Empty Stockings.

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old -qra-nal-mal-8 4s 8A-ly cur-idely

the nch itar iere em-

ass ap-of cal use use of of

ill in of te tr-be

nothers in he mes that are happy where Christmas comes laden with theer, over the children are dreaming already if the merriest day in the year

you gather your darlings around you and tell them the "story of old " member the homes that are dreary ' to member the hearts that are cold

thanking the love that has dewered

you with all that is dearest and best, in freely, that from your abundance one leve little life may be blessed.

go where the stockings hang empty vhere Christmania naught but aname, 3 give - for the love of the Christ child!

i was to sook such as those that He

FILEN MANES in Ladios' Homo Journal.

#### THE PIANO TUNER.

to, do, mi, sol—
to a back room of the great piano merchant, Lufovra Renduo, Ruo de schelleu, the tuner was working on this gloomy afternoon of a Parisian winter. It was cold and growing iark, and although it was not yot is clock the gas would soon have to be nighted. In the slon, men, women, wraud boys, and porters came and went, the veils of the women and wrate of the men covered with a fine rest, and all complaining of this expetional weather, which for the past xeck had been transforming Paris into kind of Siboria.

The tuner, through the partially clused door, could half follow the conversation in the outer room. He was

The tuner, through the partially clused door, sould half follow the conversation in the outer room. He was a man of some 40 years, tall, thin, already much bent, his face furrowed with deep lines, the hair groy upon his temples, prematurely aged, aparently, from suffering. He was evidently very poor, to judge from his clothes, which were neat, but threadbare. His expression had in it something of dissentiantment, of butterness, which would have struck the least beevrant. At first sight you would have felt him to be a man who had been vanquished in the struggle of fe.

A pretty maid, a true comedy subrotte, in gaudy costume, with an apron of changoable silk, and upon nee frizzled har a dolicious little hat with red roses, entered the shop and ugan to talk volubly to the salesman. At an instant later the tuner heard himself called.

"You are wanted. M. Prove at the "You are wanted. M. Prove at the

himself called.
"You are wanted, M. Pierre, at the
Hotel du Louvre."
"It is very urgent," added the
soubrette in the bewitching little hat.

soubrette in the bowntohing little hat.
At your service."
On the second floor of the great notel Pierre Morel was ushered into an elegant salon, where stood open an alony grand piano, drapad with a Japanese cover. Immediately the tuner set himself to work.

Doubtless, they are afraid I shall carry off some of their coatly knick kineks," he said to himself, seeing the soubrette linger near him.
But long since in his life of labor he had to resign himself to these little humiliations. They no longer worried him.

him.

And he played some chords.

Still the maid, obattering like a parrot, dauced around him and never closed her mouth for an instant.

"Madame will be well pleased. We just arrived yesterday. This evening after the opera there will be some sompany. They will dauce, and these hotel pianos are slways so dreadfully outof tune. But madame will find one all right for one."

"Is she an artist?" saked Morel, amused in spite of himself by all this prattle.

amused in spite of himself by all this prattle.

"I should say so! And there are not many like her. For a long time they have been olsmoring for her in Paris, but she had engagements. Finally here we are. It seems that not a seat is to be had this evening at any price."

Person Moral started. "This even-

y price." Pierre Morel started. "This even

ing ?"
"Why, yes. Don't you know? At
the opera 'Fauet,' with La Balvani."
1s it La Salvani who is your mistress?'

He stoca up and trembled like s

leaf in the wind.

"Is it La Salvani?"

"Yes, but what is the matter?'

"Nothing, nothing. Heavens, you were quite right! This piano is in great need of tuning."

With a violent effort of will Pierro seated himself again and resumed his work.

work.

But in spite of the effort he made to conceal it his agitation was very swident.

The sound of a bell, ringing in the next room just then, saved him from

next room just then, saved him from his embarrasement.
"Madame is calling me."
And the soubrette disappeared. Then Pierre Morel let his beed fall into his hands, while incoherent words escaped from his lips.
"She! She! Is it possible? And I who was wishing to avoid her, to be sonear. Ah Juliette Vuitette!"
Then suddenly—
"But I cannot stay here a moment longer. No, not a moment. Let her set some one else."
He started to make his escape.

get some one size."

He started to make his assape.

But the door opened, and La Salvani appeared, enveloped in magnificent furs, famous furs which had been given her by the Czarina. Tall,

slender, of an expesite featey, she did not look over 25 though she must have been passed in. Splendid tur quoises shone in her ears. A spray of mimosa performed her correspo. Pierre gazed at her, glued to the spot, like one daz d. She finished buttoning one of her long suedo gloves and searcely glane ed at him.

long stores grove and an array of at him.

"Nelly, you pay this man." You pay this man." Bib had not recognised him in her ungrateful memory. In her fivelous heart nelling had awakened

rivotous nost, noming had awakened crying, "It is he?"
And yet the two had sport their younger days side by side. Dreams, hopes, labours, once they shared everything, and Pierre Morel, in his foolish confidence, had believed that this happiness was to last all their lyee.

foolieh confidence, had believed that this happiness was to last all their hyes.

Juliette Balvani was studying sing ing and was destined for the stage. She had the finest volce in the conservatory, and everyone predicted for her the future of a "star." Admirers were not lacking, and her beauty made many envious. Very pale under her black heir, her face was lighted her mouth was redder than the corn rose, her figure of a supple mess and grace unspeakable. She was a kind of queen, this young girl, in the hith world of the conservatory, where no one could help admiring her, however jealous une might be. Besides, she was wise, either by nature or by calculation, no one know which, but no one would have dared to attribute to her the last indiscretion. How beautiful she was, what passion in her dark orbs, what natural elegance, what supreme grace in her whole bearing! Therro confessed to himself that he had loved her from the first glance, only it had taken him some time to acknowledge it to himself. And now she filled all his heart, all his life.

The young girl on her eide manifested an affection for him, a marked preference.

The young girl on her side manifested an affection for him, a marked preference.

They lived in the same quarter, and often, after their lessons, walked home together. They usually talked of their art. Both had ambition to be come some one. From time to time, it he evening. Forre went to the home of his friend, and under the indulgent eyo of her old relative they made music during the hours which to Pierre were hours of delight. The voice of Juliette thrilled him, that marvoltous volce which every day seemed to gan in eelast, in power, in smoothness. And he would play for her some of his own compositions, and she would encourage him, predicting for him a brilliant future.

When he left her, after those evenings of mutual exaltation, the young man could not sleep all night.

One day, at longth, he ran the risk of confessing his love—in fear and trembling, for what was he to hope that she would love him? Nothing at all, alss! But this love gave him a superhuman energy, and in order to make himself worthy of her he would become great himself.

His avowals made Juliette smile. She had guessed them 'ong since. Moreover, she did not repulse him. On the contrary, she appeared pleased and very sweet.

and very sweet.
Pierre could believe his love was

Force could believe his love were returned.

Intoxicated, he threw himself body and soul into his work and dreamed magnificent dreams, in which Juliotte was bound to him in a radiant destiny.

magnificent dreams, in which Juliette was bound to him na radiant destiny. Things went on thus for two years, which for him fairly flew along. Then, at the final concert of the year, Juliette carried off the first prize for opera. This was an event in the musical world. Immediately she had to choose between an engagement in Paris and preposals more advantageous from a material point of view of a manager who wished to take from city to city this new nightingale.

Juliette did not hesitate lrug and in spite of the mute supplication which she read in Pierre's eyes decided to travel. During this he was to finish his studies, obtain the first prize for composition, make himself known—and them—then! at this planued out with that charm, that seduction which Juliette possessed in a high degree.

Pierre had to resign himself, and the young girl went away.

At first she had written to him out the surface of the policy and the policy and the surface of the policy girl went away.

Fierre had to resign himself, and the young girl went away.

At first she had written to him quite regularly. These letters were his life. He read and re-read them by heart, supplying in them the passion they lacked. Juliette called herself now Lie Salvani, and her success was great. She made an enormous amount of money. Left shone in Paris, Pierre worked with more ardor than ever; more than ever he determined to desevo her. Then little by little, the letters became shorter and less frequent. Juliette wrote good news of hor health, spoke of her triumphs, rarely a word of love.

These letters mealy frose Pierre's heart when he received them. Yet he would trust her. In the busy life she led, rushing from city to city, it was natural enough that Juliette but, oh, if she would only give it up and come beak to him!

And, in spite of himself, involuntary fears would some, and one day he had to schonwedge that these fears were only too well founded. The letters were so far apart, they grew so shorter were so far apart, they grew so shorter were so far apart, they grew so shorter.

celve himself. Finally they ceased al together, and Perro had too mode profe to reall a prumise which had been forgotten.

He was young, and youth withstands more torribe blows than that. He notther killed himself or bocame mad, yet, novertheless, his life was runed. If his health and his reason came out victorious from the conflict, his ambition foll there. What was the use of composing beautiful works, of becoming celebrated? His inspiration had withdrawn from him. It was an abdication, swift, absolute, irreparable. Yet he must eat. Pierre gave lessons, took up work of an inferior order, transcriptions for the piano, arrangements of such or such a celebrated opera. It was a miserable existence, but what difference did it make to him? And when his in difference, his gloomy manimers had driven away pupils and publishers, and even this work failed, he at last accepted the position of tuner in the piano etere of the Rue de Richelleu, a subordinate position, aninferiorcalling, which he had now filled for 12 years. During these years Le Salvani had continued her triumphal journey seroes Europe and America. Her return to Paris had often been an nounced. More than one manager had made her brilliant offers. But these reports, which each time made a great noise in the newspapers, were never, never resized. It had even hoen said that she was arrand of Peris. Her fame was increasing every day. She had not failed in her destiny, and the queen, which she already was at the conservatory, she had not become in very turth, welcomed everywhere, covered with flowers and jawels, celebrated in the papers, never leaving the theatre without an enthusiastic crowl following her carriage.

And ho—be was nothing. Of his talent, of his dreams, there remained not a trace. The radiant mirage of his youth had faded into this mechanical concepts for the paper.

cal occupation, in which he was not proun fortunate enough to find forget-fulness.

And it was Juliette whom he had just seen—by what cruel chance—she was to sing this evening.

Some days before Pierre had noticed in a newspaper her engagement at the opers. She had then decided. The past was sufficiently done away with for her to come back to Paris without trouble, and she had sarrived thern at the height of her glory, a public idol. Then a mud desire to hear La Salvani overcame Pierro Morel. He would suffer like one 'anned, to be sure, but what matter.

The soubratte had said it was not possible to procure a single ticket.

Well, he would get one if it took his whole month's salary.

The tuner did not dream of going hove, of making his toilette. He did not think of dining. Besides, time pressed. It was already past soven o'clock.

Peerro betook himself to one of the

o'clock.

Pierce betook himself to one of the dramatic sgencies so numerous in the neighbourhood of the theatre. The sgent, judging the man by his appearance, declared that he had not a seat to sell. Pierre insisted, letting it be understood that the price was no consideration
"In any case I could only give you a seat in the fourth gallery."

"That will do. And how much is it?"

"In any case a count only give you a seat in the fourth gallery."

"That will do. And how much is it?"

"Fifty francs."

Pierre took out his purse and paid the money without remonstrance. Had he heen saked for his blood he would have said, "Take it."

The electric light about the thatre shone upon a noisy going and coming of carriages and of pedestrians. The illuminated facade, the municipal guards, immovable, upon their horses, announced a gala evening. Boys bustled about with librations and programmes. Ooups after coope, with horses with jinging harness, stopped in front of the theatre. A man, whose evening dress could be seen under his topcoat, would descend, stretching a gloved hand to a woman in a beautiful costume.

It was nearly eight o'clock.
Peter Morel crowded into the lobby, where the chandeliers threw into effective relief the gorgeous, bewilder ing mass of people.

He dimbed up to the fourth gallery, refused to leave his topcoat with the attendant, recurred his seat—all with the daxed air he had worn since leaven.

The house began to fill, the ians in the orchestra propared their instruments. Everywhere flowers, diamonds, jewels, a veritable feast for

instruments. Everywhere flowers, diamonds, jewels, a veritable feast for the eyes.

Three strokes of a bell sounded the overture began, the outstale rose with the majesty of an evening of special siguificance. Pals as death, Plerre Morel did not move his eyes from the stage. When the silhouests of Marguerite at the spinning wheel appeared, it seemed to him that his heart cased to beat.

Ah, what would he not have given to find again his youth, like Faus, his youth for an hour, an instant, his happy, eareless confiding you'th!

Now the heart of Pierre Morel beat as if it would burst. It was she; his beloved, faithless Juliette. His glance never left her, his soul was as if sue pended on each of the noise which came from her false mouth.

She presented the gardon scene with a consummate art. In the cathedral scene her accents were so tragic it

was impossible to remain imsensible to them. The success of the presentation was assured. In final conceasing of the present for voice, clear, dominating without effort the uproar of the cortestra, seemed really to carry the soul of Marguerite to the heights of heaven. Emotion reached its limit and become Marguorite to the hoights of heaven. Emotion reached its limit and became dollrium. All the spectators stood up, breathless, and when she had finished they made her begin again, and the star had to reappear five or six times, and bouquets and garlands rained around the cantartice—roses, azilias, lines of the valley, rare orchids, all the wealth of the bribouse. Amid this garden of flowers she smil ed and bowed, very pale, supremely beautiful.

bosutiful.

It was thus for nearly half an hour, then the star withdraw finally.

In the corndors and upon the star ways there were only exclamation and praise.

praise.

"Admirable!" What a great art
at!" "Who dared to say she had no
longer a voice? "Never before has
Marguorite been sung like this!" "It
is idea!!"

Marguorite been sung like this?" "It is ideal?" Pierro Morel let the crowd pass out. He started one of the last, and instead of going home, waited near the stage entrance in a dim corner. In a few momots a carriage drove up. The door opened. La Salvani came out on the arm of a man. Behind her they brought flowers, the most beautiful of those which has just been given her. She stopped into the carriage with.

arm of a man. Behind her they brought flowers, the most beautiful of those whole has just been given her.

She stepped into the carriage without seeing who was hiding in the shadow a few feet from ther. The man took his place beside her, the flowers were heaped in about them, and the carriage sisted swiftly awa.

No one heard the sobs which escaped from the breast of Pierre Morel.

The tuner went to his room, a miserable attic chamber.

But there was no question of sleep for the unhappy man.

He opened a drawer, took out a little casket, and the key, half rusted, refusing to turn in the look, he pried off the cover, some dry flowers, a piece of ribbon, a page of manuscript music, those "little things" which all lovers possess. They were the relies of his poor love. For long, long years he had not opened this box, fearing to suffer too much, but to right he fold a savage need of draining the cup to the dregs.

The flowers, some violets, two or trace jonquist, he had gathered with Juliette on some of their Sunday walks in the woods of Sevres and of Ville d'Avray. Their color had faded less quiesly perchance than the love in the heart of Juliette. The piece of ribbon had bound her black heir, and Pierre could have pressed it to his hips. The manuscript music was a melody which he had composed for her. "When I have become cele brated," she had said, "I will sing it everywhere." But she had no more remembrance of these words than has the sunday which he had composed for her. "When I have become cele brated," she had no more remembrance of these words than has the sunday which he had somposed for her. "When I have become cele brated," she had no more remembrance of these words than has the sunday and had hen on paid him long since, paid him as almost slavays in this life our purest davotion, our best love is paid—by ingrastitude ?

And Pierre pictured her in her salon of the Hotel du Louvre, surrounded by a circle of admirers. He heard the

paid him as almost always in this life our purest devotion, our best love is paid—by ingratitude?

And Pierre pictured her in her salon of the Hotel du Lauvre, surrounded by a circle of admirers. He heard the preus of praise, and tears of despair, burning like molten lead, rolled down his thin cheeks.

Then the morning broke, a grey, wintry morning.

The various noises in the atreet rose to the attic of the tuner, the roar from the transways, the rumble of the omnibuses were heard again. The great city was awakening under the leaden sky.

There was the effort to begin again, the struggle to take up, the burden to lift again upon tired shoulders.

For it is the misfortune of the poor man not even to be able to suffer in peace. The need of earning daily bread harasses him at poace or torn by sorrow, he must take up his work again.

Pierre Morel put back his treasures in their sepulchire, bathedhis red eyes, descended the six flights of stairs and found himself again in the already swarming sireed. An hour later, in the back room of the shop of Lefevre Renduel, he had taken up his humble cocupation again, that of to day, that of to morrow, and of all the rest of his life.

Do, do, mi, sol.

Veterans' Resolution of Thanks.

Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, has received the following:
42 Sorauren Ava., Nov. 14, '97.

42 Sorauren Ava, Nov. 14, '97.
To Rev. Father Byan:
Dear Father, Ryan—The following resolution was passed at the regular meeting of the Army and Navy Veterans on the 10th inst. That a letter sincerely thacking Archbishop Waish. Rev. Fathers Ryan and Tracy and the Organist and Choir of St. Michael's Cathedral, and those who eo kindly assisted to make our annual parade a success, be sent to the Rev Father Ryan, and also to express this Society's gratitude to His Grace and the Rev. Father Ryan for the cordial welcome and beautiful address tendered to Her Majesty's old servants on Sunday, Nov. 7. Believe mc, your Reverance, Your very humble servant,
John Gray, Rec. Sec.

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