Gardner that I would surely be back in the morning to say Mass for him, as he is not able to leave his bed. God help us! I never thought I would see the time that a bit of wind like this would make me hesitate; and, while I am not really afraid, I can't deny feeling a strange quiver—old age, perhaps, running through me. A man going on seventy years hasn't the heart he had

His large, beaming eyes, undimmed by age, had now a very thoughtful expression. 'My son, I must make this trip alone, as there may be some danger, and I do not wish you to share it. You can go back to Mansell's for the night.

In the morning make your way over to st. Andrew's. From there you will have no trouble in getting across, as there will be many leaving to spend. Christmas in town. Help me to close reef the sail and I'll be off."

"I will not budge an inch, Father;

he grew several inches taller, and his eyes shot a look at me I had never seen eyes shot a look at me I had never seen in them before — a look that a mother might have when her child was assailed.

Young man, I am ashamed of you! I thought you were made of better stuff did not ask you to risk your life ; and as for the people whom you designate as a 'bunch of dagoes,' there is not a better or braver or more Christian set of people in the country to day than is contained in that village across the bay. They are plain fisher folk, to be sure, They are plain insertors, to be safe, but I would not give them, with their honest hearts and simple ways, for the richest congregation of kid-glove Catholics in the country, and, if God spares me, I will bring our Blessed Lord to them in the morning."

He stooped again over the tackle. I was thoroughly abashed for my hasty words, as I well knew that he spoke truly, and know also that had he so de-sired he could long ago have had his "kid - glove" congregation, and, per-haps, much higher honors; but he pre-ferred to spend his life on the mission among the simple, honest people who looked upon him as a saint, and who asked his advice on all matters, whether

spiritual or otherwise.

In a moment I was in the boat help ing him with the sail. His rebuke had knocked all thought of fear out of my mind. I would face a much greater and more immediate danger to be rein-

After fastening a small jibsail he reached his hand to me and said:
"Jump out." Instead I threw off the fastening and poled the boat from the

"No, no, young man!" he said.
"You must not venture. You will be little help except for company. I will not have you take the risk."
"Well, Father, I am going for company's sake, if you will forgive me for my hasty words."
"You were forgiven before you asked; but I would rather you'd not go. If it

but I would rather you'd not go. If it blows no harder than now there is no fear; but if it grows much worse, which it may at any moment, then I will have very grave lears."
"Were it blowing a hurricane, Father,

I would not let you go alone."
"Bless you, my son. We will put off

in God's name.'

when we got beyond the shelter of the land we felt how really bad the storm was. A fierce gale was blowing from the west. At about 10 o'clock it changed to the north-west, bringing with it lightning flashes and rumblings of thunder.

This shift of wind was blowing us out This shift of wind was blowing us out of our course, as we could make no head against it. Father Hoyle lowered the mainsail, but with jib still up was running before the wind. It looked bad enough now, and if it grew any worse I felt nothing but a miracle would save us. Each wave that rushed upon us from out the darkness appeared a mountain in height and must inevitably send us to the bottom. There was a steady hand at the tiller, however, and at hand at the tiller, however, and at each flash of lightning a pair of watch ful eyes could be seen peering anxious

The boat plunged and tossed through the heavy seas, one particularly large wave almost knocking me overboard. Father Hoyle saw my fear and spoke encouragingly, telling me to hold fast; that the boat was a staunch one and God was in the storm as well as in the calm. He said that he thought we were heading towards Point San Blas, and that he would risk beaching Bias, and that he would risk beaching the boat if he got a chance. A short time later, during a flash of lightning I was, startled by an alarmed cry from Father Hoyle to "Stand clear and be

ready to jump!"
"It is all up with us now," I thought. As I turned to look ahead a huge wave picked up the boat and tossed it high upon the shore. Father Hoyle landed afely, grasping his mission case con-taining his vestments and other articles necessary in the celebration of Mass, and which he had brought along in case something unforseen should prevent his returning to Apalachicola Christmas

I was thrown on my head and partly stunned, but quickly recovered. After looking about we found we were on a little island, or key, but a few acres in extent. We had escaped from the dangers of the deep. For so much we were thankful; but it did not take us very long to realize that there were new dangers assailing us. The sea was slowly swallowing the bit of land upon which we were thrown.

Father Hoyle returned to the boat and began taking everything movable out—pole, oars, a loose seat and some strong fishing twine, remarking : may have to swim for it yet, and an oar or so will come in handy." Short-ly after a tremendous wave rushed in, picked up the boat, then rushed back into the darkness with it.

Father Hoyle made a trip around the small circle of sand and returning,

"This is very serious; an hour from now this spot may be under water, and we battling for our lives. My son, I am now very sorry that I brought you on this trip." Here I tried to check him,

but he continued: "I expected it to be rough; but not dangerous; and as it would be a long trip I wanted you to keep me company. If it comes to the worst will ye forgive me?"

I grasped his hand and told him, as well as my emotion would allow—for I loved Father Hoyie very dearly; as, indeed, who wouldn't? — his kindly nature and heroic unselfishness endearing him to all — that had I let him go alone and anything had happened to him, I would all my life have felt myself a murderer. And now, let the end come as soon as it may, I thanked God that I was with him. A gentle pressure of my arm was his answer.

He picked up the pole that he had taken from the boat and cut a notch about four feet below the smaller end. Into the notch he sat an oar which he lashed fast with the fishing twine the oar and pole forming a cross. He then directed me to take the other oar and with the blade to dig a hole in nor you either, if I can prevent. The idea of our risking our lives for that bunch of dagoes over there!" bunch of dagoes over there!"

"He was stooping over the tickle in the boat, and before I could say more he straightened like a flash. I thought the sand tight about it, and made it more secure by heaping it around the base. From the arms of the cross with several wrap pings of twine he suspended, shelf-like, the boat seat, forming as it were a table; above this he fastened a cruci-

fix. The wind had ceased blowing, but overhead it was as dark and threatening as ever. The waters were steadily creeping nearer and spray from an occasional heavy sea fell about us. Father Hoyle lit the lantern which he always had on these watery journeys and hung it from an arm of the cross; then turned to me and said :

"It is now midnight. We have the privilege in this diocese of saying Mass at that hour on Christmas morning. a short time the waves may be dashing over the spot where we are now standover the spot where we are now stant-ing. I am going to celebrate Mass— it may be for the last time. While I am getting ready you kneel down and prepare for confession and the recep-tion of the Blessed Sacrament. It the end comes we will meet it as Christians should."

Father Hoyle then proceeded to dress his impromptu altar. Taking the heavy oil-cloth from around the case he carefully laid it, wet side down, over the heat sont which the boat seat, which it completely covered, forming at the same time a rude ered, forming at the same time a rade antependium; next his altar linens were displayed, and before I was aware of it he had an altar "dressed" for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

When through his preparations he heard my confession, and, then, finishing vesting, began the Mass whose ending we might not live to see. After receiving Communion I felt strangely calm: fear gave place to peace; if it was God's will that this should be the end, I was resigned.

At the Elevation a succession of At the Elevation a succession of blinding flashes and terrific peals of thunder, followed by a dash of cold spray about my knees, made me think our time had come. I thought of Mass at home; the well-transl hells manning the cense and soft-toned bells warning the kneeling worshippers that the sacrificial moment was at hand. Here, the improvised altar on a speck of sand, midst a seething cauldron of angry waves; the deafening thunder and

waves; the deafening thunder and dazzling lightning; an old, gray-haired priest with a look of profound exaltation upon his face, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, reading Mass by the dim light of a lantern.

When Father Hoyle turned to give his blessing at the conclusion of the Mass a huge wave that seemed a mountain in height, rushed towards us. Father Hoyle stood with hands outstretched, his lips moving in prayer, looking toward but not seeming to see the avalanche of rushing water. Perthe avalanche of rushing water. Per-haps behind that wall of water he saw the reward of his years of faithful and uncomplaining ministrations. The wave paused an instant within a few yards of the altar, then sank backr leaving its crest to topple over at out

And who will say that that made so impressively over the warring elements, did not bring peace? Yet so it was; the tremendous billows disappeared, the thunder rumbled faintly appeared, the thunder tunbound of the waves died down into a solemn requiem at the blessing of that humble priest. Was it not the voice of God in his return the price of the mighty presentative whispering to the mighty waves, "Peace, be still;" and they, recognizing the Authority, obeyed as

feet.

on a former occasion?

The Mass was ended. Father Hoyle knelt in grateful thanksgiving. I joined him for a few minutes, then, being completely exhausted, I stretched myself upon the sand and in a moment

was sound asleep.

When I awoke two hours later the When I awoke two hours later the scene was comparatively peaceful, only the great, long swells of the sea giving evidence of the recent storm. Father Hoyle had placed his coat over me while I slept; he was still kneeling before the cross, his gray head encircled in an average of monlight, for the in an aureole of moonlight, for the moon was now shining brightly and lending much beauty to the scene. As I watched him kneeling there with eyes fixed upon the crucifix, I could not but think that God's holy angels were not

far away.
He arose when he heard me moving He arose when he heard me moving. When I spoke of our escape and the likelihood of our spending this Uhristmas day on earth, after all, a look which I took to be the resignation came upon his face as he replied: "Well, my son, our work is not yet done."

done. During the remaining hours of the night Father Hoyle spoke of his work on the mission, of his vexations through the hard-heartedness of some who remained deaf to his call to come to the sacraments, and his rewards in the shape of an occasional stray sheep brought back to the fold. He had am bitions once, he said; he gave them up—that was his hardest trial—for his

humble and scattered flock. At the first glint of the morning sur apon our humble Calvary he began a Mass of thanksgiving About 10 o'clock boats was seen approaching from different points. Soon about two dozen men were gathered around Father Hoyle, offering such sincere expressions

of joy at his safety as brought tears to the old priest's eyes. He thanked them for their interest and affection, and said: "It will be too late to say Mass when we get back to town. I have already said two Masses this morning, but on this day we have the privilege of celebrating three. I will offer up this for the repose of the souls of those

I will venture to say that through out the broad land there were few more fervent worshippers than were these humble fishermen kneeling before Father Hoyle's simple attar that Christ-mas morning. And since then I never mas morning. And since then I never hear the bells at the Elevation, but my thoughts involuntarily go back to one Midnight Mass on the Gulf coast some years ago. - James M. Keating, in the Catholic World Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer The readers of the Glasgow Observer are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First impressions," More interesting and impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by this particular convert's experience on this particular convert's experience on joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest issue of the Observer, the writer discusses the spontaneity and naturalness of Catholic piety, and illustrates his point by many a graphic picture—among others, the following:

Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth) and there you see how simply and naturally the people practice their religion. There is an easy, unconven-

religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week, whether in crowded cities or quiet vilchurch bell summons the lages the church bell summons the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion —not after an ample breakfast of ham —not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie 'porridge first and then prayers') but with an unbroken fast—at 4 or 5 or 6 a.m., when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond and Scotch folk would be astonished if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning without who morning after morning without any obligations but purely out of devo-tion begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through streets and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet do they find it to be in the presence of their Saviour.

At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass. On the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling before a wayside crucifix or shrine of our Blessed Lady; in the fields and on the hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary; and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted.

These are but samples to show how These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guide book but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look preternaturally solemn on one day out of seven. They live in constant remembrance of their religion; and by ever-recurring fast and ligion; and by ever-recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars cruci-fixes, medals and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes.

If the best of Catholics to the man-ner born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestant ism or unbelief for a brief period, they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practicing it and a more zealous for its propagation. We hope that "A Convert's First Impressions" will be republished in book form for the good that they are calculated to do among Protestants as well as Catholics. were primarily intended .- Ave Maria

THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

So callous and materialistic have nany Catholics become nowadays, that they are as indifferent to the sacred festivals and seasons of the Church, as they are obdurate to the sentiments of they are obdurate to the sentiments of a pure piety. Our rising generation will tell you glibly why they "celebrate" Thanksgiving day, reciting, perhaps, every dull particular in the gruesome hardships of the so called Pilgrim "Fathers." But ask them, "What are the ember days?" or, "What do we mean by Advent?" and What do we mean by Advent ?" and they will complain of our asking them difficult theological questions!

The ecclesiastical year, with its beautiful festivals and elevating meanbeautiful lestivats and covering the sounderstand. It is the year of the soul—and if we have a soul that has been deadened by materialistic pursuits, we owe it to this higher part of our nature, to study the soul's institutions. Here we are now at the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, and as the time slowly away in a progress from feast to feast, from one sacred season o another divinely instituted festival, et us take pains to understand what these facts mean. What religion most fears is ignorance, because ignorance of religion is the parent of indifference.

Advent is the secretary investigation.

religion is the parent of indincence.
Advent is the season immediately preceding Christmas, and it commemorates the Incarnation and coming of Christ. Its object is to invite our mediately and the commence of the commence o tation upon that supreme event - to give us an opportunity to prepare for it and to celebrate it in the proper

Formerly, Catholics observed this season more strictly than they do, or are required to do, at present. They made it almost as penetential as the season of Lent now is. Some religious communities preserve this strict observance of Advent even in our own day. As it is, all merely hilarious and turbulent amusements are discountenanced, butent amusements are discountenanced, and also weddings, dances and concerts. These are well enough in their season, but some time should be given to God.—Catholic Citizen.

One Million Dollars

Have Been Spent to Give Liquozone Free to the Sick.

When we purchased the rights to The reason is that germs are vegetables : When we purchased the rights to Liquozone, we decided to buy the first bottle and give it free to each sick one we learned of. We published the offer in nearly every newspaper in America, and 1,800,000 people have accepted it. In one year it has cost us over one million dollars to announce and fulfill the offer.

There are as no stata germs are vegetables and Liquozone — like an excess of exygen—is deadly to vegetal matter. There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kill germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost

Don't you realize that a product must have wonderful merit to make such an offer possible? We have never asked a soul to buy Liquozone. We have published no testimonials, no physician's endorsement. We have simply asked the sick to try it — try it at our expense. And that is all we ask you, if you need

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by com-pounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas — largely oxygen gas — by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the con-stant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food — the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we pub-lish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

France to Observe Sunday. The Sunday rest movement has assumed a practical phase in France through the vote of the superior council of the ministry of public work recommending parliament to enact a rigid law providing for one compulsory day's rest weekly. The council also recommended that Sunday be the prescribed day of rest unless the nature of a person's occupation compels it to be otherwise. The movement is the result of the growing disregard of Sunday observance, it now being customary in Paris and throughout France for build-ing operations, shop trade and most

- like an excess of

There lies the great value of Liquo-zone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost taken internally. Medicine is almost helpiess in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid \$100,000 for the American rights.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indi-rect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Hay Fever-Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Liver Troubles
Malaria-Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles-Pneumonia
Plepriss-Oalney Asthma Abscess—Aræmia Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Brows! Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colis—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysenbery—Diarrhex
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dysepers Piles—Pneumonis Pleurisy—Quinsy Rheumatism Rneumatism Scrofula—Syphilis Skin Diseases Stomach Troubles Throat Troubles Tuberculosis

A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Parmejee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use
in any climate and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever
and ague they act upon the secretions and
neutralize the poison which has found its waiinto the blood. They correct the impurities
which find entrance into the system through
drinkips water or food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.



A GREAT DOCTOR'S OPINION

The Pope's Physician Endorses a Canadian Medicine.

Dr. Lapponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills In His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.



DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

In the realm of medical science there is probably no better known or more respected name than that of Dr. Lapponi, the trusted physician of the Vatican. He is loved and esteemed throughout the entire Catholic world for its unwearing attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII. He is the esteemed physician of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X. But above all he is a man physician of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X. But above all he is a man of commanding genius and a fearless exponent of views which he holds as right. He is not afraid of so called professional "etiquette," and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the great Canadian medicine with an authority which no one will venture to question. In the realm of medical science there is probably no better known or more which no one will venture to question.

DR. LAPPONI'S LETTER.

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this landthe treatment of other morbid forms able preparation, not or alorosis, but also in cases of neurasof the category of thenia and the like

"DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, "Via dei Gracchi 331, Rome."

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi, is, of The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi, is, of course, that tired, languid, bloodless condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health at that period is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority and it confirms the many published cases which prove that these pills cure anaemia and other diseases of the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, and the new blood. prove that these pills cure anaemia and other diseases of the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, and the new blood goes right to the root of the trouble and cures such diseases as indigestion, rheumatism, kidney troubles, general weakness, nervousness, neuralgia, and the ailments which afflict women alone. But you must get the genuine pills which Dr. Lapponi praises, and these always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box.

Fovers—Gall Stones Tumors—Ulcers Gottre—Gout Varicocole Gootrhea—Gleet Women's Diseases All diseases that begin with fever—all inflamation—all catarn—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood. In nervous debility L'quezane acts as a witaizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a fullsize bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquezone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please ac-cept it to day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON My disease is I have never tried L'quozone but if you will supply me a 50c, bottle free I will take

Give full address-write plainly. Any "physicians or hospital not yet using Lieuczone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Concational .

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS

COLLEGE LINGER

We teach full commercial course, As well as full shorthand course Full civil service course.

Our graduates in every departments are to-day filling the best positions.
Write for calabras. Address:

J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A.
Address: Belleville, Ont.
PRINCES

ASSUMPTION + COLLEGE

BASDWICH, ONT. THE STODISS EMBRACE THE OLASSE I ICAL and Commercial Courses. Term is including all ordinary expenses, 1150 per ablum. For the particular apply to the particular applications and the particular applications are particular applications.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BEBLIN, ONT. CANADA (G.T.R.)

Commercial Course with Business College features.

High School or Academic Course — Preparation for Professional Studies.

College or Arts Course — Preparation 568
Degrees and Seminaries.

Board and Tuttion per Annum, \$140.00.

For Catalogue Address—

REV. JOHN FEHRENBACH, C.R., Free

Susiness College TRATFORD ONT.

A large, successful and influcommercial and shorthand course. Write for catalogue.

ELLIOTT & MCLACHLAN,
Principals. THE WINTER TERM AT THE

Owen Sound, Ont. begins on MONDAY, January 2rd, 1965. Every young man and this winter. It is a most substantial foundation for a successful life.

Four fully equipped departments;
Business Department for general business work.

WORK SHORTHAND and TYPE WRITING for the SHORTHAND and TYPE WRITING for the raining of shorthand writers TELEGRAPHY BEPARTMENT for those who are to become telegraph operators.

PRIEFARATORY DEPARTMENT for those PRIEFARATORY DEPARTMENT for those who wish to improve their

who are far back and the education education Ful. particulars will be sent to any address C. A. Fleming, Principal. Owen Sound.



vafer for

AT NORTHERN BUSINESS COLUEGE.

Owen Sound, Ontario.

The Telegraphic Department is in charge of an operator of years of experience on the regular telegraphic lines. The equipment is the best that can be purchased, just the same instruments as are used on the regular lines by the large companies in United States and Canada. The course includes Telegraphy, Penmanship, Letter Writing and Spelling. For full particulars regarding any of our courses address, C. A. FLEMING Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

COWAN'S Good in summer time COCOA and CHOCOLATE

\$4.50 WOMAN'S And up to \$12. Also Skirts Jacks ets and Walsts. Send for cloth outheoft Suit Co., London, Can. Det