

**Kingston Business College**  
 Is recommended by the Bishop and Clergy. Send for Catalogue.  
 J. B. MACKAY,  
 K.B.C., Kingston, Ont.

# The Catholic Register.

**SMOKERS**  
 Buy PARSONS'S SHAGS Mixture, positively cool and fragrant, 10 cents per cance.  
**ALIVE BOLLARD,**  
 199 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

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

VOL. X. No. 34

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Catholic Temperance Organizations

**Stirring Sermon Preached Last Sunday on the Question by Father Minchan**

On Sunday last, in St. Peter's Church, a stirring sermon on the Temperance Question and the need for Catholic Parish Total Abstinence Societies, was preached by Rev. Father Minchan the Pastor. The Reverend Gentleman took for his text the words:—

"Hear ye one another's burdens, and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ." (Gal., ii., 2.)

Of the various congregations to whom St. Paul wrote, the Galatians were, judging by the severity of his language towards them, the most imperfect. Soon after this great apostle had shed the light of Christianity upon their souls they yielded to the seduction of some Jewish disturbers, who wanted to subject them to the rites and observances of the Law of Moses. In his indignation at their conduct St. Paul calls them "senseless." "O senseless Galatians! who have bewitched you that you should not obey the truth" (Gal., iii., 1.) Yet it is to these weaklings that he addressed the words: "Hear ye one another's burdens; and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ." One would think that the utmost to be expected from such poor material would be that each should carry his own burden. The great apostle, however, understood Christianity and human nature far too well to propose such selfish individualism. The central idea of the religion of Christ is not a number of isolated units each looking after himself but a world-wide body knit together by the ties of divine love. "By this all men shall know that you are My disciples, if you love one another as I have loved you."

How fully St. Paul entered into this idea is evident from his words: "We being many are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another in Christ Jesus Our Lord." (Rom., xiii., 5.)

Mutual help is, then, the fundamental law of Christianity. It is at the same time the suggestion of enlightened selfishness. A number of beams of wood which, separate, would not support their own weight, will, when properly joined, support a heavy roof. So the weak individual, in helping others, acquires solidity and support for himself. Here is the plain

and profound philosophy of nature and of religion contained in the words of the greatest of missionaries to his very imperfect flock in Galatia: "Hear ye one another's burdens, and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ." If you follow the rule of everyone for himself you will soon, like separated coals, be extinguished in your own ashes. Your only chance of developing heat is to keep together.

To no subject is this more applicable than to that which now comes up for consideration in our series of summer talks, namely temperance. There is no need of dilating upon the physical and moral ruin wrought by this vice. One has only to linger round some of our street corners on a Saturday evening and watch the stream flowing through the lightly swinging screen which shades from prying eyes the barroom—men of every age, from the youth just emerging from boyhood to the grey and wrinkled toiler whose "last days" will be spent in the almshouse—men who sink in shamefacedly and others to whom shame has long been a stranger—men well dressed (though these generally patronize some club-room and are not so much in evidence), men grimy with toil—men of the parasitic class, who are beneath toil—men who, together with the internal supply, carry with them the sufficiency for a Sunday orgy—in order to realize in some measure what disappointment and misery and shame and strife and blasphemy and obscenity and Sunday desecration are carried to many homes by this foul stream. Borne on this current are blotches of a vile kind—slatterns who have emerged with muffled heads from side entrance and hurry home to plunge into depths of degradation which the male drunkard never reaches. What are the results? Homes rendered insupportable and broken up—children tainted before their very birth, and after their birth permitted to grow up for years without baptism, abandoned to the streets so perverted and warped by all they see and hear that it is almost hopeless to attempt to teach them religion or decency—heart-broken parents whose sons instead of being a credit and support are a burden and disgrace—wives worn out by fear and fret and toil—sisters whose lives have been robbed of all joy by silent suffering endured to save the family from disgrace. Every priest, every city priest especially, could point to not a few instances in his own charge of families broken up or rendered wretched, of children growing up without faith, of Mass and Sacraments neglected, because of intemperance. He could also tell of the humiliation he felt when on the crowded street or street car some unsteady wretch endeavored to salute him, nearly overturning himself in the process, or shouted a tipsy "good evening, Father," or tried to engage him in conversation. The unfortunate of this kind has the instinct of faith, but to what purpose does this serve save to bring out to the sneering gaze of the onlookers of that faith how little influence it has on the lives of some of its children?

There is no need of dwelling further on the effects of intemperance now, for the question immediately arising from our text is: "What are we doing to remedy its undeniable serious ravages? And this question comes home to us with redoubled force because of what others are doing to counteract, and also, alas! to extend these ravages. Quite recently we read with pleasure that at a convention of that powerful organization, the Catholic Temperance Association of America a branch from Peterborough, Ontario, won the banner given for the greatest increase in membership during the past year. But with the pleasure evoked by this victory and still more by the enthusiasm with which it was celebrated by the citizens of Peterborough, came the humiliating question: Why have we nothing of this kind in the Queen City of Ontario? We are informed that a city of this Province which has not a Catholic population equal to some of our Toronto parishes numbers some fifteen hundred members in its division of the great

Catholic Temperance Association of this continent. Yet in all our city parishes we have not, at least visible to the naked eye, a society of any kind which has for its special object the suppression of intemperance. We have indeed an effort made with considerable success in the largest parish of our city to bring our young men together to give them a taste for reading and debate, to interest them in healthy and manly sports, and in this way to keep them off the street corners. A movement of this nature is a most effective ally of temperance, for it is at least acknowledged that the temperance talks without intermission from one end of the year to the other become exceedingly dry and if we want to fight the influence of the social glass we must put in its place social enjoyments of a more elevating kind. But whilst athletic and literary societies are powerful and indeed necessary allies, they are not of their very nature temperance organizations. And this fact has been brought home to the people of the great parish to the south of us by recent occurrences. Some of the most prominent members of the excellent young men's association in that parish have been set up in the hotel business in various parts of that parish. The object is quite obvious. It is hoped that their positions amongst and acquaintance with the young men of the literary and athletic association will be an inducement to a large number of the latter to help their genial comrade along in this new venture. A fine stroke of business, no doubt! And brought about by Catholic influence! Ah! when it comes to setting a bright young fellow on his feet behind a bar-room counter, we Catholics show a wonderful energy and ingenuity. In this respect we carry out St. Paul's words most admirably. We not only help to bear the other man's burden, but we supply him with house stock, money, everything we bear one another's burden most admirably when it is a question of the man who hands out liquor; in fact we carry him altogether. We are better than the good Samaritan, for we take a man who is not wounded at all and instead of putting him on a beast we carry him to the inn ourselves and instal him there. St. Paul, however, would hardly be satisfied with this more than literal fulfilment of his Master's and his own words. The great apostle would inquire what are we doing to bear the burden of the many to whom the liquor is served out, since we are doing so much for the one who deals it out. And when told that not a single effort was being made for these the great apostle would make the ears of our apathetic Catholics tingle with words of far stronger denunciation than he addressed to the Galatians. I remember that some time ago at a meeting of the Catholic Children's Aid Society, one of our best known Catholics, in speaking of the cost of looking after neglected children stated that intemperance was the principal source of the trouble. In following him, I could not refrain from saying: "This is perfectly true; but what are you and others like you, doing to remedy this state of affairs? Have you ever lifted a finger to promote any temperance movement?" This wretched apathy with regard to matters of the highest moment—matters which intimately concern the temporal and eternal welfare of many of our fellow

**THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
 TORONTO ST. TORONTO.  
 IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
 WE RECEIVE DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS INTEREST AT  
**3 1/2 PER CENT. PER ANNUM**  
 PAID ONCE A YEAR. IF YOU WITHDRAW IT, WE ADD TO THE ACCOUNT AND LEAVE INTEREST AT THE SAME RATE.  
 Absolute Security  
 Prompt and Courteous Attention

Catholics—is the bane of Catholicity. We have an ample supply of critics who are attempting to wrestle in their own way with the problem of intemperance. We are told that some of these are faddists, other fanatics, others hypocrites, and others political wire-pullers. Grant that this is to a certain extent true, and it must be admitted that a faddist, a fanatic or even a hypocrite is better than a do-nothing. The hypocrite shows at least some appreciation of virtue, but the do-nothing does not go even so far. Those who, not making the least move themselves, are ready to attribute motives to others, lay themselves open to a very sharp rebuff. "You are ever ready to denounce Prohibition as impracticable, an invasion of individual liberty and so forth. Prohibitionists in your eyes are cranks, fanatics, and above all political schemers. Will you kindly tell us from the eminence of your respectability what you are going to do in this matter? You talk about individual liberty. What about the drunken loafers who make night hideous in the lane bordering on my property? What about the family some two doors away that break my rest with their drunken orgies and quarrels? What about the knots of bar-room ruffians who assault the ears of my children as they go to or come from school with vile language. If you look upon Prohibition as impracticable or unjust, will you kindly bend your dignity so far as to condescend to inform us of your remedy for the admitted widespread evil of intemperance." What reply can our Catholics make to a rebuff of this kind? When some of them put on airs of mock dignity and speak of "cranks and faddists and wire-pullers," what answer can they give to the question: "Why do you leave this great issue in such hands?"

It is high time we quit our present staid attitude. Here, I wonder, would Christianity be if the apostles adopted the plan of making themselves neither seen or felt in Jerusalem lest they might disturb the Jewish authorities? Different times and circumstances, no doubt, demand different methods. But the do-nothing method is inexcusable under all circumstances. Activity—a lively interest which will make itself felt in every department of life—is a duty at all times and in all situations. And may we be brought to a better realization of this truth by St. Paul's words: "Hear ye one another's burdens; and so you shall fulfil the law of Christ."

**Sectional Filing Cabinets**  
  
 You do not have to buy a whole Shanon Cabinet when you adopt our system of Filing. And you can have a combination of Arch File and Loose Leaf Files all in one Section.  
 Send for Catalogue No. 227 for full illustrations and prices.  
**The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Limited**  
 77 BAY STREET, TORONTO  
 Factories: - - - - -

## Catholic Temperance Movement

Editor Catholic Register:  
 I read with much pleasure and interest, the letter in your last issue signed "A Catholic Merchant," and I agree with every word he writes. I think that Father O'Brien, of Peterborough, is deserving of the praise and thanks of the Catholic people of all Canada for the grand example—"for we teach by example"—he has set in the noble work he has, and is, accomplishing for the cause of temperance.

I must confess that I have often wondered why a Total Abstinence Society has not been established in every parish in Ontario, in the face of the known fact that many hundreds of Catholic men, both old and young, are daily suffering for want of something of this kind. Yes, and are bringing untold suffering on hundreds and hundreds of others.

Father O'Brien's grand work in this grand cause certainly entitles him to the title of being the "Father Mathew" of Ontario.  
 "Hate off" I say, to this noble priest, who is doing so much good to his fellowman, but do not, we pray, confine it all to Peterborough and vicinity, for I fear "the harvest is great, while the reapers are few." I would like to hear from others of your readers on this important subject. Thanking you for the space afforded me in your columns, I am  
 A CATHOLIC LAYMAN

## Mr. Hall Caine on the Catholic Church and Drama

Mr. Hall Caine, presiding at Ramsey over a Catholic Bazaar opened by Monsignor Carr and Monsignor Nugent, in aid of new schools, said it would be within the memory of some of his Catholic friends that after the last time he stood on a Catholic platform he was taken severely to task by a club to which he belonged in London for want of fidelity to its Protestant principles. He made no apology for standing on a Catholic platform again. He was not there as a Protestant, as a non-Catholic, or as a politician. He was there as a citizen, who had nothing but admiration for the efforts of the Catholic Church was not making in the interests of education, and would wish to aid them by any means in his power. Speaking as a dramatist, he recognized the good feeling which had nearly always existed between dramatists and the Roman Church. That Church had been the friend of the drama in nearly all ages and countries. The English drama in its earliest form had probably been made by monks and priests, and the morality plays were almost certainly intended as illustrations to the teachings of the pulpit. When the drama widened its scope and embraced scenes of secular life the Catholic Church still clung to it, and guided it. The Church had not been responsible for what the drama had done in later or more licentious days. But even at the drama's lowest the Catholic Church had held on to it and tried to lift it up. From the earliest times the Roman Church had recognized the power of the drama to teach, instruct and amuse, and no dramatist, whatever his faith, ought to fall of gratitude to a Church which had done its best to keep his craft alive, even in times of degradation, excess and sometimes merited persecution. It would be allowed by students of the drama that the dramatists had recip-

located the good will of the Roman Church. Even the most liberal of them had rarely or never used the drama as a vehicle for abuse of the Church or of its ministers. On the contrary, they had nearly always treated the priests or bishops, the services and offices of the Church, with a becoming reverence. This was especially noticeable in the works of the great dramatists in all languages. Shakespeare, who was probably not a Catholic, always showed respect for the greater as well as for the lesser clergy and religious—for the Cardinal statesman as well as the monks and friars. No temptation ever prevailed with him to forget the duty of reverence to a high and holy profession. The same was generally true of most of the great French and Spanish dramatists, and even the sterner Protestantism of the German dramatists, of Goethe and Schiller, had never allowed itself to use the stage as a means of fanning the flame of anti-Catholic propaganda. May it always be so if the Church was to be dealt with in the drama, if its office were to be indicated or its ministers were to be presented on the stage, let it be with the reverence that was due to all sacred things and to all great professors. This being so, Mr. Hall Caine could see nothing but good that could come of the drama's recognition of the Church and its affairs among the great factors of existence, closely associated with certain of the most important actions of life and wrapped up with human passions.

## Priestly Dignity (For The Register.)

In those modern days of go-ahead-ness and rush, we are gradually bringing everything to a common level. Nothing is sacred. There is no longer a reverential feeling for holy things, and we are becoming indifferent even to those placed in authority over us by Almighty God.  
 This is more particularly noticeable in the young people of to-day. They take religion, as they take everything else, as a matter of course, and while they may (carefully selecting the choicest words) speak of their religious emotions in a sentimental way, their hearts do not feel the sentiments they express. It is sad indeed to see Catholics letting this terrible indifference creep into their lives. It were better almost to be downright wicked, than to be lukewarm.  
 Some young folks (and old ones also), go to church only to hear the sermon—and criticize it. They forget that it is not necessary to put in flowery language the word of God, which is so wonderful in itself, that the simplest words are made grand when used to express it.  
 What, however, is most to be deplored, is lack of reverence for the dignity of those servants of God in whose charge we are placed. They think more of the man than of his holy office, and while meaning no offence, at times forget the great respect they owe to these representatives of our good Lord.  
 Perhaps, in an idle moment, they think of some action performed by a priest, which causes them amusement, innocent enough in itself, and forgetting the priest they take the man only into consideration, probably discussing the matter with others, thus causing good-humored criticism and probably some disrespectful remarks. While anything like this cannot be denounced as a glaring crime, still it is a great mistake, and occurrences of this kind cannot be "rowned down too severely.  
 When people are looking for fun, they must not use as an instrument a priest of God. By their profession, they are placed infinitely above us, and we take the one step too many when we attempt to hold them up even in a respectful manner, as a subject for amusement.  
 There is an old Scotch adage, originating I know not how, which tells us "If we do not possess a virtue, to acquire it." Let us consider well these words, and if we have erred in the past, make up our minds here and now to atone for it in future. Our religion is already violated with

much edum by those who are not within the fold. Will we then expose to the casual remarks of all and sundry her holy ministers? If we do, we are no true children of the church, and deserve to be treated with the contempt we have well merited.

It is time for us to make a movement in the right direction to show to others how precious our religion is to us, and how we revere the noble shepherds of our flock. We go to too much for "having a good time," and no matter what can minister to our rapacious appetite for amusement is hailed as something to be taken possession of and treated just as our royal fancy dictates, but we must restrain ourselves, and not let the foolish desire lead us into doing that, which did we but exercise a little common sense, would be the farthest from our thoughts.

We can make no mistake by always holding in the highest esteem the sacred dignity of our priesthood.  
 E. G. B.

## MIR D'ARCY SCOTT IN IRELAND

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says: A distinguished Canadian, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, son of the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State for Canada, is at present on a visit to Mr. John Redmond, M. P., at his shooting lodge in Wicklow. Mr. Scott returns to town next week for the Horse Show, Mr. Scott was chairman at Mr. Redmond's great meeting in Ottawa last year.

## Sir Wilfrid Laurier on French-Canada

The Paris Journal publishes an account of a conversation in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to have taken part. On being asked by a representative of The Journal why Canada did not incorporate herself with the United States, the Canadian Premier is reported to have replied: "We should disappear—French Canada would disappear—much more quickly in that gigantic furnace than in the flood of Anglo-Saxon immigration. All who love the French language ought to wish us to remain Canadians. Besides, there is nothing now, always to foreshadow such a change." One of the intimate friends of the Canadian Premier is reported to have told a representative of The Journal that although Sir Wilfrid is somewhat discouraged by the failure of his former attempts, he hopes that his journey will result in an increase of France's Canadian commerce.

Sir Wilfrid and Cardinal Mathew lunched at the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Issy.

All the Toronto Separate schools and the De la Salle Institute opened on Wednesday morning.

**DINERS**  
**FAIR TIME DERBY'S**  
 We've imported some of the best hats made this season in the Fall Hat line—all on sale for Fair Visitors.  
**DUNLAP'S and HEATH'S** hats a speciality. We are sole Canadian agents for them.  
**THE W. & D. DUNN COY. Limited**  
**YONGE & TEMPERANCE TORONTO**

**SPOONER'S "PHENYLE" POWDER**  
 A Good Germicide Disinfectant  
 It is not expensive. It holds Prof. Ellis' Certificate and two World's Fair Gold Medals.  
**ALONZO W. SPOONER**  
 Laboratory, Post Hope, Ont.

**YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO.**  
**Peer of Pianos**  
 Canada's Favorite Piano  
 Anyone who has attended the many great musical concerts given by world-famed artists visiting Toronto and Ottawa in Canada will be impressed with the fact that on all these occasions a piano of this old-established and well-known piano firm was used.  
 —It has been endorsed and recognized by leading musicians, both foreign and those at home.  
**HEINTZMAN & CO.**  
 114-117 King St. W., Toronto.

**DIAMOND VALUE**  
 The price advantages which attract Diamond purchasers to our store attach to every department of our business.  
 We are just now having a few specially large diamonds for "Sole" Diamond Rings.  
 Our No. 993 "Sole" at \$100 is probably the best value in a Diamond Ring ever offered in Canada.  
 We guarantee in safe delivery if sent by mail.  
**Ryrie Bros.,**  
 Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

S. Laurence Giustiniani

LAURENCE from a child longed to be a Saint; and when he was nineteen years of age there was granted to him a vision of the Eternal Wisdom. All earthly things paled in his eyes before the ineffable beauty of this sight, and as it faded away a void was left in his heart which none but God could fill. Urged to make a brilliant marriage, he refused, and fled secretly from his home at Venice, and joined the Canons Regular of S. George. One by one he crushed every natural instinct which could bar his union with his Love. In the incessant combat which he now waged with himself he measured his sufferings with the crucifix, their duration with the eternity for which he sighed. In sickness he bore unflinchingly wounds which the surgeon trembled to inflict. He begged alms of his brother nobles, and stood their scorn unmoved. As Superior and as General he enlarged and strengthened his Order, and as Bishop of his Diocese, in spite of slander and insult, thoroughly reformed his See. His zeal led to his being appointed the first Patriarch of Venice, but he remained ever in heart and soul a humble priest thirsting for the sight of heaven. At length the eternal vision began to dawn. "Are you preparing a bed of feathers for me?" he said. "Not so; my Lord was stretched on a hard and painful tree." Laid upon the straw, he exclaimed in rapture, "Good Jesus, behold I come." He died 1435, aged seventy-four. When Laurence first entered religion, one of his friends attempted to dissuade him from the folly of thus sacrificing all earthly prospects. The young monk listened patiently to his friend, whether he spoke affectionately, in scorn, or with violent abuse, but pointed out the shortness of life, its uncertainty, and the incomparable happiness to which he aspired. His noble friend felt the truth of his defence, and realized that Laurence was wise and he the fool. He left the world, became a fellow-novice with the saint, and his holy death bore every mark that he, too, had secured the treasures which never fail.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

While many of the fashionable French Catholics are enjoying picnics and engaged in shooting pigeons at Trouville-Deauville, their movements being carefully and accurately recorded in the society papers, some of their relatives are courageously opposing the ejectors who are expelling the nuns from the convents in Brittany. Count Albert de Mun, Count Costa de Beauregard, Colonel de Saint Remy, of the 2nd Chasseurs, Captain d'Olise, of the same regiment; Comtesse de Guoyon-Beaufort, her husband, and many more noble Bretons have endangered their liberty, and even their lives by defending the Nuns against their tyrants. The two officers of the 2nd Chasseurs, a purely Breton cavalry corps, will have to go before a court-martial, and will probably be imprisoned unless M. Combes gives way before the protests raised all over the country against his decrees. The Government is, in fact, reported to be preparing an arrangement about the Convents, but in the meantime the Nuns are being expelled and the people who try to defend them are trampled upon by the Gendarmes. Thus during the expulsion of the Sisters of the Congregation of the Saint Esprit at Plozeau, near Brest, the other day, several young ladies were maltreated, and the Comtesse de Guoyon-Beaufort had to be dragged out of the Convent by four Gendarmes, who tore her clothing to bits. Assuredly Lord Edmund Burke, were he alive, would have good reason to say that the age of chivalry is really gone in France. Together with the "sophists, economists and political calculators" to whom Burke referred in connection with the great Revolution, we have the rabid Freemasons and the aggressive Atheists of the Third Republic who want to destroy all liberty in France.

In spite of the rumors that the Government is selecting, its subordinates are still energetically carrying out the brutal decrees not only in the provinces but in Paris. The latest cruelty has been perpetrated at La Chapelle, where the Fathers of the Order for St. Camillus of Lellis have been prosecuted for continuing their work. Now the Camillians, as most Catholics know, were founded for the purpose of attending to the sick and dying. In Paris they live in one of the poorest and most contaminated of districts. They are surrounded by the sick and suffering poor, and the amount of good work done by them is only known to those who have watched them at their work. They have a small, simple chapel, that of St. Denis, and they live in an old house, for which they hardly pay \$20 a year. The Government now wants

to clear the Camillians out of Paris in spite of the incalculable good done by them to the destitute. Fortunately for themselves, the Camillians, much persecuted from time to time in Italy and France, have strong provinces in Germany, Holland and Spain. Henri Rochefort has made some curious discoveries about the present War Minister, General Andre, who is noted for his hostility to the Church, and who is supposed to be an extra-rapid Mason. The discovery is that the General has over half a dozen relatives who are priests and nuns. Of these, Father Alphonsus, a Cistercian, recently died at the Abbey of Saint Leger; Father Andre, Chaplain of the Ursulines, at Mont-Baud, Sister Mary Aloysius of the Visitation Convent, Dijon; her sister Mary Gabriel, also of the same establishment, and several others, including two nuns of St. Vincent de Paul, are still living religious who are related to the present head of the War Department. The intransigent, Rochefort's paper, in publishing these names ironically adds that General Andre, notwithstanding his delinquencies, has a strong chance of salvation. The War Minister and his officials are strongly denying that a Captain as well as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Chasseurs refused to join the Gendarmes in expelling the Nuns at Lanouet, but press correspondents on the spot positively declare the news to be true.

An amusing French writer referring to the sumptuous tomb or monument made for the Mackay family at Greenwood, near New York, and which is said to have cost \$20,000, remarks that "battage," that is to say, the desire to beat, or to be in advance of others, is practised by the Americans even in matters of mortality. At the same time, he points out, that old Europe can beat America by such tombs as the Mausoleum of Hadrian and the tomb of Cecilia Metella in Rome. Modern France, too, has a very expensive funeral monument—that of M. Thiers at the Cemetery of Pere Lachaise—which cost nearly as much as Mr. Mackay's tomb at Greenwood. It is ornamented by two of the most noted of French sculptors, who divided between them \$12,000 for the work in low relief figures alone.

The Pontiff remains in the Vatican all the year through. Once or twice a week he visits the Vatican Gardens and drives along his shady alleys. All the visitors to Rome are desirous of seeing him, while not one in a thousand ever inquires about the King, or strives to see him. And, as far as possible, the desires of the

multitudes who flock into Rome are gratified. On Friday last, for example, over one hundred and twenty young women, students on vacation from Women's colleges in the United States, were admitted to see the Pontiff. Every day in the week persons are received by him. On Sunday next Leo XII. will celebrate the Feast of St. Joachim, his name day. Invitations for this occasion have been sent by the Major-domo of His Holiness to the Cardinals, Prelates and representatives of various Catholic Associations, to assist at the "Circolo," or conversation, which the Holy Father will hold. Prayers for the Pontiff's preservation will be offered on that day in all the churches of Rome.

News comes from Messina that an important discovery has been made at Catinello in the neighborhood. At the bottom of the sea, about thirty yards from the shore, the fishermen, when they cast their nets, had found that they had caught upon something, and that they came up damaged. A Greek fishing boat recognized that at the bottom of the sea in that spot there were the remains of a wooden ship, and a sailor of Messina undertook to explore the place. A diver went down to a depth of nearly 60 feet, and saw there several cannons, mortars and ammunition cases. A bronze cannon was brought to the surface, well preserved, and about 6 feet 3 inches in length. It is inscribed "1632—Dog Philip III, King of Spain," in Spanish, and beneath the Spanish arms on it is another inscription. "Don Diego Philip de Guzman, Marquis of Atilery, 1633." Researches are continued.

It is reported that a change will soon be effected in the organization of the celebrated choir of the Sistine Chapel. The well known Commendatore Mustafa, who has been the musical director of the choir for many years, is now retiring to enjoy a well-earned rest in his villa at Montefalco, in Umbria. His youthful colleague, the Rev. Lorenzo Perosi, will succeed him. In this young maestro, whose oratorios are now so popular, and whose methods and projects are so difficult, who will now assume the baton of command. Perosi and Mustafa are agreed upon the necessity of reforms in the mode of rendering the music of this Pontifical choir, but Mustafa was too old to begin on a new system; and Perosi found himself opposed by those who had "vested interests" in the continuance of the actual system. Perosi has at heart the introduction of young boys into the Sistine choir, whose voices he considers more suited for the Sistine than those employed at the present time. Meanwhile the Major-domo in the Vatican has appointed a commission for the re-organization of the Pontifical choir, and it is reported, besides, that the Congregation of Ceremonial has issued a decree recalling the obligation of having Palestrina's music performed when Cardinals pontificate.

ST. JOSEPH'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY. His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan is sending the Rev. Father Cullen, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, to this side of the Atlantic to continue in the New World the good work he has been doing in Great Britain. The following document explains the mission. "To the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Archbishops, to the Clergy and Laity in the United States and in Canada, greeting in the Lord: "I warmly commend the Rev. Terence Joseph Cullen, a priest of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, to all whose assistance he may need. While the small Catholic population of England generously maintains and educates a society of priests for the evangelization of heathen countries, it is unable to support and develop the distant missionary fields to which these priests are sent. We are at present training in our Foreign Missionary Colleges over a hundred promising subjects, and are sending laborers in tens and twenties into the harvest every year. I make no appeal to Catholics in America or in other distant lands, to help us to carry on this work. Every church ought to contribute its contingent of apostolic men to evangelize the heathen. My appeal is rather on behalf of those pagan countries that are yet unable to help themselves. "We have been charged by the Holy See with preaching the Gospel to the Morris of New Zealand, to the Dyaks and head-hunters of Borneo, to the

native of Cashmere, Kanistan and the Punjab in Northern India, to the Tamil and Teluga races in the Madras Presidency, and to the natives of Uganda in Central Africa. We have sent out hundreds of missionaries full of zeal and self-sacrifice, but without those material resources that are essential in order to establish strong churches among the heathens. Wealth seems to lie rather in the hands of the English and American Protestant associations than in our own. We seek not resources equal to theirs, but we are bound to collect of the Faithful alms in order to found our churches in the promising centres to which we are sent. "I have, therefore, conceived the idea of inviting Catholics in countries that have not yet founded their own Foreign Missionary Colleges to co-operate with us by giving alms to plant the Church in heathen countries. By so doing, they will assuredly take a substantial part in the apostolic work which the Church is bound to carry out among the unevangelized races, and they will receive the blessing of those whom they have saved from perishing and of their Heavenly Father. "I commend Father Cullen to my colleagues in the episcopate, to the clergy and to the laity. I ask the Archbishops and Bishops whom he may approach to give him their blessing, with liberty to make known the crying necessities of the races that depend upon our zeal for enlightenment and salvation. And I earnestly pray that Jesus, Mary and Joseph may adopt and reward all those who receive him with charity.—Herbert Cardinal Vaughan.

CURIOUS, IF TRUE. Cardinal Vaughan has been approached, it is said, by a committee interested in literary and artistic matters with a view of procuring permission to utilize the new Cathedral at Westminster for performances of Mr. Laurence Housman's miracle play on the Nativity during the coming winter months, the programme to include a grand performance at Christmas. The committee hopes thus to avoid coming in contact with the Censor by essaying the production of a play with Biblical characters in an ordinary theatre, and that, having regard to the fact that the new Cathedral is unconsecrated, the committee—which includes many Catholics—believes that there would be nothing incongruous or irreverent in producing the work in the great building at Westminster.

GERALD MOORE (Continued from page 6.) CHAPTER V. "Ah! here we are at last," said Gerald Moore, as he and his young friend sat at dinner in the village inn. "A happy dawn for you, O'Reilly; but for me only the shadow of painful memories. I wonder what drew me hither?" "Tut, Moore," said the lieutenant—"don't give way. A man like you—so great, so strong, so full of resources—must have a noble future before him yet."

Just then the maid of the inn, with her white apron and dainty little lace cap, brought in the desert. "My dear," said Moore, "can you tell me does Mr. Sinclair reside in this neighborhood still?" "No, sir," she answered with a shake of her head. "Removed?" "Yes—he has gone—to Heaven, I hope, for he was a good man. But his beautiful young widow, and his daughter by his former marriage live together at the old place, and God bless them, they are the ministering angels of the poor all round." "Gerald," said O'Reilly when the girl was gone, "you did not tell me that the lady was Mrs. Sinclair?" "I never thought of it. Why?" "Because," said the blushing Hugh, "my Laura is the step-daughter." No time was lost now that carriage and pair speeds merrily on the road; but the carriage rolls so fast that the hearts beat which it contains. The carriage stops before an iron gate, and the porter comes from the lodge to open it. But, two ladies are coming down the gravelled pathway, overhung by stately elms. The two tenants of the carriage jump to the ground and hurry on. There is an interchange of surprised looks, and then—"Gerald! Dear Gerald!" "Jane!" He folds that stately woman in his arms; and his kiss is warm upon her

cheek. "Dear, dear friend of my childhood," she murmurs, "then my dream has come true." There were two other persons present, but selfishly, they seemed to have no thought of aught but themselves. "Oh! dear Hugh," the girl said, as the young soldier folded her in his embrace, "Heaven be thanked that you are back safe from that terrible battle I read of." "Tut, darling," replied O'Reilly, "I didn't get even a scratch in the battle by and by and I'll tell you of a bigger danger, when Gerald Moore, who seems as happy here as I am, rescued me from a tiger who had fastened his fangs in my shoulder." How pleasantly the hours rolled on. The clouds no longer bore that look of gloom and shadow. They were not edged with silver only now; the alchemy of happy hearts had turned them into bright burnished gold, and with the hue of roses life was colored ever more pleasant it was to walk beneath branching trees; pleasant to bear the words of whispered love. "Jane, Heaven meant it so; they will be happy." So Gerald spoke; and then—"What then?" A whisper. It was no more; he had her hand in his. "Dear heart, need I speak out the devoted love I've cherished in my heart in grief, in despair? Man never loved more fondly, hopelessly, than I've loved you, my Jane. But hope is here! One word, my queen, and joy is mine again." She did not speak the word, but a his breast her face was hidden, deep content was his. He asked no more for life's supreme treasure was cycled in his arms.

HOW HE LOST HER. He hardly dared to touch her hand, He deemed she was so far above him. That he would never have the said To even think that she could love him. And so he let concealment prey Upon the cheek he lacked so badly, And dumbly watched her day by day, And moped about and acted sadly. It may be she his secret guessed; If so, she never seemed to show it. But then, if love it not expressed, A girl can't be supposed to know it. She let the foolish fellow call, He had a cruel idea of spooning, He seemed afraid to talk at all, And sat and took it out in mooning. Another suitor came at last, Who was not shy about his wooing; She knew ere many minutes passed That there was something certain doing. And one week from the day they met His ring was on her second finger; Also, the happy day was set—That lover surely did not linger.

And No 1 he drooped and pined, Recovered, some time later mated, And ever after was inclined To thank his lucky stars he'd waited. The moral is, when all is done Our love we should not hide or smother, But, anyway, it's six to one And half a dozen of the other. A PLAIN QUESTION—Do you really get the only Painkiller—Perry Davis—when you ask for it? Better be sure than sorry. It has not, in 60 years, failed to stop looseness and pain in the bowels.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE CHIPPWA CHICORA and CORONA 5 TRIPS DAILY (Except Sunday.) On and after July 14, will leave Yonge St. wharf, east side, at 7 A.M., 11 A.M., 2 P.M., and 4.45 P.M. P.M. Niagara Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., Niagara Falls Park R. R., and Niagara Gorge R. R. JOHN POT, General Manager

OH-SMELTER-MINES. Divided Paying \$100,000 and \$200,000. DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO., Bankers & Brokers 1111 Broadway, New York. 65 Broadway & 17th St., New York. The largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world. We have the largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world. We have the largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world.

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 21 JORDAN ST. SOUTH OF YORK. TORONTO. Suits \$1.50 per day. Men's Suits from the United States every Day. RICHARD DROEGTLE - PROPRIETOR

MUSIC AND Musical Instruments of Every Description. Wholesale and Retail. 1111 Broadway, New York. The largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world. We have the largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world. We have the largest interest and profit of any mining property in the world.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in BELL ART PIANOS and ORGANS. BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. GURLEH, ONTARIO. Toronto Waterhouse 246 Yonge Street Catalog No. 104 for the asking!

Allen's Lung Balsam. The best Cough Medicine. ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine. For upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs. Try it now, and be convinced.

If you are Renting or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in New Ontario. For particulars write to P.O. E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto, Ont.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS. Scientific American. A leading authority on all matters relating to patents, trademarks, and designs. MUNN & CO. 311 Broadway, New York.

JAS. J. O'HEARN House and Sign Painting. Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging, etc., etc. SOLICITS A TRIAL. OFFICES: 161 QUEEN ST. WEST. RESIDENCE: 3 D'ARCY. Opposite Osgoode Hall. Telephone Main 877.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets, TORONTO. —Turn: \$1.50 per day.— Men's Suits from the United States every Day. RICHARD DROEGTLE - PROPRIETOR

St. Michael's College. IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. TRINITY, WILSON PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year, \$150. Day Pupils, \$30. For further particulars apply to R.H.V. J. R. THIRTY, President.

Loretto Abbey, W. WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine Institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circulars and full information as to uniform, terms, etc., may be had by mail from the LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

St. Joseph's Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Queen of Education in this Academy. Through instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. Special attention given to the German and French languages. \$10 per annum plus all necessary expenses except board. Write to Reverend John F. Macdonald, C.R.D., Principal.

St. Jerome's College BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA. Through instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. Special attention given to the German and French languages. \$10 per annum plus all necessary expenses except board. Write to Reverend John F. Macdonald, C.R.D., Principal.

Loretto Academy. The usual High School studies are continued at BOND STREET, in addition to a Special course for O.G.E. Work, including Bookkeeping, Business Correspondence, Shorthand and Typewriting. There is also an Academy for Boys under twelve years of age. INCORPORATED TORONTO 5th J. A. B. 1886. President.

FALL TERM at the NORTHERN Business College. OWEN SOUND, ONT. Commences Monday, SEPT. 1, 1902. Announcement for 1902-1903 act on application. Address C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE. In connection with Y. W. C. A. Principal, Mrs. Joy. Re-opens Oct. 1st. Special three month course. Corresponding in all its branches. Admissions and applications to the Secretary, 19 Elm St.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including "NIN", "CONI", and other small fragments.

COME, let us with glad minds  
Rise to the Holy Cross  
With special exultation  
We glory in the Cross.

NINTH MONTH 30 DAYS **September** THE SEVEN DOLORS

1902

Table with columns for Day, Month, Day of Week, and various feast days like 'Ninth Month 30 Days', 'September', 'The Seven Dolors', and 'Moons Phases'.

Indulgenced Prayer A plenary indulgence is granted once a month to all those who shall say the chapter of the Seven Dolors every day for a month...

ly well-to-do persons, pay me handsome fees. The instalments of my \$500 purchase money for the practice had to be paid. And, anyway, business is business.

A colleague of mine, who hoisted the ownership of a horse and carriage, used to drive at breakneck speed through the principal streets of the town in which he resided. The neighbors all said: "What a tremendous practice that young doctor has! He scarcely takes time to eat his meals!" It was all a ruse, but it inspired confidence in the people and finally they did flock to him.

So I resolved to "get busy." One morning I took the curtains off my parlor window and determined to be my own laundryman, for that day at least. Just at that awkward time two patients came in, one after the other—the first I had in ten days. My coat was off, my sleeves rolled up and I was deep in my work.

Then I closed the door and resumed my operation, which was certainly important to me. When it was concluded and I had removed all evidence of my crime, I opened the side door, as if dismissing a patient, and said in a loud tone:

"Now walk very slowly. Don't exert yourself unnecessarily. Goodbye." I walked down the hallway and opened and closed the front door with a bang. Quickly regaining my office, I opened the sliding door and cried out distinctly:

"Next, please!" A special opportunity comes in the life of every physician which, if swiftly seized and securely held, leads to a good practice. My opportunity, all things considered, came sooner than I expected. A street car turning a corner and giving a sudden lurch threw a well-dressed, elderly gentleman into the street. The usual crowd surrounded him and the usual voice cried out:

"Is there a doctor present?" But the usual number of physicians did not step forward, and I felt it my duty to push my way through the crowd and proclaim my profession. I compelled the gaping spectators to fall back and give the injured man air. Then I tore off his collar and tie and opened his shirt front. After that I administered a stimulant. The man, who had been in a faint, revived at once.

Thus far I had been successful. A further examination showed that the man had broken his right arm. I directed that he be removed to his home.

"This is my home right here," he said, in a feeble voice, indicating a handsome brownstone house only a few yards away.

He was carefully carried to his room, and then the first crisis in my career confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor, and while in common with others of my profession, I possessed an elementary knowledge of all the branches of the healing art, I felt some doubt about my ability successfully to set this particular broken arm, which presented unusual difficulties, dismaying to my small experience. However, it would never do to yield to such misgivings in the presence of the patient. Assuming my most pleasing manner I said:

"Perhaps you have a family physician and would like to have him take charge of this case."

"I want my arm set," he replied testily, "and I want you to do it—if you can."

This was a command and a query. I obeyed the command and ignored the query. The job was a hard one, but it was not to be compared to the mental struggle that I underwent. Suppose I should bungle the case and lame the man for life. This and a score of similar thoughts flashed through my mind. I realized that confidence—assurance, if you will—was necessary, and I nerved myself up to it so well that my work was completed without a flaw. I received a handsome fee and more free advertising than any young man of my age in our town. The papers spoke of my skill, and my distinguished patient informed all of his friends that I was a wonder. Little did they dream of the nervous trepidation with which I approached a task which was to bring me so much unearned praise.

One of my most valuable experiences was in a hospital. If I do say it myself, I performed some good

work there, and gained information that could not be learned from the text books. The best thing I learned was the importance of decision in emergencies. One night, while I was on duty, a nurse came to me with blanched face and whitened lips to say that she had accidentally given the wrong medicine to two patients. I rushed to their bedside, and found that the mistake was likely to prove doubly fatal. Both cases required the instant use of the stomach pump. Two men were dying from poisoning, and there was only one stomach pump in the room.

What was I to do? What could I do? Simple operate on the man nearest to me. The nurse ran for assistance and another stomach pump. But it was too late. I saved the man I operated on. The other died.

On another occasion I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever. I responded at once. The patient was one of two elderly sisters whom I had attended for many years. I greeted her in the sitting-room, and noted her pulse while in the act of shaking hands with her. Some witty remarks I made her laugh, which enabled me to soo her tongue. Then I said in a playful tone:

"If you will get me a glass, I will treat you to some of my patent soda water."

She did so. I put a tablet in the water, and she drank it.

I want you to know that I take pride in my original methods. I try to educate my patients to like and not to dread the visits of the doctor. In this case all of my work had been done without the direct knowledge of the patient and I felt very good over it. So I bade my patient goodbye with extreme cheerfulness. She looked surprised and then said:

"Of course you will come upstairs and see my sister?"

"Not to-day," I said. "Give her my respects."

"Why," she said, looking mystified and startled, "how strange you talk!"

"Strangely?" I echoed, "Why?"

"Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her."

It flashed over my mind in an instant I had prescribed for the wrong sister. I was entirely too clever. Fortunately, no harm was done. The medicine given the well woman was simply to head off possible fever and could do no harm. I was too mortified to confess my mistake, and, after giving the right medicine to the right woman, I left the house.

One day a wealthy Chicago man came to me to be cured of heart disease. He had fainted in his office and thought he was surely going to die. A hasty examination convinced me that his heart was all right and that he was troubled with an acute and peculiar form of indigestion. He would not believe that. Should I tell him and be laughed at for my pains?

My conscience, my tact and my judgment were in a turmoil. But the habit of quick decision, which I had acquired in the hospital—and the saving grace that helps a man who tries to be as honest as circumstances will allow—came to my aid.

"My dear sir," I said emphatically, "whatever trouble you have with your heart originates in your stomach. And the trouble in your stomach originates in your mouth. And the trouble in your mouth originates in too much whiskey and tobacco."

"That pleasing glow of honor satisfied, which follows every deed of duty done, spread all over me. I felt like curing him for the glory of the profession. But my patient was determined upon diagnosing his own case—and paying high for it.

"Stomach, Hades!" he rejoined, and his face turned white with anger. "Look here, I have been to seven other medical jackasses, who knew about as much as you do. I've got heart disease. If you want to cure me, you can, and I can afford to pay you. But if you are going to load me up with bread bills and charge me one dollar a visit, I'll drop the whole lunatic asylum of physicians and cure myself."

If he attempted to cure himself he would be a dead man within six months.

"Yes," I replied drawing out the vowel of that simple word in the most painful and reluctant manner. "Yes, if you will subscribe to my conditions."

"What are they?" he asked anxiously.

"That you will place yourself unreservedly in my charge—that you will follow my directions to the letter."

"I'll do that! I'll do that!" he cried out with eagerness that was truly laughable.

But I was not through with him. I sat down at my desk, sighed pensively, and gazed through the open window.

"I do not know," I said, speaking again with that professional slowness and exactness. "I do not know whether I should undertake this case."

"Why not?" he exclaimed in some alarm.

"Because it will take up so much of my time—and my time—you know—is very valuable."

"So is my life," he interrupted, with a feeble attempt at humor.

"Very valuable," I continued without a change of muscle and as if I had not heard the interruption. "I may have to see you twice a day for several weeks."

"How much do you want?" he asked excitedly, as if eager that I should not get away from him.

"The true physician," I said, "has no price. I will cure you first, you can pay me afterward."

"How would \$500 do?" he asked.

"Sir!" I said, in a voice that was absolutely meaningless.

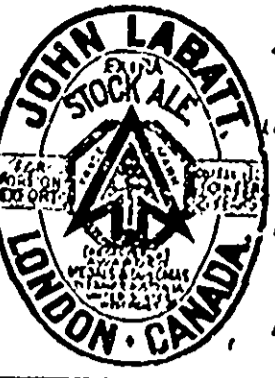
It might have meant that the amount was entirely too much, or that it was ridiculously low.

"I will give you \$1,000!" he shouted, with the air of a man at a public auction.

I cured him in a month and received \$1,000 for it.

Did I do right or wrong? I leave you to decide.

One night I was called in to see a little child suffering from malignant diphtheria. It was a bad case. I did not think she would last until morning. From all of the conditions I can say now that I would have been justified in leaving that child to its fate. Did I? Not at all. I was affected by the violent grief of the mother and remained at the bedside of the very sufferer all that night and all the next day. I did not do it for financial reasons. The family was poor. I did not do it for fame, for this is the first time it has been mentioned, and even now it is told anonymously. I saved the child, I acted from motives of pure humanity.



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

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc. ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT" Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market. J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.



The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Limited TORONTO. THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale. Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF. The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

We are Headquarters for Account Books Stationery Office Supplies Leather Goods Bookbinding Fountain Pens THE BROWN BROS. LIMITED 21-23 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

Toronto, May 7, 1902. To the Advertising Manager Catholic Register: Dear Sir—In renewing my advertisement for the current year in your paper, I feel obliged to compliment you on the merit as an advertising medium. I have decided to double the space used last year, which speaks for itself. Yours, H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery.

Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Superior Malt, 1901. Medal and Diploma. Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.

MONUMENTS. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1110 & 1112 YONGE ST. (Toronto) Telephone North 1940. TORONTO.

F. ROSAR Undertaker. 250 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 1064.

MCCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS. Telephone Main 222 QUEEN STREET EAST.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS MADE INTO Good Serviceable Rugs. TORONTO RUG WORKS. Owen Ross, Proprietor, 93 QUEEN ST. EAST.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. Telephone Main 673 300 YORK STREET (N. E. CORNER).

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS. Robert McCasland, Limited. 20 Wellington St. W., - - Toronto.

D. Mann & Co. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 347 Yonge St. Phone North 2282. No extra charge for home service. Open Night and Day.

CHURCH BELLS. Chimes and Pells. CHURCH BELL COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

Free despatches represent the possibility of a street car strike in Chicago.

CONFESSION OF A PHYSICIAN

How One M. D. Gained a Practice

There is a period in the practice of every physician when he is baffled by the mystery of disease. At such a time he feels so helpless in the face of nature's forces that he asks himself: "Am I, after all, fitted for my profession?" No physician is so prideful or blasphemous as to believe that he can always heal the sick. But every physician, sooner or later, comes in contact with cases which he is unable to diagnose or to treat as they should be treated. This is a crisis in the life of a physician. He is a weak man he will succumb, he is a strong man he will fight out. In any event, there is a mighty struggle going on in that man's mind and upon his decision rests his whole future.

by the Catholic hierarchy before they will consent to permit an applicant to enter upon his divinity studies.

I can begin my own story by saying that I never at any time had a "vocation" for medicine. But it was the fond desire of my parents that I should one day attach "M.D." to my name. When my profession was decided upon I interposed no objection. I received my authority to practice in the shape of a very small diploma with a very large seal. I had my photograph taken in a group with my classmates, all of us attired in gowns and wearing mortar-board hats.

After that solemn ceremony was over, we turned loose on an unsuspecting world I hung out my shingle and had a long and weary wait for patients. They wouldn't come to me, and professional etiquette forbade me looking for them. One of the objections urged against me was my youth, I waited on, satisfied that time would remedy this fault. My money, however, gave out before I had acquired years enough to satisfy the carping critics. I realized that the time had arrived for sound business methods.

My first step was to call on a druggist in my neighborhood, and gently insinuate my desire for a little practice.

"But you have some patients?" he asked, in a brisk tone.

"Oh, yes, a few," I replied, "but scarcely enough to talk about."

"Well," he said, with the tradesman's laugh, "I had no way of discovering that you had any."

"I mean," he responded, frankly, "that none of your prescriptions ever come here."

"Well," I said, weakly, "I can't help that."

"Oh, yes, you can," was the blunt rejoinder, "you can instruct them to come to me."

There is no need to continue the dialogue further. I remained with him for an hour, and before I left I had made an arrangement by which he was to pay me 25 per cent. on the gross amount received from all prescriptions sent to his store by me. I also agreed to pay him 25 per cent. on all money received from patients sent by him to me. My ears tingled a little at the thought of the sordid arrangement, but only for a little time. His arguments satisfied me. He said they all did it, it was simply a game of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you."

After that I paid \$500 in instalments for the privilege of being the official physician of one of the largest hotels in my native city. Whenever a guest was taken sick in the hotel I was sent for as the hotel physician. I can assure you that I made the patients, who were general-

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CHOMIN, Editor and Manager.

Subscription rates: In City, including delivery, \$1.00 per annum; Outside, \$1.25 per annum.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising rates: Transient advertisements, 50 cents a line; Permanent advertisements, 10 cents a line.

Telephone, Main 489.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1902.

INDIFFERENT CATHOLICS

A special correspondent of that excellent English paper, The Catholic Times, has been travelling in France and ascribes the present deplorable situation in that land, "the eldest daughter of the Church," to the rapidly increasing indifference of the people to practical religion.

Here is a brief summing up of the situation: "I found a consensus of opinion that throughout the country generally the Faith has almost totally disappeared among the male population."

This is a terrible revelation, and though we may say that the blight of faith in France is directly traceable to national conditions, it may not be amiss to turn our eyes nearer home and see whether this evil of indifference is strictly confined to France.

It seems to us that some conscientious and intelligent observers are beginning to discern the early traces of the same blight in our own homes and parishes.

The responsive chord struck by Father O'Brien's work for temperance has been well sounded in the letters which we have published from correspondents in various parts of the Province.

The victory in South Belfast of a militant Protestant over the nominee of official Orangism is a sign of the times that may be regarded as little or nothing beyond the limits of the northern Irish city.

tain millions cut off his subscription to a Catholic paper, and in doing so stated that he had appreciated it highly, but being so busy he could not read more than the daily papers.

Do and say what we may about this phase of the question, the daily newspaper, the cheap magazine and the yellow novel will go on expanding their influence in society.

COERCION IN IRELAND.

Mr. George Wyndham is Secretary to the Irish Lord Lieutenant. The Secretary has a seat in the Imperial Cabinet and the Lord Lieutenant has not.

What Mr. Wyndham hopes to achieve is a puzzle to observers of Irish affairs. He is following the well blazed path of the majority of his predecessors.

The immediate and practical result of Mr. Wyndham's open alliance with the landlords is to re-enlist and arouse many distinguished Englishmen on the side of the Irish people.

SOUTH BELFAST ELECTION.

The victory in South Belfast of a militant Protestant over the nominee of official Orangism is a sign of the times that may be regarded as little or nothing beyond the limits of the northern Irish city.

over," and Protestants in this life should be content with nothing else than absolute ascendancy.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

Archbishop Thomas Fennelly of Cashel writes in acknowledgment of sympathetic messages from all parts of the world, and resolutions from Public Bodies in Ireland and Great Britain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Fully half of Ireland is now proclaimed as disturbed and disaffected. Coercion is in force in all this area."

Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, arrived in Toronto on Monday evening. The party will be here for some days.

According to The Tablet it would appear that the stalwarts of Protestantism are about to make a fresh attack on the religious orders in England.

Dublin Corporation has paid honor to His Holiness the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee.

CATHOLIC BASILIAN FATHERS.

The annual retreat of the Basilian Fathers of America concluded at St. Michael's College on Saturday, after having been in progress for a week.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Dear Sir—I have little time or ability to write for newspapers, and if I were to fill a column of The Register each week I could not hope to make it more interesting or instructive than it is already.

Pope Leo the renowned Pontiff, who so gloriously rules the Universal Church, whose every word is a word of wisdom, says the Catholic press is a missionary throughout the world.

ed editorials, "should be an inspiration to every Catholic. No other Catholic paper came into the house."

HANCE LOGAN AND THE PEELERS.

An Irish contemporary says: Among the Canadian visitors to Ireland is H. J. Logan, M. P. for a Nova Scotia district.

Do these young men think they are fulfilling their duty to the Church and society? No good can come to society or the Church from "baswood" Catholics.

Whether this can best be done by the promoting of young men's societies, where lectures could be frequently given by the clergy, or by instituting temperance societies, on the line so successfully established by Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of Peterborough, is a question which I think might be discussed with profit.

Belleville, Sept. 1, 1902.

THE LATE MRS. J. K. MACDONALD.

Among the obituaries which we chronicle this week is that of Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, dearly beloved wife of J. K. Macdonald, Esq., managing director of the Confederation Life Association, who died on Tuesday, 28th ultimo.

Owen Sound—Rev. Father Kelly, Superior, Rev. Fathers Grannoller, Buckley and McNulty, assistants.

Port Lambton—Rev. Father O'Donoghue.

The Rev. Fr. Vaschalde, D. D., Ph. D., will continue his work of research at Washington University. He is engaged in bringing out a work on Orientals, and is on the university staff.

The novitiate of the community on St. Clair avenue, this city, will be in charge of the Rev. Father Aboulin.

SAVINGS OF ENGLISH CHILDREN.

Dr. Macnamara, M. P. who has been a school teacher, in a lecture on "Children's Writings" told a number of new stories as well as many old ones.

Questions in history drew forth the following information: "The fire of London, although looked upon at first as a calamity, really did a great deal of good."

JOHN MITCHELL'S NEPHEW A PREMIER.

Strange, is it not, asks The Dublin Freeman, how the Irish—rebels, irreconcilables, incompetents at home—became in other lands the masters of men, the makers of nations, the rulers of free people?

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.

Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated.

Mr. Tiller, head master of Boundary Street School, East London, communicated a paper by a boy on the question what he would do with his Whitsuntide holiday.

NO REASONABLE MAN EXPECTS TO CURE A NEGLECTED COLD IN A DAY.

But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

Advertisement for Confederation Life Association, featuring 'Five Per Cent. in Gold' and 'Confederation Life' insurance policies.

Advertisement for 'Our Fall Catalogue is Ready' by The Robert Simpson Company Limited, featuring a 'Sateen Waist' for \$9.50.

THE WORLD AND THE CLOISTER

(The Irish Catholic.) Professor L. E. Henry, of the University of Cambridge, has just had published by Messrs James Duffy & Co., Ltd., of Dublin, an extremely interesting and edifying work entitled "The Cloister." In this volume Professor Henry shows how real and useful is the apostolic work of the various praying and contemplative religious orders of the Church. The book has been produced under the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan after having passed the censorship of Dr. Robert Butler, O.S.C., who supplies an introductory letter dwelling on the merits and services of those holy men and women whose cause is ably championed by Professor Henry. If we may judge from the author's preface, "The Cloister" has been largely the result of Professor Henry's recognition of the cruelty and injustice of the persecution now being carried on in France against the religious orders. We should, perhaps, mention that Professor Henry is a convert, and that, in his Anglican days, he held the honorable and responsible office of Reader to the late Duke of Clarence, the King's eldest son. In the commencement of his interesting preface, Professor Henry reminds his readers that: "Honorable and brave men and women of the Church of France have been, out of mere spite towards God and His servants, sentenced to be exiled from the homes of their true King, and driven out as outcasts from their native land by apostates and degraded wretches." Not for the first time in the history of the two countries, the exiles of the Cross have sought and found freedom and protection amongst the justice and liberty-loving people of Protestant England. Not without good reason, Professor Henry refers to the downward course of France under the dominance of an ignorant, selfish, money-seeking democracy, incapable through want of culture of appreciating the beauty of spiritual things, or the sacrifices and heroisms of the spiritual life. Nominally, at least, France is still Catholic, but the majority of her people, must behind their counters, in their counting houses, or in their fields, have gone on pursuing their avocations as if careless of the fate of the cloistered religious who have been expelled from their convents by an atheistical government presided over by an apostate deacon. Not without just reason does Professor Henry ask: "Whither is France drifting? How far do anti-Christian changes recently introduced by Republicans into the national life of France accord with the old Catholic and Royalist spirit of Christendom? What is in store for France without the lead of Church, King, Nobility and Gentry, and with Democracy supreme again?" Only one answer, unfortunately, is possible to such questions, unless the masses of the people of France will hearken to the appeals of the Sovereign Pontiff and will insist that their Republic shall be a Christian Republic. We do not agree with Professor Henry in assuming, as he apparently does, that existing evils have their origin in the Republican institutions of the country. Abundant historical evidences, with which, of course, Professor Henry is familiar, exist to show that the Church was as cruelly ill-treated on more than one occasion by the Kings and Nobles of France as she is now being by the elected representatives of the people. Professor Henry must also be aware that the Protestantism of his own nation was the outcome of a regal and aristocratic conspiracy for the plundering of the ancient religious establishments of England. We cannot, therefore, any more than the Sovereign Pontiff has been able to, accept the theory that the deplorable scenes now being witnessed in France are the necessary or inevitable result of the political and governmental changes which have taken place. The scandals which have occurred have been enacted because French society has been corrupted by widespread immorality, by an all pervading greed for worldly gain, and by a selfish disinclination on the part of the bourgeoisie to make any sacrifice or to incur any peril in defence of the works of God and of the organization of Religion. Over a land and people such as this a terrible chastisement must impend. The day cannot be far distant when the wrath of the Almighty will manifest itself in some fearful national calamity. We know not in what form this will come, but that it will be witnessed—unless France repents—no Christian can doubt. It would not, however, be fair to Professor Henry to allow it

to be assumed that his charming book is entirely taken up by pseudo-political discussions. On the contrary, the greater portion of its pages are occupied by the discussion of the beauties and advantages, the motives and the purposes of the cloistered religious life. Furthermore, Professor Henry describes the Rules and organizations of the various contemplative and praying Orders, and does so in words which can scarcely fail to prove gratifying to their members, as well as stimulating to the devotion of all his readers. "The Cloister" is a book which well repays perusal, and which we have no hesitation in most heartily recommending to all before whom these words may come.

A BOY'S EDUCATION

Now that the holidays are over, some observations on the above subject cannot but be of interest to parents. It might perhaps be easy for a wise mother who has God-given instincts to guide her, says Simon Y. McPherson in The Interior, but a teacher, even if he be also a father, must reach the motor of another's boy by proceeding from without inwards. His first diagnosis will inevitably be superficial. Intimate and sympathetic knowledge is of relatively slow growth. Yet this kind of knowledge is essential, because no two boys are exactly alike. They are severally individual, with unique capabilities, good and bad. There is difficulty also in the word "practical." If it means only the capacity to use brains in technical work the boy may become a useful, possibly a money-making machine, but there is danger lest he miss the abundant human life and be in the end one-sided and distorted, incapable, especially in later years, of making himself happy in human service. But if "practical" means real instead of dilettante, actual, concrete and positive instead of merely theoretical, abstract, and negative, then, in my opinion, it defines the true education of the normal and average boy. Every true boy, like every true man, will have a working ideal. The question is what his ideal shall be, for whether high or low, it will determine his goal. That ideal will emerge in little things as well as in large, and it will be set or changed by the aims which he is taught. That ideal will be chiefly created by his heredity and by his home-training. A discerning boy will begin with the right ancestors centuries before his birth. But whatever his hereditary tendencies, they will be chiefly corrected, or confirmed, by his home. The home "forms" the boy most of all in his pre-natal training and the training of his early years. No school, college or university can do much more than build upon the foundations fixed by his home. Schooling may bring out the best, and restrain the worst, instilled by his earliest legacies and circumstances, but can hardly do much more. The raw materials presented to a school are always products of the home. Mothers and fathers are the primal and formative teachers. But the school in the education of a boy, while keeping character and service as the end, will hold a truer method in view. First, it will seek to develop his health and physical vigor. For upon these depend greatly the success or failure of his career. When he is wholesome a boy must be active. He ought to do bodily work, and, if possible, of a kind interesting to him. He should have his defects corrected. Physical rectification and training give him the physical basis of virile life. He hungers, too, for fun and for competitive games. Play is a demand of his nature. Nor was the psalmist the only one whose hands the Lord taught to war and his fingers to fight. Except in the lackadaisical, the competitive instinct is universal. Nor can agreeable games, to a boy's mind, be entirely free from peril or as he thinks, from heroism. Fond mothers may, for example, see nothing but brutal danger in football. They may ignore its splendid lessons in fortitude, in keeping the temper under difficulties, in learning to lead, by first learning to obey, in subordinating selfish personal display to the interests of a "team," in working together for a "cause," in ascertaining, by hard experience the real value of organization. But their "barbarian" sons, meanwhile learning to keep the body under, will hold a different view intuitively and, as I think, correctly. Second, the practical training of a boy should sympathetically be intellectual.

The field of knowledge is already so large and so constantly growing larger, and the aptitudes of boys are, as they always have been, so various that these young aspirants cannot all be fitted to one Procrustean bed. But the order of education followed and tested for centuries has the presumption of superior value on its side, and the newer education is only proving its right to an equal standing. Moreover, the theory that mere "interest" or preference is a final gauge for the education of boys is much like the assumption that babies should live on sugar because they are fond of it. There is no easy or royal road to "practical," or real, education. If it be worthy of the name, it exacts hard work, some of which must certainly, at first, be drudgery. Easy writing makes hard reading, and indulgent, lazy education makes poor scholars and lazy men. The secondary school next after the home, and beyond the usual college experience, is the place for making genuine, trustworthy boys and students, if not scholars. Such work is essentially, character-building. Parents, therefore, who would be able to trust their boys to the growing freedom of college life, should support the secondary school in its highest intellectual standards. In a third place, it goes without saying that moral education is a supreme element in "the practical education of a boy."

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

A sign of the growth of Catholicism in this province, and the rapid increase in the number of churches, will be witnessed this morning in St. Michael's Cathedral, when His Grace Archbishop O'Connor will perform the ceremony of consecrating twenty-six altar stones intended for as many different churches. This will be the first occasion upon which a public ceremony of this nature has taken place in Toronto at least within thirty-five years, and it will be attended by all of the clergy resident in the city and by many from outside.

To avert the calamity, to adjust the forces that will give to every man the chances that God furnished him with, all this requires very much better methods than have been adopted in the past. No amount of labor fighting against labor will stop the exactions of an Astor or the ambitious schemes of a Morgan or a Rockefeller. Strikes will never reduce the claims of the great landlords who collect ground rents. No chasing and abusing of Italians or negroes or Hungarians or Chinese or so-called scabs will restore to man the right to work whenever and wherever he pleases, so long as he does not encroach on the equal freedom of his fellow men, nor will it save him from the iniquity of having to bear the whole burden of supporting government and supporting an idler/aristocracy at the same time.

Sleepless Nights OF Exema Torture Would Scratch Till the Blood Would Flow and Suffered Terribly - A Permanent Cure Brought About By Dr. Chase's Ointment

Few people that have not had eczema can imagine the suffering which this terrible skin disease entails. It is most frequently likened to a flame of fire burning into the skin, so keen is the suffering caused by the stinging, itching sensation. If neglected eczema is likely to become chronic, and is very hard to cure. It is not one case in a hundred, however, that will not yield to Dr. Chase's Ointment, so powerful is the soothing, healing influences of this famous preparation. Mrs. Link, 12 Walker street, Halifax, N. S., states: "After three years of miserable torture and sleepless nights with terrible eczema, and after trying over a dozen remedies without obtaining anything but slight temporary relief, I was cured perfectly and entirely cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third or fourth application of this grand ointment I obtained relief, and a few boxes were sufficient to make a thorough cure. "It is six months since I was freed of this wretched skin disease, and as there has been no return of the trouble I consider the cure a permanent one. I would strongly urge any one suffering as I did to try this ointment, and shall gladly write to any who wish to refer to me for particulars of my case. I was so bad with eczema that I would scratch the sores in my sleep until the blood would flow."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Hales & Co., Toronto.

A BRILLIANT PIANIST. Miss M. Lourdes Haritt is receiving congratulations innumerable on her recent success in the Intermediate examination at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto. This young lady is a pianist of marked ability, and her intelligent interpretation of the old masters elicited many warm encomiums from those best qualified to judge. Miss Haritt's clever renditions showed unsurpassed individuality and artistic training. She played almost her entire numbers from memory, with great accuracy of expression and phrasing, and the Chopin and Moszkowski selection with a delicate, refined conception quite above the ordinary.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

A VISITING IRISH PRIEST.

Rev. T. M. Hardy, O. M., parish priest of St. Peter's, Dublin, has been in this country for a couple of weeks, accompanied by Rev. Father Twomey of Tweed. The visitor is making a tour of Canada, and from what he has already seen believes that his countrymen should look upon the Dominion with a kindly eye. "The curse of Ireland is landlordism," said Father Hardy in conversation. "No one outside the country can form an idea of the handicap it places on Ireland. The farms are small and the rents paid in most cases exorbitant. It is the aim of the National party to free the country from this yoke by arranging by legal means for such control of the lands as will permit of them being worked at a reasonable rental." Father Hardy spoke very hopefully of the Home Rule movement. The County Council measure introduced into Ireland has worked very successfully, and the Irish are delighted and the English surprised. This success, according to the visiting priest, augurs well for the success of the National Government in Irish hands. Father Hardy looks forward, not backward. In less than 50 years, he believes, old Erin will have regained prestige and prosperity. It is his intention to take steps on his return to Ireland to disseminate knowledge about the Dominion.

ALASKA MISSION APPEAL.

Rev. Father Luchesi, S. J., of the Holy Cross Mission, Koserofsky P.O., Alaska, appeals for help in the desolation which has overtaken the mission by reason of the plague. He writes: "The Alaska Mission of the Yukon finds itself in sore need of help, owing to a devastating plague which has raged among the Eskimoes, and which in a short time carried off one-half of the native population. It would take too long to describe the tale of horror witnessed by the missionaries during the plague. Suffice it to say that the well ones fled from shelter, from food and from home, abandoning the sick to their fate, amidst the unburied remains of the dead, and exposing themselves to the horrors of starvation. The missionaries exerted themselves to the utmost, nursing the sick, assisting the dying, burying the dead and distributing with an unsparring hand every means at command, leaving the mission now exhausted and in a very crippled condition, struggling to keep on with its schools and its work."

Relatives in Aymer of Mr. C. R. Devlin, Canadian Immigration Commissioner in Dublin, have received word that the commissioner is in excellent health.

The Havas News Agency has received an updated despatch from Fort de France, Martinique, announcing that about 1,000 persons were killed and that several hundred were injured, as the result of a violent eruption of Mont Pelee on Saturday, Aug. 30, which destroyed Morne Rouge and Ajoupa Bouillon, two villages near Mont Pelee. The despatch confirms the report that the village of La Carbet was damaged by a tidal wave, was also felt at Fort de France, where the people were panic-stricken. Morne Rouge is the village that escaped the first disastrous upheaval. Its exemption from the deluge of fire was supposed by many to have been miraculous.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE... KENNEDY MED. CO. 9 Franklin St. Chicago

"My Valet" FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074 Dress Suits to Rent

YOU'LL MISS IT Central Business College Toronto

"VICTOR" WARM AIR IS AN ECONOMIC WAY TO HEAT A BUILDING

"VICTOR" WARM AIR FURNACE IS AN ECONOMIC AND GOOD FURNACE EVERYWAY

"VICTOR" WARM AIR FURNACE IS AN ECONOMIC AND GOOD FURNACE EVERYWAY

"VICTOR" WARM AIR FURNACE IS AN ECONOMIC AND GOOD FURNACE EVERYWAY

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO. LIMITED HEAD OFFICE: 188-193 Queen St. East.

Some of the papers in the States are discussing Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, for the next Presidency. It is announced from Cleveland that he will soon make a tour of the West in the interest of his candidacy. The Jefferson City Democrat is enthusiastic in his support. The Buffalo News speaks kindly of him, while The Minneapolis Herald speaks in his favor.

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much hounding and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also lately worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

WYMAN WALKER & SONS LIMITED IRON-OX TABLETS The Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

GAS RANGES The new designs for this season are made entirely of steel and are not only very handsome in appearance but also exceedingly durable.

KARN IS KING The Action AND The Word In a Piano it is essential to have so easy, quick and effective an action that the touch may be pliant, free and satisfying.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED Manf. Pianos, Reed Organs and Pipe Organs WOODSTOCK, ONT.

"THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM" By Michael Davitt. 600 pp. Profusely illustrated with maps.

Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada DEGREES IN ARTS, PHYSIOLOGY AND THEOLOGY.

PREPARATORY CLASSICAL COURSE FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. PRIVATE ROOMS FOR SENIOR STUDENTS. FULLY EQUIPPED LABORATORIES. PRACTICAL BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.



BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. (Including churches and outlying dependencies.) Grouped in Symmetrical Order.

- ENGLISH SECTION: 1. St. Joseph's College, 2. St. Joseph's Church, 3. St. Joseph's Juniorate, 4. Science Hall, 5. St. Joseph's Infirmary, 6. Industrial Building, 7. Athletic Grounds, 8. Pavilion, 9. Sacred Heart Juniorate, 10. Sacred Heart Church, 11-12. Dependencies, 13. Sacred Heart Infirmary, 14. Sacred Heart College (proposed), 15. Botany Hall, 16. Scholastic Hall, 17. Holy Family Chapel, 18. Diocesan Seminary (proposed), 19-20. Dependencies, 21. Villa (Lake McGregor), 22. Villa (White Fish Lake), 23. Cemetery.

THIRDS \$170 PER YEAR. Send For Calendar. English Speaking Catholic population of Ontario 1,693,348. French speaking population of Ontario 1,041,578.

Cowan's Coffee Famous Blend and it will settle the question to your entire satisfaction.

KITCHEN FURNISHINGS We carry a full line of Sundries including Coffee Grinders, Meat Choppers, Knives, Cleaners.

Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED 52 and 54 King St. East, Toronto.

In every town and village may be had the Mica Axle Grease that makes your horses glad.

GERALD MOORE

A BRUSH WITH A MAN-EATER, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

CHAPTER I.

The glow of sunset mellowed the dark hills. Upon their tops a purple glory rested. The yellow sands that spread along the shore were brightened by a deeper golden tint. Westward across the calm but rippling ocean, a line of golden sheen swept sparkling on—sparkling with every ripple of the waters, like smiles of children in their angel sleep—to where the sea and sky did seem to kiss and the red sun went down in its calm splendor.

Evening; the shadows crept round the hills; but yet the purple sunlight lingered o'er them. The blackbird sang upon the beach-sprays; birds, the songsters of the grave, in shrill wail sang out their vesper hymn with silvery tones; but he was leader of the feathered choir. How gravely sang that winged patriarch; how solemnly those deep notes rolled out. How slept the hills as wrapped in mist of wine. How calm and dreamy seemed the slumbering ocean. The birds were hushed, in oases and bush and tree. The sun grew browner now, the sea-path dimmer. That summer evening, in its very stillness, seemed to awake a whispering voice from silence.

The grass was rank and lush above the dead. On many a mound a few poor withered leaves told the old tale, how quickly we forget those whom we seemed to reverence while they lived. The elm raised up its proud and lordly head above the dust of untold generations. It had seen warred there; the gloomy yew hung its long shadow o'er the mouldering tomb—o'er boastful, slab and stately monument; o'er simple crosses where loved ones told their love; o'er low green mounds where naught but daisies grew.

Thither two women strolled, to that lonely hold of God. They called it so in olden times; and one can bless the time that consecrates to heaven the sacred earth in which our loved ones sleep.

One of the new-comers was a queenly woman—one with snowy brows, eyes deep, dark, shadowy, but full of light—hair on whose soft brown waves the sunlight glistened—lips rich and roseate, pliant to the soul, of grief or joy the soft interpreters—a sleek and firm tpe, womanly, and gracious. Her robe was dark, and o'er her head there hung a silken hood which could not hide the beauty of her soft gold-brown hair; a filmy veil hung half-way o'er her face, but left to view the dimple on her chin and the soft smile that hovered round her lips.

Directed by her arm a gentle maiden, fair as the lily, lovely as the dawn of April morning, lingered by her side. They spoke not till they reached that sacred spot and stood where o'er the soft green mound of earth, a monument rose up, a sculptured cross, emblem of Christian thought and Christian hope.

And they sat them down beside the grave. Not spoken words, but movements made known the silent prayers they waited up to Heaven. To her companion's breast with close embrace the maiden shrank, and in soft accents whispered:

"Neither for such you've even been to me—none other by that sweet name have I known—in life he loved you dearly and in death he left me, with his blessing, to your care."

"Darling," the lady whispered, "to the trust he placed in me I shall be ever true. My love as well as duty prompt me, sweetest. A good and just man was he; may I hope I've done my duty."

"Mother darling mine, duty with you is love and love is duty. Mother—my sister—call you what I may—you've ever been my gracious guide and guardian. All that there is of good in me I owe to your soft, gentle training. Mother mine, we'll never part again."

"My darling one," the lady said, smiling in fond embrace that gentle face, "our loves will never die. But then will come when higher, deeper love will call you hence. My blessing will go with you, and your home—my poor prayers can make it—will be happy."

They sprinkled flowers on the grassy mound. They breathed a prayer and stepped up to Heaven. They

turned away and sought the homeward path. The sun had sunk; the birds were stilled to rest; the moon was regent in the azure sky; but that those two fond hearts, more true and pure, the summer sun moonlight never shown upon.

CHAPTER II.

"A real man-eater, Sahib." "What care I?" "He ate the Sahib Gregg the other day."

"The greater reason why we should kill him, boy. I cannot afford to have such buffers wandering around my bungalow. It won't do. I don't like it. Let's have a pleasant shot, and if I should kill him, Abdalla, you shall have the beggar's hide."

The Hindoo's eyes glistened with hope. Like all his race he had hope and fear blended in his nature. But he regarded the young Irish officer, his master, almost as a God; and whatever Hugh O'Reilly said the Hindoo accepted as law.

"I wish," said the Subaltern, "that Moore was here. He is a genuine Nimrod. He has hunted in every part of the world, I think, and is up to everything that a shot can be shot at. Has anybody seen Mr. Moore lately?"

"Moore Sahib," said the attendant, "went out with his rifle. He is great and brave and strong, and he loves to seek danger alone."

"He's a splendid fellow," rejoined O'Reilly. "There is no other man in whose company I would so readily face danger. Perhaps we may come up with him."

The hunting party was gathered, and Hugh O'Reilly rode forth at the head of his dusky attendants, joyfully anticipating rare sport. The jungle was beaten, but no trace of the tiger was found.

At length, when O'Reilly's patience was nearly exhausted, Abdalla crept forward to him with a look of mingled satisfaction and apprehension.

"We have come upon him, Sahib," he whispered. "He is there."

"Where?" said O'Reilly eagerly.

"There yonder, in the jungle. I heard his tread on the leaves."

"Good!" Hugh got his rifle in readiness. His horse seemed to scent some foe not far off, for he shied a little and began to grow restive.

"Quiet, Boabdill," said the young officer soothingly. "Quiet, good horse. Now then for a pot-shot. I wish Moore were here."

He had scarcely spoken when a terrific roar was heard, and an enormous tiger bounded out of the jungle to within a dozen yards of him. The monster paused at sight of horse and rider, glared upon them with eyes that seemed to send forth flashes of fire, and then looked carelessly round upon the retreating attendants.

Hugh coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and taking steady aim, prepared to fire. But just then the frightened horse shied, and the ball only grazed the beast's skin. Ere O'Reilly could fire the second barrel of his rifle, the infuriated tiger sprang upon him with another dreadful roar, and tore him from his saddle.

With shouts and cries of terror the panic-stricken natives fled on every side, while the "man-eater" proceeded leisurely to drag its victim into the jungle.

But just then the ringing crack of a rifle was heard, and the tiger rolled over with a bullet in his brain. In another moment, a tall, handsome, muscular man, with sun-browned face, dark, piercing eye, and brown beard and moustache, was bending over the insensible and bleeding form of Hugh O'Reilly.

bio officer. "This will revive him, I think."

O'Reilly opened his eyes with a deep sigh; but as his gaze met that of the other who was bending compassionately over him, he immediately comprehended the situation.

Holding out his left hand, with a faint smile of recognition, for he could not lift his right arm, he murmured:

"Ah! it's you who are my preserver, Gerald Moore. Thanks. Have you killed him?"

"Yes, Hugh, my boy, your enemy lies dead at your feet."

O'Reilly gazed at the lifeless form of the monstrous, yet beautiful beast, with a palpable shudder.

"What a splendid brute!"

"Yes," replied Moore carelessly. "He was a beauty. This is the fellow that devoured poor Gregg. You're badly hurt, Hugh, my boy, and I see you are in great pain. But, courage! there is nothing dangerous; and we shall soon have you all right again. Here comes those cowards of yours; we must bear you back to the bungalow at once, and get you under the hands of the surgeon. Here, you fellows, some of you sling that dead brute over that horse's saddle, and bring him along. And help me to bring your master home."

But Hugh O'Reilly was not "all right" again, so soon as his friend predicted. His shoulder was terribly inflamed, and fever and delirium supervened. For days and night he lay tossing and raving on his bed, and the doctor almost despaired of him.

"Poor fellow," said Moore, sadly. "It would be a pity he should die, so young and so brave."

"He has a vigorous constitution," said the regimental surgeon, "and that may triumph yet."

Gerald Moore nursed his young friend almost as tenderly as a woman.

"Poor lad!" he would say. "He has his secret sorrow. It is what seems to be very like a hopeless attachment. I wonder who this Laura is of whom he is constantly raving? Some rich man's daughter evidently, or he would not be deploring his own poverty so. They are sad, foolish things, these misplaced attachments. Years hence, should he recover, when he will, perhaps, return home, rich in purse but with health broken down, and liver damaged, he will, doubtless find his fair Laura a comely matron, with a large family around her. Poor! we men are fools."

He looked like one who bore in his heart a silent sorrow of his own, did this man of great thow and sinews.

The surgeon was right, youth and a vigorous constitution triumphed over disease, and slowly but steadily O'Reilly grew convalescent.

"Perhaps," he said with a sigh to his friend, "it might have been better if I had gone. I am poor, with no inheritance except my father's sword—an orphan with no one to care for me."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Moore; "you are young and brave, and will soon be strong again. And, for the young and strong and brave, there is always hope."

"I have been a sore trouble to you, Moore," he said. "You are a great traveller, ever restless, ever a-foot. And if I had not kept you penned up in this crib, you would, for aught I know, have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the great wall of China by this time."

"Tut, boy," said Gerald Moore, "I might as well have been here as anywhere else. All places are the same to me. Besides, I think my travelling days are well nigh over. I yearn to behold the dear old scenes of childhood again; and I begin to long for rest."

"What a strange, chequered life yours must have been," said O'Reilly meditatively. "You must have some secret sorrow, Gerald, that drives you thus, a lonely wanderer, over the world, when Nature meant you to be an ornament to civilized society."

"Tush! flatterer," replied Moore, with a careless air, "we must all endure some sorrow in this life, and I have had no more than my share. Look into your own heart, Mester Hugh."

"The young lieutenant blushed as red as a peony."

CHAPTER III.

One day a letter came—a letter with a mourning envelope, and a large black seal. It was addressed to "Lieutenant Hugh O'Reilly," etc., in a very formal hand.

Monkey Brand soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

hand and stared at the superscription. "I have no correspondents, and here is a letter that seems to indicate a recent death. I wonder whence it comes."

"Break the seal," said Moore, who was quietly smoking, "and you will soon solve the mystery."

"Hum!" muttered O'Reilly. "That is the Dublin post-mark,—here goes for a plunge into the unknown."

As he read, his cheeks grew paler, and then flushed again, and his eyes sparkled. Then, looking up with a smile, he said:

"Congratulate me, Moore. I am a rich man."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said the other. "But how has this windfall come about?"

"Ah! it's a sad thing too. This letter from the family solicitor, informs me that my cousin, who had led a rather wild and dissolute life, has recently died of consumption, and that his aged father, stricken by the bereavement, succumbed to the blow, and did not survive a month. I am, therefore, sole heir to an estate of five thousand pounds sterling per annum."

"Most cordially do I wish you joy, old fellow," said Moore.

"Oh!" ejaculated O'Reilly, "how I long to get home now to—to—well, no matter, all in good time."

"I tell you what it is, Hugh," said his friend, "we'll take a run up to the hills together, that you may recruit your health; and then we'll both go back to Ireland."

"Thank you," said O'Reilly. "You are indeed a true friend, there are very few such as you."

"Nonsense, foolish boy," said Moore, with a good-natured laugh. And up they went to the hill-country, where the invalid began to grow strong in the bracing air of the Himalayas.

One day, as the friends sat smoking and silent, Hugh suddenly broke the silence by saying:

"Moore, do you remember the day when you told me to look into my own heart?"

"Aye, aye," was the answer.

"You did not know how near to the mark your shaft went that day."

"I had a pretty good guess, though," said Gerald Moore.

"How?"

"Why, you foolish boy," the other answered, languidly, "you let the whole secret out in your delirium."

"The deuce I did!" the lieutenant exclaimed in laughable surprise.

"Yes, and the fair lady's name is Laura. Tut, man; you need not blush; there is nothing to feel shame-faced about."

"Well," said O'Reilly, "let me tell my story, it is a brief one. When I last visited Ireland, on leave, I stayed some time with a lady (a widow), a distant relative of my mother. There was on a visit with her, at the time, a young lady, so exquisitely beautiful, so attractive in manner, so winningly gentle, that I had not been in her society an hour ere I was hopelessly smitten. We were necessarily much thrown together, enjoying the same drives and the same walks, and the result was the confession of a mutual attachment. But, alas! my friend, I was deplorably poor, while I discovered that Laura's father was a rich man. I felt a sense of bitter self-reproach, when I comprehended the facts, for having won this sweet girl's love for a poor, penniless subaltern. My father, you are aware, was a younger son, with no fortune but his sword, which was all he could leave me. Shortly before his death he procured me a commission from the East India Company, whom he had served with honor and distinction. What right had I poor beggar, to dream of marriage? What right had I to gain the affections of this sweet girl? I told her all, but she said she would wait; and that I might yet win distinction and wealth. We plighted our troth, and often have I reproached myself with it as a crime against the sweet girl whom I loved so dearly. But, now, all is changed, thank Heaven! I am rich, and can face her father on equal terms."

"Why yes, my friend," said Moore, "there is no ground for despairing now. But as you have given me your confidence I will now give you mine. You have wondered why I am ever so restless, wandering, to the ends of the earth. I will tell you. Years ago I loved a young lady—a noble, queenly creature—loved her as devotedly as hopelessly, for I was poor and so was

she. From earliest childhood she had been my playmate, yet I never told her of my love. An old and very wealthy man proposed to her, impoverished parents for her hand, and at length she was induced by frequent solicitations, to accept him. On the day that saw her a wife, I fled from the country in despair, resolving to put thousands of miles of ocean between me and my cherished idol, now lost to me forever. In Australia, hard toil was my consoler, and I amassed wealth in a wonderfully short time. Then an irresistible longing to travel, for perpetual change of scene, seized upon me, and ever since, I have been the wanderer you see."

"My poor friend," said O'Reilly, pressing Moore's hand, "your's is indeed a sad story."

"Tush," replied the other, with a forced laugh, "it is not so terrible after all. I'll weather it out, and make, I doubt not, a respectable old bachelor yet, at peace with the world and with myself, when you are a dignified paterfamilias. Lately, a yearning to visit the old scenes again has grown upon me, and so I have resolved to return to Ireland with you."

"I could not hope for better companionship," said Lieutenant O'Reilly.

CHAPTER IV.

How the hours, how the days, how the months go by! What a dream is time—what a passing cloud, gloomy, shadowy, yet edged with silvery light. There are thousands of miles to travel over, and there are hearts which we hunger to meet again. But we still hold on in heart of hope, and oh! what joy is ours when we clasp the dear ones to our heart! Anticipation of joy is joy in itself, picturing the glad looks of those we love, but whom we have not seen for many a weary day, picturing their welcoming embraces and their words of love is itself a strange, restless, eager kind of happiness. Homeward are we bound; and thousands of miles of ocean melt away in the distance. Our feet are on the green sod of Erin now, and the island home of our race—God bless it!—is ours again.

In a pleasant arbor two ladies are seated. One, the younger, lovely as the dawn in May, is reading. The other, a woman of queenly beauty,



Uniform Heat

Reading comfortably on the ground floor, Bathing baby comfortably on the second floor, Writing comfortably on the third floor. This, in short, is the story of every house heated with a

"Sunshine" Furnace.

The Regulators that divide the warm air are so constructed, and the pipes which carry it to the different registers so arranged, that any quantity of heat desired can be forced to the different rooms or flats of a house. The "Sunshine" is the only furnace made in which hot-air pipes to first floor do not rob second and third floor pipes. Burns coal, coke and wood equally well. Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for free illustrated booklet.

McClary's

Makers of the "Famous Active" Range and "Cornwall" Steel Range. London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

sits with her head resting pensively on her right hand. Presently, the younger lady closes her book and says with a smile:

"Madra mia, you are silent and melancholy to-day."

"Poor Gerald!" sighed the elder lady. "I wonder where he is at this hour."

"And who, dear," said the girl drawing nearer to her friend and winding her arms round her neck—"who is Gerald?"

"The playmate of my childhood," was the answer—"a true and noble gentleman was Gerald Moore. He left the country suddenly, after my marriage with your father, and I have never heard of him since."

"But I have dearest," said Laura Sinclair, hiding her face on her stepmother's bosom.

"You have heard?"

"Yes. But do not be angry with me, and I will tell you all."

And that story of her love and that secret engagement to Hugh O'Reilly was told, and then she mentioned that Hugh had written to her from India, saying that he had made the acquaintance and won the friend-

ship of a splendid fellow, a brother Irishman, one Gerald Moore, who seemed to have travelled all over the world.

"I will not be angry with you, dearest," said Mrs. Sinclair, drawing the girl closer to her heart. "I have a presentiment that your soldier is coming home; for I had a curious dream about Gerald last night. And if your Hugh be a good man—as Gerald's friend must be—I, your guardian, will not oppose your marriage, poor though he may be, for you are rich enough for both."

"And, oh, mamma," said the girl, "will not two hearts be made happy also? I feel, I know a little secret."

With a flush upon her cheek, the elder lady kissed the girl, as she whispered:

"I had thought that Gerald should be return, should be your best guardian and protector, for you would have loved him. But now—"

"But now," Laura answered, "he will be my guardian, inasmuch, when he is my mamma's husband. And closer still they sat in fond embrace.

(Continued on page 2.)

The Canadian Catholic Almanac and Directory for 1903.

containing fullest information and statistics concerning the Catholic Church in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, is now in course of preparation.

Price, 50c per Copy. Advertising Rates, \$35.00 per Page.

ADDRESS: CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS CO., 9 Jordan St., TORONTO.

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

WM. A LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592. Phone: Residence Main 3078.

THE MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE Co. Head Office—MANCHESTER, ENG. WILLIAM LEWIS, Manager and Secretary Assets over \$13,000,000

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO Incorporated 1868. Our Annual Report for 1901 shows an increase of the year's operations in the following substantial increases in the important items shown below:

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Office and Safe Deposit Vaults 80 YONGE STREET, TORONTO CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESERVE \$250,000

EDMUNTON'S EDINBURGH OFFEE ESSENCE Contains coffee in a moment. No trouble, in small and large bottles, from all GUARANTEED PURE.

Legal ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: Land Security Chambers, 21 W. Col. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

FOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Office: Home Savings and Loan Company Building, 20 Church Street, Toronto.

H KARN & SLATTERY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: Canada Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto.

LATHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT.

LEE & O'DONOGHUE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: Land Security Chambers, 21 Victoria St., Toronto.

MOBRADY & O'CONNOR, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: Land Security Chambers, 21 Victoria St., Toronto.

MACDONELL BOLAND & THOMPSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: 100 St. George Street, Toronto.

SCOTT, SCOTT & CURLE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Office: 100 St. George Street, Toronto.

Photographers Rowley's Portraits Are the best products of the Camera. STUDIO—435 SPADINA AVE.

Photographic Studio 688 YONGE ST., TORONTO. Opposite Isabella St.

Dentists Dr. R. J. McQuahy Honor Graduate of Toronto University 278 YONGE STREET, opposite Wilton Avenue.

Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT. 175 Spadina Ave. TORONTO

E. J. LENNOX, ARCHITECT. Office: Rooms 3, 4 and 5, E. Col. King and York Sts.

Financial MONEY TO LOAN on City and Farm Property, building loans, lowest rates. R. W. WHITEMAN, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

ROOFING. TORRES ROOFING CO.—SLATE AND GRAVEL ROOFING, established forty years. 128 Bay Street. Telephone Main 51.

Companies National Assurance Company, of Ireland Established 1826. HEAD OFFICE—110, Queen's Quay, Canada.

The Home Savings & Loan Co., LIMITED. CAPITAL (Authorized) \$2,500,000 CAPITAL (Subscribed) \$2,000,000

The Home Savings & Loan Co., LIMITED. CAPITAL (Authorized) \$2,500,000 CAPITAL (Subscribed) \$2,000,000

CHILDREN'S CORNER

"MARTY BROWN, MASCOT." "Marty Brown, Mascot," is the title of a thrilling baseball story in the September St. Nicholas, by Ralph Henry Barbour.

Bob Ayer meanwhile had searched unsuccessfully for a player to take the injured Webster's place, and had just concluded to apply to Vulcan's captain for one of his substitutes, when he turned to find Marty at his side.

"Are yer looking fer a feller to play left field?" "Yes," answered Bob, eagerly. "Do you know of any one?" Marty nodded.

Bob stared in surprise, but Marty looked back without flinching. "I can play, Bob; not like you, of course, but pretty well. And, besides, there ain't no one else, is there? Give me a show, will yer?"

Bob's surprise had given place to deep thought. "Why not?" he asked himself. Of course Marty could play ball; what Summerville boy couldn't to some extent? He turned and strode to the bench, and Marty eagerly watched him conferring with the others.

"If you can," muttered Marty, seated on the bench between Bob and Wolcott. It looked as though they could. Bob groaned as Hamilton popped a short fly into the second-baseman's hands, and the rest of the fellows echoed the mournful sound.

"Lift it, Will, lift it!" implored Bob as Pickering strode to the plate. And lift it he did. Unfortunately, however, when it descended it went plump into the hands of right field.

"Play carefully, fellows," shouted Vulcan's captain, as Hamilton went to bat. "We've got to shut them out." "If you can," muttered Marty, seated on the bench between Bob and Wolcott.

It looked as though they could. Bob groaned as Hamilton popped a short fly into the second-baseman's hands, and the rest of the fellows echoed the mournful sound.

the wild cheers of the little group of blue-and-white-decked watchers. Hamilton hurried across to coach the runner, and Bob stepped to the plate. His contribution was a swift liner that was too hot for the pitcher, one that placed Warner on second and himself on first.

"Webster at bat!" called the scorer. "That's you, Marty," said Wolcott. "If you never do another thing, my boy, swat that ball."

Marty picked out a bat and strode courageously to the plate. A roar of laughter greeted his appearance. "Get on to Blue Jeans!" "Give us a home run, kid!" "Say, now, sonny, don't fall over your pants!"

It needed just that ridicule to dispel Marty's nervousness. He was angry. How could he help his "pants" being long? he asked himself, indignantly. He'd show those duds that "pants" hadn't anything to do with hitting a baseball! He shut his teeth hard, gripped the bat tight, and faced the pitcher. The latter smiled at his adversary, but was not willing to take any chances, with the bases full and so, heedless of the requests to "Toss him an easy one, Joel!" he delivered a swift, straight drop over the plate.

"Strike!" droned the little umpire, skipping aside. Marty frowned, but gave no other sign of the chill of disappointment that travelled down his spine. On the bench Wolcott turned to his next neighbor, and said, as he shook his head sorrowfully: "Hard luck! If it had only been some one else's turn now, we might have scored. I guess little Marty's not up to curves."

Marty watched the next delivery carefully—and let it pass. "Ball!" called the umpire. Again he held himself in, although it was all he could do to keep from swinging at the dirty white globe as it sped by him. "Two balls!"

"That's right, Marty; wait for a good one," yelled Wolcott, hoping against hope that Marty might get to first on balls. Marty made no answer, but stood there, pale of face, but cool, while the ball sped around the bases, and at last went back to the pitcher. Again the sphere sped forward. Now was his time! With all his strength he swung his bat—and twirled around on his heels! A roar of laughter swept across the diamond.

"Strike two!" cried the umpire. But Marty, surprised at his failure, yet undaunted, heard nothing save the umpire's unmoved voice. Forward flew the ball again, this time unmistakably wide of the plate, and the little man in the snuff-colored alpaca motioned to the right. "Three balls!"

Bob, restlessly lifting his feet to be off and away on his dash to third, waited with despairing heart. Victory or defeat depended upon the next pitch. A three-bagger would tie the score, a safe hit would brag, Sleeper to the bat. But as he looked at the pale-faced, odd-looking figure beside the plate he realized how hopeless it all was.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

THE Catholic Almanac OF ONTARIO, 1902

WE HAVE ON HAND a few hundred copies of "THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO," 1902, which we have been giving away as a PREMIUM to paid-up subscribers of our paper.

- † D. FALCONIO, Archbishop Apost. Deleg.
† DENIS O'CONNOR, Archbishop of Toronto.
† J. THOS. DUHAMEL, Archbishop of Ottawa.
† THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING, Bishop of Hamilton.
† R. A. O'CONNOR, Bishop of Peterborough.
† ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Bishop of Alexandria.
† F. P. McEVAY, Bishop of London.
† N. Z. LORRAIN, Bishop of Pembroke.

It contains list of The Ontario Clergy, The Parishes of Ontario, The Liturgies, Calendar prepared by The Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto. A list of The Holy Days of Obligation, Fasting Days of Obligation, the Abstinence Days, the Rules of the Church regarding Marriage, Masses of the Dead, and Indulgences. It is pronounced to be a complete, handy and useful work by competent judges. Our readers should avail of this opportunity to procure a copy. Fill out the following:

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO., 9 Jordan St., Toronto. GENTLEMEN:—Please send to my address one copy of "The Catholic Almanac of Ontario." I enclose you 10c (ten cents) for same. Name Address

RIPAN'S TABLETS

Doctors find A Good Prescription For mankind. A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS. Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion.

SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS AND MARY LEAVE FOR MANITOBA. Once again are the religious institutions of Montreal supplying members for institutions to be opened up in Manitoba and the Northwest.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY A Dictionary of English, Biography, Geography, etc. NEW EDITION. 25,000 New Words, Phrases, etc. Prepared under the supervision of W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of experienced specialists.

It. The rest of the crowd grew in volume. Warner, Bob and Howe were already racing home, and Marty running as hard as his legs would carry him, was touching second. For up the field the ball was coming to earth slowly, gently, yet far too quickly for the fielders.

"Come on—oh, come on, Marty, my boy!" Warner was home, now Bob, and then Howe was crossing the plate, and Marty was leaving second behind him. Would the fielder catch it? He dared look no longer, but sped onward. Then a new note crept into the shouts of the fans—a note of disappointment, of despair. Up the field the centre-fielder had tipped the ball with one outstretched hand, but had failed to catch it! At last, however, it was speeding home toward second base.

"Come on! Come on, Marty!" shrieked Bob. The boy's twinkling feet spurred the third bag and he sped homeward. The ball was settling into the second-baseman's hands. The latter turned quickly and threw it straight, swift, unswerving toward the plate. "Slide!" yelled Bob and Warner, in a breath. Marty threw himself desperately forward, there was a cloud of brown dust as the plate, a thud as the ball met the catcher's gloves. The little man in the alpaca coat turned away with a grin, and picked up his mask again.

"Safe here!" The score was 13 to 12 in Summerville's favor; Marty's home run had saved the day! In another minute or two it was all over. Sleeper had popped a high fly into the hands of the discomfited center-fielder, and the crowds swarmed inward over the diamond.

It was a tired, hungry, but joyous little group that journeyed back to Summerville through the soft, mellow summer twilight. Marty and the leather bat-case occupied a whole seat to themselves. Marty's frocked face was beaming with happiness and pride, his heart sang a psalm of triumph in time to the clinkety-click of the car-wheels, and in one hand, tightly clenched, nestled a ten-dollar gold piece.

It was his share of the hundred-dollar purse the nine had won, Bob had explained, and it had been voted to him unanimsously. And the next spring he was to join the team as substitute! And Marty, doubting the trustfulness of his pockets, held the shining prize firmly in his fist and grinned happily over the praise and thanks of his companions.

"It wasn't nothin', that home run; any feller could have done that!" And, besides, he explained, he had known all along that they were going to win. "Why—don't you see?" the other fellows didn't have any mascot!"

THE WORLD IS FULL OF PAIN. The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was the outcome of a universal remedy for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has found its mission to a remarkable degree.

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE Ask for the Original Brand

Chats With Young Men

DO YOU PLANT FORTUNE SEED? "Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the pleasant land."

We sing this stanza as children, and think it a sweet little fairy tale, and straightaway grow up and forget all about the mighty truth that the rhyme contains.

Experience is the greatest of all teachers, but many of us are so obtuse that we absolutely fail to see the significance of the facts which show so quietly, but so urgently, places before us. If a person who has received a comfortable salary for five or ten years suddenly finds himself out of a position, without any money saved up, he is quite likely to blame his luck, instead of looking at the matter with a dispassionate mind and realizing that experience is putting before him, in the most convincing manner, a lesson of thrift which he needs to learn by heart.

If, instead of bemoaning his "luck" he will listen, a still, small voice will whisper to him of him of nickels, dimes, and even dollars foolishly squandered, nickels, dimes and dollars spent which have not yielded their value in enjoyment. Money spent on legitimate pleasures, taken in moderation, need never be regretted. Legitimate pleasures are those which do not leave a bad taste in the mouth, but, instead, bestow thoughtful memories that no amount of hardship can deprive one of.

The writer knows of a person whose income has unexpectedly been cut off, leaving him quite unprepared. For years he has lived up to the limit of his salary, giving no thought to the future. "Think of it," he remarked, desperately, "had I but saved only 10 cents a day, for the last fifteen years—and I could have done so without ever missing it—I should now have \$517.50, not allowing for accrued interest. But I might have saved a great deal more than that, without foregoing any real pleasures. "The maddening to think of such folly, and I deserve the hard time I am having."

But, perhaps, you think that the family of a laboring man could not save 10 cents a day, without a great deal of sacrifice. It is certainly no average workman in this country might save 5 cents a day without undergoing deprivations. The amount is too small to be worth while. Let us see.

Suppose that a young man of 21 should make a resolution to put away at least 5 cents a day, each day in the year, and not to touch his savings for ten years. Do you realize what at the end of that time he would have \$182.50 to his credit, as a result of putting away an amount so small that he would never miss it? Many enormous fortunes have grown from a smaller capital than this.

If a man has good brains, energy, and, at the age of 21, a capital of \$182.50, there is no reason why, at the age of 41, he should not have a very snug nest-egg indeed, if he be a man of ordinary ability.

If, on the other hand, he happens to have the money-making talent, there is no reason why he should not be well started on the road to wealth.

The power of small things is one

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL MICHAEL DAVITT'S GREAT BOOK The Beer Fight for Freedom

Readers of this paper, many of whom sympathize with the cause of temperance, will be glad to know that the author of this book, Mr. Davitt, is the champion of the cause of temperance, and that his book is a powerful presentation, and contains a wealth of facts for the great cause of Freedom. It is the only book, graphic, and full of facts, which will show the world that the cause of temperance is not a mere party issue, but a great cause for the benefit of all people. Here is the whole truth as to the cause of temperance, and the only book which will show the world that the cause of temperance is not a mere party issue, but a great cause for the benefit of all people.

of the most important facts of life, and too much stress cannot be laid upon it. It is absurd and illogical to despise the units, when there can be no tens and hundreds without them. A man alone may be puny and insignificant; but, multiplied, he constitutes the power which dominates the earth.

One penny may seem to you a very insignificant thing, but it is the small seed from which fortunes spring. If we want to raise a flower or vegetable, we produce the seed, plant it in good soil, and do all that we can to facilitate its growth; or we may be fortunate enough to procure a half-grown plant; but some time, somewhere, somebody planted the seed.

The penny is nothing in the world but the seed of that wonderful growth which the best of us cannot help admiring, and for which all of us long, the fortune plant! If you would have one of these wonderful plants for your own, if you dream of sitting at ease under its branches, in your age, go about it in a rational way. From this moment, treat that little disk of copper, with the head of the queen on one side and "one cent" on the other, with the respect that a fortune seed deserves. Don't scatter and waste seeds so valuable, but plant them in the soil which will foster them—the savings bank.

A WRONG IDEAL OF SUCCESS.

"The successful man" is kept before the people. By "successful" is commonly meant one who from poverty, or at best very limited means, has risen to great worldly estate. He is greeted on every hand. He is held up as an example of the possibilities of life, and as an ideal to be followed. He is asked by editors and press managers to tell the story of his life, and reveal the secret of his success. Young men are thus taught that wealth is a goal toward which they should run, and life is thus turned in a wrong direction. Success lies in what a man is in himself, and not what he has. He who has grown into a broad conception of life, with its relations and responsibilities, who has attained high-minded, pure-hearted Christian manliness, is the successful man. And again a wrong ideal discourages such as do not attain to it. They see the impossibilities of success in that direction and make no effort in any one. Unable to gain the impossible they fall to strive for the easily possible. We would impress it upon every one, especially on every young man, that success, the true and best success, is possible, for it is in character, healing and curing all afflictions, and service; in what is laid up in the heart and not in the pocket, in what is given for the good of others and not in what is gathered for self.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has provided a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering), I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"HOME NURSING."

We have recently received a book entitled "Home Nursing," published by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal. This publication contains practical instructions for the performance of all offices pertaining to the sick. It tells what to do in case of accidents, treats with nearly all the diseases to which human flesh is heir, as well as containing many recipes for preparing solid and liquid food for the sick. No home should be without a copy of it. It is very attractive book about 50 pages, and can be obtained upon application to the publishers, Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, enclosing to them 5 cents in stamps to cover the expense of mailing, etc.

A SOOTHING OIL.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subside to calmness the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements. It cures pain, beats bruises, takes the fire from wounds, and is a general household medicine in almost every ailment. It is worth much.



North American Life 112-118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. L. GOLDMAN, SECRETARY. W.M. McCABE, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

A TOWER HATH FALLEN IN ERIN (Archbishop Croke, the beloved prelate of Cashel and Emily, died July 22, 1902.)

A tower hath fallen in Erin, a pillar-tower of Cashel and Emily, died July 22, 1902. And the souls of men are shaken, like reeds in a wintry blast.

A tower hath fallen in Erin; long we have seen it loom Like the pillar of fire o'er Zion, to save the land from doom.

Weep ye in sainted Cashel, weep ye in Ormond's Vale Ye shall not find his equal, the prelate and prince of the Gael.

Silve-Bloom and the purple Galys, re-echo the banshee's wailing, By the grass grown tomb of Cormac her palled face is seen.

Swells from the harp of Erin, a tremulous dirge of woe; The pride of her heart, her bravest, at Cashel to-day lies low.

Who joyed in her hour of glory, who grieved her wrongs to see, As he joyed with His Lord on Thabor and sorrowed on Calvary.

Noble his soul and lofty, his brow was clothed in power, His voice brought strength and comfort in the nation's darkest hour.

When you drain the unfathomed ocean, when you measure unbounded space, Ye shall gauge the love of Banba for the purest of her race.

Patriot, prince, and prelate, true to his land and creed, Celt of the Celts, untainted, kingly in thought and deed.

We in our grief are selfish; golden his great reward Who tolled thro' stress of the noon-tide in the vineyard of the Lord.

There is rest in the blissful region where our prelate and prince has gone, And only ours is the sorrow who wait for the breaking dawn.

—Rev. James Dillard, in The Boston Pilot.

Where there is a will there is a way to break it. Life insurance can be made payable directly to the parties interested without interference by any one.

A policy for the benefit of wife and family comes under the class of preferred beneficiaries, and creditors have absolutely no claim upon it.

Those who insure remove the possible hardships and privations from those they love.

ECONOMY HOT WATER BOILER.

One of the neatest booklets issued by any of the manufacturers in Toronto is one issued by The Peace Furnace Co. It is entitled "Comfortable Homes," and deals in detail with the system of water heating by "The Economy Hot Water Boiler" manufactured by this well known and reputable firm.

The brochure is the design of Mr. Wilbur G. Jones, the treasurer of the company, and from cover to cover is filled with reading matter, cuts and illustrations that make it a book to be desired by the general public, and more especially by any one who is thinking of equipping a house with a heating apparatus. By dropping a postal card to The Peace Furnace Co., Toronto, a booklet may be obtained free.

The Whole Story in a Letter: Pain-Killer (PAIN EXPELLER) From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 4, Montreal. "We frequently use TERRY'S PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, headache, toothache, and all ailments which beset the human system. I have no hesitation in saying that Terry's is the best remedy I have ever used."

Typewriters All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month. CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto.

What Use of Canada's Leading Business House Means Think of Our Paper. Toronto, March 8, 1902. The Catholic Register Co., Ont. We have been using the columns of The Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory. The constituency reached by The Register is an important one, and we know of no other medium so well situated in this respect as The Register. Yours truly, J. J. Selts, Gen. Mgr.

PARLOR MATCHES THE VERY BEST E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED Hull, Canada. QUEEN'S INN "KING EDWARD" 1000's Experiment with other and inferior brands. USE EDDY'S "HEADLIGHT" 500's "EAGLE" 100's and 200's "VICTORIA" "LITTLE COMET"

THE VERY BEST COAL AND WOOD OFFICES: 20 King Street West. 415 Yonge Street. 709 Yonge Street. 204 Wellesly Street. 806 Queen Street East. 415 Spadina Avenue. 1352 Queen Street West. 570 Queen Street West. Esplanade East, near Berkeley. Esplanade East, near Church. Bathurst Street, opp. Front Street. 309 Pape Ave. at G. T. R. Crossing. 1181 Yonge St. at G. T. R. Crossing. THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat in Eastern—Chicago Bull—The Live Stock Trade. Monday Evening, Sept. 2.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The street market was quiet to-day, the chief activity being in grain and hay. Farmers are too busy with their harvest still to attend markets. The total receipts of grain were about 3,200 bushels.

Wheat—No. 1 soft winter, with a general decline of 20,000 bushels of white soft lower at 70c to 72c and 200 bushels of red soft lower at 68c to 70c and 300 bushels of soft red lower at 65c to 67c. One load of spring wheat sold at 70c per bushel. Oats—The deliveries amounted to 2,000 bushels and were 1c lower at 48c to 50c and new 1c to 1 1/2c lower at 31c to 32c. Hay—Two hundred bushels sold at 45c per ton. One load sold 3 1/2c lower at 48c per bushel. Hops—Two loads of old sold 60c to \$2.50 lower at \$10 to \$11 per ton, and 20 loads of new sold at \$10 to \$11. Straw—One load sold 2 1/2c lower at \$10.75 per ton.

Cheese Markets. Ingersoll, Sept. 2.—No cheese boarded at the Ingersoll cheese market to-day. Several salesmen were in town. Some reported closing out August at 15c on the cut. Campbellford, Sept. 2.—At the Campbellford Cheese Board to-day 1,400 boxes were boarded. Sales at 0 1/2c and 1 1/2c.

The Visible Supply. Sept. 2, '02. Wheat, 2,000,000 bushels; Corn, 2,000,000 bushels; Oats, 2,000,000 bushels; Hay, 2,000,000 tons; Cattle, 2,000,000 head; Sheep, 2,000,000 head; Hogs, 2,000,000 head.

Toronto Live Stock. The trading at the Toronto Cattle Market to-day was rather quiet and prices were steady. There was a moderate run and the demand was only ordinary. The conditions of the week were generally favorable—the choice of lots found ready buyers, while the medium to low grades were inclined to be slow. The abundance of poor cattle prevents activity, and until the quality of the offerings improves there will be little or no increase in price. Steep and lambs were steady and firm and calves were firm. The receipts were steady, including 200 cattle, 200 sheep and lambs, 20 calves and 20 hogs.

Export Cattle—Prices were unchanged at \$3 to \$3.75 for the best. An occasional lot brought a little more when the quality was superior. Medium grades, including light weights, were rather dull, with quotations unchanged at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Hunchers Cattle—The demand was confined principally to the finer grades, and all of these were quickly snapped up. The others were a little slower and holders had some difficulty in disposing of their offerings. The price of prices was unchanged, the best lots selling up to \$5. The inferior quality of some lots had a depressing effect on the general trade and there was no business.

Export Hogs—The demand is fair, but offerings are light and the market is quiet. Quotations are 15c higher at \$3.75 to \$4.75 per cwt.

Pork—Receipts were moderately large and there was some inquiry for heavy cuts. Light were not particularly active and the trading was of a hand-to-mouth character. Prices are the same as those which ruled last week.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Sept. 2.—Receipts, 10,000, including 2,500 Texas, 4,000 western, slow; range lower; good to prime steers nominal at \$7.75 to \$8.00; poor to medium, \$4.25 to \$5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 to \$3.25; cows, \$1.50 to \$2.00; heifers, \$2.50 to \$3.00; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.25 to \$3.00; calves, \$2.75 to \$3.50; Texas fat steers, \$3 to \$4.50; western steers, \$4 to \$5.75; range steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$1.50 to \$2.50; lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.50; fair to good, \$2.50 to \$3.50; choice, \$3.50 to \$4.50; mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.50; fair to good, \$2.50 to \$3.50; choice, \$3.50 to \$4.50.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day. (Closing to day. Cash. Sept. 2. Cash. Dec. 1902.) Chicago ... 70 1/2 71 1/2 72 1/2 New York ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 Toledo ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 Minneapolis ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 Milwaukee, 2nd ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 Detroit, 2nd ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 St. Louis ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2 Duluth ... 71 1/2 72 1/2 73 1/2

London, Sept. 2.—Wheat, on passage, quiet and steady. Cargoes about No. 1 Calcutta, about 300,000, on passage, rather firm.

Paris, Sept. 2.—Wheat steady; September, 140c; January, 145c; March, 150c; Flour steady; September, 27c; January, 28c; April, 29c.

London, Sept. 2.—Wheat—Spot, No. 1 red winter, 150c.

Japan Teas are being discarded in favor of the better and purer article

"SALADA" Natural Ceylon Green. "Its Delicious." One trial will convince you. Lead Packets only—Same form as the famous "SALADA" Black Teas.

The Catholic Register Publishing Company. Phone Main 489. Estimates Furnished. The Largest Catholic Printing Office in Canada. 9 Jordan St., Toronto. JOB PRINTERS

Don't You Count the Bread As the Chief Staff of Life? You do if you use one of Tomlin's 57 varieties. TELEPHONE PARK 553 at 5 have one of our waggons call with a sample loaf. H. C. TOMLIN, Proprietor. The Toronto Bakery 420-422-424 Bathurst St.

Office and Yard FRONT ST., NEAR BATHURST Telephone No. 419. Office and Yard PRINCESS STREET DOCK Telephone No. 150. P. BURNS & CO. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Coal and Wood Head Office 38 King St. East PHONE MAIN 131.

...THE... Catholic Almanac FOR 1902 AND THE CATHOLIC REGISTER will be sent to new subscribers from the present time to the end of the current year for 50 CENTS Every Catholic home should have the Register and Almanac. Give the Register a few month's trial. We ask The Reverend Clergy to kindly make this offer known as widely as possible, and take advantage of same to place the paper in many houses where a Catholic paper is not now taken. ADDRESS ORDERS: The Catholic Register Publishing Co., P. F. ORWIN, Manager