

The QUIET HOUR

THE BURDEN BEARERS. At dusk I stood beside the city's gate...

Perchance the one who heaviest laden was Did bubble forth in gay and light-some song...

Another man whom highest honor singled out Dejected was, and walked as without hope...

And whether they were proud and lightly went, Or plodded on in life's hard, humble way...

And as I looked upon the changing scene And saw the actors in their varied parts...

THE SIGN OF MARY.

"By the Sign of the Virgin Mary" is the name which designates the only drug store in the Tyrolean town of Habel...

One cold winter night when the proprietor of the place had long retired, he was called from his comfortable bed by the loud ringing of his bell...

"Please would the Herr Apotheker" she stammered, "would the kind Herr Apotheker put up this medicine at once, for the poor mother is very sick?"

The man growled a sleepy reply about other people's sick mothers and late hours and unreasonable disturbances in general...

"There, now; carry it carefully," he warned her, "or you may drop it and break the bottle, and I couldn't fill it a second time on this cold night."

"Thank you," she said gratefully, as she looked up at him and paid him the sum he asked. "That will cure our good mother the doctor said, that and the Blessed Virgin, of course."

"Yes, yes, and the Blessed Virgin," the man answered as he slammed the door and turned to put away each bottle into its own special place...

"Dear Mother Mary, save our mother. Thou alone canst help her," the girl prayed, with all the beautiful faith of childhood.

She arose, full of new hope and courage, but as she tried to run on her big shawl caught on a sharp edge of the stone upon which she had knelt and she stumbled and fell.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned and wept. "Mother is ill and needs the medicine. But

the druggist is cross, and he said he would not get up for me again. Still, mother must not die! Mother in heaven, help me and I'll go back and get another bottle."

Then, more swiftly even than she had run the first time, she hurried down that hill, looking neither to right nor to left, for she felt as safe upon the country road as in her own home.

"The medicine," she began, frightened to death, "the bottle—Oh, please Herr Apotheker! There on the ice in front of the shrine on the hill. Please don't be angry! Oh, good Herr Apotheker! It fell and the bottle broke and—"

While she went on stammering her excuses she suddenly felt herself caught up in the big strong arms of the druggist, who kissed her impulsively while tears of joy ran down his cheek.

"Mother Mary, thou has saved us all," he cried, and when his overwrought nerves had recovered from their fearful tension he refilled the prescription, this time using the quinine the doctor had ordered instead of that deadly morphine which, by a fearful mistake, he had put into the first preparation.

Dear little one, she could not understand the change in the gruff old druggist, but she smiled happily when she heard him singing and humming at his work.

"But—but—we are poor, and when must we pay?" "Pay?" the druggist shouted. "Why, you paid me before, and let me see how much. Fifty pennings? Yes, here is the identical coin. Take it back; it is yours. And here is a gold piece for your mother. But no, you'll drop it," he continued teasingly.

"I'll carry you home and the medicine and the money and all, and in a few days your dear mother will be up and around again, and all will be well. Come."

He stopped to turn down the lamp, then, bundling his precious burden in to his arms, he asked her for full directions to her home.

"Mother Mary, thou hast helped," the happy child murmured to herself. "Yes, yes, the good Mother Mary," the druggist answered fervently, as he smiled up at the little statue in the niche over his doorway—"Mary, Health of the Dick."

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Here is at the beginning of the new year thanksgivings and resolutions are in order, says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Without descending to particulars, the League of the Sacred Heart as a body enjoyed during the twelvemonth its own full share of Heaven's benediction; and members of the League must in their own private capacity make due return for the favor.

The sermons heard, the various acts of piety put at set and frequent intervals during the year, the courage borrowed from contact with the chosen souls who have the work of the League at heart, the lessons in faith learned from men and women of God, heroes and heroines in the Kingdom gathered into the League as into a city of refuge, a sanctuary of meditation—all these myriad helps to progress in the way of the saints are due under God to a single circumstance that we are fighting in this splendid array of soldier, proud of our colors, and loyal to tactical methods current in the League.

We cannot know the good wrought in others through our agency. That is a secret sealed to God and the angels. But without suspicion of pride we can feel sure that somewhere in the world to-day virtue is more prevalent than it was a year ago, and the blessed change is in some part, however secure and lowly, the result of our poor efforts.

The world's conversion is necessarily a colossal task, and tasks of the kind call for protracted ages of mammoth endeavor. But it is a comfort and a joy to know that we are not practising the retrograde mode of progression, that things keep moving in the right direction, and that every step forward brings us to a nearer realization of our hopes. We are not alone in this good work. God is with us. His word is passed, and He can back His pledges strong with bonded pledge of eternal truth. Courage, then, and confidence! Beyond the clouds the sun is shining. Far from surrendering energy to impatience or despondency—the sure forerunners of idleness to the service of God—we must go forth in the good cause of the Kingdom with the set face of determined and exultant courage. To cower and lose heart in the presence of difficulty is to fall. To hesitate is to lose. We must not give the enemy time and leisure to marshal his forces together for an attack. We must be beforehand. It is half the victory to meet clash and conflict with a bold front; and the strain of work is panacea for the manifold ills of life. We who are engaged in the noble work of the League must be enthusiastic, energetic and executive. Such qualities imply effective labor, and that means success. Energy grows when each soldier in a large army like ours adds a new unit to his accumulated store.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

TUESDAY, 14TH JANUARY, 1908.

The forty-first Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking house on Tuesday, 14th January, 1908, at 12 o'clock.

The President, Mr. B. E. Walker, having taken the chair, Mr. A. St. L. Triggs was appointed to act as Secretary, and Messrs. C. S. Gzowski and A. J. Glazebrook were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the Annual Report of the Directors, as follows:

REPORT. The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the forty-first Annual Report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1907, together with the usual Statement of Assets and Liabilities:

Table with financial data: The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account brought forward from last year was 103,562.43. Dividends Nos. 80, 81, 82 and 83, at eight per cent. per annum 800,000.00.

All the assets of the Bank have been, as usual, carefully revalued and all bad and doubtful debts amply provided for.

Your Directors have the pleasure of reporting the most satisfactory earnings in the history of the Bank, amounting to \$1,752,349.67. After providing for four quarterly dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum and for the annual contribution to the Pension Fund, we have been able to write \$350,800 of Bank Premiums Account and have carried forward at the credit of Profit and Loss Account the sum of \$675,912.10.

Table with financial data: Notes of the Bank in circulation 9,235,769.68. Deposits not bearing interest 20,951,271.35. Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date 66,089,786.15.

Table with financial data: Balances due to other Banks in Canada 155,499.78. Balances due to other Banks in foreign countries 1,373,791.12. Dividends unpaid 1,508.44.

Table with financial data: Coin and Bullion 5,663,047.48. Dominion Notes 5,390,372.25. Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note circulation 450,000.00.

Table with financial data: Other Current Loans and Discounts 76,073,271.90. Overdue Debts (loss fully provided for) 109,867.32. Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) 64,682.53.

denounced the minister as a shameless liar. He declared that if he continued his falsehoods against the Fathers and their religion that the Indians would never come back there again with their furs.

These last menacing words were enough to cool the zeal of the clerk; self-interest was at stake and had the first consideration. By order of the honorable Hudson Bay Co. the minister was invited to vanish from the scene for a time.

The Indians showed me the tracts that had been given to them and asked me what they should do with them. I told them that the best thing to do was to pile them back upon the table of the clerk's room. They did this and so ended the matter.

The Mountaineers had but four days to stay with me. I did my best to make use of that very short time for the benefit of their souls, and their own good will helped me greatly in the fulfilment of my sacred duties.

No good luck this time. I rambled for hours before I shot a small partridge, but my excursion led to an important discovery however. Tired out and faint, I sat down upon the moss which covered the foot of a rocky hill, and picking up some dried berries of the last fall, I pulled out, without any purpose in view, a handful of the moss.

To the present time no one has sought to work it, but perhaps, in a day to come, the immense rich copper ores of Great Bear Lake and the Cop-

permine River will draw to these far-off countries crowds of miners and their companions; then there shall be a number of residences and the gypsum quarries of Fort Norman Hills shall be used in improving them.

Meanwhile, hunger told upon me much more impressively than all prospects of the future, and wood being at hand, I set to work to cook and eat my partridge.

Without a breakfast next day, I started towards noon on my travels. I packed my scanty luggage in a spruce bark canoe and trusting in the Divine Providence Who feeds the little birds, I paddled down the river.

Hardly had I paddled two miles when I perceived a little animal swimming down the stream. It was a beaver. I kept very quiet, for the least noise would startle him, make him dive and disappear.

Thank God! That was good luck. A fine fur with fresh meat for two days at least. With a substantial meal I recruited my failing strength and continued to paddle along the banks until night.

A most magnificent panorama unfolded itself before my eyes as I sped down the river. On the north-west side the peaks of the Rocky Mountains reared themselves to the azure of a superb sky; their snow-white summits and their dark green basis of primeval forest presented a splendid picture.

Most beautiful it is to gaze upon them from a distance. But how different it appears to the weary traveller who has to cross these forests and to climb those rocky heights and icy tops, with their heaps of fallen trees, with their marshes and lakes, to be avoided in summer only by tiresome circuits which double and treble the distance.

There is no night at all in these latitudes at this time of the year. Even at mid-night the sun keeps above the horizon, but it looks rather hazy, or sleepy, itself, like unto a traveller whose arms are tired out by paddling all day long.

I did not meet a soul in that part of my journey and I had a lonely supper and a night's encampment on the beach. The hills were so high and so steep that I could not think of climbing them to reach the woods, so I cut a few branches of willows and spread them on the gravel for my bed.

Nothing happened to disturb my sleep except the whirring of clouds of mosquitoes, which tried in vain to pierce me through the blankets.

My hunting was quite successful and far from suffering from want I was able to assist out of my supply of game which I had shot, a poor Hareskin Indian family which was coming down from Good Hope Mission and who had nothing to eat; the children were all in rags. Poor little ones!

At a short distance further down I met another Indian, old Jerome, sent to look for me by Father Seguin, who had become anxious about my safety. He handed to me from the depths of his shirt, a slip of paper tied with a string and of such a doubtful color that one would think it had crossed centuries. The address had vanished under its coat of perspiration; still I could decipher the contents which informed me of the successful mission exercised of the Spring and the fond hope that I would soon return to them.

These tidings, "which I kept carefully upon my heart," said the old man with emphasis, delighted me so much that I did ample justice to the muskrat cooked by Jerome for our supper. My old Indian had a good birch canoe, so I left my spruce one on the shore, and singing joyfully in the Hareskin tongue the "Ave Maria Stella," we started down the river.

There remained two rapids to cross before reaching Good Hope; but Jerome was an experienced oarsman and there was no danger at all; rather it was a pleasure to be rocked up and down upon the swelling waves. The last rapid is called "The Rapid of Ramparts." The river here narrows itself to rush down between two gigantic walls of steep rocks, reminding one of a fortress; but you would look in vain for cannons. The report of a gun in that imposing passage is echoed many times from the opposite sides of the river, so much so that it sounds like the rolling of thunder.

It sounds like the rolling of thunder on the right side, the mission had the post of Good Hope emerged from a woody hill, with their white-washed buildings warmly colored by the glory of a splendid morning's sun.

Father Seguin, the Brother, friends and the Indians, were on the shore. Their hearty welcome, filled with a joyful cordiality, so overwhelmed me that Mr. Taylor and his minister were forgotten.

Thinking the kind friends who have shown sympathy to a poor missionary and who have written me friendly letters, I trust that my list of well-wishers will be extended and that they will send me some help for our Indian children whom we are training in our school to become good men and women able to support themselves. My address is:

REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada. (To be Continued.)

The consecration of Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome, as titular Bishop of Adrianopolis, took place recently in the chapel of the college.

Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, was consecrated by the Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Giles, titular Bishop of Philadelphia. A large number of Church dignitaries, the rectors of all the national colleges and prominent members of the American colony in Rome attended the ceremony and, with the students of the college, crowded the chapel.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL? Do you spit yellow and black matter? Are you continually coughing and hawking? Do you have night sweats? Do your lungs ever bleed? Have you pains in chest and sides? Do you have pins under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE RECORDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND CONSUMPTION. You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready To Prove To You absolutely, that Lung-Germine the modern Treatment has cured completely and permanently each case of advanced Consumption, (Tuberculosis) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Troubles.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine. It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development. You can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today. Here is Evidence From One Case: Under date of Mar. 11, 1907, William Schmidt, 1204 Coleman, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly four years since my case of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured. I am healthy and able to work every day."

We will gladly send you further proof of twenty other remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and cure of Consumption and Lung Trouble. WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL AND BOOK.

You Pay No Duty Lung-Germine Co. 24 Rae Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

The Greatest Wedding.

The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered King, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the bridegrooms to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival which was grandeur and magnificence never has since been equaled.

Sister's Life Saved.

What is claimed to be one of the most remarkable recoveries so far witnessed is reported this week from Dubuque, Iowa. It is that of Sister Mary Carmelita, who for the last eighteen weeks has hovered between life and death from burns sustained early in September by an explosion of turpentine and wax mixture. In the last week a second skin grafting operation was performed on Sister Mary Carmelita, when three Sisters of the Order gave their skin to save her life. A short time ago Sister Carmelita submitted to the same operation, and three other Sisters sacrificed their skin to aid in her recovery.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption?

Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all the very pure principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. It also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the result."

Advertisement for St. George's Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the product's purity and benefits.