SESSE The Millennium SESSE at Coffinville SESSES

The priest at Holy Family was leeling 'that low in his mind,' as his housekeeper expressed it, "that he couldn't cat, sleep nor read his his housekeeper expressed it, "that when you are poor and troubled with that impleasant guest, a conbreviary in peace. The good we-Deviary in peace. The good wo-man watched over his Lares and Penates in the firm and comfort-ing behef that whatever might be the sanctity of his spirit, the tem-poral welfare of the Rev. Edward Jones would be null and yold with-Jones would be null and void without her.

She was very much distressed about him. Years ago when she had been left a widow with a little girl to care for, Father Jones had been her pastor, and he had installed her in the position of his houseseeper, educating her daughter out of his slender stipend, until the brown-eved girl had taken her sweet face to bloom in the garden of the Sacred Heart, in which order she had been chicated. Mrs. Hansey staved on with Father Jones "He couldn't get along without her," she was sure, and even when he went on a mission, feltin call to go also, her Martha-like nature expending itself in a faithful service for the servant of God.

Father Jones was a kindly, jovial soul; a man about sixty, with a pleasant face, somewhat reddened and roughened with vind and weather, for to be a "missioner" priest in southwest Missouri means to be no the beck and call of every one from Dan to Beersheba, and Father Jones was no exception to the rule. He had a church at Cof-Inville, and two missions to look aber en alternate Sandays, so the Gay was to him scarcely the tra-ditional "day of rest" which the early Peritans demanded for their "Sawbith." Every Sunday he said Mass at Coffinville at six, then rode to Ozark, ten miles away over the worst of Missouri roads, to say another at nine, reaching leme again at twelve to say cate-chism and Benediction, only to start out at three o'clock to give Benediction at Sparta. The next Sunday was like unto the first, sare that he said Mass at Sparta and gave Benediction at Ozark. During the week he was occupied with parish work and sick calls without number; hurried calls into The mountains in oth the sum-aner's blazing sun, or through the winter's frigid blasts, when snow whirled over the carriage and the wind blew a requient for a depart-

Through all his trials Father Jones' good nature was proverhial, and vet a physiogmomist would have declared
it a freak of nature. Fat
people are accustomed to arrogate
to themselves all the good nature to themselves all the good nature in the world, while thin people are supposed to be unantiable. But l'ather Jones' spare form had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it and he was amiad to itself, except upon occasions of flagrant dereliction of duty on the part of those under his charge. His face was so thin the check bones prowas so thin the check bones protruded like an Indian s, and there were those among the Campbell-ites, which sect abounded in Cofthat plenty of people are pooter than you are, and Father Jones' character and his life in Cossinville

illed these conditions admirab-ly. When people complained of "ha'd times" and that the "craps was jes' spiled with the dry drought" the priest gathered his threadbare cassock about him with a haughty indifference to its scana haughty indifference to its scan-dalous appearance and Mrs. Han-sey's "Sure, it's fringed like—the old Shanghai rooster's legs, all 'round the bottom!" To this he only answered blandly, "I am sur-prised that such an elegant woman as you are, Mrs. Hansey, shouldn't know that fringe is all the style now. It said so in the last Catholic Advance."

To this Mrs. Hansey gave an in-dignant sniff, coupled with a smothered laugh as she wended her way to the kitchen, murnuring soft', "Him notice the styles, insoft', "Him notice the seyies, in deed, he'll laugh at his own funeral, bless him."

As a rule the inhabitants of Coffinville did not trouble themselves much about the Catholic priest. He attended to his own business, and never interfered with any one Moreover, he was very handy to have around in case of a fight between his parishioners, which performance was not an infrequent occurrence. This was not because his people were any more given to fighting than other dwellers in the Orarks, but because in that highly civilized region the motto "Shoot fust, talk afte'wa'as, him who kin," has been handed down from father to son as carefully as the old rifle and the carved powder of bygone days. But when Fether Jones dashed into the floud at Miller's Creek when the "crick had riz" and saved from drowning Dan Casey's little firl and Jim Jones, the Methodist minister's very objectionable young son, adding to this exploit by riding Mustang Bill, the worst horse in the section, ten miles to Ozark for a doctor, the people thought it was time to notice his existence.

"He's a Jim-dandy," said Jim Betts, a bright and shining light in the Campbellite church on Sundays and a blacksmith, somewhat given to potations during the week. "He's the best priest they have ever had at Holy Family." "Holy Family!" snifted Joe Smith, a drummer over from Springfield. "His family is good and holy, judging from some of his parishioners."

You needn't talk." retorted Dan

Casey. "You're a swell Episcopa-lian, but it strikes me that some of the people at your Holy Inno-cents' Church haven't enough holiness, or innocence either, to hurt 'em."
"Father Jones is not as bad as

most Romanists," remarked the Rev. Ephraim Jones, guardedly. The Rev. Ephraim was the pastor of the Methodist Church, and was

siders, more pertinently than elegantly, a 'church row." Grateful as he was for the saving of his box he was, perforce, careful about evincing any partiality for one who might later show signs of the cloven hoof, and who was certainly persona non grata to many of his faithful flock.

of his latthful flock.
"I say he's a peach," declared
Dan Casey, the storekeeper; "a
real Missouri peach, red-cheeked,
and sound all through. They say
he's got the peneumony, too"
"Let's give him a donation par-

suggested Jim Betts. A group of voung men, lounging about the village store, looked mildly interested at this novel

idea, and one of them drawled:
"Say, Jim, you all can't donate
to a priest. What does he want
with things other folk ain't no use
foah? That's what folks give at donation pahties, leastwise, things as they don't want. An' s'pose you all gave Father Jones a lot of things to eat, do you know what he'd do with 'em? He'd call up all the squattehs in the outskuths and stop every freighteh's team goin' pas' and fill 'em full, even to the clothes hoss and the yallah dawg undeh the wagon. That's the kind he is."

"Well, let's give him things he does want," persisted Mr. Betts, and discussion waxed hot as to what particular treasures should be laid at the shrine of the new saint, for there is nothing like practical piety to appeal to the unlearned, and Father Jones had delighted these rough men by his pluck, his grit and his genuine kindliness.

"I'll give him a six-shooter," began Jim Betts, when his words were met with derisive shouts of laughter from the group.

"His Riverence with a six-shooter, amakin' a hump in his has-sock," shouted Dan Casey, gleefully "Sure, you might as well

give him a hammer and anvil for all he'd use it."

"I'd just as lief use it on you," growled the blacksmith, significanty, and a little difficulty easily setled with a gun seemed about to disturb the meeting, when the Rev.

Ephraim spoke up:
"I move we give him a vote of thanks."

"A vote of nawthin'!" cried Dan, "A vote of nawthin?!" cried Dan, now thoroughly aroused, his big Irish blue eyes flashing fire. "Will a vote of thanks buy him a hassock, or whatever you call it? Will it buy him wine and the best Robinson County? Will it get him high above to a vote of the property of the property." kickshaws to eat and warm blank-ets and coal, and all the things ets and coal, and all the things this God-forsaken place doesn't hold for a white man to live decent with? And I tell you he'll die if he don't have 'em. He saved my girl and your boy — darn the brat—" (big, rough Dan choked) "and now he's lyin' up there with peneumony fever, an' the doctor says he orter be having good nursin' an' luxuries. Good Lord! Luxuries in Coffinville!" And then a strange thing hap-

And then a strange thing hap-pened. The Rev. Ephraim Jones suddenly felt throbbing against his side in a very unpleasant manner an organ of which he had really forgotten the use, lo! these many years. He had a heart, but pover ty and hard work and the con tinued strain of dealing always with the worst side of life had so ites, which sect abounded in Col-faville, who said they knew that

ginning and the end of the rich, red blood that keeps us all alive. Blood history makes a fascinating story.

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soul starve out there, if he is a Catholic," said Mrs. Bonham, the vice-president, a millionaure in her own right several times over. is greatest.

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conscious of its existence. Now however, he felt it throbbing pain fully and urging him to a speech to which he scarcely felt himself equal. But the good in the little man was only incrusted with doc-trine and dormant, not dead, and it rose to the surface in a great wave.

"I tell you what I'll do, boys," he began, "I'll write to the Board

to send him my box."
"Good for you, Parson," cried
Dan, clapping him on the back
with an uncomfortable friendliness vhich made the Rev. Ephraim Jones wince from the great ham-like hand. "Bully for you! That's the very thing! Will they do it?" "They send me one every year, and if they won't send two the priest can have mme." And with

this he strode away. None of the men who applauded him so loudly had even an inkling

of what the sacrifice meant.

The Rev. Ephraim Jones had been blessed under his vine and fig tree with a wife and eleven olive branches. There had been a bak-er's dozen, but two had succembed to malaria, and he had tucked their little yellow faces away in the ground with mingled pain and relief; relief that they were out of their misery, and pain, the wring-ing anguish of the parent's heart at parting with its second self.

Eleven children to feed and clothe, educate and generally equip for the hard tussle of life means care and anxiety untold. The Rev. Ephraim looked each winter for clothing for the rest of the season to the large and abundant missionary hox sent out by the gener-ous ladies of a rich Eastern church

Had Mrs. Jones been at home perhaps he would have stifled his generous impulse, for she was a wise little soul who kept her husband in excellent order, but the worthy woman was away for a two days' visit to a missionary meeting in Greene County, and Mr. Jones flourished alone like the proverbial green bay tree. Nine little boys — ranging from fifteen to six —held high carnival at the parsonage, the two youngest children having gone with their mother; so the cat being away, the mouse war playing with all his might.

The glow of the mimister's enthusiasm never dimmed; indeed, his siasm never dimmed; indeed, his troublesome heart gave him no rest until he had written his letter. He meant to write to the "Board," that far-away refuge of troubled missionaries, but a notice of its appropriate difficulties and the of its pecuniary difficulties met his eye in the Church paper, so he de-cided to take the matter into his own hands and write directly to the church which had always sup-

plied him.
"Dear Ladies of the Queen Street Church," he began, "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I am now wearing your clothes — I mean those you sent me — and I have had so much kindness from you had so much kindness from you that I venture to ask a favor. Will you please not send me a box this year? It isn't that I don't want it, and my wife will want it worse, but I think it is needed elsewhere. There is a man here who is going to die unless he is looked after to die tinless he is looked after. I will try to tell you about him."
Then followed a stirring account of Father Jones' life and character, his good work in Coffinville, his two children. The Rev. Ephraim finished his astonishing epistle after this fashion: "He has given away everything he has been be been as the standard of the sta away everything he has; he has saved life to lose his own. Though not one in doctrine, he is a better man than I am, and I earnestly ask you to relieve his difficulties than give any thought to me. Hoping to hear from you, and that you will not think me ungrateful for all your kindness to me and mine, I am, your servant in Christ, Ephraim Jones."

"P. S.—Send the box to the Rev. Edward Jones, Coffinville, Mo. 1 did not mention that the one mentioned is a Catholic priest. He is not any relation of mine, for there not any relation or man, are Jones' who are not.
"E. J."

This was the letter which fell like a bombshell into the midst o the Ladies' Home Missionary So-ciety of the Queen Street M. E. Church, which edifice, in stone, exquisite with Gothic carvings, graced the largest atreet of an important Bastern city.
An anarchistic souvenir could not have more effectually excited

BLOOD HISTORY

Born in bone marrow—dies in the liver. This is the be-

"The simplicity of this letter goes to my heart," said Mrs. Leader, a tall, handsome woman. "The spirit of the man is perfectly beautiful. We cannot deprive him of his box."

"Of course not. It's half done, most important part in blood ready. And we can't let that poor

"Christmus is coming, and I suppose Catholics have as much right to celebrate Christmas as we have," said sweet little crippled Miss Gray.
"Christ died for the ungodly," said Mrs Fitz-Simmons Blake,

tentatively.

"I always thought it must be as hard for Catholics to starve as for the elect," said brisk little Miss Bland, a wicked twinkle in her great gray eyes. "But you wouldn't think it right to do anything for a Catholic priest, would you, Mrs. Leader?"

The president looked uncomfort-

able, then a bright thought came "Not as a pilest, of course; nor as coming from a church, but from as coming from a church, but from individuals, as a token of our—er—respect for a man who is fine and manly and virtuous. I will head a subscription with one hundred dollars, ladies. Whe will follow?"

Where Mrs. Leader proposed, all were glad enough to concur. Those who were her social equals so hon-estly loved her that they thought everything she did correct, and those who were below her in the social scale so wished to be asso-ciated with her, even in charttes, that they gladly followed her ex-ample. Tact will turn a wind-mill, and in a few moments the astonished secretary was empowered to send the hox, a finer one than ever, to the Rev. Ephraim Jones, and a check for five hundred dollars to the Rev. Edward

"Make it plain how well we think of Mr. Jones' work as a missionary, Miss Tracey," said the president, "and show the other, in a tactful manner, that the gift is to a brave, good man."

"I will try to couch it properly, Mrs. Leader," said the secretary, and the meeting broke up, the la-dies going on their way rejoicing, with a proud consciousness of vir-

Christmas was at hand, blessed season of kind thoughts and gentle deeds to warm the hearts of giver and receiver and prove as balm to the wounded Sa-cred Heart which gave Itself for men, and giving-broke.

Christmas with its joys, its merriment, its sorrow, too, as memory gives a backward glance to those faces long gone, that once graced the Yule tide board with the bloom of their sweet radiance, Christmas — in happy homes sea-son of jollity and even in humble homes a time of blessing, since their self-denial often waits as

handmaid upon giving, and
"Who gives himself with this gift
feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and

In Costinville the snow lay white upon the ground and the rough branches of the scrub oaks and sturdy hickory trees were powder-ed with its feathery flakes. It had been a bitterly cold winter and snow lay heavy upon many hearts.

Father Jones sat in his old arm chair beside the big box stove in which crackled the fire of hickory logs. It was his one luxury, this roaring fire, and it was his only because of the zeal of a devoted parishioner, who brought him a load from his wood lot whenever his watchful eye saw that the

priest's woodpile was diminishing. The father had changed terribly in the weeks following his illness.
Pneumonia is not an easy foe to
fight, but he had battled with it manfully, finding the convalescence almost harder to bear than the sickness itself. He needed tonics and delicacies, and soft, warm clothes, and none of which were to be obtained in Coffinville, or for miles around, even had the where-withal to obtain them been forthcoming. He felt ill, tired and dis-couraged. He leaned his head wearily on his hand, pondering how he could provide some Christman treat for the poor of a parish where all, priest and people alike, were poor torether. As he sat quietly, a stir was heard on the gallery which ran around the house, and a sound of voices. There was a knock at his study door, and Mrs. Hansey entered quietly

"A box for you, father," she said, as two men carried in a huge wooden box and set it down with a flourish.

"That can't be for me," said Father Jones.

"Rev. Edward Jones, Coffinville, "Rev. Edward Jones, Condenne, Christian County, Missouri. It's yours, all right," said Dan Casey, grinning broadly. "Merry Christ-mas to you, Father. Guess your friends didn't all forget you. Lemme open it for you."

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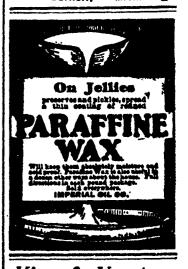


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is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There is usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

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