

**Kingston
Business
College**

Is recommended by the Bishop and
Clergy. Send for Catalogue.

J. B. MACHAY,
K.B.C., Kingston, Ont.

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest - BALMEZ."

VOL. X. No. 8

POPE LEO'S REMARKABLE VIGOR.

Rome, January 28th.—As the period of the Pontifical Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII approaches, the health of the Pontiff seems to improve rather than diminish. Day by day audiences are recorded, and everyone admitted to the presence of the Pontiff, are, with few exceptions, quite impressed by his vigor and the remarkable force of his voice. The exceptions, who regard the thin figure and semi-transparent hands of Leo XIII as signs of imminent dissolution, and his manner of sinking back in his chair when he desires an audience shall terminate as the beginning of a fainting fit, spread occasionally exaggerated rumors regarding his condition. Many of these, too, have never seen him before, and have imagined him quite different in physical appearance. Monseigneur Mignot, Bishop of Albi, in France, has just published the account of an audience recently had of the Pontiff, and he concludes by relating the judgment of Dr. Lapponi on the health of Leo XIII: "With the exception of some unforeseen occurrence," said Dr. Lapponi, "I am firmly convinced that the Pope may live for several years to come."

It was at this same audience, as the Bishop of Albi tells, that the Pope asked him, "What do you think, Monseigneur, of certain rumors of schism?"

"Holy Father," said Mgr. Mignot, "I do not think that under present conditions schism is probable."

"But you know," continued the Pope, "that a schism in France at this moment, in imitation of those of Luther and of Henry VIII., would be a horrible thing."

"To admit the possibility of a schism, it would needs be that the people would have continued profoundly religious and apt to interest themselves in such questions. In France to-day no one would take part in a schism."

"Do you really believe it, Monseigneur?"

"I am thoroughly convinced of it. Your Holiness. A Bishop who would separate himself from the Pope, whose prestige is so great, would be regarded as one gone astray and would not find anyone to follow him."

Leo XIII., continues Mgr. Mignot, spoke afterwards of his Pontifical Jubilee. He loves France so much that he would be happy to see all the French Bishops assisting at the proximate celebration.

On Sunday last, His Holiness, after having received in private audience, several distinguished Italians and foreigners, and some religious of the Ladies of the "Cenacolo," whose house is in the Plaza de Tevi, passed into the Consistorial Hall, where three hundred persons were assembled, to whom he addressed a few words, and afterwards bestowed the Apostolic Benediction upon them.

On returning from the Consistorial Hall on his way to his private apartments he found in the Hall of Tapestries the superiors and students of the Pontifical Vatican Seminary, with Mgr. Félix de Necker, Titular Archbishop of Melitene and Prefect of this Seminary, at their head. Mgr. de

Neville expressed to His Holiness cordial thanks and gratitude for the many proofs of benevolence and the generous gift to be bestowed on the Votive Society, and especially for having given a generous sum to assist in paying the recent enhancement of the sum the Pontiff received from the students, one by one, admitting them to kiss his ring, and then gave them the Apostolic Benediction.

ST. MARY'S, MONTREAL, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Montreal, Feb 11.—St. Mary's Church, corner of Peel and Craig streets, was destroyed by fire shortly after five o'clock this morning. The loss is estimated in the vicinity of \$50,000, fully covered by insurance.

When the flames died out all that remained of St. Mary's Church were the four walls, standing in solemn vigil over a mass of blackened timbers, and grim church furnishings. Beneath all was buried the beautiful altar of which the parishioners were so proud. The construction of the church was such that the walls were self-supporting, and bore but little strain of the flooring and the roof. The latter being dependent upon pillars carried up from the ground upon their own foundations. This enabled the men to get right into the building and attack the fire at its base, but judging from the rapidity with which it spread, it must have been in between the floating long before the firemen arrived.

A view of the interior is a most depressing sight. All is chaos. The paintings which adorned the walls are gone, the stations of the cross are no more; the altars are hidden in the wreck from the roof. In the gallery and from the organ loft firemen are at work, and from the place where once came the strains of religious music, brandish pour steady streams of water.

The loss in many respects will be irretrievable, especially the large oil painting, above the altar, "Our Lady of Good Counsel," which was so much prized by the parishioners and admired by strangers, and which had been painted in Rome. The loss of a smaller painting of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," which had constantly been exposed at our Ladies' Shrine at the church, is also the cause of great sorrow.

The usual Sunday evening service was held and as there had been considerable trouble with the gas flickering, the furnace men had been warned by the officials of the church to have a sharp lookout for fire, without any need whatever for alarm at the time.

The cause of the fire is not known. The church is valued at \$40,000.

In all probability the congregation will meet in the basement of St. Bridget's Church, which had been kindly offered by the pastor. The Oblate Fathers have also very kindly offered the use of the basement of their church until such time as St. Mary's has been reconstructed. A decision has not yet been arrived at.

The parish of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," or, as it is better known, "St. Mary's," was instituted on December 20, 1878. The corner stone of the building which has been destroyed by fire was laid on June 12, 1878, by the late Archbishop Fabre, who was assisted by Bishop McHenry, of Albury. On November 8, 1881, the church was consecrated by the Bishop of Montreal, and was dedicated to "Our Lady of Good Counsel," the title of a miraculous occurrence which had taken place at Guanazaro, in Italy. The first parish priest was Rev. Father Simon Lobergan, who was installed on February 22, 1882. The Rev. Father Brady is now the parish priest.

\$500 For Charities.

The 18th annual meeting of the Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust was held at St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street, His Grace the Archbishop presiding, with Hugh T. Kelly, John Ryan, Thos. Flynn and M. O'Connor also present.

After the usual business of the meeting was disposed of, it was ordered that the sum of \$800 be taken from the earnings of the trust for distribution among the charities, and the treasurer, Mr. M. O'Connor, was requested to divide as follows:

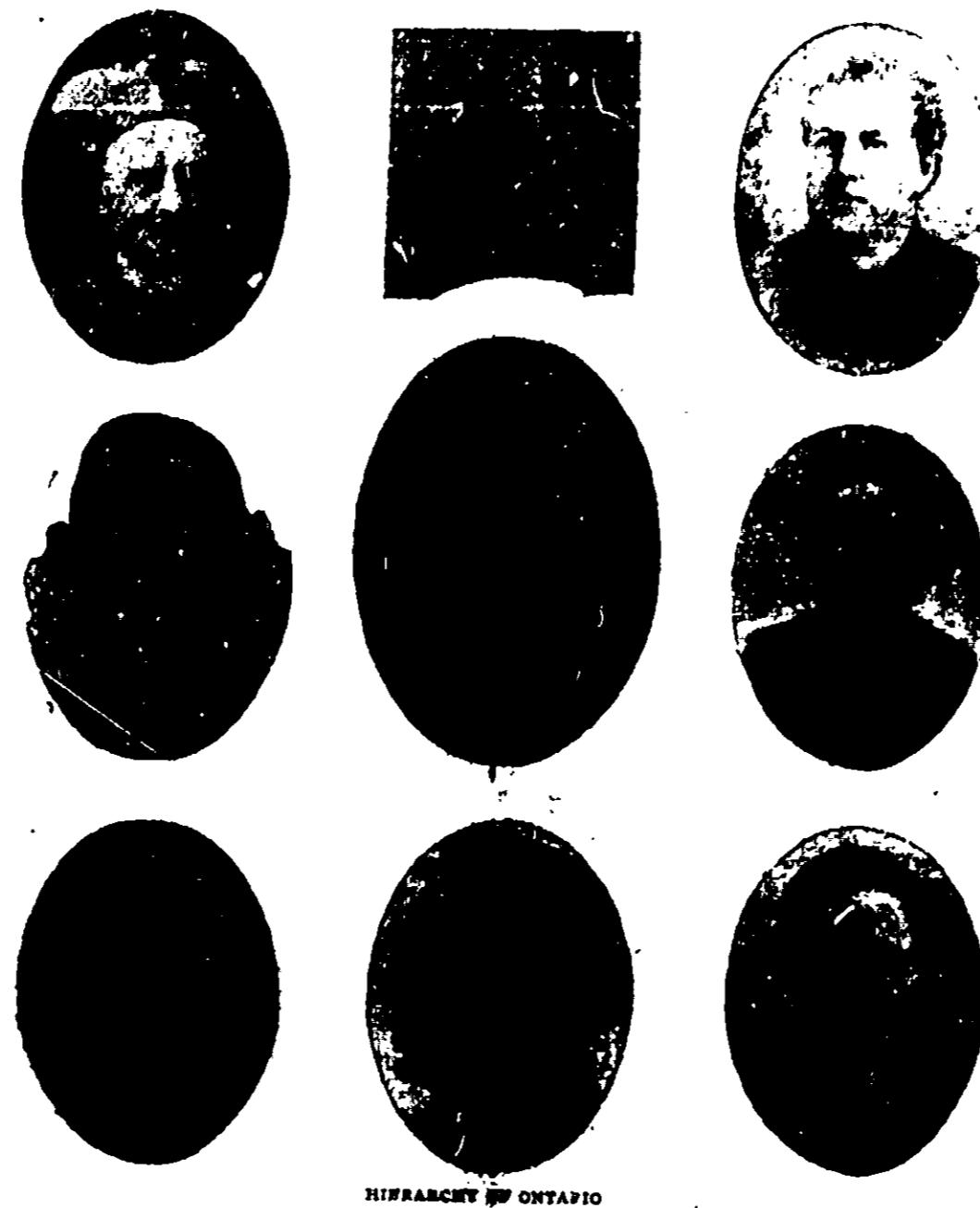
House of Providence \$100
St. Nicholas Institute 100
Good Shepherds 100
St. Michael's Hospital 100
Orphanage, Sunnyside 100
House of Industry 100

Total \$800

IT HAS MANY OFFICES. — Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS



HONORABLE MEN OF ONTARIO

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

(Special to The Register.)

There is not much to tell of special interest concerning the ceremonial and the various events in connection with the opening of Parliament. A new Usher of the Black Rod, who makes very acceptable bows, and the introduction of a number of new members were the principal events that created any comment.

The usual Sunday evening service was held and as there had been considerable trouble with the gas flickering, the furnace men had been warned by the officials of the church to have a sharp lookout for fire, without any need whatever for alarm at the time.

The cause of the fire is not known. The church is valued at \$40,000.

In all probability the congregation will meet in the basement of St. Bridget's Church, which had been kindly offered by the pastor. The Oblate Fathers have also very kindly offered the use of the basement of their church until such time as St. Mary's has been reconstructed. A decision has not yet been arrived at.

The parish of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," or, as it is better known, "St. Mary's," was instituted on December 20, 1878. The corner stone of the building which has been destroyed by fire was laid on June 12, 1878, by the late Archbishop Fabre, who was assisted by Bishop McHenry, of Albury. On November 8, 1881, the church was consecrated by the Bishop of Montreal, and was dedicated to "Our Lady of Good Counsel," the title of a miraculous occurrence which had taken place at Guanazaro, in Italy. The first parish priest was Rev. Father Simon Lobergan, who was installed on February 22, 1882. The Rev. Father Brady is now the parish priest.

\$500 For Charities.

The 18th annual meeting of the Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust was held at St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street, His Grace the Archbishop presiding, with Hugh T. Kelly, John Ryan, Thos. Flynn and M. O'Connor also present.

After the usual business of the meeting was disposed of, it was ordered that the sum of \$800 be taken from the earnings of the trust for distribution among the charities, and the treasurer, Mr. M. O'Connor, was requested to divide as follows:

House of Providence \$100
St. Nicholas Institute 100
Good Shepherds 100
St. Michael's Hospital 100
Orphanage, Sunnyside 100
House of Industry 100

Total \$800

IT HAS MANY OFFICES. — Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

FROM SUNDAY BEGINNERS.

Some of our best Deposit Accounts begin now in a very modest way. Monthly small sums at regular intervals, and by the accumulation of interest, they have grown till they now show handsome balances.

It is not necessary to wait till you have a considerable amount to make a commencement. We accept small sums on deposit and allow interest at 3% per cent. per annum payable half yearly.

**THE CANADA PERMANENT
AND WESTERN CANADA
MORTGAGE CORPORATION**
Toronto Street, Toronto.

gotien that Mr. Carroll, member for Kamouraska, who succeeds Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick as Solicitor-General, is a Catholic of Irish and Scotch parentage. His education has been principally French, being born and brought up in the Province of Quebec; but his nationality remains all the same Irish, with a mixture of Scotch. Hence the Irish-Catholic element gains in a two-fold manner by the considerate action of the Government.

There are many changes taking place

Important to Investors

The stock of
The Sun Savings & Loan Co.

other absolute security.

We guarantee a dividend of 6 per cent. for annum, payable half yearly.

Depositors issued drawing good rate of interest allowed from date of deposit.

Interest allowed from date of deposit.

Call or correspond with the Head Office.

**CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG.
TORONTO.**

President W. PEMBERTON PAGE

Manager

General Agent

John D. McLean, Esq.

1704 Queen Street, Toronto, Ont.

Telephone, 2222.

Telegraph, "The Sun."

Post Office Box, 1000.

Bank of Canada, 1000.

Bank of Montreal, 1000.

Bank of Nova Scotia, 1000.

Bank of British Columbia, 1000.

Bank of New Zealand, 1000.

Bank of Australia, 1000.

Bank of New South Wales, 1000.

Bank of Tasmania, 1000.

Bank of Western Australia, 1000.

Bank of New Zealand, 1000.

<p

**The CATHOLIC
CHRONICLE...**

DEVOURED
TO...
FOREIGN
NEWS

ROME.

THE CHAIR OF PETER.
The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal writes: There is no personage of the present day more in the public eye than Leo XIII. At the very time when the newspapers were occupied with regarding his marvellous virtue and the evidences of his elevated mind, notwithstanding his advanced age, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Bertheau, is said to have asserted in the Chamber that the Pontiff did not consider himself the King of the World, and the consequence of those words surrounded him. The protests excited by this foolish speech show that respect for truth and age is still to be met with in that Assembly. And the Mle Léonie, in protesting against the words of M. Bertheau, was quite within the truth when he said that all those who approach Leo XIII. know how perfect is the lucidity of his mind! And this is confirmed daily by those admitted to his presence. The antipathy of M. Bertheau and his colleagues to Leo XIII. and the Church of which he is the Head indicates the sense they have of the importance to the world and to France of the Pontiff and the Church.

The Catholic world, rejoicing at the proximate Jubilee of His Holiness, prepares pilgrimages to Rome in which the people will present their homage to the Sovereign Pontiff. Amongst those already appointed are the following: On the 17th of February the Lombard pilgrimage of about 500 persons, presided over by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and Canon Ghetti, Parish Priest of the ancient and historical Church of St. Ambrose, will arrive in Rome. At the end of February a pilgrimage from the Marche will come to Rome.

One thousand Ligurian Catholics will arrive in Rome for the 2nd of March, presided over by Commandant Luigi Corraogno and Mgr. Vitali. At the same time another thousand will come from Piedmont. From the 5th to the 10th of March a Belgian pilgrimage will remain in Rome, composed of Catholics from Malines, Liège, Ghent, Bruges, and Tournai, presided over by Cardinal Goossens, Archbishop of Malines. On the 7th of April pilgrimages will arrive from Verceil, Biella, and Casale of 500 persons. From Brussels a pilgrimage, organised by the Agency Paupertier, will come at the same date, and another from Bordeaux. About the same time another Belgian pilgrimage, organised by the Abbe Priant of Tournai, will arrive in Rome.

From the 15th to the 20th of April a French pilgrimage of about 3,000 persons, organised by the Abbe Latouche, will be in Rome. From the 18th to the 20th of May a pilgrimage will come from Holland. On the 14th of April the Emilia pilgrimage will arrive here, and also that from the Romagna, 600 persons, under the presidency of Cardinal Riboldi, Archbishop of Ravenna. Then also a pilgrimage from Parma will come, consisting of 1,000 persons. From the Venetian Province 500 pilgrims will come, organised by Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice. A few days later a Sicilian pilgrimage of 400 persons will reach Rome. Still later, 800, under the leadership of the Archbishop, will come from Perugia. Then also a numberless group will come from Ancona. Two days later, on April 24th, 800, under the direction of Mgr. Hirshberg, of Munich, will come from Bavaria. The Hungarian will reach her about the end of April.

The Leghorn pilgrimage, 400 in number, are expected on the 3rd of May. On the 19th that of the City of Paris will arrive, and in September the French workingmen's pilgrimage, presided over by Commandant Leon Garnier, will reach Rome. This movement of Catholics throughout the countries of Europe shows how profoundly dear to them is the Pontiff and the Church. The language of M. Bertheau has no sympathetic echo outside his own petty clique.

Amongst the servants of God whose names are before the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the honors of the altars there few or none better known to this generation than the name of the Cure of Ars. On the 21st of January the Sacred Congregation of Rites assembled, under the presidency of Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, and "ponente" of the cause of Beatification of the Venerable Jean-Mathieu Vianney, Cure of Ars. The Congregation was occupied for a long time in the examination of the miracle attributed to the intercession of the Venerable Vianney. The three minutes required for the process have been regarded as valid by the Sacred Congregation, and a vote favorable to the Beatification has been given. There are, then, reasons to hope that the beloved and Venerable Cure of Ars will soon be raised to the dignity of blessed. This title, so grand in itself, only provides that greater one of glory.

In the ancient martyrologies there are two names of the Chair of St. Peter: that of the 2nd of February, and that of the 18th of January. The former, the most ancient and solemn, has obtained throughout the whole

ever your steps are led the memory of great names and grand deeds accompanies you, and renders your walks as those of the poet.

"We walk with ancients in the shadowy ages."

FRANCE.

MONTALEMBERT.
Church as that which commemorated the Primacy of St. Peter, it is found registered from the 4th century in the splendid literature of French Catholicism with the title "Liberian Calendar," with the title "Natalis Petri de Cathedra." The author of January, less solemn, was other of a local character, since it is recorded with the words, "Cathédrale Petri qua primum Roman sedis."

An important study on this commemoration of January was made by the late Master of Christian Archaeology, Dr. Camille Jullian. In 1867, he was the first to put in relation the indication referred to in the ancient Roman codex, with the other which is found in the celebrated Epynx of Monza, containing the catalogue of the oils collected in the Catacombs in the day of St. Gregory the Great. The devout Louis Veuillot sent a certain Abbot John to Rome to collect as relics the oils burning at the shrines of the martyrs in the Eternal City and its immediate vicinity. The oil was put in a small phial, and a label attached to it bore the name of the martyr of saint from whose shrine it was taken. A considerable number of these phials are still to be seen bearing their labels, in the Treasury of the Cathedral of Monza. The Abbot made a list of the saints at whose tombs the oil was taken, and this list was evidently made according to the order in which the tombs were visited. It has thus served as an itinerary or guide to the tombs of the saints in the Catacombs, and has contributed to their identification. In that list of oils, written on papyrus, and also preserved at Monza, there is recorded "Uolum de sede ubi prius sedis S. Petrus."

De Rossi demonstrated that such indication should not refer to the Vatican, but rather to a monument placed in a part of the suburb of Rome between the Via Salaria and Via Nomentana. Associating, then, to this note that of a "Coemeterium Ostianum," indicated as being not far from the Cemetery of Novella (placed upon the Via Salaria), where it was said that St. Peter had baptised — and the other note of a locality in the vicinity of the Nomentana, called "ad rimpham S. Petri!" — the great archaeologist thought that such memorials should be concentrated in that cemetery, which had hitherto been called by the name of St. Agnes, and to which he gave the name of "Ostianum."

In this cemetery, some years after, important excavations were made at the expense of Mr. Pietro Croatato, and there was discovered a crypt in which the late Professor Armellini and Professor Marucchi recognized the sepulchre of St. Emerentiana, who was the foster-sister of St. Agnes. There it was also that Armellini discovered some letters of painted inscription, almost vanished out of recognition, in which it appeared to him he could read the name of St. Peter.

The deductions from all this were that it was really the Ostian Cemetery, in which it was believed that St. Peter had baptised, and that there likewise there was once venerated the Chair of St. Peter.

Now, however, this idea is somewhat changed. Professor Marucchi has, from the discovery of an ancient Baptistry in the Catacomb of Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, attributed the indications and notes referring to the Chair where St. Peter first sat, and where he baptised, to this recently-discovered Baptistry, rather than to the other, hitherto accepted.

There are many reasons in favor of his opinion. The Catacomb of Priscilla is, perhaps, the oldest in Rome, it dates from Apostolic times;

the most ancient paintings of Christian subjects are on the walls of its chambers; the crypt of the Acili Glabronius brings its memorials back to the earliest periods, and the inscriptions on its graves, painted in red "minium," have all the characteristics of the most venerable Christian antiquity.

It would be, perhaps, a tedious task to enter in detail on the arguments which lead Marucchi to this conclusion, but taken together they have a remarkable force. It is greatly in his favor that prominent Christian archæologists adhere to the opinion he has advanced, and Mgr. Duchesne, Director of the French School of History and Archaeology at Rome, has addressed to him a letter in which he expresses his own conviction that the Cemetery of Priscilla was from the most ancient times the seat of the administration of the primitive Roman Church.

There are still many elucidations to be looked for in order to render this opinion firm and conclusive, in the manner of De Rossi. Further excavations, continued by the Commission Sacred Archaeology, add to the strength of Marucchi's conjecture, but these confirmations he reserves for a future publication.

The crowds of eager seekers after knowledge of the Catacombs who, on the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, flocked out of the City along the Nomentan Way were well rewarded. The half-hour's lecture that is delivered there generally by Marucchi, and in the French tongue, does more to kindle an informed enthusiasm for the study of the Catacombs than could be obtained from weeks of reading about them. It is one of the charms of Rome that whereas

admitted one and only one such cause, no power on earth has the right to add others to it. Christ's words are clear: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and He pronounces as guilty of a crime those who shall attempt to do so.

In upholding this legislation of the Saviour, the Catholic Church is following strictly these other words of His: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Caesar, or the State, has the right and the duty — a right and a duty coming from God — to regulate the civil relations of marriage. But the religious, the spiritual relations, He has reserved to Himself.

Rigidly enforced, the law will work a hardship in individual cases, even when admitting one cause for separation and a remarriage. But Christ knew all possible circumstances, and yet He made the law, and any power that attempts to change it is guilty of usurpation and makes an assault on the home and family.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION.

Third — Closely allied with this sacred union for the procreation and propagation of the race is the perfecting of arithmetic and geography." build their schools as they build their churches, and in them teach the secular branches that are taught in the other schools, and as efficiently, and let the State pay for it according to contract and according to results.

Those who are satisfied with secular training only are still provided for and protected without need of protest against religious instruction in a secular system; those who value their faith sufficiently to make this sacrifice for it control the teaching of religion to their children, the State gets what it demands and pays not one penny for Methodism, Catholicism or any other form of religion, peace reigns in the hearts of all, and the State has a system of instruction, non-sectarian, not in name only, but in fact.

AMERICAN FAIRNESS WOULD GRANT IT.

Here is a plan by which these difficulties can be settled, and at least a measure of justice meted out to many that have suffered injustice, and surely, if religious denominations are willing to accept it, nobody else should object to it.

Let no man say that a school wherein religion is taught is detrimental to the peace and harmony of the State, to do so he should be consistent and advocate the abolition of the churches also.

Members of the Ministerial Union, if the great non-Catholic bodies of this country which have pronounced their dissatisfaction at a purely secular system of instruction would unite with Catholics and German Lutherans in asking this modification, the sense of fairness that there is in the American people, when appealed to, would grant it.

This, then, is another thing the Catholic Church is doing for the world — upholding a true principle and offering a plan to harmonize, on lines of honor and justice, differences that are working harm.

Finally, you believe with me in the divinely inspired word of God. Do not, then, advocate the placing of that sacred book in the hands of teachers, many of whom honestly disbelieve its divine character and consent to its being made a text-book on a level with a book of mathematics, geography or profane history. It is a degradation of the sacred page, and the surest means of making your children regard it as of no more authority than a book of geography or a profane history.

Our devout beliefs are not built, as we suppose, on a dry strand of reason, but rest upon the floods of our affection.

ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND. — In health and happiness we need no friend, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. Those hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

True merit may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears redaction; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.

He is too weak a soldier who takes to flight at the first sound of battle.

Fight! If thou shouldst fall in the combat, rise again quickly and begin anew, but never despair.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catech, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

"Away with Him!" the impious rabble cry; Yet Jesus, 'twas my sin that bade Thee die,

II.
Bent 'neath the heavy cross, our Lord begins His last sad journey, heavier pressed my sine;

III.
Cruel! They torture Him and scoff the more, When, faint and pale, He falls. My soul adores,

IV.
Dreading the night on which her soul is set, She waits, an — bitter joy — their eyes have met.

V.
Eager would I the precious burden share Which Simon, loathing, soon is glad to bear;

VI.
Full of fond pity, full of faith even now, Veronica wipes tenderly the bleeding brow;

VII.
Against the steep hill He totters on with pain, O God! — that yell-he falls, He falls again!

VIII.
Blush, mourning daughters of Jerusalem! Weep not for Me, Your children, weep for them;

IX.
Is it that night of woe in Caliph's halls, The scourging thorns, or cross—that thrice He falls.

X.
Jeets and foul jests doth He the All-Holy bear, While fangs from virgin limbs the garments tear;

XI.
Loud ruffians fling Him on His bed of death; The nails pierce deep, "Father forgive," He saith;

XII.
More love there is not, nor more agony, So Jesus dies. For me — He dies for me!

XIII.
Nigh to the cross she stood till all was done, And now the Mother's arms have clasped her Son.

XIV.
Oft heard Thy rock-bewn grave, more hard my heart; Yet here Thou lov'st to dwell. Come Lord, and never part.

M. R.

A word and a note of song are often crystallized tears set to music.

A word lightly spoken may fall heavily upon an already overburdened heart.

Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindication.

If we are well with God all is well with us, though the thickest darkness of adversity be round about. If we are not well with Him nothing is well with us, though the best and brightest be at our feet.

Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TEN YEARS

**How a Well-known Farmer Suffered
The Story in His Own Words
It should be of interest to Many.**

Mr. John Scalle, of No. 9 Johnson Side Road, Byng P. O., Ont., has given for publication a most interesting story of how he was cured of Dyspepsia and Sour Stomach ailments which made his life a burden for over ten years.

Mr. Scalle is a farmer well known and highly esteemed. He is one of the oldest residents in the county, having lived there nearly sixty years. In his published statement of his case and its cure he says in part:

"For over ten years I was a great sufferer with Dyspepsia and Sour Stomach which gave me great pain.

"I did not dare to eat any pants and in fact almost everything I did eat, no matter how careful I was, would cause me a great deal of distress and pain.

"I tried several remedies but nothing would do me any good till one day I was in a drug store in Dunnville and the druggist told me of several wonderful cures of Stomach Trouble and Dyspepsia that had been done by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I made up my mind to try them and bought a box which I began to use at once.

"From the first dose I got relief. I found very soon that I could eat anything I wanted to without the slightest distress or pain afterwards.

"I continued the treatment till I was completely cured and I can honestly recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets as the very best medicine for Stomach Troubles.

"This is over four years ago and as I am still in good health I am satisfied my cure is a permanent one."

What Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for Farmer Scalle they have done for thousands of others and they will do the same for any Dyspeptic who gives them a chance.

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

Before every decisive resolution the dice of death must be thrown.

Life without faith is like a roofer house. It lets all the storms in and offers no protection against the ills of living.

Practical education implies the art of making active and useful what we learn.

The best part of a man's treasure of merits are the things that he has left unused.

Prudence is common sense well trained in the art of manner, of discrimination, and of address.

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly as the gods, whose feet were shod with wool.

Love finds us young and keeps us so; immortal himself, he permits not age to enter the heart where he reigns.

Hatred is a passion that stands opposed to love and develops itself in anger, retaliation, envy, revenge, and lust of power.

True merit may

BHOLD, the maiden knowning well
The hidden Godde of phis dreidell.
In Itha, her outlay on
And with her infant set her bairn
The doas, the bumble offering
For Christ the Holy One.

SECOND MONTH
20 DAYS

February

THE
HOLY FAMILY

•1902•

Feastdays

St. Ignatius, Martyr,
Feastday Sunday.

Vesper Hymn: "Ave Maris Stella"

3 P.M. Veneration of the Picture of Our Lord.

4 P.M. Agatha

5 P.M. St. Hyacinth Mercurius

6 P.M. Ronaldus

7 P.M. John of Matha.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

8 P.M. Vesper Hymn: "Te Deum Corona Virgini"

9 P.M. St. Nicholas

10 P.M. St. Blaise

11 P.M. Ash Wednesday Lent begins.

12 P.M. St. Gregory II

13 P.M. Queen of Thorns of Our Lord.

14 P.M. St. Martin.

First Sunday in Lent.

15 P.M. Vesper Hymn: "Praise Thorum Miltum."

16 P.M. St. Hyacinth

17 P.M. St. Edmund of Abingdon.

18 P.M. St. Hubertus, "Tilmon."

19 P.M. St. Cyril of Alexandria

20 P.M. Easter Day, "Liturgy and Nails."

21 P.M. St. Peter Day, "St. Peter's Chair of Antioch."

Second Sunday in Lent.

22 P.M. Vesper Hymn: "Reuelit Orbie Gaudia."

23 P.M. St. Matthias, Apostle.

24 P.M. St. Felix III

25 P.M. St. Dominic of Cortona.

26 P.M. St. Anthony.

27 P.M. The Only Winding Sheet of Our Lord.

Indulgenced

Prayer

An indulgence of 50 days to all those who shall devoutly invoke the most holy name of Jesus.

...The
GEECE

HOME CIRCLE

THE MILL.

(From the Germans by M. F. M., in Ave Maria.)

I know a busy mill, dear;
It grindeth good and fine;
A mill without a wheel, dear—
What is it, heart of mine?Two stones have other mills, dear,
By which the corn is ground,
But in this little mill, dear—
Are two and thirty four.Those pretty, tiny stones, dear,
All shining ivory white,
Behind two crimson doors, dear,
Go working day and night.Above them two blue flowers, dear,
Keep watch upon the mill,
That nothing coarse or foul, dear,
The hopper clean may fill.And five bright little horses
Forever neek and find
What here, what there to gather,
Within the mill to grind.It lies behind your lips, dear,
Those gates of rosy hue;
The flowers that watch above them
Are your sweet eyes of blue.It runs without water,
It needs nor steam nor wind—
Come look into the glass, dear,
The miller there to find.

DON'T FORGET.

New boots should be rubbed with a slice of raw potato; they will polish them as easily as will old ones. New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

Admit plenty of air to your store-rooms on a clear, dry day, for air is necessary to all sweet preserves. Those kept in an air-tight room or cupboard are apt to ferment.

To wash a glass which has held milk, plunge it first into cold water before putting it into warm. The same rule holds good for egg cups or saucers from which eggs have been eaten.

Fingers stained with fresh fruit, walnuts, etc., should be dipped in strong tea, rubbed with a nail brush, and then washed in warm water. Under this treatment the stains will soon disappear.

Whenever vegetables put up in tin cans are opened and only partly used, do not allow the remainder to stand in the tin, but turn them into an earthen bowl and put in a cool place. A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in a few minutes.

The French have a way of making even an inferior quality of table linen look well without the aid of starch. When the napkins are washed and dried and ready to be ironed, they are dipped into boiling water and partially ironed out between two cloths. They are then rapidly ironed with a hot flat iron as possible without burning them. Treated in this manner, they become beautifully glossy and smooth.

On one occasion Methodius was absent for some weeks, where it is not stated, but it might have been in some other community, and when he came back he was astonished at the most delicious odor that pervaded everywhere. It was then thought to have come from heaven, but was as fresh and just as truly described almost 1,000 years afterwards by the Spanish sailors who visited the tropical regions of America and sniffed the fragrant berries long before they reached the land.

Methodius did not forget his native land and made several voyages back and forth, but on one of these he lost his course, was driven out of the way, and landed, it would appear, on the American continent. They travelled for fifteen days through a country full of great plains, covered with flowers and trees laden with fruit. They finally reached a large river which rolled from the west toward the east and attempted to cross it, but Barbitius says an angel appeared to them, and forbade them to cross, saying that beyond the river commenced the earthly paradise. They retreated Methodius settled down and Barbitius returned again to Ireland, and it was his glowing accounts of this transatlantic Utopia that induced Brendan to sail for the Western world.

St. Brendan took 100 monks with him. The first voyage was unfortunate. Tempests, hunger and, above all, the inexperience of the crew caused the failure of the expedition, so that he had to return to his native land without finding Methodius or his companions. This failure instead of depressing the spirits and hopes of Brendan only excited them, and he soon basted himself fitting out another expedition. This time he took with him only 40 monks, among whom was his disciple Machutus, a Gaul from Brittany. These white-robed adventurers embarked full of hope upon a light bark made of palm and covered with skins. They carried provisions for forty days. At the moment of their departure three Brothers joined them, in spite of the remonstrance of Brendan and his sad presentiments.

The next place they landed was on an island covered with forests, which exhaled a most delicious odor, but further on they imagined themselves approaching the infernal regions, for they saw the sea boil at a distance and found the air full of a sulphurous odor. Later on they came to a land over which they wandered for 40 days without coming to any of its confines. They received some admittance that they should go no farther, after which they returned to Ireland, where Brendan died in his ninety-sixth year.

Among Brendan's company Malo, his favorite disciple, could not rest at home after tasting the glories of the Western lands, but set sail again to retrace his steps. His bark was driven by a storm on the coast of Armorica Gaul, where he settled down and became a Bishop. It was through this St. Malo the French and Spaniards got their first information of a Western world.

They left here and passed on to another island, where they found large animals like oxen. Here a man brought them food and sprinkled it with water before they ate it. After few days' sailing they found another land, where they thought they would take a little repose. Here they performed their night and morning duties and took food and repose, but all at once to their astonishment the island sailed away. The island was in effect a ship, perhaps a whale, that the monks had taken for a solitary rock. Some days after this curious inci-

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK about Pyyn-Balaam, the greatest medicine for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 25c. Of all dealers. Made by proprietors Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

NOTICE TO LADY READERS

May Edward Pitt, Royal Purple Advertising



DEAR MADAM

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you free of any charge this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL.

With the Sugar Shell we will send you 8 Boxes of Standard Electine Remedies to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each. Then return our money and we will give you, absolutely free, a Butter Knife, a Pickle Fork, a Set of 6 Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons and a beautiful King Edward VII. Coronation Brooch. Our Solid Arizona Silver Premiums are fast superseding Sterling Silver for Tableware. They look as well and wear longer, and are guaranteed for 50 years. The elegant Coronation Brooch will be appreciated by every loyal British subject. It is composed of a magnificent Royal Purple Amethyst mounted on an exquisitely designed Brooch overlaid with fine gold. This is not an opportunity to put off. Just sign and return the attached request to-day. The Sugar Shell and Medicines will be promptly mailed, postpaid; and remember, even if you fail to sell the goods, you at least have an elegant Sugar Shell worth 75 cents for simply making the effort. As we don't intend to keep this offer open long, we would ask you to favor us with an immediate reply.

We are constantly receiving such letters as that:

Pearl Oyster, Farnham, Que. To send me Medicine Co. Ltd.

Enclosed you will find money order for \$1.00, for the last model.

Enclosed you will find money order for \$1.00, for the last model.

Please say they are handsome, I cannot imagine how you can afford to sell them.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail them to me.

I am enclosing my address so that you can mail

The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGAL EX-PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK E. CRONIN,
Business Manager and Editor.

50c per copy
Subscriptions \$1.00

Office: 100 Bay Street, TORONTO

Agents: Dr. J. J. Macnamara, by the Arch-

bishop; Bishop's Chaplain.

ADVERTISING RATES

Transcript of advertisements sent to the Ad-

vertising Department by Post Office

Order: Standard Express Money Order Regis-

tered Letter

When changing address, give the name of former

Post Office should be given.

Telephone, M 11 139

THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1902

THE REFERENDUM

"What is the view of the church?"
We are told in the paper that now many are in a fever of anxiety to begin to see what that will be. However, it may be that it was chosen by Mr. Ross for his party with the prohibition agitation. And the one pertinent question to our mind is: Will this so-called referendum pass the prohibition agitation in its grave, or will it simply give it a renewed lease of life? Seeing that Mr. Ross is himself a prohibitionist, it might be expected of him that his aim would be to test public opinion once and for all, in order to find out whether the people of this province want such a measure or not. Prior to the Privy Council's decision on the Manitoba Act the prohibitionists of Ontario had got themselves to believe that Mr. Ross had said that if he could he would enact prohibition. But when he found himself indisputably in the position where he could the native hub of his resolution became sickled over with the pale cast of thought; and this so-called referendum in the diverted current of his enterprise.

Let us follow its meanderings for a little way. The plebiscite proposed will only become potential in case the number who declare for prohibition be equal to a majority of the votes polled at the previous general election of members of the Legislature. A small or a large vote may be polled at the political elections. It is to the interest of the prohibitionists to have it small and so if they have the wisdom of the serpent they will stay away from the polls upon election day. This would be a very certain sign that Mr. Ross is not expecting their support. And to reason still further along the same line, it would show that he is expecting the support of the liquor and allied trades, whose interest it will be to swell the general election polls. But upon the day for taking the plebiscite it will become the turn of the liquor and kindred interests to stay away from the polls, because every unpolled vote will count. In other words the prohibitionists will have to poll at least as many votes as decided the previous general election. The greater the number of voters abstaining themselves from the plebiscite polls the harder it will be for the prohibitionists to score.

And now let us suppose that the Government is returned again to power. If the elections on one side and the other are swayed by the prohibition question wholly or in the main, the Government victory will be susceptible of but one explanation. For where as it will be a matter of life and death to the liquor trade to run the political vote up to the highest notch on the winning side, it must follow that it is they who will give the Government its majority. And, if perchance, the prohibitionists should come forth in unexpected strength on plebiscite day and poll vote for vote with their opponents, who had sustained the Government, it would immediately dissolve upon the Government to destroy the very persons by whom it was accustomed to power. It is the liberal Government hesitated to do so, it would of course be good politics for the Conservatives to espouse prohibition, make common cause with the prohibitionists and expel the party that had broken its pledge.

See what a mixup we have now got into! The law of the Conservative party for the present is, however, most unfortunate and uncertain. Mr. Whitney and his friends have no policy. They do not oppose or support prohibition. They do not speak a word for or against the trades threatened by the referendum. Their only idea is to oppose whatever the Government may find itself compelled to do, and accordingly in the Conservative party you find a most bewildering mass of criticism of the legislation and that only. This is not a way fit for a national government.

The people of Ontario can be made more sober by prohibition. Let sobriety and temperance be promoted by every reasonable means that experience justifies. But reasonable expertise is all against prohibition. An illicit traffic in intoxicants is one of the greatest curses that can fall upon any community, and it has fallen upon all the communities that ever have tried prohibition. The prohibition agitation itself is not a social blessing. And the worse of the present conflict of political strategy over it is that they are playing with the problem for party ends only.

—SOL AND S. POLLEAWRY — SEA-
TUN

This week we published a report of the proceedings before a London Magistrate's court called to decide whether or not any self-outlaws in England. The magistrates' decision was that the statute invoked is obsolete. An appeal was taken, and the self-appointed prosecutors have now reaped the temporary advantage of a mandamus being granted. The controversy going on will be instructive to Canadian Catholic readers, and from various quarters. The Register today gathers together some startling ends of speech and writing which will be perused with interest. The following is from the London Truth of Feb. 6.

"The following letter was handed to me the other day by the M.P. to whom it was addressed. I happen to know the writer, who paid a visit to The Truth office a year or two ago on an errand which did not give me a very high opinion of him. His notion that strangers should extend to him 'practical sympathy' in the shape of cash because he has written a leader against the Jesuits in the Tottenham and Stamford Times and a letter to the same effect in The Rock, seems to have a good deal of non sequitur about it. So much has been, and still is, written about the Jesuits, that anyone who adopted this method of showing his sympathy with the writers would need a very deep pocket.

569 Seven Sisters' Road, Tottenham, London N.

"Hon. Sir—As you are taking a personal interest in the question of the illegal admission of foreign Jesuits, I take the liberty of referring you to the fact that the origin of the Jesuits' label action against The Rock arose out the question 'Are Jesuits Outlaws,' this being the heading to my letter in The Rock which appeared just after my letter in The Tottenham and Stamford Hill Times objecting to a Middlesex County Council grant to St Ignatius' Jesuit College, Stamford Hill. Local Romanists, Ritualists and Non-Conformists who think all religious bodies should be treated alike were offended. Not a line of the report of my lecture given before the Tottenham Protestant Society on Dec 21st was permitted to appear in The Tottenham and Stamford Hill Times, and my discharge as assistant editor and reporter took place on Dec 21st, since which time I have been doing but little work. I am doing a little more now, but am not yet in a permanency, though I hope to be in a month, and now the people where we live have sold their business and we must clear out next Monday. I have no money to move and I have had to sell most of my furniture to live and keep alive my wife, who is suffering from bronchitis.

"A little practical sympathy will be esteemed a favor by
"Your respectfully,
"GEORGE XAVIER FIELD,
(For early in training for a Romish priest)"

"The question 'Are Jesuits Outlaws' which thus worthy raises this name of Xavier, by the way, seems rather misplaced. Was very shortly disposed of by the magistrate who had it before him the other day, whatever may be the finding of the High Court as to the actual law.

"At the risk of being again pronounced a Jejune in disguise I venture to think that penal laws such as the one appealed to in this instance are better left in Limbo, to which the common-sense of later ages has consigned them. Such a law could not be passed to-day, for reasonable men of all denominations and parties are agreed that the State has no right to ostracize men on account of their religious beliefs. It is lucky for extremists of all sorts that this is so, though oddly enough the extremists are the last to recognize it. The Roman Catholics, I must say, seem to have learned more in this respect from the teaching of history than the Protestants. They no longer show any desire to arrays the church power in

extreme Protestant seems still to cherish the views of Henry VIII and his daughters as to the duty of the State to regulate religion."

Following is the report of the proceedings upon the appeal taken from the magisterial decision:

In the King's Bench Division, before the Lord Chief Justice of England and Mr Justice Darling, Mr. Avory, K.C. (with whom was Mr. Birrell), moved, or a rule nisi for a mandamus directed to Mr. Kennedy, the metropolitan police magistrate, commanding him to hear and determine an application made to him by the Rev. Charles Strickland for summonses under section 41 of the Catholic Relief Act, 1829, against three persons who it was alleged had become Jesuits within the United Kingdom. That section provides that "in case any person shall, after the commencement of this Act, within any part of the United Kingdom be admitted or become a member of, or Brother or member of any other such religious Order, Community, or society as aforesaid"—i.e., any Catholic religious Order, "imminity, or society bound by monastic or religious vows—"such person shall be deemed and taken to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be sentenced and ordered to be banished from the United Kingdom for the term of his natural life." The learned magistrate had refused to grant the summonses applied for, stating as his grounds for so doing that the statute had become practically obsolete, and that under the statute proceedings for the offence could only be taken at the instance of the Crown. Mr. Avory contended that there was no such doctrine known to the law as that a statute could become obsolete, and, further, that the particular statute in question had been recognized by the Legislature as continuing in force in recent times, both in the Catholic Charities Act, 1860, and in the Promissory Oaths Act, 1871. He further contended that there was in English law no crime for which a private person might not prosecute. He also argued that in the present case it could not be said that the magistrate had refused summonses in the exercise of his discretion. He had proceeded on a wrong view of the law, and there was ample authority for the proposition that a purported exercise of discretion by a magistrate acting on a wrong view of the law was no exercise of discretion.

The Court granted the rule.

The comment upon the foregoing of The Catholic Times shows that the Catholic people have entire confidence in the common-sense and intelligence of the English Judiciary. Our contemporary says:

"Though the bigots of the Protestant Alliance who are anxious to banish and transport the Jesuits and the members of other Orders have succeeded in their appeal against the decision of Mr. Kennedy, they are not in the least likely to achieve a success which will enable them to carry out their persecuting designs. The day for such an unjust and anti-social policy is past. It is only in reactionary countries that one hears of decrees of banishment against any class of law-abiding citizens, and the nations which tolerate such decrees will fall back more and more. In the United States, where progress is going on in all directions, the man who proposed expulsions on the ground of religious opinions would be considered either a lunatic or an idiot. In the German Empire, which is striving hard to keep pace with the United States in commercial energy, it has just been officially announced that the Imperial Chancellor is holding parleys with the Federal Government with a view to the removal of the existing disabilities of Emperor William's Catholic subjects. The men—who should we say the women—who would provoke bitter religious conflicts in Great Britain would, if they had their way, revive to the detriment of the country the tortures associated with religious strife two and three hundred years ago."

On Feb 5 a monster Protestant meeting was held in the Albert Hall, London, "in defence" of Protestant principles. Viscount Middleton was the chairman. It is interesting to read the gospel of this specimen of "the old nobility." They met, he declared, for three special purposes: "First they desired to protest against the placing in positions of public trust and of public influence any but those who were utterly loyal to the principles of the Reformation; secondly, to protest against

Rome. Secondly, they protested against any attempt being made to malign the Royal Declaration as to the views and convictions of the Sovereign—in other words, the Coronation Oath. Thirdly, they were met to protest earnestly against the introduction into this realm of any of the objects of oblate and militant Orders of the Roman Catholic Church, who said they had been driven from their own country by persecution. Viscount Middleton belongs to the class who have a grievance in the fact that Catholic electors do not choose them for representative positions. Yet he would, if he could, repeal the Catholic Emancipation Act and begin a process to promote the interests of Japan. One wants trade, the other territory. It is the trade of Britain that is threatened. But, by whom? Not Russia, for Russia is not a manufacturer and exporter as England is. Germany is the more likely nation abominated in the bond as having other power." If this be so, it is not an either or of strength or peace that Britain's ally is Japan. If a European ally were found, the balance of civilized power which always makes for peace would have been preserved, but the treaty as it is drawn up makes common cause against the whole of Europe, and that is the sign of danger in it. The treaty is diplomacy of a piece with all the acts and achievements of the present incompetent Government. Britain will see herself happy out of it at the expiration of the five-year period.

WHY THIS ALLIANCE?

Madame Britannia having lived a life of "splendid isolation" during the widowhood of the late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has changed her condition with the times. Her alliance with the little Jap was announced just before Lent opened. The Imperialists made a brave attempt to render the wedding march in martial style. But did not have the right ring, somehow. As a matter of fact the alliance is a "modern marriage" in every sense of the word. There is to be a mutual separation at the end of five years, when Madame Britannia may either resume her station as "grass widow" of the nations, or look out for another and more presentable ally. The peculiar thing is that she should consider herself so urgently in need of a protector during the next five years that she had to take up with a yellow heathen who does not come up to her elbow in stature. The company of her strapping young Colonial sons and daughters was not protection enough for her it would seem.

Who is she afraid of? The Colonial members of the household won't like the step-father at all. The Australian boy has been in the habit of calling the Jap names and warning him off the grass, and it will not be a pleasant task now to have to say "papa" to the ugly little semi-barbarian. Canada, the eldest daughter, has also shown her dislike for the Oriental on more than one occasion. How is Madame Britannia to preserve harmony in her own household for the next five years?

If she had to marry, why did she not capture some decent man? True she made pressing offers to Cousin Jonathan until all the neighbors were laughing at the show, and this was not leap year either. She took too long a time to find out that the "Monroe doctrine" binds Jonathan to bachelorhood, and it must have been the bitter disappointment of this reluctant discovery that drove her into the arms of the first suitor she met. Another guess is that the match was made by the Imperialists. The average historian will readily remember that Nippon is the ancient home of the Jingo, and the modern habitat of that rapacious animal being the home dominion of the blushing bride of the week before last, she may have considered it her duty, seeing that her cousin had jilted her, to bestow her hand on her next-of-kin in line. But these are sentimental and gossipy conjectures at the best. Madame Britannia is a shrewd business woman and her matrimonial affairs are not likely to conceal any love stories. It is ridiculous that she could have lost her heart to the Jap. Indeed the marriage agreement makes the nature of the partnership so clear that those who run may read:

"Article II.—II either Great Britain or Japan, in defence of their respective interests, as above described, should become involved in war with another Power, the other contracting party will maintain strict neutrality and use its efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in the hostilities against its ally.

"Article III.—In the above event,

"Article IV.—The contracting parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests above described."

This agreement must mean one of two things. Either Great Britain or Japan is afraid of some other Power, too much afraid to meet that Power alone. Can it be Britain? It must be Britain. The interests of Britain in the Past are not the interests of Japan. And Britain would never go into the agreement to promote the interests of Japan. One wants trade, the other territory. It is the trade of Britain that is threatened. But, by whom? Not Russia, for Russia is not a manufacturer and exporter as England is. Germany is the more likely nation abominated in the bond as having other power." If this be so, it is not an either or of strength or peace that Britain's ally is Japan. If a European ally were found, the balance of civilized power which always makes for peace would have been preserved, but the treaty as it is drawn up makes common cause against the whole of Europe, and that is the sign of danger in it. The treaty is diplomacy of a piece with all the acts and achievements of the present incompetent Government. Britain will see herself happy out of it at the expiration of the five-year period.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the recent election in East Down in which the Government suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of a former colleague in the person of Mr. T. W. Russell, the Government forces went the platform with the cry "Russell Redmond and Rome." The constituency is Orange, and the defeat of the Government is a bright omen of Irish unity.

Lord Rosebery has been talking early and his newspaper clatters have been boozing the sensational effect of a paragraph in his speech in which he repudiated all idea of a Liberal alliance with the Irish. There was no sensation in that Lord Rosebery repudiated the Irish party years ago when he repudiated Home Rule, and he has been a man without a party in England from that day.

The Catholics of Versailles, France, have in consequence of the banishment of Religious, undertaken to boycott all tradesmen, builders, contractors, professional people or others who had anything to do with voting the Associations Law, or carrying out, by any sale or purchase of property confiscated under the said law, the measure directed against religion. The militant spirit is rather required just now in France, when not only monks and nuns are persecuted, but when secular priests are marched to prison between gendarmes, like common thieves or burglars, because they organize religious processions in their parishes.

The Countess of Aberdeen is credited by The Pall Mall Gazette with the intention of wearing in her coronet at the Coronation no less than "five of the largest emeralds in the world." They were, it appears, presented to her "during her husband's tenancy of the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, by the people of Ireland." There was no such presentation to the Countess of Aberdeen while she was in Ireland. But, says The Dublin Freeman's Journal, there was what was infinitely better, and what no other wife of a Viceroy experienced in our time—there was the friendship of the people and, when Lady Aberdeen and her husband had to leave Dublin, the greatest demonstration of affection the Irish capital has ever given to the British Government of this country.

Emperor William is making himself as popular at the Vatican as in the United States. The celebration of his birthday (January 21) in the Eternal City was marked by a speech by the Ambassador from Germany to the Holy See, Baron von Rotteman, who referred to the approaching Papal Jubilee. The Ambassador dwelt upon the clear intelligence and high wisdom shown by the grand old man who occupies the Chair of Peter, and who, in the government of the Church, has always aimed at the common and universal well-being. Then he spoke of His Majesty the King of Prussia, dwelling specially on the deep interest he always has shown in the good of his Catholic subjects. Finally, he noted how these two great Princes have always scrupulously sought to keep strictly within the limits of their respective powers, and he concluded with a "Huzzah" to the Emperor and to His Holiness, which was responded to with the greatest enthusiasm by all present.

Says The Canadian Baptist: "The

Protestants of France constitute but one-eighth of the population, but so superior is their comparative intelligence that one-eighth of the members of the Chamber of Deputies and Senate belong to them, and the Ministers of Finance and Public Instruction are in their hands."

Who did The Baptist get its statistics? One-eighth of the membership of the Chamber of Deputies may be made up of persons who are not good Protestants. There is no such thing as a pure Protestant.

A telegram from Joseph Chamberlain has been a "sure winner" in recent English elections. Not willing to rest content with his Galway experience, the Colonial Secretary also made a personal appeal to the "Loyalists" of East Down to vote against the candidate backed by Mr. T. W. Russell. We know what the result was. The following was Mr. Chamberlain's telegram:

"The class put upon my telegram to Mr. Johnston by the Nationalist organisation is dishonest and untrue. No friend of the man can support Mr. Wood, who derives his main support from the Nationalist Party, and can only hope to win the seat by deserters from our side. I regard Mr. Russell's recent action with great regret. Since he has ceased to be a member of the Government he has done his best to injure the great interest of Unionism, of which he had previously been a leading supporter. The return of Mr. Wood would not help the cause of land purchase, and it would certainly encourage the Nationalist Party, whose actions and methods Mr. Russell has so often and so eloquently denounced. Believe me, yours truly,"

J. CHAMBERLAIN."

Lenten Sermons in Montreal.
Montreal, Feb. 17.—Special sermons were delivered in the leading Catholic Churches yesterday, the first Sunday in Lent. Regular courses of sermons will be given throughout the penitential season. The churches were crowded early, in consequence, at both morning and evening services. At the Grotto, the morning services were marked by sermons by Rev. Father Louis Lalande, S. J., and in the evening Rev. Father Moeller, S. J., of St. Louis, Mo., preached in English. Mgr. Rozier, last year's popular preacher, is again at Notre Dame, and fully maintains the reputation he acquired last year.

Rev. Father Lalande, S. J., at the morning sermon, in the Church of the Gesu, spoke on Catholic action in our time. Christianity is ever the same, but the manifestations of that Christianity by works change somewhat with the times. We all some more or less unconsciously, feel the influence of the changes in times and country. Thus it is that we have those different classes—reactionaries, progressives—whose names often dispense them from making any progress; rationalists, whose names also dispense them, in most cases, from relying on reason, retrogrades, intellectuals, americanists, and many other diversions, which are only so many stages of the conditions in which changing conditions leave different people. Our times have their virtues—they also have their faults. The present age is superficial, vain, it follows what matters; is credulous unto superstition in human things, incredulous unto impiety in things of God. It accepts authority unwillingly, and submits to it still less.

Christianity must resist all the pernicious influences of the ages. Christians must be men of action. Their Saviour, Christ, was active during His whole life on earth, and He called upon His followers, those who believed in Him, to imitate His example. Christians should be ready to forego the honors and pleasures of this world to please and imitate their Divine Master. As the Martyrs and Crusaders were men of action in their times, so must the Christians of today be men of action if they would aspire to be really followers of Him who came to save the world. On Sunday next, Father Lalande will speak on the Catholic in social life.

Practicing in the evening, Father Moeller, S. J., carried his hearers along the same course of thought. He said amid all the modern struggle for material good, the spiritual is being forgotten, in many ways the world is going back to the old pagan sentiments which were just combated by Christ. In Asia, where the old pagan doctrines are supreme among more than half the population, the struggle has to be carried forward. Once more men are asking, "Art Thou really Christ, the Son of the Father?" The Catholic Church is answering that question in all parts of the world, and although she has made some losses, she is making up for the loss. Her progress among Asiatic nations is truly wonderful. With the name of Christ she goes forward. There is no more tyranny, as in the early days of the Church. Men have made better by the knowledge of Christ. Throughout the world there is philanthropy, charity. The world tries to deny that this comes from Christ. The world claims these virtues; they try to see them against Christ, but the truth remains that He was the first to preach the doctrine that we are bound to love our neighbor as ourselves. That is the secret, the

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII

British War Office Scandal

The British papers received this week indicate that the War Office scandal, the corruption practised in the purchase of horses for the South African war, has absorbed public attention. In the debate on this matter in the House of Commons, Hon. Edward Blake made a great impression with a brief and cogent speech, in which he fastened the responsibility for what had been done on Mr. Brodrick, the War Minister. The report,



HON. EDWARD BLAKE

Blake showed that Mr. Brodrick had only acted under compulsion at all stages of the unearthing of this scandal and the measures consequential upon it. First of all he tried to bluff Sir Blundell Maple, and only appointed the committee when, after ineffectual private representation, that gentleman made a public charge in the House. Then he appointed a Committee, so selected that a whitewashing report was inevitable, and now,

having neglected to acquaint himself with the contents of the report for several months, it was only under pressure of threats from his own side that he undertook to consider the conduct of the officers implicated. It was a perfectly crushing indictment, and Mr. Balfour was so conscious of its damaging effect that he brushed aside Mr. Lowther and insisted on trying to minimize its injury to his colleague and the Government.

An Historical Phrase.

An interesting inquiry has been made by The Paris Eclaire as to whether Marshal de MacMahon ever pronounced the famous words attributed to him when he had taken the Malakoff from the Russians during the Crimean War: "J'y suis et j'y reste," "I am here and I mean to remain here." M. G. Bapt, who is an authority on anecdotal history, has been applied to on the matter, and he gives a remarkable reply. He says that her personally asked MacMahon if he had uttered the words, and the Marshal actually said he had no remembrance of them. He was even vastly surprised on returning to Paris after the war, to find himself credited with such a phrase. M. Bapt, in his character of thorough and painstaking investigator, was not satisfied with the Marshal's

statement. He accordingly saw Lord Wolseley, who referred him to Sir Michael Biddulph. The latter had been at Sebastopol with the allied forces, and saw MacMahon in the Malakoff. In a letter to M. Bapt, Sir Michael distinctly states that when he made known to the Marshal in the Malakoff the offer of the English Commander-in-Chief to help him, MacMahon calmly replied as the bullets were flying around and as French and Russians were furiously slaughtering each other: "You can tell the English General that I am here, and that I mean to remain here." Sir Michael also says that since that time he had no chance of seeing or speaking to the gallant Franco-Irish Marshal again.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.
The last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Commandery, No. 212, Knights of St. John, was well attended and had also a good number of visiting Brothers, among them being Bro. H. Cowan, President of St. Anthony's Commandery and the euchre club from St. Mary's Commandery. After routine business was transacted a pleasant event which took place was the presentation to Bro. M. Garvin of gold badge emblem of the Order. The President, in making the presentation, requested Bro. Garvin to accept the badge as a slight token of appreciation for his valuable work in the interest of the Commandery during the past year, and wished that a number of other members would take example by Bro. Garvin and devote their energies to promote the welfare of the Order. Bro. Garvin made a suitable reply, thanking the members for the present. He stated that he would not relish his energies but with renewed vigor he would work harder in the future than he had in the past. Short addresses were delivered by Bro. H. Cowan and the other visiting Brothers.

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

The President, Mr. C. J. Read, was chairman at the last regular meeting held in the rooms of the Association. After the transaction of regular business, some time was spent in revising the constitution.

Applications were received and accepted from fifteen new members.

Messrs. J. T. Lorus and E. J. J. Kelly represented the association in the debate with the Catholic Student's Union held in St. Basil's Hall on Thursday last. The subject was "Resolved that the permanent connection of Canada with the Motherland is desirable." This was the second debate of the Inter-Catholic Club series, and the decision went to the Catholic Students' Union who had the negative side.

In a former report an error was made in crediting an essay on "Daniel O'Connell" to Fred O'Connor. This name, of course, should have been Fred H. O'Leary.

The members of the Association will receive Holy Communion in a body at St. Mary's Church on next Sunday at 8:30 a.m.

YORK MUTUAL FIRE.

In our columns of this week will be found the report of the York Mutual Fire Insurance Company for the past year. The net assets of the Company have increased from \$15,489.85 in 1896 to \$220,084.16 in 1901. This alone speaks well for the company and should recommend it to anyone seeking insurance.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

The Register adds to its subscription list this week the name of a remarkable and noble woman at present resident of Carlton, Minn. Mrs. Johanna Purcell lived with her husband for forty years in the Argentine Republic, and last summer in her widowedhood paid a visit to her native place Waterford, Ireland, travelling alone from South America. Two of her children live in Minnesota, and the remainder of her family, two sons and three daughters, are in New York. Her husband died in 1892.

A Most Successful Year

When an Insurance Company fifteen years of age can boast as successful a year as that just completed by the

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

the present strength and future growth of the Company is too certain to need further remark.

Insurance in Force.....	\$27,130,424.00
Total Assets.....	3,778,477.25
Reserve, Dividends, Death Claims and other miscellaneous Liabilities.....	3,270,165.75
Surplus to Policyholders.....	502,931.70
	\$3,778,477.25
Net Premium Income.....	928,108.66
Cash Income on Interest, Beants and from other sources.....	181,719.42
	\$1,104,821.08
Total Expenditure.....	532,307.31
Excess of Income over Expenditure.....	572,014.67
	\$1,104,821.08

For security to policyholders the Company holds:

Bonds.....	\$ 409,321.50
Reserve.....	3,210,701.00
Uncalled Capital Stock.....	1,200,000.00
	\$4,019,022.50

Item.	1900.	1901.	Increase in 1901 over 1900.	Increase per cent.
Amount of Insurance Insured.....	\$6,171,663.00	\$6,125,661.00	\$65,728.00	30
Assets.....	3,294,265.22	3,778,477.25	\$66,119.03	17.7
Reserves.....	144,734.00	502,931.70	\$7,897.45	50.8
Surplus to Policyholders.....	409,321.50	572,014.67	\$62,693.17	52.3

It will certainly be to your interest to see one of the Agents of this progressive Company or write to Head Office for particulars regarding rates, etc., before placing your Insurance.

HON. G. W. BAKER,
President.

J. P. JONES,
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE,

TORONTO.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.**ORDINATION IN ROME**

Many old students of St. Michael's College through Canada and the United States will be pleased to hear of the ordination in Rome on Sunday last, February 16th, of John F. Kidd to the priesthood. Father Kidd is a son of the late John Kidd of Athlone, Simcoe County, Ontario, in which place he was born Aug. 28, 1870. He received his primary education at the De La Salle Institute here and his classical education at St. Michael's College.

Father Kidd is a brother of Mrs. F. P. Brazil and Mr. Neil Kidd of Toronto, Mr. George Kidd of Winnipeg, and Joseph Kidd of Athlone.

Father Kidd's student life was interrupted by the death of his father and again by the death of his brother William, which compelled him to return home and assume management of the large lumbering and mercantile business which the family still control.

Father Kidd enters the priesthood well equipped to bear its onerous duties, having had a brilliant student career coupled with a successful business experience.

The Register wishes him long life in his chosen holy profession.

INTER-CATHOLIC CLUB DEBATING UNION

The second meeting of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union took place Thursday, the 13th inst., at the rooms of the Catholic Student's Union. In the absence of the President, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, presided. The debate was between St. Mary's C. L. & A. A. and the Catholic Student's Union, Mr. J. F. Loftus and Mr. E. J. Kelly for St. Mary's, in two excellent speeches endeavored to prove "That the permanent connection of Canada with the Motherland is desirable." The speakers for the negative were Mr. W. H. McGuire and Mr. Mugan, and they very ably upheld their own, and the Student's reputation as debaters and succeeded in gaining the decision in a hard fought contest. The judges were Rev. Dr. Tracy, Mr. E. J. Hearns and Mr. Thomas Mulvey, and in announcing the decision they all complimented the various speakers on the able way in which their arguments were brought forth and spoke very encouragingly of the prospects of the Inter-Catholic Debating Union and wished it every success.

MR. O'DONOGHUE'S RICH PRIZE

Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, of the law firm of Lee & O'Donoghue, has been declared the winner of the annual LL.B. examinations at Toronto University, for the highest standing on examination and for a thesis. The prize, which consists of 35 volumes of American and English Encyclopaedia of Law, and 35 of Practice, is the richest prize donated, being valued at \$500. Mr. O'Donoghue's thesis was on "Canadian Copyright," and it has attracted wide attention since publication. Mr. O'Donoghue was a gold medalist at Trinity University, an honor graduate of the Law School, and was for some years secretary to the High Court judges.

A. O. H. CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

"Whereas, we, the officers and members of the County Board A. O. H. have learned with much regret of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Newman, of Belleville, brother of our esteemed Brother Frank Newman. Resolved, that we the members of the County Board of the A. O. H. tender to Bro. Frank Newman and other members of the family our sincere sympathy for the sad loss they have sustained and pray that Almighty God will give them grace to bear the same with Christian fortitude. Resolved, that the copy of same be forwarded to Bro. Frank Newman, entered on the minutes of this Board, published in The National Hibernian, Catholic Register and Catholic Record." William Ryan, County Secretary.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

The custom of keeping the fast of Lent dates back from very remote times. The season of Lent covers a period of forty days, omitting Sundays, and serves to commemorate our Saviour's fast of forty days in the desert prior to the fulfillment of His mission. His death on the cross and Resurrection after three days.

The Holy Season of Lent is set apart by the Church as a time of prayer, fasting, self-denial and almsgiving, and it is her intention that these acts should be accompanied by a spirit of interior penance.

The first preaching of Our Lord was on the subject of penance, when He said "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And further "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

While the severity of the ancient custom of keeping Lent has been much relaxed, the practice of taking but one meal, with a slight collation, is still retained and enforced by the Church.

During the season, which is also a preparation for the great feast of Easter, it is also urged by the Lenten regulations that all Catholics should abstain from all intoxicating drinks and to take no part in public amusements.

White a great many are dispensed

from fasting owing to the nature of their occupations, etc., everyone so exempted is expected to perform other acts of penance, so that all may concur with the spirit of the Church during this Holy Season. In preparation for the great festival of Easter, the Register suggests to its readers

that they fast on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and abstain from all intoxicating liquors.

It will certainly be to your interest to see one of the Agents of this progressive Company or write to Head Office for particulars regarding rates, etc., before placing your Insurance.

HON. G. W. BAKER,
President.

J. P. JONES,
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE,

TORONTO.

For security to policyholders the Company holds:

Bonds.....	\$ 409,321.50
Reserve.....	3,210,701.00
Uncalled Capital Stock.....	1,200,000.00
	\$4,019,022.50

Item.	1900.	1901.	Increase in 1901 over 1900.	Increase per cent.
Amount of Insurance Insured.....	\$6,171,663.00	\$6,125,661.00	\$65,728.00	30
Assets.....	3,294,265.22	3,778,477.25	\$66,119.03	17.7
Reserves.....	144,734.00	502,931.70	\$7,897.45	50.8
Surplus to Policyholders.....	409,321.50	572,014.67	\$62,693.17	52.3

For security to policyholders the Company holds:

Bonds.....	\$ 409,321.50
Reserve.....	3,210,701.00
Uncalled Capital Stock.....	1,200,000.00
	\$4,019,022.50

For security to policyholders the Company holds:

Item.	1900.	1901.	Increase in 1901 over 1900.	Increase per cent.

</

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE
Hello, there, Gwendolyn Swatch the line.
So I can get St. A. Lentone
That you? I want to order
A tip-top Valentine you know,
With jolly jolts and a bow,
And pauses between the order.

You've plenty of 'em! Well, I say
Please make it be the red and gold—
Oh pink or blue or yellow—
What sort of Valentine's though?
The sun was blushing across the snow—
That's just what I said to a fellow.

But in some cases all are white,
A heart, maybe, and stars and thistles
All in their proper places.
I want it up-to-date, you know,
With pretty posies at a row,
And pannies making faces.

How verses? Yes, put in a lot,
My mother, she knows what is what
As well as any other—
Good-by, then, like it? I guess so,
For what just pleases me, you know,
Somehow, just suits—my mother!

—Primary Education

A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER.
This is a true story, and among the golden deeds of courage" I think that it should have its place.

Across the street from my home is an old Revolutionary homestead, surrounded by grand trees, which are our delight through all the year. We are not the only ones, however, who enjoy their strength and beauty. Birds flock among the branches to build their homes. Rare birds — birds of ancient family, who probably prefer those trees to newer ones with finer names and more recent birth. Besides my small feathered friends, there are squirrels, also, and among these are Mother Frisky and her little ones.

We became acquainted with her because she chose her "pole" in the tree nearest us, and her busy, important ways won our hearts and admiration.

Last autumn, when a certain little boy arose one morning very early to gather nuts, he had quite an experience with Mother Frisky, and became the most devoted admirer ever after. When he reached the chestnut tree Frisky and he seemed to have the world to themselves. It was a still sweet morning, and mother squirrel appeared to have no fear of the little lad who had come to share her spoils, but she watched him. The harvest was not plentiful, and it was the early boy and the early squirrel who really had any chance. The intruder shook the tree, and Frisky trembled approaching. "A hot fell," he made a dart for it, and the boy's treasure was gone! If more than one fell, he remained lay with the quicker and abler. The boy came home later with no treasure, but with such a happy and glowing face!

Well, Mother Frisky thrrove, and we were all aware, by the chattering and happiness, that up in the old tree were other young Friskies, making glad the mother-heart.

One day I sat writing at my table, when a confused bubble of voices attracted my attention. I looked up. Below Mother Frisky's tree stood five boys, and each boy held a stone in his hand.

"There she goes!" cried one, and a shower of stones rained among the branches.

With horror, I saw that they were aiming at our dear little mother squirrel, who was furiously among the bare branches, trying to reach her home and babies.

By a graceful bound she made her escape and disappeared into her hole. Then one boy said:

"Climb up, Pobby, and scare her out; we'll get more stones!"

Bobby began to climb, and by the time that I had reached the tree each warrior was arm'd for the attack. My appearance daunted the boys. Bobby slipped down from the tree, and the stones clattered to the ground. Then Mother Frisky did such a beautiful thing that more than one little head was bowed, and all hearts were touched.

She had evidently realized her danger, and had seen the approaching foe. There was no time to be lost. The home she had made and loved was no longer a safe shelter for her babies.

In the face of that strong, alarming enemy she must get her treasures away and hide them in a new hole — empty and deserted, but far, far out of reach.

Cautiously, she peeped out, took her chance, and, the two on, urging and chattering to make them brave, she guided her darlings to the strange home.

"Boys," I said, "she will make her old cozy quarters. She will have to work very hard to carry her store of food to the new shelter, and I wonder which of you, had he been pursued and threatened by five big armed men, could have dared to do what that little mother has just done?" Compare your size and hers, and then try to imagine the terror in her heart while she was trying to save her children."

"Do you think we could bring her back to her home?"

It was Bobby who asked the question, and there was something in his

SMOTHER A COUGH.

You can smother a cough with your hand but you can't cure it that way. Some medicines only smother coughs.

Scott's Emulsion cures them.

Old coughs and deep-rooted

coughs can't be cured until

the inflammation which causes

them has been replaced by

healthy tissue.

That is exactly the kind of thorough work Scott's Emulsion does. It changes the entire nature of the throat and lungs so that there is nothing to cough about.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & DOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

for sorry eyes.

"No," I replied, "that would frighten her still more. You will have to win her trust."

"I'm awfully sorry," whispered another voice.

"So am I," came in a sad chorus.

"But there is one thing you can do," I said, as I pressed a little hand that had stolen into mine, "You can form yourselves into a bodyguard and defend Mother Frisky and her little ones. While you are near no one will dare to molest her. You can put food in her way, and be very gentle when she ventures near you."

"We will!" right joyfully rang out five clear, boyish voices. "I often see them standing under the old tree, their honest faces upturned to catch a sight of the merry little family doing acrobatic feats among the top branches.

Sometimes I think Mother Frisky understands, for once lately she came down to the ground and timidly hopped to within a yard of Hobby, who was standing like an image. Then she darted away, as if not quite sure even yet.

But the bodyguard is faithful. Their fame has spread abroad, too, and many other squirrels are safer because Mother Frisky, by her brave, unselfish act, touched the hearts of five thoughtful little boys. — Brooklyn Eagle.

THAT BABY.

There's a droll little baby that runs away—

From 'round the corner on Frenchman street—

If you watch you may see him 'most any day,

With his brown, bare arms, and his brown, bare feet.

"... and we are... and we are..."

A smaller tot you'll not see—

Of the human sort—with such speed and spring.

His legs are as crooked as legs can be,

And they take him along with a seesaw swing.

His hair is tousled, his frock is rent,

He is mud-spattered and dust-bright;

But his little face shows supreme content,

And his dancing eyes are with fun alight.

Oh, the wobbly work of those limbs so small—

Oh, the frantic strain of the spidery thing—

When he hears the voice of his mother call,

When her nearer footstamps behind him sing!

An extra scramble! A clutch! A hug!

There's a shrillling of laughter that silvers the air!

There's a flourish of feet as she holds him snug,

With his head thrown back in a swirl of hair.

Then happy and laughing they hurry back.

To that smallest of cots on that small side way.

Ab, much of its brightness the season would lack.

Without that baby that runs away!

Laura Garland Carr, in Boston Transcript.

O Mary, every step of thine upon earth is either a lesson or a benefit!

Queen of Heaven, Mother of Mercies, in thee is life, joy, and hope of the earth!

Even the fool, who said in his heart there was no God, found that He was not far off when thunders rent the skies and lightning shattered the rocks.

From The Mail and Empire.

Oshawa, Ont., Feb. 17.—Joseph Brown, whose case was fully reported in The Mail and Empire some days ago, seems to be the most talked-of and written-about man in Canada. He is in receipt daily of many letters from all over the Dominion. Physicians and scientists, as well as sick people, write him, and many and often amusing questions are asked. To all Mr. Brown answers "I have given my sworn statement, and it tells the story. Dodd's Kidney Pill cured me, and that after I had been partially paralyzed and unable to move for over four months, and give up by many doctors."

Many people have been puzzled as to how a kidney medicine can cure paralysis. This is easily understood when it is remembered that the kidney pill, which is a strong medicine, acts directly upon the kidneys, which are the most delicate organs of the body.

The uses of the woods are many, and some of them for the scholar high and perspicuous. His must leave the house, the streets and the club and go to the wooded uplands, to the clearing and the brook. Well for him if he can stay with the old mother, "I know where to find a new home,"

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A TASTE FOR RUAPINGO

Knowledge and learning are two dif-

ferent ideas. It is not easy to think

out for ourselves even very obvious

things. Reading suggests them to us.

It increases the light round about us,

and also the light within us. We gain

light by appropriating through books

the expertise of others. We learn meth-

ods which shorten roads.

A taste for reading often hinders our

taking the wrong side in practical

questions, which are involved in the

world, but tell upon the church.

It does this either by the information it

has enabled us to obtain on the sub-

ject itself or by making our instincts

accute and sensitive through our fa-

miliarity with right principles, and

with the subjects kindred to the one

under discussion. Look in a many

high-minded, narrow-minded good peo-

ple get on a wrong tack about the

Church and the Pope, and public af-

fairs, especially in a non-Catholic

country, simply because, having no

taste for reading, they are fractions of

men rather than men—Faber

is like to God?

"It was a chattering ceremony. At

mass the humble catechumens would

not occupy the chair prepared for him,

he sat on the earth in a simple mat.

He had already separated himself from

all his fetishes and his wives, and put

aside his crown of antelope horns in a

corner of his home. About 4 p.m. he

had received baptism by fire for godfa-

ther, the superiors of the Sisters

at Onitsha. As soon as baptized he

came out, and in his enthusiasm car-

ried in a loud voice. "Who is like to God?

And all the people of Nsube — 9,000

— cried out after him. "Who is like to

God?"

"The twenty-eight chiefs of Nsube

then held a council and decreed: (1)

that all parents should send their

children to school, and that for school

purposes each of the nine quarters of

the town should give up the fetish

house of the quarter, (2) that all the

Neubus should be instructed in the

Christian faith; (3) 'wo large roads,

twenty-three feet wide, should be made

at the expense of the town, to connect

the mission with the different

quarters, (4) opposition to these

unanimously voted decisions should

entail a fine, to be determined by a

special commission. These events are

the more consoling because for three

years Nsube had been practically aban-

doned, as the Niger missionaries died

one after the other, and it was im-

possible to look after this people,

whose evangelization appeared so very

difficult.

"It is a remarkable coincidence that

on the very day I baptized Obi we

learned of the death of the first mis-

sionary of Nsube, Father Cadie.

</

A Climb To The Skies

Herbert Denham was a product of Harvard — a piece of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well-known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp enough to be unmistakably those of the New Englander of pure race as contradistinguished from all foreign admixtures. He was well aware of these excellent points, held himself high in the matrimonial market, had ambitions of the vague sort, was true as steel to his friends and also to his Alma Mater. In short, he had every advantage which his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a seaside resort within easy reach of Boston, and the young man with him, poor fellow, stood by contrast at a hopeless disadvantage. Tom Macmillan favored the Scotch-Irish type, had a snub nose and irregular features, only redeemed from positive plainness by a pair of dancing blue eyes and a smile few could resist.

Worst of all, he was very lame, the result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youth could not fail to strike the observer. Yet Macmillan's good-humored face was full of content. His seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon which never failed, so quietly did he take the many alights that fell to his lot. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society.

Just now the unlucky lamaster was holding forth on the delights of mountaineering. He had recently returned from Switzerland, having this one advantage over his friend Denham, whose foreign travel was still in prospect.

"I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good-humoredly explaining, "because of my unaccommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamonix did wonders! And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark splendid records on their alpenstocks, and come back, oh! so hungry. Nothing like Swiss air for the appetite. They simply devoured their French dishes at the table d'hôte dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters!"

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes," he said, "I will try to show the John Bull what we can do in their line—yes, before very long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is what the English seem to have had every time."

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call an action de graces for them, in my heart," Denham looked up curiously.

"Why, Tom," he asked, after a moment's thought, "is it dangerous?"

"More so than admitted. Accidents frequently pass unnoticed for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mount Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them, if possible, while others peeped through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing men had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamonix, in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

"Why so?" asked the other, carelessly.

"Oh, stop and think, Denham! It is pure glacier ice. There is no camping possible near the summit. Too low a temperature and rarified air. It is worse, even, than polar ice. Parties have no fuel and not even sleeping bags. If they fall asleep on that ice they perish—that is all!"

Denham's face fell. That vision of dead men, asleep forever on the crystalline ice, awaiting eternal judgment, loomed up before him, clear as light. Its terror startled him. How could one speak of it? he concluded, mentally answering his own question. "Tom is a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him."

"With a sharp effort he threw off the paralyzing thought; as the English say, he "pulled himself together."

"Well, Mac, I mean to practice mountaineering a little here in the States before I challenge Mont Blanc."

"This is almost like Swiss scenery," he murmured, as a turn in the road revealed a deep gorge with a brook at its base. Just as he spoke some wild animal sprang out of a thicket by the roadside—it looked, he thought, like a wildcat—and started Brown Bear. She gave one leap, then dashed off the precipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct; but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost consciousness.

Tom Macmillan still wore his serious look. He had an engagement with Father Jones that afternoon to visit

some poor people, lambs of the flock, awaiting sympathetic aid. Could he excuse himself and set this task aside? He inhaled a word of prayer; then made quiet refusal of the pleasure before him. If he could not lead Denham at least Denham must not lead him—"that is," he whispered, "not into sinfulness or wrong-doing."

So Denham went up alone to call on Isabel Moore, and the party was strangled. A pang of envy did assail Macmillan in his own depths as he saw them gallop off. Being on horseback almost drew with him his lameness, placing him on an athletic plane where he could compete with others—so he loved to ride. But his purse was not a horn of plenty, and Father Jones would show him bitter need of charitable gifts before their rounds were over. "Denham can afford it," he murmured, with a sigh, "but I cannot. He has his uncle's checks to back him."

Another face also looked wistfully at the gay cavalcade as it flashed by. Agnes Macmillan, Tom's cousin, had not received Herbert's projected invitation. Somehow Isabel Moore had driven the notion out of his mind. The brilliant beauty had no disposition to brook a rival; so one or two of her own friends had been asked to complete the party.

The parlour, which had fallen like a gray shadow over the sensitive face as Denham disappeared, told but half the story of this little St. Agnes. Despite her piety and the fact that Herbert Denham was a man who "cared for none of these things," her liking for his cousin's friend had grown into deep affection. The slight of his presence nevet hurt her like a blow; yet she need herself to meet it, and taking her little crucifix, stole into the Lady Chapel of the neighboring cathedral. But she strove in vain to formulate a prayer. How should she win strength to say adieu to a lost love and a lost lover?

Gradually, in the silence, that strength came. The cry of her heart became that wondrous one of St. Francis of Assisi, "Oh, my God and my All! I beseech Thee to let the most sweet and ardent force of Thy love absorb my soul from everything beneath the heavens; that I may die to the world for love of Thy love. Who for love of my love didst vouchsafe to die on the wood of the Cross, my God and my All!"

It was no mere form of words, this cry from the deep of her heart, but a renunciation of earthly love and earthly joy.

As Herbert Denham swept along in his gay mood, proud of himself, proud of his beautiful mate, Brown Bear, and, above all, proud of the graceful rider at his side, a little quiet comment was exchanged between two quiet old gentlemen who saw him pass. One was his uncle, Philip Denham, an aged barrister, whose wealth enabled the young man to gratify every reasonable longing. To the lonely, childless man his nephew had grown very dear. He was appreciative of the lad's fine face and distinguished ways; yet a shade of worry now and then alloyed his satisfaction. That shade fell over him now.

"Gay lad, that!" muttered the other man, a retired stockbroker, and Isabel Moore's guardian. "My ward makes a fine show on horseback, but her fortune a little, I am sorry to say. I do my best with it, but values will depreciate. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well."

This last was punctuated with a keen glance at Uncle Philip.

"Girls and boys are an anxiety," returned the other. "I am worrying about Herbert. He has spent far too much money of late."

"Yes, he is fond of wheeling, golf and polo; gaming, too, wine suppers and the like. Cut down his allowance, Philip, and do it at once. Then we shall see what stuff he is made of."

"He is ambitious enough, Ralph, if that is what you mean. He will have money and position one of these days, though on the way he will find mountains to climb. That's his notion now—the Alps. He does not know life yet. What is that poet line, Ralph? Yes, I have it:

"Across the Alpine summits of great pain
Lie thin Italy."

The speaker's dreaming eyes seemed looking into a land of remembered sorrows. He was a sensitive man, more like Herbert himself in many ways than either was aware.

The ride that day was so delightful that the young fellow could not resist the temptation to go again; so next morning he mounted Brown Bear for a solitary canter. Toni could not go this time, either, for he had to help balance the books at his father's store. So Herbert flew over the rocky trail, fancying himself on the high Alps, enjoying the birdlike alertness of his horse and pitying poor Tom, hard at work in his father's counting-room.

"This is almost like Swiss scenery," he murmured, as a turn in the road revealed a deep gorge with a brook at its base. Just as he spoke some wild animal sprang out of a thicket by the roadside—it looked, he thought, like a wildcat—and started Brown Bear. She gave one leap, then dashed off the precipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct; but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost consciousness.

When he came to again he found

himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full of sunshine bending down over him; it seemed, although so far away. He was in severe pain, badly injured, he knew—perhaps nigh unto death—and that was heaven!

He was afraid of both, and still more afraid of that unseen God, whose

hand time for much thought. The gentle priest had vanished like a shadow, no one seemed to know who he was—a stranger, in all likelihood, from some distant field of labor. Denham had not even thought to ask his name but his words lingered as if written in fire.

"Work for God!" Yes, yet the first thing was to work out his own salvation. So he sent for Father Lanigan, the parish priest, who found in him a penitent of excellent dispositions.

Tom Macmillan rejoiced sincerely over all this and was unwearied in attendance upon the invalid. Agnes, too, came once with her mother to visit him, and her sweet face shone down on him like a benediction. The brilliant Isabel failed to give any sign of regard, no message from her reached the sick room, and rumor already credited her with a new cavalier.

September came and the cough showed real abatement, so the family physician ordered his patient to the pure region of North Carolina. Tom Macmillan going with him as general caretaker and nurse. Here, in the health-giving air, he gained strength, and was soon equal to short rambles in the resounding woods over their slippery floors of pine needles, where the warm sunshine threw slanting orange glows at sunset. He began to enjoy the novelty of it all. He amused himself with talking to the children of the poor "cracker" families, wondering at the universal shiftlessness and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance baulked his efforts.

Denham's lonely stroll became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered.

Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would

supplement his already fine education

and degradation. The misery of

