CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Third Sunday of Advent

15 St. Florence, A.B.
16 St. Allon, I.mp.
17 St. Olympiae, W.
18 Expectation of the B.V.M.
19 St. Nemosion, M.
20 St. Christian, B.
21 St. Thomas, Apostle;

MOTHER DILD TO-NIGHT.

"Your mother died to-night," ... that's all it said;

But, somehow, in that simple line I read The last sad words of love and sympathy,
The last heart-blessing that she

gave to me,
The admonitions that all went amiss,
And what God ne er can give—her

farewell kiss; The fadeless picture as she kneit to pray That she might meet me up above

- some day.

'Your mother died to-night," is all it said, As on the thiobbing wire the tid ings sped From that old, happy home, from

which I came,
To strive anew for honor and for fatue, To moil with will to win a golden

To lay in solemn suppliance at her

But shattered are the hopes, unnerved the might,
By that sad message, "Mother died to-night."

O stars that glide through heaven's unfathomed sea,
May I not meet her in Alcyone?

Oh, let me know, as oft in childhood's harms,
That peace found only nestling in
her arms!

Gone the gray hair, the eyes that wept in vain,
Gone the sad smile I ne'er shall see

again, Gone the true heart, the soft, loveladen breast,, Gone the one mother to her last

long rest.

The Great Lottery

(By W. Philip Sheppard.) There were about a quarter of a

million people interested in that lotter, with its great first prize of £3,000, so it may have been a trifle presumptous on the part of

claire Lomas to say to herself, as she so emphatically did. "That £3,000 must come to me."

She held in her hand the alluring prospectus which she had already read carefully through more than once, and though it offered many prizes — whole suites of fur-niture, magnificent planos, costly laces and gold and silver orna-naments galore — there was only one item in it which fixed her eye and absorbed her whole attention, and that item was the great prize of £3,000. "And that must come to me," she repeated. "It must come. I have Bought a ticket, I come. I have bought a ticket, I shall pray every day and that prize shall come to me."

Must and shall are doubtless

great words, and words which have helped meny a man and woman to great ends, but in this particu-lar case it should be confused that about 249,000 other persons might have said must and shall with per-fectly equal chance of success. And not farther away that half a mile one other person at least had already said so, only not so emphatically as Miss Claire Lomas.

In part at least that young laly had disinterested ideas as to the disposal of her fortune when it arrived, for first and foremost the sum of £500 was to go to Father David for his new schools. The new schools had been the dream of Father David's existence ever since his arrival in Westborough, which dated back nearly ten years. The idea was his own, the plans were his own, everything was his own except the power to build. "Only £500," he had often said to his schoolmistress, Claire, "only foo to do away with this tumble-down, old-fashioned building and raise the pretty Gothic room 1 have so long planned and so often dreamed about." And then he would sigh, and both would feel that they had done all in their power toward the fulfilment of what seemed a rather far-off possibility — all that was in their power being they are included the control of the contr out the plans and talk the matter over—and sigh. When Claire Lom-as sighed it was, if one may stop to analyze so small an emotion, the sigh of a past as well as a present regret, for there had been a time when it would not have seemed so impossible a thing to gratify Father David's wish and bring his ambition from the realms of lancy. to the glory of stone and mortar. That was the time when Mr. Lomas, her father, had been a flourishing business man of considerable importance near Westborough, and Claire a young girl with a very plenty of money can at least part-ly usure. The demolition of that

the adage that "charity begins at home" by decumping with the money and disappearing into for-eign climes. Claire was seventeen at the time, and she was left with nothing but a good education and a considerable degree of beauty.

The latter she considered a negligible quantity, but the good education was an asset of some import-arce, and she immediately proceeded to make use of it and secure herself from dependence on friends by ontaining the then vacant position of school teacher in Father David's school at Westborough.

And with a single room in West-borough for her home, there she passed the next two years of her life, educated to the children, endeared to the townsfolk, endeared to white-haired Father David and loved more or less madly by every incligible young man in the neigh-

Patiently she tried to blot out early years of prosperity had en-couraged it was difficult always to succeed, and sometimes she dar-ed to thread new patterns in the fabric of the future and map out a career more engrossing and ambi-tious than her quiet, hidden exist-ence as schoolmistress to a hand-ful of Westborough little ones.

She was allowing herself thus to dream when she to emphatically de-clared that she of all the expectant ticket-holders to the number of a quarter of a million "must and should" be the most successful in the Great Lottery. There should be £500 for the Gothic schools and a new mistress should be their tenant, while she, with, say £500 a year, would finish her singing or her painting abroad and return to make a name for herself in England. So enticing did the dream appear and so thoroughly had she persuaded herself that it was to be fulfilled, that she went out then and there to confide the news to he other interested party, Father David Father David was at home.

Old Sarah opened the door to her, but Father David had seen her from the window, and his hearty voice rang out with an invitation to enter. She tripped in eagerly, but stopped on the threshold of his sanctum at the sound of another voice. Appa. Atly it was not unfamiliar, for she blushed ever so little as she entered, and the owner of the second voice came quickly forward with a look expressive of undisguised pleasure at the

meeting.
"In Westborough again so soon,
Mr. Challis?" was all she said as she shook hands with him and sat down to unbarden herself of the

great scheme.
"If I had my cwn way I would live here altogether, Miss Lomas. I love — Westborough."

"For a day or two, yes; but surely not for long. What? Ex-change London, with all its throb of life and energy, for dea, sleepy, old Westborough? I could not accept that statement unreservedly, Could you, Father David?"

Westborough has its attractions Claire," he answered, and the young man — his visitor — perhaps too boldly looked in the directions in which those attractions had their being.

She may or may not have observed the direction of his glance, but she did not look up to meet it. She deepened her tone half an actave to suggest business, and quietly suggested that it was on business matters that she had come round to see Father David.

"And as you are not alone," she added. "I will tell you all about

it to-morrow."

In an instant the young man had

when the door. "Call me his hand upon the door. "Call me when you've finished, Padre — in time to bid Miss Lomas good-by."
"I didn't exactly mean that," she

that. If you don't mind listening."

And in less than an instant the door was closed again and the young man sat down with a look

"The long and the short of it is this, Father," she continued, producing the ticket No. 0,569,433 of the Great Lottery with the rate of £3,000. "I have takes this ticket, I am going to win first prize and I am going to give you £500 out of it to build the Gothic school."

"It's al! settled?"

"Everything,"
"No one else has a chance?"

"Not the ghost of a chance!"
With a laugh Father David went
to a desk and hended her another
ticket. "And I have so relied on No.

0,420,517,' he said.
"You also have a ticket?" "Wilfred brought me one from London, and expressly said that I

was to win the first prize with it." (To be continued.)

TOTALLY DEAF. — Mr. S. E. Crendell, Port Perry, writes "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally dead in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying, various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warm-

*********** Derry-Na-Mona

(Continued from last week.) But Elly - who was in a distracted state - hardly listened to Nora's words. Again she bioke from her and rushed into the snowy night.

"Come quickly - quickly!" she cried imploringly. "Every moment

is precious!"
The four men tollowed almost on

a run, and Nora Brien stood shak-ing her head and gazing after them with a pale, dismayed face. "It'll be her death, so it will!" Nora muttered. "But I done all I could to stop her. Oh, my poor, dear child! I don't like this at all,

at all, if I could help it."

Across the yard — out through a door at the lower end — down a back lane, and on to the mountain road beyond - Eily and her companions hastened. The night was dark as pitch; the snow was whirling wildly before the wind. whirling wildly before the wind. But,in the light of the two lanterns the way was clear enough before

them.

In five minutes they had reached the stile which leads to the Mass Path, Elly crossed it almost with a bound, and soon the five figures were struggling apward between the snow-covered crags, over the

rough, uneven way.

The wind raved through the withered furze and hoo'ed and piped among the rocky boulders.

The path was hidden beneath a chep drift of snow. But owing to the light of the lanterns, the searchers never lost the track; and just at the abrupt turn of the path, where it twisted around projecting rock, a startled cry suddenly broke from Eily's lips, and she flung herself on ter knees in the snow beside a dark figure lying

there, apparently dead.
"Oh, Frank, Frank!" she gasped,
horror stricken.
The four men crowded round, and the lanterns were turned so as to reveal fully the object of Eily's dis-

covery.
It was indeed Frank Carroll, wrapped in his overcoat, lying be wrapped in his overcoat, lying beside the Mass Path, almost covered with the drifting snow.

His hat was off, and his dark hair was tossed about his pallid.

temples. His eyes were closed; but as Eily bent over him a faint sigh escaped his lips. He turned his head a little, and his heavy eyelids un-

"Eily! Is it you, my darling?"
"Y.s, Frank — yes! Oh, thank God.

She burst into a wild flood of tears. The reaction of feeling ut-trly overcame her. She slipped her arm around his neck and lifted his head on her boso n. She leaned over him, as a mother over her child, and rested her check against

'Frank, darling, speak to me. Tell me what has happened?" Another sigh escaped his lips. Ie seemed to draw new life from her loving contact. He opened his eyes fully, and looked up into her pitiful face.

"Don't — be — frightened, dar-ling," he whispered, the words coming slowly from his lips. "I shall be all right again soon. But I have been shot at by that scoundrel — Hamilton. He was waiting on the path for me. He overheard our arrangement at the school-room window, last month. He left

me for dead here—but, thank God, he failed in his purpose!" The voice was barely audible as the last sentences were spoken. Then the eyes closed, a shiver passed through Frank's figure, and he lay motionless in a dead swoon.

An agonized cry broke from Eily; but her faithful companions again came to her relief.
"We'll carry Master Frank down

"We'll carry Master Frank down to Bill Crowley's; it is only a couple of fields away, Miss Eily. He'll be as well as ever when we get him there an send lor Doc-thor Burke. An' Bill is sure to have a dhrop of sperrits in the house

too."
Three of the men lifted Frank while the fourth led the way with the lanterns, Eilv tottering beside

the lanterns, Env him.

Just as they were crossing the cragside from the path, a trainp of feet was heard, and four constables, with an inspector of police, upcared. They were ascending the Mass Pass in great haste. They helted when they caught They halted when they caught sight of the retreating group and the ominous sight revealed by the lanterns. The Inspector advanced. He recognized Eily at once; he was an old acquaintance of her fam-

ily,
"Miss Quinlan! What on earth is
the meaning of this?"
the whisner she told In a broken whisper she

him.
"How dreadful! And, as it happens, we are at this moment in search of Hamilton. We've been over at the Castle, and were told by a workman that Hamilton had by a workman that Hamilton had come this way. The truth is"—he lowered his voice—"we've traced the jewel robbery at Corranmore to this self-same man! Have you see him this evening, as you came along the path?"

"No — he had gone. Oh! I cannot linger, Mr. Garvey. Every instant is a risk. The doctor must be sent for at once."

12 16

"You'd better hasten, boys. When we get through this husiness, Miss Quinlan, I shall ride over to Clonca and have a carriage sent for poor Carroll. Don't lose heart, Miss Quinlan. It's my opinion that he'll be all right."

And Inspector Garvey's opinion turned out to be true enough. Frank Carroll rapidly recovered. Within a fortnight he was himself again.

By that time Walter Hamilton was in fail, awaiting his trial for the burglary at Corranmore, and also for the rascally attempt on

Frank's life.
One of the chief witnesses was the writched victim whom he had so vilely wronged — the woman who carried Frank's message to Eily, and who gave her 'ame as Rachel Grant. With great difficul-ty, she stated that she had discov-ered Hamilton's whereabouts, and had followed him to Shula Castle. she was afraid to reveal herself at first, test he should get rid of her by violent rueans. So she had obtained louging for a few days in a farmhouse and had kept her eye on Hamilton, unobserved by him. She was actually hiding in the Castle grounds the night of the hundry and overhead of the hundry of the hun the burglary and overheard a conversation between Hamilton and versation between Hamilton and certain accomplices of his, which made everything clear enough. On the following day she revealed herself to Hamilton at last; but he spuraed her demands and laughed

at her threats and she then deter-mined to spare him no longer. When the trial came on at the when the trial came on at the next assizes, Hamilton was convicted on both charges and sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years. He made a confession of his crimes, from which it appeared that the burglary at Correspondent had not been his first of ranmore had not been his first offence of the kind. During his years of absence from home he had ruined himself at the gaming tables; and, aided by a small band of men as reckless and wicked as himself, he had had recourse to this desperate means of retrieving his for-tunes. These men he had summoned to assist him in his designs on Lady Fitzgerald's jewel-casket. He was a personal acquaintance of the Fitzgeralds, and knew the plan of Corrannore House well. He had, in fact, dined there on the night before the Jurglary. The jewel-casket was discovered in a bureau, at Shula Castle. Walter Hamilton had hastened the perpetration of this crime in order to be able to pay the promised two thousand pounds to James Quinlan, and to

gratify his desires as to obtaining Eily for his wife without delay. On Christmas Eve he had lain in wait Christmas Eve he had lain in wait for Frank Carroll, with the inten-tion of taking his life, and thus re-moving a dangerous obstacle from his path.
"But, thank God, he failed, dar-ling!" Frank said, when he and Elly were talking over the dread-

ful occurrence some months later.
(James Quinlan lad at last
thought fit to bury the hatchet
and at last consent to Frank and
Eilyla marriage.) "Had the bullet,
gone an inch lower, however, I.
should have been a dead man."

should have been a dead man."

"Oh, Frank, God has been wonderfully good to us," Eily sobbed.

"But for that unfortunate woman's
finding you by the path that night,
I shuuder to think of what your
fate might have been!"

"She shall be rewarded for herlimits and shall be rewarded for her-

kindly act, darling. I shall not lose sight of her, rest assured. Just as vas shot and as I fell to the path that night, I remember breathing a wild prayer that you might somehow hear of my cruel plight. But for your coming I should prob. ably have died on the Mass Path

before morning."

He drew her into his arms and kissed her quivering lips.

"My brave little sweetheart! Under Providence, I owe my life to you. How am I ever to repay you for what you have done?"

"By allowing me to be with you always, Frank," she said, in a trembling whisper.

And a happy silence followed.

The End.

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AN IRISH BROGUE.

"Russell," said a friend to the late Lord Russell of Killowen, "if you could get rid of that Irish brogue you would make £500 a year more." "I-wou'd not part with it for £500 a year," was the reply.

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The trustees, after putting their heads together as to the best means of using the dead man's wealth, will-fully misinterpreted the meaning or cured by the use of this medicine."

The trustees, after putting their heads being completely restored. I have heard was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard they are the meaning or cured by the use of this medicine."

The Inspector was restore men to cheerfulness and full gazing upon Frank's colorless face.

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