

FAREWELL TO MGR. FALCONIO

Ottawa Hibernians and Knights of Columbus and Toronto Clergy and Laymen

Express the High Respect Entertained Towards the Apostolic Delegate by the Catholics of Canada—Speeches at the Toronto Banquet

Ottawa, Nov. 16.—Monsignor Falconio, whose urbanity and tact have rendered him a great favorite in Ottawa, received to-day a host of callers anxious to pay their respects to him on the eve of his departure for Washington.

at all times needed true Catholic knights, and when the occasion should demand it they would know how to prove their faith.

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TORONTO'S FAREWELL BANQUET

A Great Success—A Brilliant Gathering and Excellent Speeches.

church, it was a satisfaction to know that the church was so strong in Toronto.



MGR. FALCONIO.

IN THESE GOOD TIMES... Canada Permanent AND Western Canada MORTGAGE CORPORATION

ages under which the labors of the hierarchy are sometimes performed.

net if that were done, it might cause the pleasant relations between Great Britain and the United States to become somewhat strained.

stance had there been delay. Where he suggested an improvement in the text books, at once they placed at his disposal a series of readers that could compare favorably with the best in the world.

THE MAYOR'S SPEECH. The toast of the "Corporation of the City of Toronto" was replied to by Mayor Howland and the Archbishop of Toronto.

PREMIER ROSS' REPLY. The Hon. Geo. W. Ross was received with great cheering. He said that he came from the Diocese of London; henceforth that was to be his chief introduction to a Toronto audience.

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION. Mr. Ross said that he was glad to be able to bear testimony to the zeal of the Roman Catholic clergy.

DINEEN'S Seal Skin JACKETS \$175 to \$250. The Dineen Fur Garments have held the trade mark of excellence in Canada for thirty-eight years.

His Excellency their spoke in French for a few minutes, and thanked the Archbishop of Ottawa, Vicar-General Poutier and the clergy and people for the good feeling they had shown towards him.

MGR. FALCONIO REGRETS LEAVING CANADA. His Excellency was received with great cordiality. He returned his best thanks for the demonstration of attachment to the Holy Father.

SPOONER'S "PHENYLE" POWDER. A Good Germicide Disinfectant. It is not expensive. It holds Prof. Ellis' Certificate and two World's Fair Gold Medals.

The Shannon Letter File. holds your papers on the arch in a compact and orderly manner.

YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO. Peer of Pianos. Canada's Favorite Piano.

GOOD WISHES FROM LONDON. In proposing the hierarchy, Judge MacMahon referred to the disadvantage under which the labors of the hierarchy are sometimes performed.

HEINTZMAN & CO. 115-117 King St. W., Toronto.

Judge MacMahon also proposed the toast of "Canada, Our Country," and in doing so, said that Canada possessed as contented, as prosperous and as happy a people as there was on the face of the earth.

PROMOTION OF EDUCATION. Mr. Ross said that he was glad to be able to bear testimony to the zeal of the Roman Catholic clergy.

JEWELLERS BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Bud Vases. We illustrate here a Bud Vase which for table decoration has proven very popular.

Ryrie Bros., Toronto. These we sell at \$1.50 each, either singly, or in sets of four or six.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

CARDINAL MORAN WILL NOT VISIT AMERICA

During the last days of the stay of the Irish and Australian pilgrims the work of visiting churches and shrines was concluded. A large number of the clergy and laity visited the Catacomb of S. Priscilla, under the learned guidance of Commendatore Orazio Marucchi, who continues the traditions of De Rossi, and whose discoveries possess the greatest interest.

His Holiness has given some interesting fragments of ancient Christian sarcophagi to his Eminence Cardinal Moran, which will form a sort of material link between the ancient Church of Rome and the newest of her daughters—the Church of Australia.

His Eminence, accompanied by his Secretary, left Rome for Naples, where they embarked on board the Orontes for Sydney.

IRELAND

POPE LEO AND THE IRISH

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M.P., has made the following notes of Pope Leo's replies at the recent audience of the Irish pilgrims with the Pope. When the address of the Dublin Corporation was presented he said: "I accept with great pleasure the congratulations of the Capital of Ireland."

ENGLAND

DEATH OF DR. ROBERT BUTLER

The death of the Very Rev. Dr. Robert Butler, formerly the close friend and the confessor of Cardinal Manning, is announced from St. Charles's College, North Kensington. He was ordained priest forty-three years ago, and for more than half that period (says a writer in The Daily Chronicle) had been Rector of St. Charles's College, a large school for boarders and for day scholars, founded by the Bayswater Community of Oblates of St. Charles, of which he and both Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan were members.

FRANCE

PERSECUTION OF THE MILITIOUS

M. Arthur Loth, a noted Catholic publicist, makes a strong point against the persecutors of religion in a recent article contributed to The Verite. He has often heard the enemies of the Religious Orders talk of the "milliards of the Congregation," meaning thereby the supposed untold treasures of the monks and nuns which were being banked in or carried to foreign countries.

The sum is given as thirty milliard of francs. This money was sent across the frontier by French manufacturers, merchants, and landed proprietors, and not by the Religious Orders. This comes about as M. Loth argues owing to the apprehensions caused in the minds of capitalists by the present form of Government and by the men who are ruling the country. He also points out to the short-sighted sectarian politicians that the financial relations of French capitalists with foreign countries were far more to be feared than those of French Recusantists at Capuchins with their Superiors-General at Rome.

A HEBREW CONVERT

M. Gaston Pollonnais, a Hebrew writer, has been received into the Church by Father Domenech, a missionary priest of Paris. M. Pollonnais whose real name is Pollack, was formerly editor of The Soil, and is now on the staff of The Gaulois. He comes of an old Jewish family, and was one of the very few Hebrews who stood up for the army during the Dreyfus agitation, and refused to be dragged into the maelstrom surging around the case of the Jewish artillery captain. This was remembered by M. Pollonnais, for the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, where the abjuration took place, was filled with all the noted officers who were connected with the Dreyfus case, such as General de Boisdeffre, General Gonse and Colonel Du Paty de Clam.

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS

St. Nicholas in 1903 Promises to Go Far Beyond Past Successes

Professor John Bach McMaster recently wrote in the editors of St. Nicholas "Thank you very heartily for the pleasure and profit St. Nicholas brings to my boys." He says—and girls—are very much alike the world over. The delight and help that St. Nicholas is giving to Professor McMaster's boys, and thousands of other girls and boys, it holds for every girl and boy who can understand English. Since the first number of St. Nicholas was published nearly thirty years ago, many weekly and monthly publications for children have come and gone, but St. Nicholas still holds its place, the unrivalled "prince of periodicals for young folks." It was never more enjoyed by its readers than now, for in addition to the usual serial stories, short articles, etc. there is a department called "The St. Nicholas League," in which the children themselves have an opportunity to take part. There are said to be nearly fifty thousand children now belonging to the League, and prizes are given out each month for the best stories, poems, drawings and photographs sent in by the young members. Any reader of St. Nicholas may become a member.

The price of St. Nicholas is three dollars a year. The publishers announce that new subscribers who begin with January may receive the November and December numbers free, and so begin the volume and the commencement of all their serials. The publishers are The Century Co. Union Square, New York.

THE SALVATION OF SWITZERLAND

(Written for The Register.) By "Con Amore." "There was a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city." It was in the year 1481—a year of bitter jealousies and dissensions in the Diet of Switzerland Solothurn and Friburg were demanding their admission to the Confederation. The Cantons were divided one against the other on this question, and added to this contest, the division of the Burgundian booty caused discontent and disunion. Diet after Diet had been called, but the rancorous dissensions could not be arbitrated and the dreadful horrors of civil war loomed imminent to the already overburdened Swiss. Such was the internal condition of the Confederation.

There was one spectator to all these disturbances whose heart was heavy at the threatened destruction of his beloved Switzerland. Father Im-Grunn was an aged man, many years had he labored among his people, endearing himself to young and old, mother and maid, boy and man alike, by the strength of his sturdy patriotism and his earnest influential piety. So long had he been in their midst that there were few families in Stanz that could not remember to have received from his kindly ministrations the blessings of marriage, the saving rites of baptism, the consecrations of confirmation, the tender solemn offices for the sick or dead. All the earthly affections of Father Im-Grunn were bound up in his people and his parish. And now in his old age he feared to see his peaceful canton turned into a howling wilderness of civil war. Therefore his prayers before the altar and in his solitary cell were more impassioned, many a painful fast he added to his already rigorous life, earnestly did he reason and chide and persuade wherever and whenever he found opportunity. His step was growing feeble, his hair was silvery white, and his people shook their heads in sad regret when they spoke of him, saying that he was growing very old. Old, yes, but his smile was ever as gentle, his voice ever as kindly, his hands ever as ready to give assistance. The burden of his old age was to restore peace to the Confederation, to pour oil on its stormy waters, to quench its raging fires.

It was Sunday evening. Vespers were over and darkness and solitude were investing the parish church with the silence and the peace of night. The great doors of the nave had swung to with a loud bang, filling the empty aisles with a jarring rattle, and thrilling the grained roof with tremors; the sacristan tramped noisily along to the postern door and only the dim sanctuary lights flickered on the altars. The church was empty—no, there remained yet a kneeling form before the altar. It was the holy father pouring out his soul before the Sacred Heart in supplication for his country, his spirit beaten and bowed down by his unsuccessful mediation and fearing that the near future would declare a civil war. He prayed for intuition, for power, for bodily strength to bring about peace. The night passed in this lonely vigil, the moon sent a watery gleam down through the chancel window, shining with a pale lustre on the upturned entrapt face of the aged priest; all else was darkness and holy loneliness. At the tolling of the Angelus the supplicant rose from his knees with quiet resolution expressed in his features and in his manner. He passed from the church to his modest dwelling, there the motherly hausfrau, whom he kept to supply the wants of his parishioners more than his own, entreated him to eat and sleep after his weary vigil. Well she knew how his night had been spent, for his supper was untouched, his bed unruled.

"Nay, Gretchen," he said, "that which I have to do admits of no delay. I must neither eat nor sleep by the way." He gazed his robe about him, took up his staff, and set out towards the Kant—five leagues distant—and he an aged man and fasting. His mission was his hermitage and by his influence to soothe the dissensions of the Diet. Friar Nicolas Klaus von der Fluog had an enormous influence. Always sincerely pious, he had passed through a very successful career as head of his family, soldier and magistrate, renowned in all his occupations as a just and honorable man. But having fulfilled his duties for fifty years he then renounced his worldly career and withdrew to a solitary hermitage at the Kant. His Rosary, his stick and one garment were all he took of his worldly possessions and here he lived the life of a devoted hermit, sleeping on the ground and taking no nourishment but the Holy Eucharist. Though his former life had been one of humble piety, yet calumnies and insults attacked him freely, and there were many ready to affirm that his only desire was to dazzle the vulgar. Many were the trials he endured in his mountainous solitude, before by much persecution he obtained his just reputation as a holy man of God. But Friar Nicolas bore himself unflinchingly through evil report, until at length rumors of his wonderful sustenance roused even the unbelief of the Church herself. Then His Grace the Bishop of Constance ordered a solemn investigation, him-

self visiting Nicolas and ordering him in all holy obedience to eat and drink before him. The hermit, though with visible reluctance, obeyed his superior, but scarcely had he swallowed a mouthful of drink and a morsel of bread when convulsive spasms overtook him and his stomach rejected the food. Notwithstanding this result, for a month the Bishop ordered a cordon of soldiers to surround the hermitage, until at last the most unbelieving were convinced, and Friar Nicolas was at length left to the quiet pursuit of a sanctified life. For twenty years had he been consecrated to this holy life, his faculties being preserved in a miraculous way, and his mind being filled with a keen insight, he was sought by all far and near, rich and poor, in all the exigencies and troubles of life.

To induce this holy hermit to leave his solitude and to bring his unworshipful counsel to bear on the Diet was the mission Father Im-Grunn had undertaken, a difficult matter indeed, but not so impossible as to bring the Diet to visit the hermit.

Footsore, weary and faint over the five leagues of mountainous country came the aged priest, till at length the waters of Sarnen glistened before him and he entered the solitude of the Kant. Affecting was the meeting between the two old and holy men—much to the joy of Father Im-Grunn, Friar Nicolas agreed to return with him and together they plodded along the rocky road back, waiting not for refreshment or rest. Truly it was divine succor that sustained them. But the impatience of Father Im-Grunn became more and more impatient and as they neared Stanz he pushed on ahead of his companion and repaid to the Council Chamber.

Not one moment too soon was he amidst disturbance and riot the Helvetic deputies were already risen for departure, anger and dispute were rife. Suddenly into their midst came the venerable priest, travel-stained, lame and faint, his hands upheld in exhortation, his voice tremulous with emotion, his eyes overflowing with tears.

"My children, my brethren," he said, "I implore you to remain. I have brought to aid you in your counsels, the holy hermit, Friar Nicolas. The journey has been beset with difficulties, but I beseech you listen to the prayers of your aged father and remain for a short while till my brother arrives."

Unable to resist this impassioned request, the deputies flung themselves back into their seats, but their clamour of tongues had not altogether died away, their faces were still inflamed with angry passion. Scarcely had they thus consented then the doors of the chamber opened again and Friar Nicolas appeared before them. His spirit had responded in ready earnestness to the haste of Father Im-Grunn and he now stood before the angry chamber with his brother messenger.

What a grand picture was there—the Council Chamber in all the disorder of its stormy meeting, the tables littered with papers, the chairs askew and having occupants whose demeanor and voices accorded with their tremulous countenances. Side by side the two aged men, the one leaning heavily on his staff, an aspect of disquiet and gentle reproach on his venerable features, his eyes overflowing with commiseration; the other, a grand old man, in his simple friar's robe, his tall upright form still carrying itself with a soldierly bearing, his hair and beard mingling in a silvery wealth, his face marked with the aesthetic lines of solitude, meditation and fast, his eyes gleaming with the sparkle of well-preserved manhood. Surely this was a spectacle to influence the wildest spirits. The Diet were not slow to recognize the solemnity of the scene, their actions were involuntarily to restore something of decency to their manner and their places, as simultaneous their faces lost the traces of their factious contentions, and they rose with unchecked emotion to welcome their God-sent deputation.

Friar Nicolas remained a few minutes in meditative silence before them ere he spoke. Then, in a voice of noblest accents of humility, entreaty and command, he said: "My dear sirs, I have come from my hermitage where I dwell apart from the world in profound seclusion. I understand nothing of human science, but in answer to the fastings and prayers of your beloved priest, God has instructed me. Therefore I say to you, do you, as Deputies of the cities, give up your private alliances, which only cause dissensions, and you, Deputies of the Cantons, remembering the services which Solothurn and Friburg have rendered you, admit them into the Helvetic body, and you will be glad to have followed this counsel. I have learned to my grief that instead of thanking God for your victories, you are uncessantly quarrelling about the booty. Dear friends, divide the conquered lands according to the number of cantons and the rest according to the number of men. In a word, oh my brothers, be united—be united by a common bond of affection, unity, fidelity and good order. And now I have nothing more to say. I return to my solitude, dear sirs. May the good God be over with you."

Father Im-Grunn lifted his hand in benediction and the two old men, brothers in God, left the Council Chamber. Father Im-Grunn to return thanks at the altar for the saving of his people; Friar Nicolas to return to his hermitage, rich beyond com-

puting with the blessings of all Switzerland, never more to leave the serenity of his solitude. The Cantons each one sent him a special letter of thanks, and a gift for his little chapel six years after he had rendered so great a service of peace and goodwill to his country he died, but not yet forgotten.

SENSATION IN QUEBEC

Wonderful Curer by Dods's Kidney Pills Causing Much Talk

Dame Joseph Millette of St. Rosaire Falls of Her Pains and How Easily She got Rid of Them

St. Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que., Nov. 17.—(Special).—Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerous cures resulting from the use of Dods's Kidney Pills. Such diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful remedy, and people are fast learning how important it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from the blood.

One of those who speak out often and earnestly of the good, Dods's Kidney Pills have done is the good Dame Joseph Millette. She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows:

"I suffered much from malady of the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and gave me great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dods's Kidney Pills and am perfectly well."

"Dods's Kidney Pills are a grand remedy for me. I give Dods's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big heart."

Many others, once sufferers but now in good health, unite with Dame Joseph Millette in singing the praises of Dods's Kidney Pills. They have proved conclusively that no disease arising from diseased Kidneys can stand before them.

SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC

In his "Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics" (Burns & Oates), the fifth and last volume of which has just appeared, Joseph Gillow claims Shakespeare as a Catholic, though the claim may never be either substantiated or disproved. This is how Mr. Gillow states the old Catholic tradition concerning it: "That Shakespeare, like his father, John, who suffered much for his recusancy, was a Catholic, and that at least in his later years he practised his religion, has been a constantly cherished tradition among English Catholics. He is said to have been 'reared up' by an old Benedictine monk, Dom Thomas Combe, or Combes, from 1572, and it is certain that a near relative of this monk, W. Combe, of Old Stratford, was one of the poet's most intimate friends in his later years. The Combes were intermarried with the Hales of Newland and Shitterfield, and from the latter place the Shakespeares derived it. It is also traditionally asserted that upon his deathbed the poet received from the Church. Such a hypothesis would at least throw a light upon the mystery in which his later years are wrapped, and also upon the posthumous destruction of his MSS. by his Puritanical son-in-law."

LOSS OF FLESH, cough and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balm loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

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Sore Throat! Don't delay; serious bronchial trouble or diphtheria may develop. The only safe way is to apply PAINKILLER. a remedy you can depend upon. Wrap the throat with a cloth wet in it before retiring, and it will be well in the morning. There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS."

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HELP, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made The souls to Thee so dear. In prison, for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

ELEVENTH MONTH November THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

Table with columns for Day, Month, Year, and various feast days and prayers for the souls in purgatory.

Indulged Prayer To all the faithful who, with contrite hearts, devoutly make at any time during the year the novena or seven days' devotion in suffrage for the souls in purgatory...

HOME CIRCLE logo and decorative elements.

WE FORGET. So many tender words and true We meant to say, dear love, to you; So many things we meant to do, But we forgot.

The busy days were full of care, The long night fell all unaware; You passed beyond love's pleading prayer, While we forgot.

Now evermore through heart and brain There breathes an undertone of pain, Though what has been should be again, We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be Beyond the veil of mystery Some place where love can clearly see And not forget.

Ada Foster Murray in Harper's Magazine.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN Laugh at their faults; encourage while lies; give them their own way; tell them pretty untruths; give them what they cry for, shout at the top of your voice to them, never encourage their efforts to do better.

Don't have any toys or playthings tossed around the house; don't bother yourself inviting to your house the children of the house they go to, don't trouble inviting their companions to your house.

Always take part against their teachers, try to forget as much as possible that you were once young yourself.

Get servants to teach them their prayers and don't trouble how they say them; send them to Mass and the sacraments and don't go with them; Sacred Heart Review.

DON'T FLIRT. If you wish to win a man's respect, his best homage, his highest love, don't flirt. There is a wicked little maxim, "Be good and you will be lonely." It is not true.

Nay, the lifelong loneliness is usually reserved for the flirt. Men will dance with her, talk to her, frivo with her, but they don't marry her. Man is an abnormally unfair person. He wishes when he marries to be her first and last love, and objects to his past to himself experienced affections.

And his past? Who was it said that with a man "His first love was always his last and his last always his first?" or that "A woman's ambition should be to be a man's last love and not his first?" Until woman is independent of man, not in theory only, but in fact, in this matter as in others, there will be no true equality between man and woman.

"LIVABLE." "Yes," said Mrs. Farren, decidedly, "Milly Morris is a nice girl, clear through, and if anybody ought to get along easy with a trying mother-in-law, she ought. A more livable person I never knew."

"Livable!" repeated her listener. "Livable? That must be a local word. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"It may be local," rejoined Mrs. Farren, a trifle loftily, "and it may be bad and it may be good, but anyway, it's just what I mean. Milly's livable. She's been brought up in a big family, and she's had to be, if she meant to be comfortable herself and let other folks be comfortable, too. There were more livable folks when I was a girl than there are now, and I think the big families had a good deal to do with it, though of course not everything."

"There were plenty of people then who never got their corners worn down, no matter how many brothers and sisters they had, but even when they rasped those days they got along together after a fashion. Nowadays, land! Sometimes it stumps me fair and square why the nice people I know in nice families can't seem to stand each other's little ways."

"Oh, I don't say it isn't so, when the doctors say they can't—and it generally ends in doctors—why, I suppose they truly can't. It's nerves, and nobody understands nerves unless the doctors, and I'm a long way from being sure that they do. But just you count up some time the families where there's always one member mysteriously off visiting, and then the number of folks you know that separate when they'd naturally stay together, if only they could hit it off—alone sisters and only surviving bachelor brothers, and mothers and only daughters, and all sorts of family romances that ought to be each other's best comfort but as soon as they try living together, one of 'em gets nervous prostration, or has hysterical spells, or is ordered off quick to travel somewhere where the climate doesn't agree with the other one. They're fond enough of each other generally, and they aren't generally ugly-tempered; they just aren't livable."

"It can't be endured always and it can't be cured sometimes, but I'm firm in believing it could be prevented most times. If, when folks first began to harden in their own little crankiness and fret over the cracks of the folks they care most for, they'd stop and think where they were getting to, why, nine times out of ten they'd pull up in time and get their nerves and feelings and foolish frettings tight in hand before they run away with 'em!"

"Yes, that's what I surely do believe. And outside the great, big, deep foundation virtues, if I had a daughter, the little virtue—if it is a little virtue—I'd rather have her have than any other would be just that—being livable. It's an all-round, lifelong blessing to whomsoever it concerns."

"It may be good or it may be bad or it may be local," assented the listener, thoughtfully, "but whatever it is a word, livable is a good thing to be. I'll own that."—The Companion.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

NEVEN'S TEMPTATION

"Yes, there are great opportunities in an 'oil town' like this." James Neven the young lawyer, spoke quietly, as his habit was, but his face flushed and his keen eyes glittered. "A few hundred dollars will buy an interest in a company formed to drill a well, and if the well proves a 'gusher' a man's share may yield him fifty thousand or more a year. If you want to be rich, Jerris, better let me invest the money you've made on that Dakota ranch of yours."

The sturdy Westerner, Neven's classmate at college, laughed and shook his head. "Guess not, thank you, Jim," he answered. "Slow and sure is my motto. I never expect to get rich at a stroke."

"As you please," said Neven, dryly. "Your cousins, the Larrabees, have more faith in my judgment. Mrs. Larrabee gave me a thousand dollars to invest for her—as an agent, of course. She paid me twenty dollars for placing it."

"I should think if success is so certain you would prefer to be paid by a percentage on the profits?"

"N-no-well," said Neven, uncomfortably. "Mrs. Larrabee would not consent to that. 'If the well proves a dr.' one, she said, 'it won't be your fault; you'll do your best for me, I know.' So she gave me twenty dollars down."

Hugh Jerris had risen and was pacing restlessly about the dingy office. "Dother investments, anyway, Jim!" he cried. "The only reason why I came to Pennsylvania was to try to get Jennie Larrabee to go back to South Dakota as my wife. That's the only subject that interests me just now."

Neven rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "You know the Larrabees haven't any money," he suggested. "That thousand dollars represented all their savings. You ought to look for a girl who could put some capital into that ranch of yours."

"Jennie Larrabee without a cent will be a fortune to me—if I can win her! She and her mother are well, you say? I think I'll go out to the farm and see them this morning. Good-by, Jim!"

"What a fool!" muttered the young lawyer, as he watched the burly fellow stride impetuously down the street. He meant to make money—and marry money. Then he turned to his work again, which at this time consisted mainly in figuring his possible income from the Karns well.

Neven had invested his own savings, six hundred dollars, in the Karns well, which was now being drilled about two miles from town. He had put Mrs. Larrabee's thousand dollars into the Warren well, not so promising a property, he thought, which was only a few hundred yards from the other.

The drill in each well had already passed through layers of solid rock and of slate and a current of salt water, and now was near the stratum of glass like rock beneath which oil might be found. In an hour or two he might be a millionaire or no, he would be a pauper, in any event. Jabez Wright, one of the drilling crew, had agreed to warn him by a cipher telegram of the chances of success or failure. If the well seemed likely to be "dry," Neven planned to rush out on the street and sell his interest before the public heard the news.

A tap at the door startled him. A boy appeared with a yellow envelope. Neven took it and tore it open. "Sand reached," the cipher, translated, told him. "Dry! Better sell!" "Dry! All his savings gone in a moment!"

James Neven was not a demonstrative man. He paid the boy and, when he was gone, stood staring at the floor. His skin looked yellow and as if it were tightly drawn over his sharp features, but only his clenched hands told his emotion.

Suddenly he seized his hat. He must sell at once, shift his loss upon somebody else! He opened the door. It seemed that Bushby, the town gossip, had been just about to enter. "I heard the news, Neven!" Bushby asked. "The Karns is a dry well!"

"Yes, so I've heard," said Neven, quietly. Useless now to try to sell! He turned back into his office. Bushby sat down on the steps outside and lighted a cigar.

"Neven," he called presently, "telegram boy after you!" He lounged into the office as Neven opened a second cipher despatch.

"Warren well struck oil," it told him. "Promises to be a gusher."

The strip of paper shook in Neven's hand. This luck had come to the Larrabees! He was ruined! Oh, if he had only put his money into the Warren well and theirs into the Karns! But Neven was outwardly calm as he drew a blank message toward him and told the boy to wait.

Bushby, leaning on the table, glanced familiarly over his shoulder at the direction of the message.

"Mrs. Sarah Larrabee," he repeated. "Why, sure enough! It was in the Karns well you invested her money? And she's lost it? What a pity!"

Neven started. Why should it not be so? The well-drillers had not incorporated yet. No stock certificates incorporated yet whether it was the Larrabees' money or his own that he had been issued. The receipts for the two sums of money mentioned his name alone. "James Neven, attorney."

No human being but himself had put into that dry hole.

He held the pen suspended for a moment, facing the temptation of his life. Then he dipped the pen in the ink. Bushby still looked on.

"Invested six hundred in Karns well," he wrote. "Dry. Heartily sorry. Hope to do better with remaining four hundred."

"So it was the Larrabees' money that you put into the Karns well?" asked Bushby, cycling him keenly.

"Yes." "You bought a quarter share in the Warren well, too?" "Yes. Cost me a thousand. That was a little venture of my own. The well promises to be a gusher."

"You don't say so!" Bushby seized his hat and rushed to tell the news. In the very same moment Neven began to prepare for a trip to New York. He did not care for the congratulations of his townsmen. He did not want to hear them express their sympathy for Mrs. Larrabee. Besides, he wished to look up safe investments for the large sums of money he would soon begin to receive.

It was late one rainy evening when Neven arrived again at home and entered the little parlor of the hotel in which he boarded. He had heard nothing from the place since he left—Jabez Wright had unaccountably failed to reply to a request for information—but Neven felt that "no news is good news," and he could easily put on a bold front, for he had now begun to think of his theft as merely a bit of "sharp practice."

He looked around with disgust at the tawdry snery of the room. Well, it would not be his home long. He was going to New York to live. With his income—

"Hello, old fellow!" cried a hearty voice behind him.

"Why, Jerris, is this you?" Neven said, as he turned to meet the rancher. "How did you prosper in your errand?" There was a lotty condescension in his tone, but the other did not perceive it.

"With Jennie! She's upstairs! She's Mrs. Hugh Jerris! Haven't wasted any time, have I?"

Neven gave his hand with a feeble effort at cordiality. "I am sure I wish you well, Jerris," he said. "You are able to support a wife, and needn't care whether she has anything of her own or not."

"Anything of her own? Why, my dear boy, what more could she want? Her mother has given her half of her interest in the Karns well, and—"

"Karns!" gasped Neven. "It was a dry hole!"

"In the upper sand, yes. But they bored deeper since you left, and struck oil. The well is yielding fifteen hundred barrels a day. Why, Jennie is an heiress!"

Fifteen hundred barrels a day! Neven stood staring at the ruddy, good-humored face, which suddenly took on a look of pity. "What a brute I am!" the rancher cried. "I forgot that, while investing their money so wisely, you made such a terrible mistake about your own!"

"A mistake? My own? What do you mean?" shouted Neven, fiercely.

"The Warren well—surely you've heard? It was only a pocket. It ran out in a week."

Neven tried to speak, but he could only mumble unintelligible words. Then he clapped his hat on his head and rushed from the house. The first man he met confirmed the story.

"Folks thought it queer you were so sharp for the widow and so stupid for yourself, Neven," his townsman said. "But Jabez Wright says you bought the Karns for yourself and the Warren for the widow, and then shifted things for your own advantage when the first news came, and as long as that's so, everybody's glad that you fooled yourself. Well, if things had come out just as you thought they would, I don't know as you'd have had much comfort out of your ill-gotten gains. 'Fraid you won't ever get many more clients in this town!"

Neven left town that night. So, as it chanced, did Mr. and Mrs. Jerris. But Mr. and Mrs. Jerris were respected and happy—Youth's Companion.

FLOSSIE'S UMBRELLA.

Flossie is always kind to animals. She never pulls their tails, nor chases them, nor teases them.

The other day a big stray dog followed her home from Sunday school. He was a handsome dog, with a nice collar on—somebody's pet. But he had lost his way, for he was young, and he did not know how to get back home.

Flossie asked her mother if she might give him something to eat. How the dog did eat up the scraps of meat she gave him! Then he licked Flossie's hand, as much as to say, "Thank you, little girl!" Flossie's father looked at the dog's collar and read the name of his master and sent him safely home.

her an umbrella. Flossie had gone more than half way when suddenly the rain came, and Flossie opened the umbrella. But, swoop! the wind caught it out of her hand and carried it far away down the street.

Flossie started to run after it, but it kept on tumbling and tossing ahead of her. It began to rain harder and Flossie began to cry.

Then, all at once, something big and black dashed by her and ran after the umbrella faster than the wind could go. What do you think it was? It was Flossie's friend, the stray dog. Before she could cry any more he had caught the runaway umbrella and was dragging it back to her by the handle. How he did wag his tail, as if to say, "Here it is, little girl. One good turn deserves another. You brought me back to my master and now I have brought your umbrella back to you."—Sunbeam

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S ESSAY This is a boy's essay on his family relations. It reveals a great deal of his home life and is a model essay, because it tells so much in a brief space.

"Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore pa's name is Shrimp; so is Ma's."

"My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. I like grandma better than pa does. She brings me dimes and bolivars. She don't bring any to pa. May be that's why he don't like her."

"Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she washes sister. I like little sisters. Dicky Mopps has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her 'that Mopps girl. I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Aunt Jerusha lives with us sometimes. I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that a man wanted to marry her, but that while poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving."

"Besides," she said, "what would become of your pa?"

"Aunt Jerusha has a state of health, too. On washing day she has the headache, and does her head up in brown paper and vinegar, and I have to make toast at the kitchen fire. I make some for myself, too."

"Aunt Jerusha says nobody knows what she has done for that boy, that boy's ma again. I told pa what she said. Pa said it was just so. Nobody did know. Ma says Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she is pa's dear sister. I don't see why that's any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife."

THERE IS ONLY ONE ECLECTIC OIL. — When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never win on their own merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.

ST BASIL'S CHURCH, BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Expositor of Nov 10, reports the remarks of Father Lennon with regard to the finances of St. Basil's Church:

"When the very gentleman (Father Lennon) came to the parish some twenty years ago, he found the church with a debt of some \$15,000 and the daylight streaming through the roof of the building, and the rain-drops on a wet morning frequently keeping them company. Repairs and renovations to the amount of an other \$15,000 had since been put upon the building, and this sum, together with \$8,000 of the original debt of \$15,000 had been wiped out, leaving a balance of some \$7,000 yet standing against the church. This is a most excellent record, a standing example to other churches whose congregations have a greater abundance of this world's wealth. The collection next week will be to reduce the remaining \$7,000."

Lord Hugh Cecil, the Tory leader of the campaign in favor of the Education Bill, is the gentleman who jeered and laughed when William O'Brien informed the House of Commons that Irish members of Parliament cast into jail under the coercion laws were compelled to wash the underclothing of abandoned women. And this is the fellow by whom the Irish members are expected to be led into the lobby in the cause of religion.

THEY ARE A POWERFUL NFR. DINE.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous system once neglected is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nervous centres.

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THURSDAY NOV. 20, 1902

FAREWELL TO MGR. FALCONIO

Canadian Catholic loyalty to the Holy Father, through its direct representative appointed to the Delegation at Ottawa three years ago, has again been given natural expression to within the past week when Mgr. Falconio came among the Canadian Catholics for the first time his welcome in all parts of the Dominion was not less sincere because formally offered in addresses from the clergy and laity. His departure has called forth somewhat more spontaneous and characteristic demonstrations. The farewells given him in Ottawa by the Irishmen, the Knights of Columbus and the representatives of the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal were hearty, sincere and altogether like the Catholic lay spirit. A similar feeling was also displayed in Toronto, where clergy and laity joined their good wishes to the departing guest.

With a true appreciation of this warmth of feeling Mgr. Falconio himself, by a single touch, struck its keynote. He declared that in the three years since his appointment he had come to love Canada more than any other country in the world. In saying so he attested the inspiring cause of the mutual respect and affection, which with constantly increasing growth, has marked the relations of His Excellency both with clergy and laity from the outset, as well as with the Canadian community at large. They found in him a man who though sent to this young land by the order of the Supreme Pontiff, came with the same idea that animates the intending settler from England, Ireland or Italy who desires to find a home in Canada.

Mgr. Falconio was thus in touch with Canadian sentiment at all times. He told his Toronto hosts on Tuesday evening how he admired this very sentiment in them, and his words, probably intended that way, turned the remarks of several of the speakers on the theme of Canadian patriotism. This reached its clearest and most pointed assertion when Archbishop O'Connor, in easy and good honored phrases, asked the Delegate, if he should meet Archbishop Ireland, to put him right in the matter of Canadian sentiment towards the United States. The applause which followed the suggestion proved the force of its appeal to all present. As Archbishop Ireland had spoken in his simple capacity of an American citizen, and in no other, so Archbishop O'Connor, as a citizen of Canada, and knowing Canadian sentiment thoroughly, was competent in every respect to put the distinguished American right.

Mgr. Falconio's stay amongst us has been short, but though all too brief, we know how fruitful of good it has been. Canadian Catholics from their experience feel the utmost confidence that the distinguished Delegate in his higher position at Washington will repeat his successful and happy record on this side of the Great Lakes. The history of Mgr. Falconio's stay is also an excellent augury with regard to his successor, who by latest report appears to be Mgr. Sbarretti.

THE IRISH PARTY AND THE EDUCATION BILL

The Antigonish Casket is a paper whose honesty and ability we have extolled on many occasions. Nor is our opinion altered, now that we feel called upon to say a few words by way of comment on an editorial article headed "The De-Catholicization of the Irish Party," in our contemporary's impression of Nov. 13. Briefly the attitude of the Irish Party, as viewed by The Casket, is this: That the Parliamentary Party has heretofore been a Catholic party, but that it has become de-Catholicized because "the advice of Catholic bishops on a question purely religious" (the English Education Bill) has not been taken. The appeal of

Cardinals Vaughan and Logue is referred to in this connection. The Casket had only got hold of the facts it would have drawn safe and sensible conclusions. But the trouble is that it has not grasped the case at all. The Irish Parliamentary Party has never been a professed Catholic Party. It has, however, in point of fact been—and is as we shall presently show—the only powerful Catholic party in the Imperial Parliament so that it is not necessary to make fine distinctions as to this point. The main question is the charge of de-Catholicization—whether from the standard of profession or practice makes little difference.

Upon what ground does The Casket base its charge? We solely upon Mr. Davitt's letter (quoting Cardinal Vaughan) but our good friend forgets that Mr. Davitt is not a member of the Irish Party. Therefore its evidence is inadmissible. Mr. John Redmond did not answer Cardinal Vaughan, because the Cardinal's letter, through a blunder, was addressed to the press and not to Mr. Redmond. But, we suppose, Mr. Redmond would not make this blunder a peg to fasten his silence upon, if other considerations of policy—reasonable policy—were not involved.

Let us state what the considerations are. Mr. Redmond was on the eve of his departure for America when Cardinal Vaughan's letter appeared in the press. He wrote a short statement to the effect that no such letter had been received by him. Cardinal Vaughan's secretary later explained that it had been sent to a wrong address, but in the meantime Mr. Redmond had sailed for the United States. Of course the letter of the Cardinal did not follow him.

Next in the absence of the leader of the Irish Party, Mr. Balfour (thought well to put the Irish members in a new place as regards the Government of the United Kingdom. He denied them the right to ask for a discussion of the state of Ireland, and he declared emphatically that to recognize them as the representatives of Ireland would mean recognition of the principle of separation. The following week in the House of Commons witnessed the Irish fight for Irish discussion, which, in the long run, had to be conceded. But Mr. Balfour stood by his words on the count of separation. Up to that time the Irish members, as they were present for divisions, had voted with the Government on the Education Bill. They did so as Irish members who believed in religious education and equal rights for efficient religious schools before the law. But by Mr. Balfour's definition of their position in the House they could not vote for the Bill as members of an Irish Party, but only as members of the Parliament of Great Britain. They could, had they wished, have thrown their combined strength against the Government and defeated the Bill, but they did nothing of the kind. They simply retired, the majority of them, from the House, with the coarse laughter of Lord Cecil, the great champion of the Bill, ringing in their ears over the shameful indignity put upon them as coercion prisoners of being compelled to wash the underclothing of fallen women, an indignity that had driven one of them insane.

Their absence left the Bill safe with the Tory majority. It certainly did not de-Catholicize them as a party. At least it did not so appear to Pope Leo, who answered their address in terms of the warmest affection and gratitude. We have published Pope Leo's letter. We also publish his words as taken down by Sir Thomas Gratton Esmond. Come now, if The Casket had considered all the facts would it have strained itself to be more arbitrarily Catholic towards the Irish Party than the Pope himself?

It only remains to say that from the time of Catholic Emancipation all Catholic reforms in Westminster have been won by the representatives of Ireland. The present party has a record of Catholic gains that any Catholic with a fair mind cannot deny. But the Irish Parliamentary Party cannot be an Irish Catholic party according to the requirements of The Casket and a mere addition of units to the elected force of the United Kingdom according to Mr. Balfour.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY

We do not ask for sounder Catholic opinion, formed on the spot, with regard to the attitude of the Irish members on the English Education Bill than that of The Liverpool

Catholic Times, which says: "We always write as we think, and the thought which the situation suggests to us in this connection is that though we should like to see them (the Irish members) watchful as to the provisions of the Bill, opinions may well differ as to whether their attitude is not justifiable in the first place it can be said that they are acting consistently. They claim the right to manage their own affairs in Ireland and the right which they demand for themselves they grant to the people of Great Britain. Secondly, many of the Catholic priests in England hold that the Bill is a very questionable boon. Thirdly and above all, Irishmen are human like other people, and it is too much to expect men to support a Government which is trampling upon their liberties, outraging law and justice and imprisoning their comrades and representative men throughout the country for political speeches. When the Archbishop of Cashel, the successor of Dr. Croke, urges his people to join "the crimeless United Irish League, we know what the assertions of those who make membership of that body a crime are worth."

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, whose sudden death is announced in the London cable despatches was one of the leading public opponents of the Balfour Education Bill. He and Dr. Robertson Nicoll have been the head and front of the agitation, which, by the way does not seem to affect the Government majority in the least. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes had turned away from Liberalism in late years and had become a believer in the Rosebery "destiny." His oratory and journalistic activity, however, failed to damage the active Liberal leaders "Popular" leaders like Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, but they never really influence public opinion which they lead only in the sense that by always observing the direction it is taking they strive to run ahead shouting loudly the while.

ELEMENTARY CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND

An interesting report on the condition of Catholic education in the Archdiocese of Westminster has just been presented to Cardinal Vaughan by the Diocesan Inspector, Rev. W. J. B. Richards, of St. Charles's College, Notting Hill, London. It appears that the total number of Catholic elementary schools in the Archdiocese is 225, with a total of 36,289 pupils on the books, and an average attendance of 29,035, and in addition to these, there are 3,121 pupils in the upper and middle-class schools, with an average attendance of 2,876, making an aggregate of 39,413 altogether. This shows an increase of 968 pupils on the books, and of 1,281 in average attendance. It is somewhat surprising to find that in the elementary schools there are 4,771 Protestants, or a little over 13 per cent., though it is pointed out that this percentage is deceptive, as it is caused by the large number of non-Catholics in 17 or 18 schools. As regards the general progress of religious education, the report is not so favorable. The pressure of the Government system, it says, has certainly told on the schools, and the practice of placing the religious instruction at the beginning of the day, before the registers are marked, is slowly but steadily making the time allotted to religious instruction a mere fiction. Managers and teachers are becoming more and more accustomed to, and are, hence, more easily satisfied with, attendance during the secular instruction only, and do not notice, as a visitor does, the deterioration that is going on.

A VETERAN NEWSPAPER MAN

The Printer and Publisher gives a most interesting sketch of the life of Mr. M. Teely, J. P., Postmaster of Richmond Hill, and father of Rev. Dr. Teely, L.L.D., president of St. Michael's College. Mr. Teely was in touch with newspaper printing in Toronto in 1836, and the collection of papers and documents he has made since then is of great interest and value. Added to that is a memory richer than the file of any newspaper old or new. For instance in a letter which The Register received from the veteran printer this week, he alludes to the fact of our office being located in the Jordan street. He adds: "The Christian Guardian used to be published there in 1833, edited by Rev. James Richardson, and printed by W. J. Coates. It is now the oldest newspaper published in Canada—commenced in 1829."

THE ATTACK ON THE QUEBEC CURES

A couple of weeks ago we referred to an article in the McLeod (N. W. T.) Advance with respect to a sweeping charge of census corruption made against the Quebec cures by Mr. Fowler, M. P., in the course of the recent tour of the Conservative leaders through the Northwest. The matter has now been taken up with the seriousness it deserves both in the west and the east. Hon. R. L. Borden, to whom we appealed, denies the responsibility that personal knowledge of the charge, and silent acquiescence in it, would bring home to him. But on the other hand the Catholics of McLeod are determined that the subject shall not be allowed to drop with that form of denial, and they have called the leading citizens of the place to witness the accuracy of the article which appeared in The Advance. The following document has been signed: MacLeod, Northwest Territories, November 8th, 1902. We, the undersigned citizens of MacLeod, state that we were present at a meeting held in the Town Hall, MacLeod, in the interests of the Conservative party at which Mr. Borden, Mr. Bell, Mr. Fowler and several other parties spoke. That we have read the article which appeared in The McLeod Advance of the 21st of October last under the heading "Mr. Fowler and the Quebec Cures."

That the said article correctly reports in substance the statements made by Mr. Fowler in connection with the Census returns sent in by the Cures of the Province of Quebec. John Ryan, Mr. P. McCarty, R. F.

Grady, Wm. Black, Colin Geuge, J. Nixon, M. McKenzie. All the signatures, it appears, are ex-Mayors of the town. Mr. Ryan and Mr. McArthur are Catholics who have been residents for twenty years. The others are also among the oldest and most respected citizens.

Really, in face of this solemn declaration, there is but one of two things for Mr. Borden to do, to get Mr. Fowler to show the grounds for his charge or offer a complete retraction.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, whose sudden death is announced in the London cable despatches was one of the leading public opponents of the Balfour Education Bill. He and Dr. Robertson Nicoll have been the head and front of the agitation, which, by the way does not seem to affect the Government majority in the least. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes had turned away from Liberalism in late years and had become a believer in the Rosebery "destiny." His oratory and journalistic activity, however, failed to damage the active Liberal leaders "Popular" leaders like Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, but they never really influence public opinion which they lead only in the sense that by always observing the direction it is taking they strive to run ahead shouting loudly the while.

WHO SAID "SOCIALISM"?

The Catholic Register of Toronto, Canada, is out of the country, but evidently it is not afraid of being (incorrectly, of course) called an advocate of Socialism. Commenting on the great anthracite coal strike it remarks: "It is said that we have only to look for it and we shall find good in everything. Let us hope that the public will intelligently seek profit from the lesson of the strike. Its lesson is public ownership and an extension of the principles of the municipalization of public utilities. If people generally have come to a better realization of these things within the past few months, the millions of money that must now be paid to the coal barons and the miners will not be entirely wasted." —The New World, Chicago.

DR. McCABE MARRIED.

Ottawa, Nov. 17.—A quiet wedding took place this morning in St. Patrick's Church, when Dr. McCabe, Principal of the Normal School, was united in marriage to Miss Almira Sims, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sims, of Sparks street. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Whelan, after which a nuptial Mass was solemnized, with full choral service. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and chrysanthemums. After the wedding breakfast, at which only the immediate relatives were present, Dr. and Mrs. McCabe left for Montreal and New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, and Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, saw Mgr. Falconio off at the Ottawa station. Mrs. Eddy, the mother of Christian Science, has advised her followers not to "practise" on what are commonly known as contagious diseases. If the Christian Scientists had as much fear of the Lord as they realize they must have of the law they would cease "practising" upon all diseases, contagious and non-contagious. His Holiness the Pope has given

some interesting fragments of ancient Christian sarcophagi to His Eminence Cardinal Moran, which will form a sort of material link between the ancient Church of Rome and the newest of her daughters—the Church of Australia.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster has issued a circular to the Superiors of convents calling upon them to offer up prayers for the safe passing of the Education Bill. "The Education Bill before Parliament," observes the Cardinal, "concerns so intimately our Catholic schools and the freedom of Christianity in England that its passing into law without any substantial amendment injurious to religion is a matter of the very highest importance."

Leo XIII has now occupied the chair of St. Peter longer than any one except Pius IX. It is a fact, says The London Daily Chronicle, which speaks for the increased healthiness of Rome, that of the 262 Popes who have reigned longest should be the two last Pius IX, who was Pontiff for thirty-one years and seven months, and Leo XIII, who has, up to the present, held his great office for twenty-four years eight months and fourteen days. Before Tuesday the existing Pope, now belongs to the existing Pope, was held by the unfortunate Pius VI, who died in exile at Valence on the Rhone in 1799. By some writers St. Peter is said to have been Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, and this belief was the origin of the famous medieval saying, addressed to a new Pope on his election: "Thou shalt not see the years of St. Peter." But Pius IX signally falsified the truth of this maxim, and there is every reason to believe that his successor, too, will complete his twenty-fifth year of office in point of age. Leo XIII is third of the Pontiffs, his ninety-two years having been surpassed by St. Agathus, who died in 682 at the age of 107, and by Gregory IX, whose death occurred in 1241 at the age of ninety-nine.

CHRISTMAS SALE.

The ladies in charge of the annual Christmas sale in aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood have changed their quarters. This year the sale will be held in the Assembly Rooms at the Temple Building, corner of Richmond and Bay streets. This charming suite of apartments is particularly adapted to an affair of this kind, and will add materially to the artistic effect. The sale opens on Monday the 24th, at noon, when the ladies hope to see the lunch room filled with friends both old and new. A comfortable lunch may be had there every day next week. An enjoyable entertainment has been arranged for each evening, for which the best talent, both professional and amateurs, has been secured. Five valuable prizes are to be given at each entertainment. At the various booths may be found an unrivalled stock of novelties suitable for Christmas gifts. On Tuesday afternoon a gigantic euchre party will try their skill from three to five. On Wednesday the committee will entertain all their friends who will do them the favor of coming to afternoon tea from four to six. It is understood there will be no charge. All are welcome.

MONTREAL RECEPTION TO MESSRS. BLAKE AND DILLON.

The public reception to be tendered to Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., and Mr. John Dillon, M. P., on December 2nd, promises to be a great success. At a meeting of the United Irish League held on Thursday evening last the following Honorary Reception Committee was named for the event: Mr. M. Fitzgibbon, Hon. Marcus Boherty, Hon. Dr. J. J. P. G. M. Hon. James McShane, Messrs P. M. Wickham D. Gallery, M. P. Ald. Walsh, W. E. Doran, Edmund Guerin, K. C., Henry J. Kavanagh, K. C., M. J. F. Quinn, K. C., William McNally, B. J. Coghlin, Michael Burke, B. Connaught, Cornelius Coghlin, Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Dr. F. E. Devlin, Dr. P. J. Hackett, P. McCarty, John O'Leary, John Bernierich, John P. Kavanagh, Patrick Wright, T. W. McNulty, Jr., James Rogers, O. M. Hart, P. Reynolds, B. Tansey, M. Egan, E. Cavanagh and J. N. Guerin, hon. secretary.

A NOTABLE CATHOLIC PAPER. The Register has frequently taken occasion to bring before its readers notable features of The New World, Chicago. Mr. William Dillon, brother of Mr. John Dillon, M. P., was up to a few weeks ago the editor. His successor is Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, a writer and poet of mark. It is an encouraging sign when the business managers of the Catholic press reach out for the best Catholic men available in the field of journalism. Some people are given to saying that there is no expanding future for the Catholic press. But it may be possible for the Catholic press to make its own future. The New World is in the van, as things are now moving.

PERSONAL.

Dr. P. W. O'Brien has opened his office at 17 McCaul street this city. Dr. O'Brien is a son of our well-known citizen, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of the Parliament Buildings, Toronto. The doctor made a very creditable course during his student career and will no doubt be rewarded by a large practice, which he deserves. Mr. John Mulcahy, of Orillia, is attending Osgoode Hall. He is a son of Mr. Thos. Mulcahy of that town. Mr. Mulcahy made a very creditable showing at the last law school examination held in this city.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

OIL-SMEETER-MINES. Douglas, Lacey & Co., Bankers & Brokers, Fiscal Agents, 65 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1903

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on MONDAY, 21ST INST. for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, corn, wood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1903, viz:— At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg and Orillia the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Pentanguishene; the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Bradford. Exception: Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto. A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish such security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited. Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for. J. R. STRATTON, PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 10, 1902.

Second Hand Pipe Organs

We have several good Second Hand Pipe Organs for sale. These instruments have been put in first-class repair and will be sold cheap. Write for particulars. Address Dept. C. R.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED

Mans. Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Phonos. WOODSTOCK, ONT.

W. E. A. FANNON,

Optical Doctor. EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED. OFFICE HOURS 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. 219 LANSDOWNE AVE., TORONTO.

Dining-room Furniture

It is quite possible to furnish your dining-room from our stock very tastefully and stylishly, and yet at moderate cost. Here, for instance, is a suite in Dark Weathered Oak for— ONLY \$70. It consists of a Buffet 3 ft. 6 in. long, with British plate bevelled mirror, two cupboards and three drawers, one being lined for cutlery; a handsome Dining Table, 44 in. wide and extending 8 ft.; 5 Dining Chairs, with pad seats in best hand buffed leather; and 1 Arm Chair to match (\$8 pieces for \$70). If you prefer the golden finish, we can suit you at about the same price.

CHAS. ROGERS & SONS Company, Limited

47 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Moly Brand Soap makes copper like gold in like silver, crockery like marble and ordinary like crystal.

FAREWELL TO MR. FALCONIO

(Continued from page 1.)

ment in this world there has always been that conflict as to whether the material was all and should be upmost, or whether the spiritual was first and should be all in all.

The Archbishop of Toronto also replied to this toast. The Mayor, he said, had done his justice from his point of view to the City of Toronto, so there was nothing left for him to say, except a few words from a religious point of view.

THE FALCONIO BANQUET

Some of the guests present at the banquet to Monsignor Falconio. Rev. Dean Egan, Barric, Rev. Geo. Northgraves, editor Catholic Record, London; Mr. E. F. Wheaton, Prof. Masson, J. L. Coffey, John Melady, B. Kennedy, J. A. Gorman, James Pape, Jno. O'Connor, Rev. L. Minahan, Rev. J. E. Crinton, Dunnville, P. F. Cronin, E. J. McCormack, A. W. Holmes, F. A. Moore, James W. McCabe, William Walsh, J. Murphy, Rev. F. O'Reilly, Oakville, A. O'Heir, Hamilton, Rev. Thos. Finnegan, Smithville; Frank Russell, Seaford; Rev. P. Corcoran, Seaford; W. T. O'Connor, William Gormally, Dr. MacMahon, Rev. Dr. Teely, H. T. Kelly, J. M. Lalor, J. A. Murphy, Cayuga, Rev. P. Whitney, Newmarket; Rev. B. J. Cornell, Mount Forest, Dr. McGahey, John Spilling, J. F. White, Mr. Hobberlin, Rev. J. M. Mahony, Hamilton, John T. Mulcahey, J. B. McColl, T. J. Murphy, Rev. W. J. McCloskey, Campbellford; Rev. P. H. Barrett, Patrick O'Brien, Mr. Lang, Berlin; Rev. T. F. Labouriau, Penetanguishene; Dr. Amyot, G. D. Hynes, T. F. Callaghan, W. T. J. Lee, Judge Doyle, Goderich, Frank Slattery, C. J. Leonard, Dr. O'Brien, Mr. Fernandez, Frank Walsh, N. Clarke, D'Arcy Hinds, A. T. Heron, L. V. McBrady, Dr. Guinane, Jno. J. Barker, Hamilton; W. E. Blake, Jno. Warner, T. A. Doherty, Thos. Lalor, Leo Doherty, Rev. G. Doherty, R. M. Simpson, Rev. J. Kelly, J. J. Gibbons, J. McConnell, E. Burns, M. P. Ryan, F. J. Whitton, Hamilton, S. Charles Graham, T. P. Coffey, Claude Macdonnell, J. Thompson, W. S. O'Connor, W. J. McGuire, Edward McCarthy, Eden Smith, Rev. Jas. Carberry, Schomberg; J. P. Hynes, W. T. Kernahan, J. J. Seitz, J. T. Melady, D. Miller, H. F. McIntosh, J. D. Warde, Alex. Robertson, P. Small, J. J. Murphy, R. Dissette, Peter Ryan, Eugene O'Keefe, Rev. F. Bohleder, Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. L. Brennan, Rev. J. Canning, J. F. Mallon, H. E. R. Stock, Rev. J. L. Hand, J. J. Foy, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Coleman, J. F. Taylor, M. Clancy, J. J. Nolan, D. P. Sherrin, Ed Haloran, F. J. Sullivan, W. J. Hay, Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, W. J. Bradley, P. Ryan, M. P. Doherty, D. O'Connell, Peterborough; John Hanrahan, O'Sullivan, F. A. Anglin, J. Coe, W. McNaughton, Commander Law, Jno. Laing, G. P. Magann, W. Ray, Rev. J. J. McCann, V.-G., Rev. W. McCann, Rev. Fr. Sullivan, M. Cline, Rev. P. Lamarche, Des Champ, E. J. Hearn, Rev. Northgraves, Ingersoll;

FAREWELL ADDRESS IN MONTREAL

Montreal, Nov. 17.—The officers of the Catholic Sailors' Club have presented a parting address to Mgr. Falconio, the ceremony taking place in Ottawa.

MR. FALCONIO'S SUCCESSOR

The appointment of Mgr. Sberretti as Rector of the church at Rome, Nov. 18.—The Pope this afternoon signed the brief appointing Mgr. Sberretti Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

DIocese of London

It is understood that a new Catholic school is to be erected on the site of the old St. Mary's Church on Hill street, London. The present school there, known as St. John's, has been found much too small.

Teachers Wanted

A FEMALE TEACHER FOR THE Primary Department of the Roman Catholic Separate School, Almonte. One holding a second class certificate. Applications received until the 3rd December, 1902. Applicants state salary expected. Duties to commence Jan. 2, 1903. J. Fay, Sec.-Treas.

TEACHER FOR BAMBERG SEPARATE SCHOOL for year 1903. One capable of teaching English and German. Apply stating qualifications, experience and salary expected, to Martin Kieswetter, Bamberg. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. Woodside, for the year beginning Jan. 5th, 1903. Male or female. Holding a 2nd class certificate. Applications will be received up to Dec. 1, 1902. Apply, stating salary, with references and experience, to F. B. Fuerth, Sec.-Treas, Woodside P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

WANTED A TEACHER FOR R. C. Separate School, No. 9, Downie, for the year beginning Jan. 5th, 1903. Female, holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Applications will be received up to Dec. 1st, 1902. Apply, stating salary, with references and experience, to Thomas Queenan, Sec., Conroy P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED for R. C. S. No. 9, Adamston. Must hold legal certificate Catholic preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1903. Apply to Jas. Sammon, Sec.-Treas., Gorman P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. S. School, No. 9, Harwich, Ont. Female, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate. References required. Applications will be received up to the 1st of December. Duties to commence Jan. 5th, 1903. State experience and salary. Address John Downie, Sec.-Treas., Van Horne, Ont. Mention this paper.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED for R. C. S. S. Section No. 4, Raleigh and Tilbury East, for the year 1903, to be a holder of a legal certificate of qualification. Average attendance about fifteen. Apply, stating qualification and salary expected, to M. Gleeson, Sec.-Treas., Fletcher P. O. Ont. Mention this paper.

A MALE AND FEMALE TEACHER wanted for Separate School, Belleville, for the year 1903. The male teacher holding 1st or 2nd class professional certificate, to teach an advanced class of boys. The female teacher holding 2nd class certificate to teach a class of small children. Applications will be received up to Dec. 10th, 1902. Apply, stating salary with references, to I. F. Dolan, M. D., Belleville, Ont. Mention this paper.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER for S. S. No. 8, Huntley, for 1903. One holding 2nd class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 5. Apply, stating salary, experience, etc., to Lawrence J. Curtin, Sec.-Treas., Powell P. O., Carleton Co., Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED, FEMALE, holding second class professional certificate, for the R. C. S. S. Section No. 5, Raleigh. Duties to commence Jan. 1, 1903. Applications, stating qualifications and salary, received until Dec. 6. John T. O'Neill, Sec.-Treas., Doyle P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED if possible with second class certificate, knowing some German, for Section No. 43, Tp. Wilmot, for the year beginning in January 3rd, 1903. Apply to Rev. H. Aymans, St. Agatha, Co. Waterloo, Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR School Section No. 4, Sebastopol. A Catholic teacher holding a certificate of qualification for this Province. Apply, stating salary, to Peter J. Foran, Sec.-Treas., S. S. No. 4, Lake Clear P. O., County Renfrew, Ont. Mention this paper.

ASSISTANT TEACHER WANTED—For Peterborough Separate School (boys department); to go on immediate duty. John Corkery, Secretary, Separate School Board, Peterborough. Mention this paper.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER (male or female) fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for R. C. S. S., No. 313, Maiden and Colchester north, for the year beginning Jan. 3rd, 1903. Applicants will please state salary and experience. Address D. A. Ouellette, Sec.-Treas., Vereker, P. O., Essex Co., Ontario. Mention this paper.

WANTED—LADY TEACHER, Second Class Certificate, for Separate School No. 1, Nichol. Duties to commence Jan. 1, 1903. State salary. Michael Duggan, Sec., Marden, P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR U.S.

S. No. 9, Ellice and Logan for the year 1903. A male holding a second class professional certificate. Applications will be received up to Nov. 15th, 1902. Apply stating salary with references, to Thomas Kelly, Sec.-Treas., Kinkora, P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE Public School of Savanne, C. P. R., Ont., school having an average attendance of about 15 pupils daily. A male teacher holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Duties to commence at once. Apply, stating salary expected, to F. Hogan, Sr., Savanne, Algoma District, Ont. Mention this paper.

WANTED FOR THE VEGREVILLE R. C. Public School, Alberta, N. W. T., a male teacher holding a first or second class professional certificate. Salary \$45 per month. All replies to be sent to J. L. A. Cameron, Sec., Vegreville, R. C. Public School, Vegreville P. O., Alberta, N. W. T. Mention this paper.

NAMES OF CATHOLIC FAMILIES WANTED

Any Catholic families that have rooms to let with or without board may upon sending their names into this office have them placed upon the list of The Catholic Students' Union.

Not Bluffed by the Times

Sir Antony Macdonnell Makes His First Speech in Ireland.

Dublin, Nov. 17.—Sir Antony Macdonnell, who was recently appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, in room of Sir David Harcourt, made his first speech on Saturday at a private dinner given by the Institute of Bankers. Among the large audience were representatives of the landlord class, several Nationalists and men prominent in the business world.

Ireland's new Under-Secretary declared his determination to see the land question settle promptly on a basis satisfactory to both landlords and tenants. He pointed out what he himself had done to settle similar questions in the central provinces of India, Bengal and Oudh. Speaking with great emphasis Sir Antony declared that the Irish land question could never be settled until the landlords and tenants had consented to a conference with each other.

This declaration has given much satisfaction to Lords Dunraven and Mayo, and the section of the landlords which supports them. These reformers are anxious to meet John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party. The Castle officials are said to be obstructing the Under-Secretary in his good work, but he is quite capable of dealing with them.

Sir Antony Macdonnell is Irish, Catholic and belongs to a Nationalist family.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

One week commencing, Monday, Nov. 24 USUAL MATINEES

Annual Tour of the Legitimate Irish Comedian . . .



Supported by a COMPANY OF SURPASSING EXCELLENCE in his ever popular plays,

THE KERRY GOW

Mon., Tues., and Wed., AND Wed. Matinee AND

SHAUN RHUE

Thurs., Fri., and Sat. AND Sat. Matinee

Popular Prices

IRON-OX

"It is with real pleasure that I certify to the efficacy of Iron-Ox Tablets."

Having been in the Retail Drug business thirty-seven years, I have never sold any proprietary medicine that has given the same satisfaction to my customers, or has been such an 'easy seller.' The package recommends and tells itself; the Tablets 'do the rest.' Every box sold makes friends for the store and sells another box.

JAMES R. SOMES, Pharmacist, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Iron-Ox Tablets the best cure for constipation, an unequalled nerve tonic

30 Tablets, 25 Cents

ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION

A successful meeting of St. Basil's Catholic Union was held on Monday evening. A debate, Resolved that Total Prohibition would be in the interests of Canada, occupied the greater part of the time. Messrs J. J. O'Sullivan and E. J. Costello maintained the affirmative, while the negative was taken by Messrs E. V. O'Sullivan and J. Callahan. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. A paper was read by Mr. M. G. Kernahan, entitled "New Methods of Sewage Disposal," which included the chemical precipitate and bacteria methods. Mr. Wm. O'Connor was appointed critic of the evening. In his summary he congratulated the members of the Society who had taken part in the evening's work for their interesting program. The President was elected to represent the Union at a dinner by the Canadian Catholic Union tendered to His Excellency Monsignor Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada on Tuesday evening.

The Executive met after the meeting had adjourned, and decided to invite the friends of the Society to be present at its first debate in the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union, which will be held in St. Basil's Church rooms, St. Joseph street, on Monday next at 8 p.m.

M. GREGORY, KERNAHAN, Sec.-Treas.

DEATH OF THE REV. ALFRED MURPHY, S.J.

Father Alfred Murphy's death in Dublin will cause very real regret in many quarters of the world. Few of the Jesuit Fathers in Ireland were better known than he, and few more esteemed and beloved. Born in Youghal in 1827, he was educated at Congowes, and joined the Society of Jesus in his seventeenth year. He made his novitiate and philosophical studies in Belgium, and taught with great success in Congowes and Belvedere. Ordained priest at St. Beuno's, North Wales where he studied theology, he went to Rome for a year of special ascetical training. A little later he was named Rector of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore, a college with whose development and striking educational success he must always be identified. He was subsequently Rector of St. Ignatius' College, Galway, from which, when his term of office expired, he was transferred to Dublin.

A YOUNG CONDUCTOR'S SUDDEN DEATH

Three weeks ago Mr. John Dalton, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dalton, Allandale, was taken ill in Hamilton and went to St. Mary's Hospital there for treatment. On Monday, notwithstanding the most careful nursing and the best medical skill obtainable, death stepped in and ended a promising career. He was conductor of a passenger train on the T. H. & B. running between Waterford and Welland. His unexpected death is a severe blow to his family and friends.

Mrs. Dalton, of Barrie, was with her son from the commencement of his illness, and his brother Richard was also in attendance during the last week. They brought the body to Allandale on Tuesday.

LOSING FLESH

Are you losing flesh? If so, better consult your doctor at once. He will tell you the cause. We can provide the remedy, which is Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

A young woman in Batavia writes us she had lost twenty-five pounds in three months, and her lungs were seriously affected. She took three bottles of Scott's Emulsion and gained fifteen pounds, and was able to resume her work.

Advertisement for McClary's Famous Active Range. Includes text: "FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE Is the Corner Stone of a Happy Home." and an illustration of a range.

Advertisement for Confederation Life. Includes text: "FIVE PER CENT. IN GOLD." and "Confederation Life ASSOCIATION—HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO."

Advertisement for North American Life. Includes text: "A Friend in Need" and "North American Life Solid Continent ASSURANCE COMPANY, HOME OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT."

Advertisement for Intercolonial Railway. Includes text: "INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY THE ROUTE OF CANADA'S FAMOUS TRAIN THE 'MARITIME EXPRESS'"

Advertisement for Gas Heaters. Includes text: "Gas Heaters Here are some special values to tempt the Irish!" and an illustration of a heater.

Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland)

Archibald did not reply at once. "It is useless to let the world know where and how we have been living. I'd like to secure the privacy of the cottage a while longer," he told himself after a moment's thought. Then rising from the table, he said aloud, "All letters and messages can wait. There will be nothing pressing. Keep them for me till I come back. I am not wanted here to-day everything has been done, everything ordered for Lord Linton's funeral."

"Quite so, my lord," Mr. Fane said to that before he knew your lordship was in England."

"I understand. Then call me a hand-woman. I have just time to catch my train."

"It's a mercy, a real blessing, to be moving about, going somewhere," Archibald murmured, as he condescended himself in the corner of a first-class smoking carriage in the Margate express, and unfolded his newspaper. "My nerves seem thoroughly unstrung. The air of that gloomy house in which lies the poor old man, shut up in his coffin in the big, dreary bedroom, oppressed and saddened me. Then my desire to press my Isabel to my heart refused to be set aside. It insisted upon being gratified as quickly as possible."

The train steamed out of the station, and, as its speed increased, his spirits rose, and his heart beat gladly.

"I'll lunch with them to-day, my legs under my own mahogany," he murmured, unable to fix his attention on Time or Telegraph, so full was his mind of his joyful meeting with his wife and little ones. "How surprised they will be when I walk in. What kisses they'll give! What questions they'll ask! This is a splendid train. How fortunate I was to catch it! Three minutes more, and I'd have been obliged to wait for the slowest in the day. What a rate we are going at! What—My God!"

These were his last words. The awful crash and shock that provoked them were his death warrant. Tearing along the lines at the rate of some sixty miles an hour, the Margate express ran into a goods train and, crushed in the debris, Archibald Fane's life came to a sudden close, his short reign as Lord Linton ended for ever.

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twin-

That till the shears of fate the texture shred,
The close succession cannot be dis-

joined,
Nor dare we, from our hour, judge
That which comes behind

CHAPTER IX.

Isabel awoke that morning with a strangely heavy weight at her heart. A feeling of sadness, a dread of some approaching evil oppressed her, and she started up with a cry of alarm. "Something has happened," she exclaimed, trembling all over. "Ah, I know! Archie is away. But," smiling, "how foolish I am! His absence is not to be a long one. He will come back and I feel sure he has written to tell me why he went off in such haste without a word of good-bye."

She dressed hurriedly, and ran downstairs. In the hall she met John wheeling his bicycle out into the garden to clean it.

"Well, darling," she said, kissing him, "has the post come?"

"Yes, mother. But the letter we are all wishing to see is not there. Father has not written a line."

"Isabel bent down upon the lowest step of the short stairs.

"He may be on the way home, dear, and thought it useless to write. Any moment may bring him in. The Margate express is not due in Canterbury till twelve. The next train, a slow one, till two. So he cannot come just yet, mother."

Isabel sighed heavily, and rose to her feet again.

"You have been looking up the names. I see. Well, we need not rush, but take our breakfast. Come, get away your bicycle, John, and let us begin."

He ran into the garden with his bicycle, and leaned it against a tree. "I can't understand father," he said, growing suddenly grave, as he stood for a moment under the mulberry tree. "It's unlike him, the whole thing. I do hope there will be a letter by the second post to say when he will be back."

But the second post brought no letter either, and as the day passed over, and still no message came from her husband, Isabel's trouble grew and deepened, her anxiety became intense. "I am foolish, I know," she said, springing her hands at the pac-

ed up and down the little drawing-room alone. "He spoke, in his note, of being away for several—two or three—days, and doubtless considered that enough. But it does not satisfy me, I may be unreasonable—too easily scared. But I can't help it. Something is wrong, I feel convinced. Oh! God!—a sudden sharp pang at her heart—how helpless I am! If only, only I knew—had an idea of his whereabouts—of the business that took him to London, I might understand and feel less uneasy. But it is all wrapped in mystery. That he, who was always so outspoken about his affairs who had not a secret thought, and idea or desire, that he did not share with me, should leave me as he did last night, without a word of explanation, was strange enough. But that he should neither write nor come home to-day puzzles, alarms, maddens me. Something is wrong. Something must have happened. What it is I dread to think."

The day passed over slowly; the sun shone as brightly as ever, the birds sang, the bees hummed in and out amongst the flowers. The air was sweet with the perfume of roses and the scent of the fresh-mown hay in the distant meadows. The little cottage and the bit of garden that Archibald had loved and cultivated with so much care looked peaceful and pretty as bees in the light of the summer sun. But in the eyes and hearts of the young mother and her children as they went to and through the house, or round the lawn was a sadness, a sense of loss and coming sorrow that they had never known before.

"Will father never come home?" Beryl asked as she and John stood sadly by the gate one afternoon.

"Does mother think," in a low, awestruck voice, "that he's dead?" She must, I think, she seems so sorry."

John's face was pale, and his lips quivered as he answered—"Hush, dear. Don't let us think that I hope, feel sure, we shall soon hear from him. After all, he only left home a day or two ago."

"I wish mother wouldn't be so sad," Beryl said. "It's just dreadful."

"She can't help being sad. She's afraid, I think, that father has had an accident, and she doesn't know what to do."

"Oh!" Beryl clasped her hands in an agony. "Then, she—does—she think he may be killed?" and the little girl began to cry.

"Not so bad as that, dear. I hope—I trust—but he—Oh! I don't know what to think, and mother says she hasn't a friend, and does not know what to do or where to turn. And John leans heavily against the low gate, and feeling helpless and dejected, stared hard down the road. His eyes were full of tears, but boy-like he did not care to let anyone, not even Beryl, see that they were there.

Suddenly, through an almost blinding mist of tears, he saw a man approach. He was tall, erect, broad-shouldered, with a dark, bronzed face and a firm, yet kindly mouth. His figure seemed familiar. John watched him with a puzzled expression. Where had he seen him? Who could he be?

The man came nearer, and put his hand upon the gate.

"Are you John?" he asked, looking down at the manly little fellow with the sad, dark face.

"Yes, I am John Fane. And I seem to know you yet—"

"Cannot put a name on me. No wonder you have not seen me for two years. I come from the Antipodes. I am your father's friend, Jerry Otway."

John's face brightened and he put out a little brown hand.

"Father's friend and mother's, too. Oh! I'm glad you have come. You'll tell us what to do?"

"What to do?"

He drew Beryl towards him, and kissed her rosy lips.

"You are my godchild dear, so I may surely take a kiss.

The little girl looked at him shyly, but clung to his hand, as though begging his protection. He smiled down upon her well pleased. Then turned again to John.

"Where is your mother, my boy?"

"In the house crying and moaning because," John's lips quivered, "we don't know where father is."

Otway's fingers closed convulsively round Beryl's little soft hand. "Poor soul," he murmured, "better she should never know—than know the truth—and yet it must be told, and by me. Oh! cruel fate that sent me to her with such a story. But still, perhaps, loving her as I do, I may be able to soften things, help her to bear her terrible affliction, the awful blow that has fallen upon her."

"I am glad you have come," John said, running to keep up with the big man's long steps, as he strode up the little path to the cottage.

"Mother hasn't a real friend to speak to, and you'll tell her what to do."

"Yes, I'll tell her. Oh! I'll tell her. But surely she has friends, John? She has hundreds in New Zealand."

"I am glad you have come," John said, still clutching his sister's

hand, threw himself upon his knees by her side, and put his arms round her neck. "Mother, what is wrong? Dear mother, speak to me."

At the sound of the sweet childish voice Isabel turned and clasped him and tearful little Beryl in her arms. "My fatherless children! God help you and me! He is dead, John, dead. Think what that means, boy. He is dead!" And she wept and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Tears will bring relief," murmured Otway, "but would to God she knew the worst! Death is bad—a trial hard to bear when those we love are taken. But there are things far worse than death, and that she will have to learn." And he stole away into the garden.

For some days Otway gave himself up to the one painful task of consoling and comforting the unhappy little family. With great difficulty he restrained Isabel from rushing off to Sevenoaks to gaze at the scene of the disaster. She wept and clamored to be allowed to do so, declared she must go and identify the body of her husband, and see that he was buried in a fitting place.

"All that has been seen to," he said gently, "and everything that could be done has been done. You are too ill to leave the house, Isabel. And then," with some hesitation, "you forgot how many days have gone over, how long it is since the accident."

She gazed at him wildly. "Then—they—it is all over? My beloved is hidden away from me for ever? Oh! cruel, cruel fate! But oh! tell me, how was it? Did they—Was it well, shivering, "properly done?"

"Yes. The funeral was all that could be desired. It was carried out with much ceremony and the greatest respect. Archie was laid to rest with more honors than either you or I could have paid him, dear as he was to us."

She looked at him in a dazed, bewildered way. "But those he loved were absent? Oh! Why did you not tell me this in time? My strength would not have permitted me to go to the graveside, but John should have been at his father's funeral."

"No, no!" He took her hand. "He is too young. He could not have gone. Some day I will tell you all particulars of dear Archie's burial. But you could not bear them now. You must trust me, Isabel, and believe I think only of you and what is best for you."

"You are a good friend. I do trust you. But oh! in tones of bitter reproach, "why did you not come to me in time? Why did you not tell me of the accident at once, and let me look upon my beloved one before they hid him away from me for ever? Why did you wait a whole long week, and then come to me, too late?"

A shadow passed across Otway's honest countenance, and his lips were pressed tightly together as he looked down with sad, pitiful eyes upon the heartbroken woman.

"You forget, dear," he said, after a pause, "that I was on my way from New Zealand, and only heard of the disaster after some time. Then, by accident, I discovered that Archibald was in the train."

"Then"—she looked up, her eyes full of a sudden hope—"you did not see him enter? It may be a mistake, after all. Archibald may not have been there—not killed?"

"My poor Isabel, do not buoy yourself up with false hope. Archibald was there—was killed."

She cast herself down upon the sofa, and, as she lay there some time motionless and silent, Otway fancied she might be sleeping, and, feeling thoroughly upset and unwell, he slipped out, resolving to delay the revelation of the details of the sad story as long as he could.

CHAPTER X

Towards twelve o'clock on the morning after he had seen and talked to Archibald at the door of Madeline Delorme's house in St. John's Wood, Tristram Fane, dapper and well-dressed, a white flower in his button-hole, strooped up Portland Place in a leisurely way towards the late Lord Linton's big, gloomy mansion.

"A highly respectable and handsome street—wide, airy, and fairly cheerful," he said to himself, looking up and down. "But I was about to step into my uncle's shoes, if I were Lord Linton, and heir to the estates. I'd seek a more fashionable quarter, a little box in Park Lane would suit me better than this huge mansion. A man without accomplishments, as I am—for Margaret hardly counts, I'd never," with a grim smile, "take her from her affectionate auntie, no matter what happened—would be lost in such a place as this."

By this time he had reached the door, and Weldon, the two footmen standing respectfully behind him, appeared upon the threshold.

"Lord Linton went away early this morning, sir," he replied, in answer to Tristram's inquiry as to whether his cousin were visible or not.

"Went away this morning?" Tristram looked at the man in astonishment. "That is most extraordinary—before the funeral."

"His Lordship will be back for the funeral, sir," Weldon answered solemnly. "He returns to-morrow evening, and begged that you come to dine with him here."

"I'll do so with pleasure. Did he say where he was going?"

"No; except that he was going home—somewhere in the country."

"Home! I fancied he had only just

arrived in England from New Zealand. You have no idea to what part of the country he went, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Fane, from what he said and the train he would catch, I came to the conclusion that His Lordship went into Kent. He was just in time for the Margate express at Charing Cross, sir. At least, I feel sure he was."

"How those servants watch and consider our every movement!" thought Fane. "But I wish this old pomposity knew a little more. I feel curious about Archie's home, and would give a good deal to know what goes on there. I wonder—"

"Terrible accident near Sevenoaks," shrieked a couple of hoarse-voiced men running suddenly up the street with bundles of newspapers under their arms. "Horrible loss of life. Many killed—several injured."

"Good heavens!" Tristram started round, all white and excited. "The Margate express! The very train you say Lord Linton went in."

"Yes—oh yes, I'm afraid he did!" Weldon's pomposity of manners was all gone. He was genuinely startled and alarmed.

"Here—paper—man—quick!" cried Fane, and thrusting a penny into the news-vendor's hand, he seized The Globe, and, going into the house, shut the hall-door.

"He may have escaped, of course," he muttered, as with trembling hands he unfolded the paper. "All those who are in a railway accident don't come to grief!"

Eagerly he scanned the two short paragraphs telling of the accident caused by the express dashing into a goods train on the line.

"No names yet. They will come out in a later edition," he said, then, letting the paper fall on the floor, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

He sat down upon one of the hall chairs, breathing heavily. The weight of disappointment that pressed suddenly upon him horrified him, and his hands and face grew clammy, a mist obscured his sight.

"It—it would make a great difference to me," he murmured. "But no, no, it is not—I trust it may not be." Weldon stooped, and casting a curious and altogether comprehensive glance at Tristram Fane, picked up the paper.

"He's hardly bad enough to wish it," he said to himself. "But, if it did happen to be—well," shrugging his shoulders, "he's next heir, and his tears would be easily dried."

"The suspense is awful!" Tristram rose to his feet. "I must go and make inquiries—hurry down to the scene of disaster, perhaps, and learn the truth."

"I would, sir, I would for, see!" Weldon pointed excitedly to a paragraph in the paper that had escaped Tristram's notice, and which ran as follows:

"Amongst those who were killed instantly by the collision was a handsome man of forty, who, from the letters and telegrams found on his person, is believed to be Lord Linton, who succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his uncle, the well-known Peer, of that name, only a few days ago."

It seemed an age ere Tristram found himself at the station nearest to the accident. A police inspector led the way into one of the waiting-rooms, the door of which was guarded by a policeman. There were several persons in the room, and the sound of deep sobbing and people stricken tones fell upon his ear as he walked to the further end.

Tristram felt a shudder pass over him. His soul was full of fear. Like most men who live a life of luxury and pleasure, he had an awful terror of death. He knew that he must some day die. That no one could deny. But he was careful to put the thought as far from him as possible, and had never before looked upon the face of a dead friend. Even now he had to struggle hard against a strong inclination to run away. But so much depended on the speedy identification of this body it was so important for him and his future that it should be done without delay that he braced himself for the ordeal and walked on towards the table upon which lay the figure of a man, all still & motionless.

"He must have died instantly," said the superintendent, "and almost without pain, poor gentleman!"

Tristram bent forward and gazed into the handsome face, so calm and white and beautiful with the noble dignity of death.

"Yes," he said, drawing a long breath. "There is no doubt about it. That is my cousin, Archibald Fane, Lord Linton."

(To be Continued)

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS
193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1901
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto.

DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as the only easy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG
Treatment House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,
Yours truly,
(Signed) S. JOHNSON
355 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto:
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for me for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely banished rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal.
Yours sincerely,
JOHN MCGROGAN
475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 15, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called on my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from Lumbago. I am, your truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE
7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with Piles,
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN
12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON
55 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902

John O'Connor, Esq., 194 King Street East:
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave me enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pain.
Yours sincerely,
M. A. GOWAN
Toronto, Dec. 26th, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve, and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry
254½ King Street East, Toronto, Dec. 19, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.
Yours forever thankful,
PETER AUSTEN
Toronto, April 10, 1902

Mr. John O'Connor:
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was so much afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now I can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.
Yours truly,
MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 18 Spruce street, Toronto.
Toronto, April 16th, 1902

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.
For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE
78 Woeley street, City.
119 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1901

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

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looked critically at her handsome dress; it looked new, so perhaps he guessed that it had been purchased with a view to this particular interview. People do not come threadbare to repudiate property.

against this. Here, of course, you have walked obligingly into the jaws of the wolf, and he has napped you up. It's nothing to me now, so I can warn you not to let other wolves do it.

other, so I made six-and-eightpence a score—not a bad price for a good bacon pig." "There was a pause, and then she spoke at a white heat of sorrowful indignation: "You shall give me back Narn! I see you are not fit to have any sort of power!"

than either, knowing just where the sweetpeas could peep over the sheltering wall, and they were many-colored as Joseph's coat.



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An English exchange says: "At the time of the Coronation an English savant traced out the genealogical tree of King Edward VII., from Edward IV., of Scotland down to Queen Victoria."

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The Forbes Roofing Co., which has the contract for the roofing of the new King Edward Hotel, is rushing the permanent work to completion.

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Madame Zolie de Lussan and Alberto Jonas will combine to make a grand concert at Massey Hall on Friday evening of next week.

NIP DISEASE IN THE BUD.

It is difficult to eradicate a disease after it has become seated, therefore it is wise to take any ailment in its initial stages and by such remedies as are sufficient, stop it in its course.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE AND THE HOLY FATHER.

The Montreal Star quotes Archbishop Bruchese in a letter from Rome describing the audience he had with Pope Leo on Oct. 29.

"I found His Holiness the Pope much stronger than when I visited him five years ago. Although thinner and paler than he was at that time, he seems to be possessed of greater physical strength, his countenance is animated with more life, and his voice, although low, is remarkably clear and penetrating."

He congratulated the faithful of Canada, says His Grace, on their piety and their continued submission to the laws of the Gospel; he thanked them for their generosity in contributing to the fund of St. Peter's Pence; he recalled the memory of the Pape Zouaves; he spoke of his affectionate solicitude for the Church of Canada.

The offering made by His Grace on behalf of the diocese of Montreal was \$8,000 in gold. His Grace does not mention when he will return to Canada, but it is generally conceded that his sojourn in the Eternal City has been extended owing to the announcement that His Holiness the Pope was desirous of

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Wednesday Nov. 26th from 4 to 6 p.m. All are welcome. No charge.

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