on the Paid-up Capital - - - - \$75,000.00
(b) By bonus of 1% for year - - - - - 12,500.00
(c) By addition to Reserve Fund - - - - - 75,000.00
(d) By balance left in Profit and Loss Account - - - - 4,170.01

The above addition to Reserve Fund increases same to \$700,000, equal to 56% of the Paid-up Capital.
The balance in the Profit and Loss Account carried forward is \$25,964.58.
The Assets have been increased by \$247,981.60, and now amount to \$6,827,305.99.
The securities, held for the Real Estate Mortgages and for the Loans on Collaterals have been carefully scrutinized and are ample for the advances made against them. The Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company are entered in the accounts at prices well within their market value.
A running monthly Audit of the Company's Books has been made during the year, and the Certificate of the Auditors is attached to the Balance Sheet.
The Inspection Committee have made their regular investigation of all securities held against loans as well as securities owned by the Company and their report is also appended.

GEO. A. COX,
President

GENERAL STATEMENT
For the Year Ending 31st December, 1903.

ASSETS	
Loans, secured by first Mortgages on Real Estate	\$1,056,771.31
Loans, secured by Stocks, Bonds and Debentures	1,788,000.22
Bonds and Stocks, owned	\$3,650,794.23
Real Estate, including Company's Building, cor. King and Victoria Sts., Toronto	150,051.35
Cash	184,688.88
	\$3,985,534.46
	\$6,827,305.99

LIABILITIES	
Deposits	\$1,137,280.80
Debentures, currency	1,574,582.36
Debentures, sterling	2,108,498.25
Capital, (subscribed \$2,500,000.00) upon which has been paid	\$1,250,000.00
Reserve Fund, 31st December, 1902	\$625,000.00
Transfer from profits of year	75,000.00
Profit and Loss	700,000.00
Dividend, due 1st January, 1904	25,694.58
Bonus, 1% for year 1903	12,500.00
	\$2,006,944.58
	\$6,827,305.99

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
For Year Ending 31st December, 1903.

Balance at credit Profit and Loss Account 31st December, 1902	\$1,254.57
Net Profits for the year after deducting charges of Management, Interest on Debentures and Deposits, and making provision for all losses	166,670.01
	\$188,194.58

Appropriated as follows:	
Quarterly Dividends, Nos. 76, 77, 78 and 79, being at the rate of 6% per annum	\$ 75,000.00
Bonus of 1% for year	12,500.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	75,000.00
Balance carried forward	25,694.58
	\$188,194.58

RESERVE FUND	
Balance at Credit, 31st December, 1902	\$625,000.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss	75,000.00
Balance Carried Forward	\$700,000.00

E. R. WOOD,
Managing Director.

The President, Senator Cox, in moving the adoption of the report, said:
"It is gratifying to the Directors to be able to announce, in our 20th Annual Report to the shareholders, the results of a successful and profitable year's business. The conditions of the past year are worthy of special mention, for the financial world experienced the reaction that seems to inevitably follow an era of expansion. The shrinkage in the value of all classes of securities has been almost unprecedented and it is therefore with much satisfaction that we are able to announce, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, one of the most successful years in the Company's career.
At the close of 1902 we paid our shareholders, for the first time, a bonus of one per cent. in addition to the usual dividend of six per cent. For the year just closed we are able to pay the same dividend and bonus. We are also able, from the net earnings, to add \$75,000 to the Reserve Fund. This, with the single exception of 1902, is the largest addition ever made to that fund in a single year. Our net earnings, after providing for interest on borrowed capital and expenses of management, have been \$166,670.01, which is 13.33% on our paid-up capital. The addition made to the Reserve Fund brings it up to \$700,000, or 56% of paid-up capital. The assets have been increased by \$247,981.60 and now amount to \$6,827,305.99.
In view of the special conditions prevailing during the past year, I feel justified in emphasizing the fact that all the bonds and other securities held by the Company are estimated, in the statement presented, at prices well within their present market value.
In concluding the twentieth year of our existence it may be well to briefly glance over what has been accomplished. Our paid-up capital has been increased from \$250,000 to \$1,250,000 and we have accumulated a Reserve of \$700,000. Of this Reserve \$160,000 has been derived from premiums on new stock issues and \$540,000 from actual net earnings in excess of cash dividends and bonuses. The average paid-up capital

for the twenty years has been \$963,500 and the bonuses of the past two years have brought our average yearly cash dividends up to 6.10%. The average yearly transfers to Reserve Fund have been 3.63%, thus showing an average net earning of 9.73% on the Company's paid-up capital during its entire existence.
Our business has been developed along three lines:—(1) Loans on Real Estate, chiefly in the Province of Ontario, (2) Time and Call Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other approved collateral, (3) the purchase and sale of Government, Municipal and high-grade Bonds of Steam and Electric Railway, Electric Light, Power and other similar Companies. The latter is an important branch of our business, and has contributed materially to the earnings of the Company.
There are now no less than 3,810 clients directly interested in our success. We have 2,357 depositors, representing an aggregate of \$1,137,000, an average of \$482.00 each. 427 holders of Currency Debentures amounting to \$1,574,582, an average of \$3,680 and 921 holders of Sterling Debentures, aggregating \$2,108,498, an average holding of \$2,290. Our \$1,250,000 of paid-up capital is in the hands of 105 shareholders.
The officers and staff have discharged the duties devolving upon them during the year in a most satisfactory manner.
It is with pleasure and satisfaction I move, seconded by Mr. E. R. Wood, Vice-President, that the 20th Annual Report be adopted, and that it be distributed amongst the shareholders, debenture holders and depositors."
The resolutions appointing the Auditors and Inspection Committee were passed, after which the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year.

President
HON. GEO. A. COX
Vice-Presidents
E. R. WOOD F. G. COX
C. D. MASSEY, E. W. COX, J. J. KENNY, REV. JNO. POTTS, D.D., F. C. TAYLOR, WM. MACKENZIE, A. COX, ROBERT JAFFRAY, SIR THOMAS W. TAYLOR, J. H. HOUSLER, RICHARD MALL.
The following figures, illustrating the progress of the Company since its inception, were submitted:—

YEAR	PAID-UP CAPITAL	RESERVE FUND	TOTAL ASSETS	DIVIDEND PAID
1884	\$250,000.00		\$250,000.00	6
1885	420,000	\$38,000	\$458,000	6
1886	600,000	60,000	660,000	6
1887	800,000	70,000	870,000	6
1888	800,000	80,000	880,000	6
1889	800,000	180,000	980,000	6
1890	800,000	192,000	992,000	6
1891	800,000	200,000	1,000,000	6
1892	1,000,000	250,000	1,250,000	6
1893	1,200,000	300,000	1,500,000	6
1894	1,200,000	318,000	1,518,000	6
1895	1,250,000	328,000	1,578,000	6
1896	1,250,000	335,000	1,585,000	6
1897	1,250,000	345,000	1,595,000	6
1898	1,250,000	390,000	1,640,000	6
1899	1,250,000	385,000	1,635,000	6
1900	1,250,000	450,000	1,700,000	6
1901	1,250,000	600,000	1,850,000	7
1902	1,250,000	625,000	1,875,000	6
1903	1,250,000	700,000	1,950,000	7

Wm. Dineen and F. A. Anglin

Catholic Representatives on the Board of Education.

The appointment of representatives on the new Board of Education was made at the inaugural meeting of the Separate School Board on Monday night. The contest resulted in the choice of Mr. Frank A. Anglin, K.C., and Mr. Wm. Dineen. The third candidate was Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue. Mr. Anglin secured a majority on the first vote, and on the vote as between the other two Mr. O'Donoghue received six and Mr. Dineen five votes, whereupon the Chairman, Vicar-General McCann, voted for Mr. Dineen, making it a tie, and then gave the casting vote, electing Mr. Dineen.
Mr. Anglin was nominated by Rev. J. P. Tracey, who said he had come to the meeting prepared to name Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C. He was the choice of the majority, a man of ability, who was highly appreciated, but the latter had in the end been disinclined to accept the position. Father Rohler seconded the nomination. Mr. O'Donoghue was nominated by Mr. D. A. Carey and Father Walsh, and Mr. Dineen by Father Hand and Father Lamarche.
Mr. Hugh T. Kelly was re-elected representative to the Public Library Board.
The other officers were elected by acclamation, as follows: Local Superintendent, Archbishop O'Connor; Chairman, Vicar-General McCann; Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. Father Rohler; Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. G. Hall; Inspector, Rev. Bro. Odo Baldwin; Solicitor, J. J. Foy, K.C.; Auditor, John Brown.
The following committees were struck: Finance, Father Hand, Chairman; D. A. Carey and J. Caderet. Management and Supplies, D. A. Carey, Chairman; Father Hand, Father Tracey, J. L. Woods and A. J. Coleman. Sites and Buildings, J. Caderet, Chairman; Father Walsh, Father Lamarche, Michael Powers, J. J. O'Hearn.
To the closing meeting of the old Board for the year 1903 the secretary-treasurer presented the financial statement for the year. It showed that the receipts had reached \$2,329.48. The expenditure was \$57,381.82, with a balance in the bank to the credit of the building fund of \$2,947.64.
Local Inspector Odo Baldwin in his annual report of the school attendance said the registered number was 5,085. The average attendance was about 68 per cent.
"How do we compare with the Public schools?" asked the chairman.
"We are about the same," was the reply.
The inspector among other things recommended that the city be asked to appoint a third truant officer, so that the work of keeping children at school might be more efficiently carried out. There is no fault found with the two officers who have the matter in charge, but the inspector thinks there is more work than they can attend to. The salaries of the 99 teachers amounted to \$29,996.
The School Management Committee for the year 1904 will be asked to exercise a little more care regarding fire drills in the schools.
A special vote of regret at the retirement of Rev. Father McEntee on account of ill-health was moved by D. A. Carey, seconded by Joseph Caderet.

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Race Suicide Among Episcopalians
"Our 'spiritual birth-rate,'" says the New York "Churchman" (P.E.), "is the most disquieting feature in all our Church's statistics. Infant baptisms, when compared with previous years, are almost stationary. When compared with marriages, they show a ratio that indicates a declining rather than a growing church. When compared with the reported number of communicants for a long series of years, they reveal the same strange and startling fact. Twist and turn the figures as we please they come to us with the same lesson and the same monition. After all reserves are taken and all allowances made, we have at least the assurance that we are dealing with the same sort of errors throughout the country and for the past ten years, and the figures that we have presented disclose a condition which should be the subject of most serious thought by all on whom the care of the Church falls, or who take heed for her well-being. Either children are not brought to baptism or children are not there to bring."

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ON THE BRINK

"In wrath remember mercy." There was a tragedy once in the second class cabin of the Mahanaddy, than which no more popular steamer sails from London to Bombay. It was, moreover, a real tragedy, as such usually are the second class places of the world. For the possession of money frequently averts things that go to make life tragic—Among others, death. Mark Rutine had his hand in it, for the Mahanaddy's surgeon was in some sort a moral supercargo of the load of humanity that the good ship carried to and fro between India and home. It was, for instance, to Dr. Mark Rutine that Mrs. Sweldon-Ellis appealed, and on the surgery sofa that she wept, when Grinding Pontarrow—that great, overworked, liver-ridden civilian—bribed the steward to give him a cup of milk every morning from the yellow cow when the small Sweldon-Ellis in ten months, who had emptied the cabins on the forward board side, required all the yellow cow could give him. It was to Dr. Mark Rutine that Mrs. Judge Barrowby took her indignant red face and self-righteous uncharitableness when the Hon. Miss Johnson fell in love with young Stanford. It was, moreover, the doctor who told Grinding Pontarrow that there was something wrong about the yellow cow's milk, and conveyed to Mrs. Judge Barrowby that when Stanford had muttered audibly of "interfering old cats" he had referred to that upstairs Lady Smith, of Golden Gulch, N.S.W., and not to herself. To Rutine the stewards brought their queer stories and were told to hold their tongues for the good of the ship. For there are pseudonyms on passengers' as well as publishers' lists and society sends her failures down to the sea in ships for reasons that need not be too minutely dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that, when Rutine with a warm climate—the thirst acquired there, the vices developed there—the respectable relatives at home are usually enabled to say later, "Ah, well, poor fellow, his constitution was much impaired before he went."

Dr. Rutine for reasons of his own took a deep interest in human nature as such, and had certain methods of watching over society's failures, until with a sigh of relief he saw them stumble down the gangway at last. He was not only charitably disposed toward them, but, being a wise man, had knowledge that there is often more good in society's failures than in her successes. Be that as it may, however, the doctor averted several unpleasant incidents, and the reputation of the Mahanaddy increased a thousandfold on Eastern seas. It happened on a homeward voyage that the steamer lay one night at anchor at Port Said on account, as it was understood by the passengers, of a hitch in the supply of coal, but in reality to put ashore the bodies of three firemen who had died of cholera in the canal. Thus appears to be confirmed the poet's absurd notion that things are not always what they seem. Rutine was returning to his cabin about two o'clock in the morning, having been put on board by the Board of Health boat, when he noticed that the door of the second class saloon was open. He ran aft, for he had caught sight of a shadowy form hurrying in that direction. Then he heard a splash. The quartermaster on watch on the main deck heard it also, and ran toward the gangway. "All right," whispered Rutine, setting him by the arm. "I know where she went over. Give me a rope over the stern—she won't want a boat—keep quiet."

He went over the rail just as he was, and the sound of his fall was no louder than that of a seal taking the water from a low rock. The quartermaster's bull-eye lantern glared persistently on a gray shadow stirring the water under the stern, and Rutine went there at the quick side-stroke. He had saved a Lascar, earlier days, who in a laudable desire to render all assistance had inserted three fingers into his mouth, nearly tearing his cheek open. So Mark Rutine approached the object of his present pursuit with caution. She had sunk once when he snatched at her dress. As soon as her face was above water she struck at him savagely with both hands. "Let me go! let me go!" the woman spluttered. By way of answer Rutine captured one wrist and felt at the moment the name of her other hand near his eyes. For a moment there was a hard struggle—the woman fighting as if only to die when there is life, or death, in it. Then Rutine turned over on his back, having twisted the woman's arms behind her. Close beside him as he swam a white life buoy bobbed placidly on the smooth water. It was attached to a rope and kept pace with his progress. The quartermaster on watch on the main deck knew his business thoroughly. The woman scarcely struggled now, for she was a close prisoner—her arms twisted behind her back, her head well on Rutine's chest, and free of the water. Her hair, which had come adrift, was spread all over Rutine's face. "You are breaking my arms," she gasped, and the voice was that of a lady. "Can't help it," answered her rescuer, mindful of the Mahanaddy's reputation. The quartermaster had lowered the gangway, and knelt on the bottom of the life buoy, waiting Rutine, and the woman was silent helplessness. "My cabin," said Rutine, as the quartermaster staggered up the steps with his wet burden. "The captain," he added, hurriedly, when the man had deposited his charge on the doctor's sofa. The quartermaster went away with his

staring lamp and left them alone in the dark for a moment until Rutine found the electric light. Then he turned and saw for the first time whose life he had saved. It was a Mrs. Mallwaver—a slight, pretty woman, with hard eyes and a mouth that was much too small. Her appearance was, of course, known to Rutine. "You did that on purpose," he said, opening the door of his wine locker. "Yes," she answered, in a voice full of resentment. She was putting back her hair, which was pretty even when wet. "It is a warm night," said Mark Rutine, whose suddenly aroused interest prompted him to assume, as complete a composure as her own. "You will not hurt in your wet clothes until the captain comes. Did you swallow much water?" "He was adding something from his medicine chest to a glass of brandy, 'Better drink that,' he said. 'You don't feel any nausea?'" "No!" snapped the lady. She drank the mixture with a stoical face, though it was horribly hot and strong. Before she put the glass aside the captain knocked at the door and was admitted by Rutine, who shot the bolt again. The captain of the Mahanaddy was a small man with a pointed grey beard and thoughtful blue eyes of a quiet expression. He was reported to possess great endurance and strength, and the eye of knowledge in such matters could scarcely fail to notice the depth of his chest. He looked at Mrs. Mallwaver and then at Rutine, who was wiping his face with a handkerchief. This lady has just attempted to commit suicide," said the doctor, and he handed Mrs. Mallwaver a towel. There were men in the forecastle who averred, in the picturesque language of that part of the vessel, that they would rather perform three weeks of hard labor than face the skipper's wrath. A few explanations put this autocat in possession of the facts of the case, and then the captain of the Mahanaddy rose up in his anger and fell on Mrs. Mallwaver. He expounded to her the law pertaining to attempted suicide, and Mrs. Mallwaver's pretty face turned rather gray. Then he said other things in a quiet voice that made her sob, and when he closed his oration the little lady was shivering on the sofa. But she had not told them why she did it, nor yet could they extract from her a promise not to do the same again. So Mrs. Mallwaver, who was travelling alone, found herself transferred to a very pleasant deck cabin of a central position and lighted by a skylight only. Thither, in a remarkably short time, the head steward brought her possessions from the second class cabin. These possessions were of a refined quality. The silver fittings of her dressing bag bore a crest. Rutine noted these matters when he visited the lady professionally the next morning after breakfast, which had been served to her in her new apartment. He found her restless and more excited than on the previous night. Indeed, she seemed to watch his face with a breathless anxiety. Her conversation, however, proved her to be indignant and defiant still. "The captain thinks," she said, "that he can say anything to me because I am travelling alone and second class, but he will find out that he is mistaken. My husband is obliged to remain with his regiment, and I am travelling home second class because my little girl has had a long illness and must now undergo a most expensive operation. In India we know all the best people, and I shall take care that they hear of this affair."

"I hope," replied Rutine, quietly, "that nothing we have said or done has appeared to convey that we ever had the slightest doubt of your social position, Mrs. Mallwaver."

The lady bit her lip and vouchsafed no answer. So Rutine continued: "The captain begged me to renew his assurance that this matter shall be held in the strictest confidence by ourselves and the quartermaster—who alone know of it—and that you will be set at liberty on giving your word of honor not to make any further attempt on your life."

Rutine was again met by stubborn silence, and presently withdrew. In his own cabin he found a woman waiting to see him—a middle-aged person, to be described by the word "respectable"—who had the subdued manner of a high-class lady's maid. "I wish to ask your advice, sir," she said. "Professional?" "No, sir."

"Then I would suggest your going to the captain. I am not a person in authority, you understand."

"Which was true—up to a certain point."

"It is only something I wish taken care of," said the woman, with downcast eyes.

"Well, the captain has a large safe in his cabin. I have only a small one here, and it is full. Come with me, please."

The ex-lady's maid found herself morally hustled into the captain's cabin; where that grey-haired mariner was making entries in a private log-book.

"Good-morning," said the captain, in his pleasant, brisk way. "What can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," said the woman, with a hesitation which she tried to conceal. "I have a pocket I should like you to take care of."

"Jewelry or valuables, I suppose?"

"And Mark Rutine closed the door with his foot."

"Which?"

"It is necessary to give particulars, sir."

"Most certainly," answered the captain, "so that I may give you a receipt."

The captain took a book from his writing table drawer and waited. Very slowly the woman laid a small parcel on the table.

"I must ask you to show me the contents," said the captain, with sudden sharpness. The woman glanced

slantways at Rutine and found him in contemplation of his own books. The captain then took up the packet and opened it himself. It contained a single jewel case and on the red velvet reposed a necklace of diamonds as big as peas.

"Most assuredly stolen," said the captain in the Telugu tongue, and Rutine said "Yes."

"You know," said the captain, pleasantly, as he made out the receipt "you ought to have given these into the purser's care when you first came on board. That is the usual way of doing it."

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not do so?" inquired the doctor, dabbling the blotting paper with a genial hand.

"I did not think there would be any danger in keeping them myself, sir."

"Not at first?"

"No, sir."

"But you do now?"

"Er—yes, sir."

"Why?" asked the captain, looking up sharply, and the woman was surprised into giving an answer.

"Because some one tried to take them last night."

"Are you sure of that?" inquired the captain, looking straight at her.

"Yes, sir," answered the woman, emphatically, "for I had a hard struggle to keep possession of them."

"Then you saw the thief?"

"No, sir. But I heard and felt her in the dark. However, I got my property back, and there is an end of it."

The captain looked at her keenly.

"Do you want it to end there?"

"If you please, sir," replied the woman, with an aplomb that proved her meekness to be only a badge of office.

"It will do the ship no good to have a scandal, and I do not care so long as I have my diamonds."

The woman scored her points with a quiet self-possession.

"You could not identify the thief?" inquired the captain, indifferently.

"Oh, no, sir."

"She is lying," put in Rutine, in Telugu, and the captain nodded.

The person who looked like a lady's maid presently returned to her quarters, leaving the two men together.

"So far as I could see she only lied once, and that was when she said she did not know the thief," said Rutine, when the door was closed.

"Yes," answered the other, "the diamonds are hers right enough, and it is fortunately not our business to ask her how she came by them."

In the afternoon Rutine visited Mrs. Mallwaver and found her in a frame of mind which would in the second class saloon have been called snappy. He told her of some stories of persons who had had the same complaint as her little girl, and had satisfactorily recovered therefrom.

"By the way, Mrs. Mallwaver, the captain has transferred you to the first-class list," he added, rising to go; indeed, he stood by the door with his shoulder turned toward her until he had completed his observations.

"Rather an unpleasant incident has occurred in the second class saloon, which is only known to the captain and myself, and which I tell you in the strictest confidence. There was an attempted robbery last night, but the victim of the attempt can give no clue whatever to the thief, and there will be no inquiry."

Then he went out and closed the door softly behind him. He had caught sight again of the crest engraved on the fittings of Mrs. Mallwaver's dressing case, and with the device fresh in his memory he went to his own cabin to consult Debreht. Mrs. Mallwaver had spoken no more than the truth when she talked of being connected with the best people in India.

The captain and Dr. Mark Rutine sat long over their pipes that night and if they set aside the law they remembered the word that urges us to forgive our neighbor his trespass.

Rutine visited Mrs. Mallwaver the next morning.

"We reach Brindisi to-night," he said, in answer to her inquiry, and her change of demeanor was not lost upon him. There was a sort of suppressed happiness about Mrs. Mallwaver this morning.

"I have been immensely relieved," she said, "by what you tell me of Cicely's illness. 'I think I could give that promise now if you and the captain will test me.'"

Rutine looked thoughtfully at Mrs. Mallwaver's hands, which were twisted nervously together on her lap.

"I have been working myself up into a terror," she went on, "ever since I got my sister's letter. You are not married, Dr. Rutine?"

"No," answered Mark Rutine.

"Then you do not understand feelings about children."

"One may understand in part," said the doctor, quietly.

"I was quite hopeless about her," went on the little lady, with a look in her hard eyes which the doctor knew for the maternal instinct crops up in strange places. "We cannot afford to pay the best surgeon. It is always hard to be poor; sometimes it is horrible."

"Yes," said Rutine, and there was something in his voice that startled away the conventional and somewhat self-complacent expression of her face. There followed a silence which Rutine at length broke.

"I came to tell you," he said, "that the captain had arranged to exchange your passage for an overland route ticket from Brindisi, if that is agreeable to you. You will thus be with your child eight days earlier."

Mrs. Mallwaver looked up with the startled air again. Her face was suddenly colorless.

"By which arrangement you leave the ship to-night," added Rutine, in a final voice.

Mrs. Mallwaver looked into his face for a moment.

"Then you know?" she whispered.

Rutine turned away. He already had his hand on the door.

Mrs. Mallwaver's pretty face was hidden in her pocket handkerchief, and assuredly the dregs of the cup of humiliation were hers.

"None of us can be sure of ourselves," he said, gently, "in time of great temptation." And she did not hear the door close behind him—Henry Seton Merriman in The Tattler.

Miss Rebecca looked up. There stood the small boy, and with him another small boy. They both came in—boy number two hanging back and looking ready to run. That was the old remembered attitude of children; it was what Miss Rebecca was accustomed to; but somehow it gave her a pang to see it. Would boy number one be affected by it? Apparently not, for he came straight on, dragging his companion after.

"This little boy likes nice flowers, too," he announced. "We've come for some."

Without a word Miss Rebecca went to her syringe bush and stripped off an armful of blossoms for each. And of her own accord she knelt for the kiss.

"What is your name?" she remembered to call as they went out of the yard.

"Tommy," said boy number one, "Jimmy," said boy number two.

The next day saw pretty much the same scene in Miss Rebecca's door yard, and the next, only with each new day the procession, headed by Tommy, was larger than the day before. Miss Rebecca gave and gave and gave. She finished the syringas and plundered the quince bush, until one morning she woke to the fact that the blossoms were almost gone. Another visit and she would have given her last spray, men of buds. And then the click of the gate under Tommy's fingers would sound no more.

The day suddenly seemed less bright and the air grew heavy. She should miss Tommy.

Then she thought of her roses. They were blooming now, in all their beauty. But her roses were for the church festival. It was impossible to think of their going elsewhere. No Tommy could not have her roses.

She gave the last of the quince blossoms to the outstretched hands, and looked to the rest of the day with dull persistence. It was the last she should see Tommy, she was sure of that. Still, when the morning came again she took her sickle and made a pretense of cutting the grass. She trimmed the edges to the smallest spear of green, and let no dandelion or plantain leaf escape her; but no Tommy came.

So it went on for two long months.

On the third day Miss Rebecca put on her second best hat and dress and stood irresolutely at her front door. She would go and see the committee about her roses; perhaps she would go round by way of some of those back streets; she could just as well as not, and she hadn't been round that way for ages; there was no knowledge what changes had taken place.

She peered over her glasses in the direction of the back streets, and her heart gave a thud for there, trudging towards her, alone, almost at her gate, was Tommy.

"Ain't you got just one more nice flower?" he greeted her. "It's come for one more."

Miss Rebecca sat down abruptly on the top step.

"Tommy," she commanded, "come here."

Tommy marched up to her.

"You go off and get all the other little boys you can find, and the little girls, and come back here quick, and there'll be some more nice flowers; do you understand, dear, all the nice flowers you can carry?"

What did one day of glory and self-importance matter; Tommy had come for some more flowers, and there were the roses. She would beg some for the festival, or buy some, or get them somehow, but Tommy should have hers.

She waited at the side gate for the small rattle that gathered at Tommy's summons, and when they came led them into the guarded garden. And while they rifled her bushes and climbed her trees and trampled her grass, she sat blissfully, watching the havoc. The angles softened in her face, the years faded from her eyes. And when the laden and tumbling children went out, she drew Tommy to her side, and she drew him tight, while she said boldly, as one who might have known children all her life, "There'll be apples and pears and grapes by and by; you'll come and get them, won't you?"

"Yes, said Tommy, serenely, "I'll come, and bring all the little boys and girls." Then he smudged a kiss on the side of Miss Rebecca's nose and trudged off.

A belated sense of humor awakened in Miss Rebecca's breast.

"I shouldn't wonder," she sighed, "if the next thing I'd be putting up a sign, 'Wanted—Boys to climb over my back fence and help themselves to my grapes.'"—H. G. Duryee in the Outlook.

BLUSH ROSES

Miss Rebecca Brackett wore steel-bowed glasses because she was near-sighted, and gold-bowed ones would have seemed an extravagance, and did her hair up in a tight knob because it could be done quickly so, and there was nobody to tell her that it was unbecoming. And she walked very fast and straight when she went on errands, and nobody stopped her for a chat, because she looked as if she would resent such an interruption. To most people she was either forbidding or uninteresting. But most people had not seen her in her garden.

Passing miss Rebecca's story-and-a-half house, spick and span in its coat of white paint, you never would have suspected the presence of that garden; for in front was only a narrow, grass-covered embankment with a small flowering quince on one side of the front door, and on the other an aged syringa-bush. But once behind the house, something from the country seemed to have slipped into the midst of this New England city. Apple trees and pear trees dappled the grass with their shadows; grape vines clambered lovingly over unsightly bushes; and a line of phlox marched beside the gate. In a corner where most of the day the sunlight fell full and warm lay a clump of rose bushes—blush roses—that had bloomed for forty years or more. Miss Rebecca's father and mother had set them out and tended them in their lifetime, and now Miss Rebecca pruned and watched over them. Each year they filled the air with their fragrance, and in due season were gathered by Miss Rebecca and borne proudly to her church vestry to be used as decoration for its June festival. It was her vanity to sit trimly by and feel that on the many tables, with their spotless tablecloths and shining silver, there were no other flowers so beautiful as here.

To this end she weeded and watered and fought bugs and blight, and, reckless of twigs in her back, coaxed the bushes with beguiling touch to do their utmost. And for one day, when the tender pink of her flowers shone out from bowl and vase, she bore an exultant spirit, a thrilling sense of public importance.

It was nearing the time now of this annual rose gathering, and Miss Rebecca at work in her front yard left her mind concerned with the number of baskets she would have. She had been one of her best friends to roses. Never had there been more vigorous or free from blight. She paused a moment while she allowed anticipation to have its way with her. Into the pause there came the sound of a gate latch being fitted. She turned toward the noise and saw a scantily clad figure wedging through the partly opened gate.

Now, Miss Rebecca was not used to having small figures, scantily clad or otherwise, open her gates unbidden. She was against a sharp but decisive blow before the very thing she always wore, and the fame of it had not wholly died out. All newcomers on the street were cautioned against letting their children ask her for flowers or fruit. The children who disregarded warnings climbed over the back fence at night, and all the next day lived in terror of Miss Rebecca's avenging presence.

Miss Rebecca straightened up, scowled over her glasses, and groped round in her mind for the old phrase she had been accustomed to find effective on such occasions. It was a "run away, little boy," uttered in so severe a tone that seldom was anything else necessary. But the phrase had lain unused for a long time, and it failed, in this instance, to respond before the little boy had wholly wriggled himself in and was standing beside her. He was quite dirty as to his hands and face, and very untidy as to his attire, but he smiled happily.

"You's got nice flowers," he said, pointing to the quince bush; "I likes nice flowers."

Miss Rebecca relieved her frown in pure amazement. "Little boys must not come into people's yards without being asked," she heard herself say; "don't you know that?"

The small waverer, uncertainly on the ground, said, "I like nice flowers."

"There was a pause; then the smile shone out again brilliantly. "You give little boy a nice flower?"

Miss Rebecca tried to summon some other arrangement of words that should express severity, but failed. Here was something that didn't fear her. She moved toward the syringa bush.

"Well," she said, "I'll give you one piece, and then you must go right away."

She broke off a large spray and held it out to him. He took it in one chubbyhand, but the other he reached up to her.

"Thank you," he gurgled. "I like to kiss you."

If the house had stood on end or the syringa bush gone walking down the street, Miss Rebecca could hardly have been more astonished. A child wanted to kiss her! It was the time in all her life that such a thing had happened; but she dropped her sickle, and stooping awkwardly, offered her cheek to be hugged against a very wet kiss.

"That's a bear hug. Now I go home, but I come again."

He trundled off, and Miss Rebecca, still in a daze, went slowly on with her work.

The birds sang blithely from the elms, the soft wind dallied with the grass, the bumblebees buzzed about the flowers, it was a very lovely day, thought Miss Rebecca.

By degrees she got back to her normal state of mind, and when she went to get her solitary dinner she could sav, with something of self-disdain—"What nonsense!"

But the next morning she was out in her yard long before her usual time, digging up dandelion roots that had grown there in security for many years. As she worked she listened, and at last there came a sound—the gate latch clicked.

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St. Helen's Court, C. O. F.

The installation of officers for St. Helen's Court for the year 1904 was conducted by D. H. C. R. Bro. M. F. Mogan on Wednesday, 6th January. The following are the court officers for the year: Spiritual Director, Rev. Father McGrand; Chief Ranger, John T. Loftus; Vice Chief Ranger, William Mahar; Past Chief Ranger, J. F. Strickland; Recording Secretary, Thomas W. Fullan; Financial Secretary, James Howell; Treasurer, Francis A. O'Donnell; Trustees, M. Cullaton, James Delorey, John J. Tracey; Court Physician, Dr. J. H. McConnell; Sentinels, James Kehoe and Louis Gearing; Conductors, James R. Gore and J. J. Downey.

The following members were presented with tokens as rewards for their valuable services to the Court and to the Order: Hugh E. Ellard, gold emblem; Allen C. Joyce, gold Hustler button; John Meehan, gold Hustler button; J. J. Downey, gold pin; F. A. O'Donnell, gold pin; and James Delorey, gold pin, the presentation being made by Bro. J. J. Ward.

After the installation a concert was held, the following contributing: M. F. Mogan, John Meehan, John J. Tracey, Mrs. Callen; song, "Killarney," Daniel Kennedy; piano solo from The Runaways, entitled "Roosters' Dance," P. Ford, James McCarroll, Mr. Jones, J. F. Strickland, T. W. J. O'Connor, J. J. Ward, T. C. Tracey and James Howell. While all the numbers were good the songs of Mr. Jones were especially appreciated. Mr. Daniel Kennedy acted as accompanist in a very acceptable manner.

Knights of St. John, Toronto

A large and enthusiastic meeting of St. Leo and Anthony's Commandery No. 2, Knights of St. John, was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Sunday, Jan. 3rd. After the regular order of business the next procedure was the installation of officers for the ensuing year by the grand president, Thomas Callaghan. Capt. Heffering, President; M. Long, First Vice-President; Jas. Kyle, Second Vice-President; Jos. Allan, Recording Secretary; J. Harnett, Financial Secretary; E. Millward, Treasurer; D. Driscoll, Messenger; Walter Belleau, Guard; Arthur Belleau, Sergeant-at-Arms; P. Farley, H. Cowan, C. Connors, Board of Trustees; T. Callaghan, J. Corcoran, Auditors.

After the installation of officers Captain Heffering thanked the members for the honor they had conferred on him and in a few pleasing remarks assured the members that he would enter into the work of the society with a determination to promote its welfare in every respect, and with the hearty co-operation of the members of the order, the coming year will undoubtedly show an encouraging report.

The military department being an interesting feature of the organization, the members have commenced their drill exercises in St. Michael's Hall, and with the spirit of earnestness and well-directed work of Captain Heffering, good results in this line should follow and much will be accomplished during the current year.

JOS. ALLAN, Rec.-Secy.

Branch 49, C.M.B.A.

A good attendance of the members of the above Branch gathered on the 8th inst., in Cameron Hall, for the installation ceremonies. The newly elected officers for the year were installed by Grand Deputy Bro. E. J. Hearn. Bro. Fielding, Grand Deputy of Branch 26, Montreal, was present and stated that the Association was in a prosperous condition in the eastern metropolis.

Branch 49 has had a most successful year and there are bright prospects for the year 1904. The new President, Bro. W. J. Irvine, will preside. In order to give all the members a fair chance the time of competition for the special prize (\$25) for securing new members has been extended to the last meeting in May. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served and a social hour spent.

Christmas Mass at Gravenhurst

The sacrifice of the Holy Mass, on Christmas morning was solemnized in Saint Paul's Church, Gravenhurst at 8.30 and 7.30 a.m., the Rev. Father Collins acting as celebrant.

There was an unusually large congregation present, and it was a consoling and edifying spectacle to witness the faithful approaching the Holy Table in large numbers. The Rev. Father Collins delivered a very appropriate sermon, taking for his text words from the Gospel of the day, and making them applicable to the morning's ceremony. He wished his congregation a happy and joyous Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year, which wish was heartily reciprocated by the assemblage in the Church, for the Rev. Fr. Collins.

At the first Mass the choir rendered Webbe's Mass in "G" with superb harmony, under the able directorship of Mr. P. J. Trainor, who is to be congratulated for his zealous efforts and the manner in which he exercised the voices of those who took part. The principal solos were taken by Misses Clairmont, Dowd and Smith. Particular mention is also due to the Children's Choir, who did justice to their vocal powers at the second Mass. They sang many Christmas hymns with splendid rendition.

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1904

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(From the Advent Pastoral of the Bishop of Newport.) The Church is the vehicle, or medium, by which we have the security that what passes as the Faith is the Faith... When a Catholic, then, holds the Catholic faith, and thanks God for that glorious privilege, he must never forget that he receives his faith, not directly from Almighty God, but from the Church of Jesus Christ, actually existing in the world. The Church is like a person—a person who never dies—a living witness who was present when Christ went up to heaven, and is here to be seen and heard at this very day in which we are now living. There has been no interruption either of her existence or of the utterance of her message... As each generation of men has appeared in the world, she has been found ready to receive them and to instruct them in the name of Christ. And it is clear that, except the Incarnation itself, no fact of history or of human life could be more momentous living presence, this wonderful moral personality, whose shadow looms gigantic over all the course of these twenty Christian centuries. No man has any right to ignore her or to deny her. She is in the world, and a part of the world's great scheme. She stands for Christ's will, Christ's redeeming love and Christ's undying solicitude. To each individual soul of man and woman she is of essential concern. Happy are those who, from their tender years, have peacefully and thoroughly imbibed her teaching and learned their faith as from a mother's lips. Happy are those who, as life goes on, learn more and more—who, whilst they ever find fresh illumination in her daily utterances, appreciate her for what she is, and realize how significant an interference of God in earthly affairs is this creation of a visible organ of His Holy Spirit.

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ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

Monday, the 25th day of January next, will be the last day for receiving petitions for private bills. Monday, the first day of February, next, will be the last day for introducing private bills. Friday, the twelfth day of February, next, will be the last day for receiving reports of committees on private bills. CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 30th Dec., 1903.

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

Good Demand for Live Stock—Wheat Higher—Latest Quotations—Tuesday Eve., Jan. 12.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Trade was fairly active at St. Lawrence Market this morning. Receipts were generally heavy. There was not much grain offering, but prices all round are about steady. Wheat—One hundred bushels of spring sold at 21c per bushel, and 200 of goose at 20c. Barley—Three hundred bushels sold at 20c to 21c per bushel. Rye—One hundred bushels sold at 20c to 21c per bushel. Oats—Six hundred bushels sold at 15c to 16c per bushel. Dressed Hogs—The market for choice light-weights is fairly steady at 12c per lb. Heavies are quoted easier at 11c to 12c. Butter—Few farmers' lots were offering. Quotations are about steady at 25c for choice and 24c for other grades. Eggs—There were not many on the market. Prices are steady at 30c to 32c per dozen. Poultry—Trade was quiet. Quotations are generally about unchanged. Hops—About 25 tons were offered. Timothy sold at 10 to 11 per ton, and mixed or clover at 8 to 9. Straw—Four loads sold at \$3 to \$4 per ton.

Toronto Live Stock.

Trade in all lines at the Western Cattle Market to-day was brisk. Receipts were heavy, and there was a good demand for cattle. Prices generally had a good tone and were generally well maintained. In fact there was perhaps a slightly easier feeling, but quotations are about unchanged. The run amounted to 28 cars and included 1,500 cattle, 1,142 sheep and lambs, 1,000 hogs and 75 calves. Export Cattle—Some good cattle were offered, and despite the fact that trade at other points is not any too good, prices were held up well. The quality of the cattle on the market was good, and a load or so were sold as high as 35 per head. Quotations are about unchanged at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cow good, \$4 to \$4.25 for fair to good, and \$3.50 to \$4 for rough to common at \$1.50 to \$2, and cows at \$2.75 to \$3.25. Hutechers Cattle—The run of cattle was heavy, but the butchers were out in force and the buying was brisk. The quality of the cattle was generally fair to good, and for anything but cows the demand was active. There were not many extra choice cattle on the market. Prices for round were about steady, but owing to the large run, there was a slight tendency towards easier trading. Picked lots are quoted at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cow good, \$4 to \$4.25 for fair to good, and \$3.50 to \$4 for rough to common at \$1.50 to \$2, and cows at \$2.75 to \$3.25. Stockers and Feeders—There was a fair inquiry for stockers at 90 to 100 lbs, and 200 of these were sold at 17.75 to 20.00 for stockers and 22 to 24 for feeders. Milch Cows—Spot quiet. Quotations good. Cows of good quality continue in good demand. The range of prices is about steady at \$20 to \$25 each. Calves—Trade was good and all were sold. Prices are steady, with a firmer inclination at \$2 to \$10 each, and 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 for sheep. Sheep and Lambs—Despite the fairly heavy run, everything was sold, and prices were well maintained. Quotations are unchanged at \$2.50 to \$3.75 for export sheep and \$3 to \$3.25 for culls. Lambs were 10c to 20c per cwt firm, but few were offered. It is not likely they will maintain their firm position. They are quoted at \$4.00 to \$5.25 per cwt. Hogs—Are quoted unchanged, but trade has a weaker tone. Selects run at 26.25 and lights and fats at 25.

East Buffalo Cattle Markets.

East Buffalo, Jan. 12.—Cattle—Receipts: 1,500 head; steady; prime steers, \$5.15 to \$5.40; shipping, \$4.60 to \$5; butchers, \$4 to \$4.80; stockers and feeders, \$3.75 to \$4. Veals—Receipts, 150 head; steady at \$8 to \$8. Hogs—Receipts, 16,500 head; active and to the lowest; Yorkers, \$5.06 to \$5.10; mixed, \$5 to \$5.06; Yorkers, \$4.96 to \$5. Pigs, \$4.90 to \$4.95; roughs, \$4.20 to \$4.35. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; steady. Receipts, 3,000 head; active and lamb—Receipts, 100 higher; lambs, 5 to 6.70; yearlings, \$4.75 to \$5.50; wethers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; ewes, \$4 to \$4.25; sheep, mixed, \$3.50 to \$4.60.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,000; slow; good to prime steers, \$5 to \$7; poor to medium, \$3.50 to \$4.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 to \$4; cows, \$1.50 to \$4.25; heifers, \$2 to \$4.75; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.30; bulls, \$2 to \$4. Hogs—Receipts to-day, 22,000; tomorrow, 20,000; mixed and butchers, \$4.50 to \$4.50; good to choice heavy, \$4.75 to \$5; rough heavy, \$4.50 to \$4.85; lights, \$4.40 to \$4.50; bulk of sale, \$4.50 to \$4.85. Sheep—Receipts, 15,000; slow; steady; good to choice wethers, 4.25 to \$4.80; fair to choice mixed, \$3 to \$4; native lambs, \$4 to \$6.25.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. To-day. Chicago, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. New York, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Toledo, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. St. Louis, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Detroit, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Milwaukee, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Minneapolis, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Duluth, Jan. 12, 1904. Jan. 8, 1904. Liverpool, Jan. 12.—Opening—Wheat—Spot, quiet; No. 2 northern Manitoba, 68 1/2 to 69 1/2; futures, quiet; March, 68 1/2 nominal; May, 68 3/4 nominal. Corn—Spot, quiet; mixed American, per cental, now, 48 3/4; old, 48 1/2; futures, quiet; Jan., 48 3/4 nominal; March, 48 3/4 nominal; May, 48 3/4 nominal. Flour—Minneapolis, 2 1/2 to 2 3/4. Close—Wheat—Spot quiet; No. 2 northern Manitoba, 68 1/2 to 69 1/2; futures quiet; March, 68 1/2; old, 64; futures quiet; Jan., 48 3/4; March, 48 3/4; May, 48 3/4. London, Jan. 12.—Opening—Wheat and corn—On passage, quiet but steady. Weather in England overcast; forecast, rain. Wheat—English country markets of yesterday, firm. Close—Corn—Spot quotations—American mixed, 2 1/2 new. Flour—Spot quotations, Minneapolis patent, 2 1/2. Wheat—On passage, rather firm; paraded No. 2 Calcutta Club, Jan. and Feb., 30c. Corn—On passage, quieter; hardly any demand; cargo Odessa, 40c; steamers, loading, 30c; 1/4; passage, 30c. Corn, parcel mixed American, shipment within a month, 19c.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

IMMIGRATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories. JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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