

**MATTERS OF MOMENT**

**After the Christmas Feast—Good Advice—New Cardinals?—Tissot's Paintings.**

The great festival has come and gone and the aftermath is of more than ordinary signification and brightness. For some time prior to the day of the Blessed Coming, a note of uncertainty and a vague fear had been felt, for while all knew that the spiritual greeting would be as warm as of old, the temporal atmosphere was doubtful, and to meet the doubt efforts strenuous and successful were put forth. In the churches the worshippers overflowed the accommodation and from the early hours and long before the dawn had brightened, the horizon, the fervent children of the Church wended their way to adore the little Christ King whose advent had been so lovingly anticipated. In some of the churches the day was greeted by the celebration of Solemn High Mass and the Venite Adoramus came from full choirs. From this until noon relays of the parishioners replaced one another until an aggregate of many thousands had done homage to the Divine Child, who had again come to earth, God made man. Every church had its Crib, and one of the most touching pictures of the day was the mother and sometimes the father leading their little ones to kneel for a moment, where the tender Babe lying on the straw held outstretched arms to all humanity. The children as a rule, however, required no guide, but of their own volition and as if by common consent made their way to the Crib, which as their particular property they surrounded after the custom throughout the day. The many who approached Holy Communion was undoubted testimony of the spirit in which the day was approached, and the joy of the pastors was manifested by the commendations and appreciation which in warm terms came forth from the pulpits. The institutions have nothing but bright reports of the kindness of friends and the generosity of Christmas. "Better than ever," is the message over the phone when enquiries are made on this point, and there is no doubt but that the desire to have God's little ones suffer nothing from the alleged stringency of the times, led to greater efforts being put forth in their regard. The Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, the House of Providence and St. Michael's Hospital are all fervent in thanks to their many benefactors.

Some good advice was given by Rev. Father McGrand of St. Helen's, at the High Mass on Sunday, when as an introductory to the New Year he spoke of the obligation of the people to vote and to vote only for reputable and honorable candidates. The point of the acceptance of bribes was also touched upon and the custom strongly condemned. Loyalty in these matters was incumbent on all citizens, for fealty to country was part of the allegiance due to God. The discourse will in all probability have the effect of awakening many to a knowledge that in the matter of elections there is something more at stake than momentary results. The affair is not one that closes with the returns from the polls and the subsequent elation or depression of the candidates and their supporters. The men returned to office have to a great extent the power to make or mar the country, its people and prospects for a certain period. Nor does this period end with their term of office, for like the almost limitless circle that bounds the influence of the pebble thrown into the pool, so the results of any action are almost incalculable. In the matter of municipal elections it is to be regretted that politics have any place. Irrespective of party or party lines the best should be chosen. If good reliable men could be located, brought out and placed in the offices where their talents and virtues would best serve their city and country, this would be the best thing possible. When men have to come before the public, cater to its wishes and sing their own praises, their prestige surely depreciates in the process. Even as at present conducted, an election campaign of any nature might carry with it much more of dignity than it usually does, and the remembrance of the moral aspect as outlined by Rev. Father McGrand would tend greatly to profitable and honorable conclusions.

When one of our citizens is attracting the attention and approbation of the Catholic Press abroad, it would indeed be churlish were no word of recognition to come from the Catholic paper of the city in which the subject of outside appreciation and approval, is a resident. We refer to Mr. J. M. Wilkinson, editor of the Sunday Section of the Toronto World, whose late and successful work in providing the newsboys of Toronto with a banquet and other Christmas cheer, places him amongst the highest of the kindly hearted of the day. The success of the venture, with a comparatively short time for preparation, speaks highly of the capacity of the Editor for strenuous work and of his high talent as an executive leader. The banquet, concert and other gatherings inspired by Mr. Wilkinson in the cause of the boys, are all matters for congratulations to the originator. It is not, however, on these points that the Editor of the Sunday Section has drawn the attention of our contemporaries across the line, but because of the movement which he has inaugurated in the matter of reducing the profanity, at present so prevalent in many quarters. In reference to this we clip the following from the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, which in turn clipped from the Ave Maria:

An extension of the work effected by the Catholic Holy Name Society is

advocated by the Toronto World. It publishes a form of pledge which it would have its readers sign, and thus promise both to refrain from profane language, themselves, and to assist in discountenancing profanity in others. The World would adopt the Catholic appellation "Holy Name" for the new association, and thinks the title would prove a bond of desirable union between Catholics and Protestants. It is to be hoped that the movement may grow rapidly and widely. All Christians may assuredly unite in an earnest endeavor to stem the torrent of present-day profanity, the most utterly senseless and unremunerative — to say nothing of its sinfulness — use to which language can be put.

It is reported that the World of New York has received a despatch from Rome to the effect that in a recent interview Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, gave positive assurance that before the end of the coming year and possibly at the next consistory to take place at Easter, another American Cardinal will be created. The report further states that it is hinted at the Vatican that there may be three additional American Cardinals for the United States and in this connection the names of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop O'Connell of Boston, and Archbishop Farley of New York, are mentioned. The rumors may be true or otherwise, as may also the further report that Canada was to share in the honors and that the recipient will be Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal.

As a sample of the chances taken by a certain portion of the Press of Ontario, the case of the little adopted daughter of a Mr. J. B. Marion of Lindsay may be cited. The child, it seems, was taken in some mysterious way from the school she attended near Lindsay. Naturally the foster parents made search for her with the result as published in the Globe of Monday, that the little one was located a few days ago with her mother in Ogdensburg, N.Y., and was so satisfied with her mother and her new surroundings that she showed a strong disinclination to leave. Mr. Marion, so says the report, stated that he would take no steps to have the child return, as the mother would continually be on the alert for her recovery. The following is a statement which ante-dates the above from a paper published in Toronto, the purposes of which are so apparent even in the extract quoted, that to name it is not necessary. Speaking on the abduction case referred to the paper says:

"What aggravates the case is that the little one should have been kidnapped, taken to the City of Montreal, and here whereabouts remain a profound secret from those who have cherished her, and who expected to have her with them during their lives. All their efforts to locate the child have been futile, and Mr. Marion has appealed to the Attorney-General of the Province of Ontario for assistance. It is a case which the authorities are morally and legally bound to take up. A serious crime was committed in an Ontario town. A home was made desolate. The child, so far as it appears, is in the hands of those who have no natural affection for her, and who are unable, in consequence, to give her the attention and the training that her bringing up makes necessary. The press of this Province has not given much prominence to the case. If the position had been reversed, and this abduction had taken place in the Province of Quebec, the press of the country would have been full of the details of the case. But here in Ontario a child can be kidnapped, taken to a Quebec city and disappear without any serious effort being made to locate her and rescue her for her parents. It is to be hoped that the Ontario authorities will not allow this matter to rest until the woman who is guilty of abduction is brought to justice and until the child is recovered for her foster parents."

This is a specimen of the way in which misrepresentation stalks abroad and many not knowing oftentimes accept the spurious for the genuine.

An opportunity of which all should avail themselves is that of seeing the now renowned collection of Tissot's paintings of the Life of Christ, which are to be on exhibition at Eaton's next week. The people of Toronto will remember that this collection was exhibited at Massey Hall some few years ago and attracted widespread attention and admiration. The present collection—all oils—number 317, all illustrating scenes in the Old Testament. The series has been exhibited in the leading museums of Paris, France, London, England, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and various art repositories in the United States. Those who saw the works of Tissot on their former visit to Toronto will need no persuasion to visit the present collection. To see them will be a pleasure not often experienced and the chance to study the different Biblical scenes in the graphic and natural manner in which they are portrayed by Tissot is one not often so easily obtained. Tissot studied his subjects for the greater part on the ground where the incidents pictured took place. Hence the near approach to truth which they give to the student. The day of exhibition will be announced in the daily papers this week. Look out for it. There will be no charge of admission.

From a Methodist publication we learn that "all the world over the tendency is away from Rome." Go into our churches and note the away-from-Rome spirit that inspires the people. Also note schools building everywhere, cathedrals, churches, academies, hospitals, houses for aged and infant, all under Catholic guidance, with Rome at the head. Oh, yes, we are going with a vengeance! —Catholic Union and Times.

**FOUR NEW CARDINALS**

**Pontiff Confers the Red Hat Upon Two Italian and Two French Prelates.**

A despatch from Rome, dated Dec. 16, says: Pius X. to-day held a secret consistory in the Vatican, in which he created four new cardinals and preconized several bishops. The new cardinals appointed are Monsignor Pietro Gasparri, secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs; Monsignor del Lai, secretary of the Congregation of the Council; Monsignor Ludovic Henry Lucon, archbishop of Rheims, and Monsignor Paul Pierre Andreu, archbishop of Marseilles.

The Pope made official announcement of the appointment of Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College here, to be titular bishop of Adrianopolis, and the appointment of Monsignor Denis O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, to be titular bishop of Sebaste. The Pope delivered an allocution, in which he made reference to the tenacious persecution of the Redeemer and said that His church had been attacked from all sides in a warfare, open or dissimulated. The rights and laws of the Church had been trampled on even by those who should safeguard them, and the impious and vulgar press had fought her even to the extent of disturbing public quiet.

The Pontiff recited the recent disorders in Italy. To this must be added, he continued, the disastrous propaganda in the bosom of the Church carried on by modernists who disdain the pontifical authority and desire themselves authoritatively to sanction a new faith and a new conscience. If the modernists would enlist themselves frankly among the enemies of the Church this evil would be less; as it is, they proclaim themselves Catholics, partake of the sacraments and celebrate Mass.

Fulfilling his apostolic duty, the Pope said, he had adopted against the modernists such measures as were necessary, striving particularly to save young clergymen from perversion. In conclusion the allocution reads: "The episcopacy has accepted the papal directions with eagerness and has applied them with zeal, but the modernists persevere in their rebellion and give manifest proof of their attitude even in the press. May God enlighten those misled ones."

**Christmas Among the Indians**

You wish me to tell you how I spent my last Christmas. In order to do so I must first say that when these Nez-Perces were converted in a short time they became a model of fervor and Christian piety. But when the Indian Reservation was opened to white settlement, and the wrong kind of white people came in with their vices, bringing whisky to flood the whole land, many Indians lost their fervor and Christian piety. But with their religion, and some even lost their faith. About four years ago, our good Bishop, at the suggestion and earnest petition of some of these Indians, established here an Indian boarding school, to have the children re-convert their parents. The school has made, and is making, a great change for the better, and more than half of those who had fallen away have already returned to the practice of their religion.

Last December, one of our young Jesuits went around on horseback visiting the different families, exhorting them to come to the Mission during the Christmas novena. A good many came to camp near the Mission. During the day of the 24th I heard the confessions of the Indians, and after night prayers I continued to hear the Indians, and my young companion, Fr. Boil, heard the few Catholic white people that have farms some miles from the Mission. We were through at about 10 p.m., when one of my old school boys (the Indian School of 1869), who had, like the others, given up the practice of his religion but has now returned to his religious duties, came to see me.

"Well, Paul, said I, 'are you going to make a speech to-night, as your good father Jesus used to do in the old times, before midnight Mass?'" He answered: "I would gladly do so, had I not misbehaved these last several years. I wish some of the men would make speeches, as of old."

"Well, Paul, I do wish they would. Go around and invite some of them to speak; tell them so in my name."

At 11 p.m. the first bell rang and the Christmas bonfire was made before the church; at 11:30 p.m. the second bell was heard and all the Indians gathered around the fire on the square.

Paul came again to tell me that no one dared to speak, for they had all behaved badly, but I should go and speak myself. I went out to the square and told them I would speak in the church, but now they should speak for themselves. As no one opened his mouth, I approached one of them, and whispered a few words and he began to speak. In substance he said that he was sorry for having given them bad example, and as he had now given up whiskey all should follow him in that resolve. "God has forgiven me, and I hope you will forgive me too; we forgive each other, and the Infant Jesus will make our hearts strong to do according to our promise."

A shout of approval, a long a-a-a-a-a filled the air, and at the third bell all went into the church, singing Christmas hymns in the Nez-Perce language. A little after midnight High Mass began and the Indians sang Gloria, Kyrie, Credo, which they had learned thirty odd years ago. After the Gospel, I said a few words in English, and then gave them a long sermon in Nez-Perce. After the Agnus Dei they said in common their prayers before Communion, and then

I said, Domine non sum dignus, etc., in their own language, and gave them their loving Jesus. With the exception of a few non-Catholics, all the Indians received the Lord, and with great devotion. The church was crowded.

I immediately began the second Mass, at which they recited in common their prayers after Communion, morning prayers, the rosary, hymns, etc., all in the Nez-Perce. At the third Mass, immediately after the second, the school children said their prayers and sang hymns in English. It was 3 a.m. when this Mass was over.

These Indians like to pray, the longer the better. At 10 a.m. there was another High Mass, with Fr. Boil as celebrant. The school children sang Mass very devoutly. The Indians were very much pleased with the singing of the children, and several were induced to place their children in our school. Oh! if we had means to compete with the government school; this lack causes great objections to our school. It is true we have a little band of very zealous, self-sacrificing nuns who work and suffer generously, but our poverty prevents them from doing all they could otherwise. You may judge the quality of our poverty when I tell you that we have had to find substitutes for tea and coffee—cherry, bark and barley.

At noon all the Indians ate dinner together, and then the school's brass band went around the village playing and adding solemnity to the day. Then amusements, meetings, speeches, etc. Finally Vespers, night prayers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and other meetings and the great feast day was over.—Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J. (Idaho), in Extension.

**O'Brien and Redmond May Agree on Terms**

The series of conferences which have been held with a view to bringing about the reconciliation of William O'Brien, Nationalist member of Parliament for Cork, and the Parliamentary party, of which John E. Redmond is chairman, resulted in an agreement on certain propositions, but thus far have failed to secure Mr. O'Brien's return to the party. In an official report of the meeting with Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien say that they see no reason why the Nationalists should not unite in a pledge-party on the following principles:

First—No man or party has authority to interfere with the inalienable right of Ireland to the largest measure of national self-government that may be in her power to attain.

Second—Pending the attainment of an Irish Parliament and a responsible Irish minister, with full control of all purely Irish affairs, which in our belief can alone be accepted in full satisfaction of the national demands, it is the duty of the Nationalists, while striving incessantly for Home Rule, to devote themselves earnestly to working for every measure of amelioration which it may be possible to obtain for her people from either of the English parties and, as especially urgent matters, for a university settlement acceptable to the Catholics of Ireland, for the complete abolition of landlordism and for financial reform.

Mr. Redmond would not agree to the immediate calling of a national convention, saying that a convention would be held after the government bills had been introduced, probably about Easter.

Mr. O'Brien demanded the immediate summoning of a national convention on a new basis of representation, but Mr. Redmond declined to accede to this on the ground that only the convention itself had the power to change the basis of representation.

**Working Girls Have an Audience With The Pope**

Last Sunday his Holiness admitted to his presence 170 working girls of the Retreat of Monte Mario with fifteen of the "ciocciardi" models. Before going round the hall his Holiness stopped for a few moments to congratulate the ladies of the committee, with the Princess Barberini, president of the work of the first communion, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, president of the work of the retreat of Monte Mario, on the success of their efforts among the working girls of Rome, and to repeat his approval of their organizations. Reverend Mother Little of Our Lady of the Cenacle presented the girls individually to his Holiness and the Holy Father addressed a few words to all present thanking the ladies again: "I pray that our Lord may bless you, and more than this cannot do, for our Lord being rich, being good, being almighty, has all things in His hands." He urged the girls to profit by the counsels of the good nuns and thus fortify themselves against the terrible temptations of the world. After having bestowed his blessing the Pope listened to a little address read by one of the girls and the singing of a hymn.—Rome, Nov. 30.

**Feast Extended**

By a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, says the Ave Maria, the Feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes, which falls on the 11th of February, is extended to the whole Church. Hitherto the celebration of this feast has been restricted to particular dioceses and religious communities. The extension of the privilege is due to the Holy Father's personal devotion to Our Lady conceived without sin, whose intercession he constantly invokes for the peace and prosperity of the Church. Next year is the Golden Jubilee of the apparition at Lourdes, the truth of which has been confirmed by some of the most extraordinary miracles on record in modern times.

**SUBJECT OF THE HOUR.**

**"The Lamp" Sympathizes with His Holiness—Cannot Succeed Without the Pope.**

The Lamp, an Anglo-Roman monthly, self-defined, and whose sole reason for being is to promote church unity, opens its December number with this tribute to the Papacy and to our present Pope:

At the council of Ephesus, Philip, presiding as the Papal legate, said, "It is doubtful to no one, but rather known to all ages that holy and blessed Peter, Prince and Head of the Apostles . . . to this very time and forever, lives and exercises judgment in his successors," the Popes of Rome. The Vicar of Christ then at this hour is Pope Pius X., the present occupant of St. Peter's Chair and the inheritor of his primacy.

"To lift up the beggar from the dunghill" or to wash the leper's sores while we neglect to reverse and love the Vicar of Christ is to expose ourselves to the judgment our Lord meted out to the Pharisees who tithed mint and anise and cummin, but neglected the weightier matters of the law, "these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." When we think of the Holy Father of the entire family of Christ on earth, we should recall the first commandment with promise—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Who is our mother so much as the Catholic Church, who is our father so much as the Pope? They who love and honor them shall inherit as their reward everlasting life.

When it is taken into account that all the Christian world confesses that our Holy Father Pope Pius is a saint, it ought to prove no difficult matter to love so holy a man, and the easier to acknowledge and reverence him as the Vicar of Christ.

There is a special reason why this new year we should remember with loving hearts and strive to do honor to the Pope. It is the year of his jubilee as a priest of the living God. For many months the Catholic world has been looking forward to celebrating this jubilee with great pomp and rejoicing, but owing to the outbreak of satanic hatred and wickedness unparelleled at Rome, the anticipated festivity and joy has been largely turned into mourning and grave anxiety by reason of the foul indignities and insults to which the Holy Father, the cardinals, the bishops, the priests and even the friars and nuns have been subjected by the anti-clerical socialists, who now control the municipal government. The public journals have reeked with the vilest scandals, designed to make the name of the Catholic priesthood and the religious communities infamous, which scandals have been exposed again and again as slanders having no foundation which has given them currency. One of the worst features of this campaign of slander has been the shamelessly obscene cartoons which have bemired the pages of such anti-clerical newspapers as the Asino, "of such utter filth nature," says Rome, "that no description of them can be given." In fact a very plague of unbridled mendacity and diabolism has broken out all over Italy, and only the four walls of the Vatican shield the Holy Father from bodily assault and the violence of these enemies of all righteousness.

It seems to us that the present day condition of religion in the countries, which for centuries have maintained their ascendancy in Catholic Christendom offers to the Anglican Communion and the English speaking nations the chance of a millennium to take front rank in the forces which the Vicar of Christ is leading to oppose the swiftly uniting bands of unbelief and mischief. We have heard so much about the dominance of the Italian in the government of the Catholic Church. But what has taken place in France is fast transpiring also in Italy. By an overwhelming majority the French people have ratified the atheistic legislation of their rulers, striking the name of God from their coinage, removing the crucifix from their law courts and confiscating the property of the Church. The same regime of anti-clericalism is heralding the national apostasy of Italy, and when a people reject God, God rejects them, at least until they repent. It is quite within the range of future possibility that divine providence will cease to favor the Italian people with the preponderance of control in the government of His Church should they, as a nation, become apostate from the faith, and the question is one of world-wide importance, who then will merit by their first place in Catholic Christendom? Will it be England, will it be America, will it be the combined English speaking people of the earth?

Whose fault is it, if the Latin races have been predominant in the papal administration for the last three hundred years and the nations of Western Europe for five hundred years prior to that? Those who remained faithful to the Vicar of Christ when the rest forsook Him, who had a better right to form the papal court and to be associated with the Supreme Pontiff in the government of the Catholic Church than they? If the Easterns preferred the independence of Constantinople to communion with the Apostolic See, the Western Church could not be justly faulted by them with narrowing the bounds of the Catholic Church to the limits of the Roman patriarchate; and when the Teutons, the Anglo-Saxons and the Norsemen allowed themselves to be cajoled into a repudiation of the Papacy they could no longer blame the Churchmen of Southern Europe if they became disproportionately prominent in the college of Cardinals and the various departments of ecclesiastical government which surround the Vatican. Let the people of Northern Europe, the Greeks and the Slavs, together with the North Americans and the Christian portions of Asia and Africa combine in a request to the Vicar of Christ to give a reunited Christendom a more representative form of ecclesiastical government with, if possible, a closer approach to the ancient patriarch system and the largest amount of home rule compatible with the solidarity of the universal Church and its unity about the Chair of Peter, who that believes in the unfulfilling promises of Christ can doubt that the successor of St. Peter would be enabled by the divine assistance to develop the government of the Church upon a scale commensurate with its vaster dimensions. The capacity of the Vicar of Christ to rule the Catholic Church has been proven by the experience of nearly two thousand years. Never was the flock of the universal shepherd so large and ethnically complex as it is at the present hour, and where and when has so diverse and cosmic a body been more efficiently governed?

Anglicans need to recognize the fact based upon Revelation and confirmed by history, that the corner-stone of the Catholic Church is the Papacy and that any religious body which rejects that stone, whatever greatness, material or spiritual, it may temporarily achieve, is essentially sectarian, and that this is just as true of the Anglican Communion as of any other portion of apostolic Christianity apart from the Holy See. For three hundred years our builders have been toiling to erect a triumphal arch out of Anglicanism, but our attempts have produced to say the most, very doubtful successes because we lack that keystone which the sixteenth century reformers rejected. Thanks be to God, it is beginning at last to dawn upon our inner consciousness that we never will and never can succeed without the Pope.

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**A Procession Without a Priest**

It is not often that a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place without the assistance of a priest. A short time ago, at the little village of Felines, in a remote and mountainous district of France, a landslip carried away several woods, fields and dwellings, and a considerable portion of the parish church. The part of the church which was left standing, was already tottering to its fall, and the villagers gathered around it in great anxiety, as the Blessed Sacrament was still in the tabernacle, and likely to be buried in the ruins.

There was no priest to remove it, as the cure had been called away to Lyons for the thirteen days' service. It was only at peril of life that the sanctuary could be approached, and every one, moreover, felt a religious diffidence at presuming to touch the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, a villager, known for his virtuous life and piety was chosen. A large piece of pure white linen was put into his hands, and he made his way amid the falling stone and mortar, to the chancel; opened the tabernacle, wrapped his hands in the linen and took forth the pyx, and finding it in this linen, brought it safely out of church. The whole building collapsed a short time afterwards. A procession was then organized, and the faithful laymen carried the Blessed Sacrament to the Mairie, where the great Salle was used as a chapel of repose, until a priest could be found to remove it to a neighboring church.

**Proposed Beatification of Pope Pius IX.**

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has published the following edict with regard to the examination of the writings of the servant of God, Pope Pius IX.:

Serafino Cretoni of the Title of S. Maria sopra Minerva, Cardinal Prefect of the Holy Roman Church, Priest of the Congregation of Rites.

His Holiness Pope Pius X. having by appropriate Decree of the 31st May this year entrusted to us in Rome jointly with the Monsignor who is Promoter of the Faith and with the assistance of the undersigned Notary and Chancellor, the examination of all the writings of the servant of God, Pius IX., whilst the investigations are conducted in certain other places by the said Promoter, in conformity with the Decree referred to, we as Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by the present edict order and command all and every person of whatsoever state, rank, or condition, ecclesiastics, secular and regular, as well as the laity of both sexes who possess, letters or writings of any kind of the said servant of God, Pope Pius IX., to bring them forth and deposit them, in the first case, in the original form, amongst the records of the undersigned Notary and Chancellor, and, in the second case, to mention in the said Records the persons in whose possession they actually are or were preserved in the past, and this is to be done within two months from the date of the present edict under pain of the ecclesiastical censures to be incurred by the transgressors, as on the expiration, without result, of the aforesaid period.

The present edict on being posted up will bind every one in the same manner as if it had been communicated personally.

Given from our residence this 7th day of December, 1907.  
SERAFINO CARD. CRETONI, Prefect.  
GUSTAVO SAVIGNANI, Notary, Chancellor and Archivist of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

**Collingwood's Generous Offering**

Sunnyside Orphanage begs to acknowledge with thanks the generous 1907 offering of \$171.45 from the good people of Collingwood.



HOME CIRCLE

THE HAPPIEST HOME.

(The Catholic Standard and Times.) The happiest home this earth has seen;

'Twere surely a picture to paint again— A tale that were never retold in vain.

For home is the haven desired of men! . . . . . The happiest home—it was only a cot,

Its roof was low and its floor was clay.

The path that led to its narrow door Was untrudged of men from day to day.

By a garden patch it was girded round— Too tiny a space you well might fear

For the dove that cooed in the sheltering bough And the petted lambkin that gambled near.

White was the wing of the cooing dove— Spotless the fleece of the household pet.

And the lilies beside the casement there Were the whitest and sweetest ever set.

Ah! glancing lilies, what sights ye saw From the wane of stars to the set of sun!

Where within the walls of that happiest home The simple tasks of the day were done.

We know that at eve ye bowed and bent— Each bloom or bud on its waving stalk—

When together the cottage toilers went Softly adown their garden walk.

We picture them then released awhile From the weary strain of the toiler's day.

When tools and bench of the artisan And housewife's spindle were set away.

When guardian-wise through that trellised door Came Joseph, gentle and grave of mien—

Lifting aside the boughs that bent To touch the robe of the crownless Queen.

Their silken petals the roses flung For carpet where'er those fair feet trod—

And the white lamb pressed to the side of her Who mothered on earth the Lamb of God.

On its yielding face the rosy Hand Of the Infant Christ betimes was laid—

Betimes it smoothed the eager wing Of the dove that flew to Him unafraid.

Lily and lamb and dove without— Spindle and bench and Book within! Memories these of that happiest home

Where never had fall'n the blight of sin! By doorway and hearth the angels stood—

Wardens for aye of its peace and joy— Of Mary's spindle and Joseph's bench

And the simple crib of the Nazarene Boy. And never elsewhere? Nay, say not so—

For wherever the lamp of Faith is set As a household light, the angels go

To tend and to guard its shining yet. When the worker's heart to his God uplifts—

When babes at the knee of the mother bend— In the Master's Name, and when with hers

Their voices in prayerful praise ascend— Where the lilies of stainless lives unfold—

And the doves of peace and good-will abide— Wherever in act and word and thought

The Sacrificed Lamb is glorified— There, as in Nazareth's blessed home, Hover and wander the angels round.

There, as on Nazareth's hallowed breeze Riset their voiceless ecstasies— Till before the throne the chorus swells—

"God bless the homes where His Presence dwells!" —Margaret M. Halvey.

It is An Officer of the Law of Health—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence

SAVE YOUR OLD SHOES. The thrifty housewife has discovered a new use for old shoes. She makes rugs out of the uppers. For this purpose she saves all her old shoes—

CONSTIPATION.

Although generally described as a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. A. B. Bettes, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—For some years past I was troubled with chronic constipation and bilious headaches. I tried nearly everything, but only got temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely. Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1.00, all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price. THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

her husband's, the children's and her own. As fast as the shoes are discarded it will be a good plan to cut the toes and after cleaning them, lay carefully away in a box for future use. The first step is to cut a pattern—diamond, star, square, oblong or right angle triangle. If the latter is desired it should measure four inches along the straight sides. Two triangles can be cut from each shoe top. To make a rug 22 by 36 inches will require the uppers from eighteen pair of shoes. To lace the leather together purchase eyelets like those used in shoes for 25 cents a box. One box contains several hundred eyelets. By means of an awl punch holes in the leather strips and fasten the eyelets at the same time, or, if eyelets are not desired, merely punch holes with an awl and lace the strips together with shoestrings. Finish with a fringe of shoestrings. Line the entire rug with bright red broadcloth or flannel, slashing all the edges to the depth of three inches for an under fringe. The red will look pretty under the laces, and the rug will last a lifetime.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

SHE WINS FRIENDS.

The secret of getting along with everybody and having a good time wherever you go is so like people and to take an interest in their lives. It does not matter whether it is a princess or a serving maid, a statesman or a farmer whom you are thrown with for a few minutes or a few hours; find out the main interest of the life you have met, and talk about that, and you will interest yourself and your hearer, too.

This human nature lover is a separate and distinct individual from the man who calls himself a student of human nature. The student looks at his neighbors usually through a quizzing glass, and continually takes inventory of their vices, defects and weaknesses. The other person comes to his or her fellows with love in the heart and in her mind the one thought, "we are brothers and sisters. What can I do for you?" She cares only and looks only for the grand human sentiments in the heart of each man or woman she meets.

And somehow she finds them. Be the quantity great or infinitesimally small, she calls it out. She has friends everywhere. People love her, believe and confide in her. Why? because she loves, believes in and takes an interest in everybody.

Be There a Will Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR.

Be sociable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener. Never worry or waine. Study the art of pleasing. Be frank, open and truthful. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people. Always look at the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others. Look for the good in others, not for their faults. Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefactors. Cultivate health, and thus radiate strength and courage. Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own. Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time but never let fun degenerate into license. Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone. Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure. Believe in the brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinctions. Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them. Do not be self-opinioned, but listen with deference to the opinions of others. Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings. Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of others. Be courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you would to your equals and superiors. Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories, or by continually dilating on your own affairs.—Minneapolis Tribune.

MODERATION IN EXERCISE.

Too much exercise is as bad as too little. Great athletes, great pugilists, great oarsmen are not always the healthiest men or the longest-lived. Sooner or later they are apt to try the muscles and the nerves too far, and they go to pieces often at an age when much more delicate men are still fit for the work and the pleasures of life. Moderation is the lesson taught by science and experience in regard to physical exercise, a lesson which is needed by the amateur athlete quite as much as the profession-

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al. The bicycle has unquestionably been a blessing to thousands of men who have used it with discretion. It is to be hoped that it will not be converted into an instrumentality for evil by a mania for making extraordinary records, or be made to do permanent service as the feature of public exhibitions of endurance.

RECIPES. OYSTER KROMESKIES.

Make a batter with one cupful of flour, one-half of a cupful of water, the yolks of two eggs, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat well, cut in the stiffly beaten white and stand in a cool place for two hours. For each kromesky take a moderate sized oyster and one thin slice of lemon, pin together with a wooden toothpick, dip in the batter and fry in smoking-hot fat. Remove the skewer before serving.

Cranberry Sauce.—Melt slowly in a saucepan one tumbler of cranberry jelly; add one tablespoonful of butter cut into bits and bring to the boiling point. Boil one minute, take from the fire, add one tablespoonful of part of any good red wine and serve.

Sweetbread Patties.—Wash one pair of sweetbreads, throw them into boiling water and simmer gently for twenty minutes, then drain them into cold water to blanch and cool. When cold pick them into small pieces and reject all the fine membrane. Chip fine a half can of mushrooms. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan to melt without browning, add an even tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, add a half pint of cream, stir continually until it boils, add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, the mushrooms and sweetbreads, mix and stand over boiling water for five minutes. Serve in the pattie shells.

Are you a white cloud or a black shadow? Are you a poem in purple or song in cerise? Every girl is now adays a symphony of some sort, says an authority on dress. She does not necessarily cling to one shade as she did last season, but she runs in little crescendos of a color from a deep base violet skirt to a thrill of light lilac in her hat, from a wine-colored frock to a delicate pink rose in her bonnet.

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This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea ( ). To MRS. \_\_\_\_\_ TOWN ST. \_\_\_\_\_

Celery Mold.—Simmer until tender one cupful of diced celery with one pint of water, a slice of onion, one teaspoonful of gelatine that has been softened in cold water; strain, and turn into a ring mold; when this becomes hard, dip the mold in tepid water, wipe, turn out the jelly and fill the center with a chestnut mayonnaise.

Fruit Croquettes.—Put into a bowl one pint of bread crumbs, pour over one-half pint of milk, let it stand for fifteen minutes, then rub over the fire until it is perfectly smooth; add a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mace, the same of cloves, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of currants, half cup of chopped raisins, the yolks of two eggs. When the mixture is cold, form into croquettes, using bread crumbs to prevent sticking to the hands. Dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat. Serve with hard sauce.

Frozen Pudding.—Beat well together the yolks of three eggs and one cup-

ONLY A Common Cold

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT. Get rid of it at once by taking

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, and often effecting a permanent cure.

We do not claim that it will cure Consumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief to the poor sufferer from this terrible malady.

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins to the trade mark.

Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, Ala., writes: "I had a very bad cold settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it only required one to cure me. I have never met with any other medicine as good." Price 25 cts., at all dealers.

ful and a half of granulated sugar. Scald one pint of milk, pour gradually over the egg mixture, then return to the double boiler and stir and cook until thickened enough to mask the back of a spoon. Strain and cool, then freeze. In the meantime blanch and grate four ounces of citron and two ounces of candied pineapple, soak for two hours and a half a cupful of sultana raisins in sufficient sherry to cover, then drain. Add all these ingredients together with one teaspoonful of vanilla, one tablespoonful of brandy and the grated rind of an orange to the frozen cream. Work well together, pack in the can after dasher is removed; repack the freezer, stand away for two hours to ripen.

Pare, core and cut six apples into very thin slices. Put a layer of these slices in the bottom of a glass dish, sprinkle them with powdered sugar and a little cinnamon, then another layer of apples, and so continue until all is used. Pour one gill of sherry wine over them and stand away in a cold place for an hour and it is ready to use.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

THE MAGIC INFLUENCE OF SMILES.

The woman who goes about with a cloudy face imprinted every little once and awhile with jealousy, sulkiness, sarcasm and disappointment does not realize the harm these moods do.

She fancies that her face will readily fall back into nice sweet lines. It does, to be sure, for awhile, but in a very short time the lines become more and more pronounced. It is utterly impossible to have a sour heart and a sweet, pretty, sympathetic plain. And there is no woman so plain that the constant exercise of cheerfulness and amiability will not make beautiful.

Strange indeed are the mental workings of the individuals who would fall in spells of agony over a few creases in her best frock, yet who will cultivate all sorts of turks and wrinkles in her own face by doleful expressions and sour looks and by giving in to her depressing moods.

Certain it is that every woman who has swayed the history of humanity has known the value of cheerfulness—the value of a smile.

No woman with fretful lines engraved on her face, no woman who has not learned to control her temper, who does not know the value of cheerfulness, can put up much of a show as a charmer.

COLOR SCHEME IN DRESS.

What is your color scheme this season? Are you a study in brown or a study in scarlet? Are you a melody in yellow or a symphony in green?

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The Children's Page

I SOON SHALL UNDERSTAND.

(By Mrs. Ellen M. Winter.) I do not ask my Lord to tell me all the "reason why" He suffers pain and loss to come, And clouds to veil my sky, For soon the clouds will roll away, The long night break in endless day, And in that glorious heavenly land, I know that I shall understand.

I do not ask that He must prove His Word is true to me, And that before I can believe, He first must let me see, It is enough for me to know "Tis true because he says 'tis so. On His unchanging Word I'll stand And trust 'till I can understand.

I do not ask to have my path Made smooth before my tired feet, If I may only lean on Him, His love will make all trials sweet, One look into His blessed face Will make me strong to run the race, Led onward by His own right hand, I'll go on if I can understand.

But can this be the "reason why" He calls our own best-loved ones to Him? They leave the door ajar that we May get a glimpse of joy within. It must be true, for it does seem More real than any earthly dream, The shining face—the beckoning hand—I think I almost understand.

And now He comes and shows to me The things unseen by mortal eyes, And says, "Tis but a little way To their bright mansions in the skies." I think I almost hear the tone Of Hallelujahs 'round the throne, By faith I clasp the beckoning hand And know I soon shall understand.

THE UNIVERSAL SAINT.

It is the world's misfortune to possess only an imperfect biography of its most popular saint. As everybody knows, St. Nicholas is the patron of children, who all regard him as the best and most liberal saint in the calendar. What else is known about him consists of a little legitimate history, mingled with a great deal of legendary lore. He is usually pictured as an old man with venerable white hair and beard, dressed in furs and riding in a sledge drawn by reindeer, while he carries on his back a basket filled with trinkets.

This is the Santa Claus of the story-books. And the bright-eyed children of America unite with those of every Christian land in the custom of hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve before going to sleep, expecting them to be filled by this mysterious person.

But the patron saint seems to have a different appearance to different peoples. In some parts of Germany he makes his appearance dressed as a real Bishop, either riding a white horse or an ass, and carrying a large basket on his arm and a bundle of rods in his hands. In Bohemia he appears dressed in a sheet instead of surplice, with a crushed pillow on his head in lieu of a mitre.

On his calling out, "Whit thou pra?" all the children fall upon their knees, whereupon the benevolent visitor or lets fall some fruit upon the floor and disappears.

In this manner he goes from house to house, sometimes ringing a bell to announce his arrival; visits all the nurseries, inquires into the conduct of the children, praises or admonishes them, as the case may be, distributing sweetmeats or rods accordingly.

His national nicknames are as multitudinous as his personal disguises. The name of Santa Claus is derived from the Dutch. In Switzerland he is the Sami Claus, and in Norway and Sweden Sonner Klas. The people of the Vocaberg know him as Zemmel Klas, and believe that he travels about with a big hay sack, into which he threatens to put naughty children.

He takes the name of Niklo in Austria, and is usually followed by a masked servant whom they call Krampus; and in the Tyrol he goes by the name of the "Holy Man."—The American Boy.

GERTRUDE'S INVITATION.

"A whole summer at the seashore! How lovely!" There was just a little wistfulness mingled with the congratulatory words, and the other girl noticed it and opened her eyes. Seasons at the seashore were an old story to her, her father's handsome summer home stood fronting the rolling breakers, and every summer since she could remember she had fallen asleep to the majestic music of the waves. She had wanted to go abroad this summer and had fretted a little when her father had decided that it would not be possible for him to leave his business for any length of time. "I get so tired of the same old things year after year," she complained.

But something in the tone of the girl who said "how lovely!" suggested to her that some people might consider her fortunate. She reflected, too, that when a girl's father is a book-keeper he is not likely to own a summer home and that when there are four or five younger children in the family, the oldest sister has considerable practice in self-denial. She was silent for a minute. Then she spoke out the pleasant idea that had suddenly occurred to her. "Gertrude, couldn't you spend a couple of weeks at the seashore with me?" "Oh, May!"

The exclamation came as if the heart of the speaker was too full for another word. Gertrude's face was aglow. She seemed to hear the lapping of the waves against the beach, to see the glitter of the white sand, and feel the sea breeze in her face. "I'd love to come!" she said when she could find her voice. "Well, then, I'll arrange with mamma about the best time for you to come. There's to be other company, of course, but the house is very large. I'll let you know later."

The sight of happiness in her friend's face gave her a most comfortable feeling. She reflected that it was nice to be able to do things for people who had less than one's self. As for Gertrude, her plans for two weeks at the seashore began that very evening. Her dainty must be laundered and put away. It has done duty for several seasons, and she knew that it was not good for many more encounters with the wash-tub. But skillfully mended, and carefully laundered, she trusted that it would carry her through the two important weeks. And of course she must have a bathing suit. After an examination of the materials in the house, she reluctantly decided that there was nothing she could use, and she took the money she had been saving for excursions and picnics, and other summer enjoyments, and brought some blue flannel.

July came, dry and hot, but Gertrude's spirit rose with the thermometer. Every morning she came down stairs asking expectantly, "Any letter for me?" By the time the month was three-quarters over, she dropped the question, but she met the postman at the door at each visit, almost before he had time to ring. The bathing suit was finished and folded, along with a number of other things. If the summons had come suddenly, she could have packed in fifteen minutes.

Along in August she received an invitation from an aunt to spend two weeks in the country. She read the letter and looked at her mother with a sudden tremulousness about her lips.

"I don't see how I can go," she said. "The season is so far gone now that May's invitation is likely to come at any minute. And I can't give that up after looking forward to it all summer." The mother remembered the proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but it seemed rather heartless to quote it. Moreover, she herself was hopeful that the delayed invitation would soon appear. And accordingly Aunt Caroline's invitation was declined.

May came back early in September. Gertrude was hoping that she would have some very good excuse for her strange silence—illness in the family, an avalanche of visitors, trouble with the servants, anything that would help her conquer her sense of having been unfairly treated. May did not offer these excuses, nor any other. She had simply forgotten about the whole matter.

When she asked Gertrude if she had had a pleasant summer, Gertrude started and blushed. The question seemed to her a needless bit of cruelty. She could not rid herself of the impression that May must know the answer. She found voice to say at last: "Why there have been some pleasant things about it."

"That's more than I can say," remarked May. "I'm so tired of going to the same place every year. I tell papa that I really think it will be bad for me if I don't have a decided change next year."

In her selfishness she failed to see that the change she needed was making some one else happy, and forgetting about herself. If she had had Gertrude to plan for, and look after, the days would have fairly flown and she would have looked forward eagerly to the coming of each morning. One girl's blindness made a disappointing summer for two.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

'Tis quite a straight and easy road That leads to Grumbletown, And those who wish can always find A chance to journey down. 'Tis customary for the trip To choose a rainy day— When weather's fine, one's not so apt To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until You come to Sulky Stile, Where travelers often like to rest In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge, Where Don't Care Brook flows down, And just a little way beyond You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown Is not a pleasant place, One never hears a cheerful word, Or sees a smiling face.

The children there are badly spoiled And sure to fret and tease, And all the grown up people, too, Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right In this peculiar spot; 'Tis either raining all the time, Or else too cold or hot.

The books are stupid as can be; The games are dull and old, There's nothing new and nothing nice In Grumbletown, I'm told.

And so I've taken pains, my dears, The easiest road to show, That you may all be very sure You never, never go!

Don't Walk the Floor With Baby

But put your treasure in our Little Beauty Hammock Cot where babies never cry.



During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties and at night you need your rest.

Write a postcard asking for our booklet of "Babies' Sleep."

The Geo. B. Meadows Toronto Wire, Iron and Brass Works Limited 67 Wellington Place - - - TORONTO, Ont.

"SAINT ANTHONY, GUIDE!"

Where do they abide, those priceless things that went away from me? Where is the ship with snowy sails that started out to sea? In some far harbor does she rest, her sailor men asleep? Or does she lie, becalmed and still, where tropic serpents creep? Or it may be she struggles on, by vexing breezes tossed— Oh, tell me, dear Saint Anthony, for you can find the lost!

Oh, does she dream, or does she sleep, or does she hear his say, "The snowy sails and sailor-men are coming home some day?"

Where is the youth—I loved it so!—the years have flitted from me? Where are the toys—they were so gay!—a little maid could see? Where are the old ambitions, and the hope of being wise, The wish to travel in your steps beneath Italian skies? The youth and toys and longing—oh, I will not mind the cost If you will bring them back to me—you who can find the lost!

Oh, does she sleep, or does she dream, or does she hear his say, "The youth you loved so fondly will be yours again some day?"

But when the kindly breezes and the good old sailor-men Have brought my errant vessel to the port of home again, When years have tried their pinions and 'tis always morn and spring, What shall I do if my new youth for gets my dead to bring? Where do they hide, those wandering ones? What waters have they crossed? Oh, tell me, sweet Saint Anthony, for you can find the lost!

Oh, does she dream, or does she sleep, or does she hear his say, "Another found them, daughter; they are folded safe to-day?" —Ave Maria.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why was Eve made? For Adam's Express Company.

What is that which, the more you take from it, the larger it grows? A hole!

If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom? Tom is his grandfather.

What is the best day for making pancakes? Fri-day.

What is more foolish than sending coals to Newcastle? Sending milk to Coves!

Why is a schoolboy being flogged like your eye? Because he's a pupil under the lash!



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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A.D. 1851

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Income for the year ending 31st Dec. 1906 \$ 3,609,179.65

Losses paid since organization of the Company.....\$46,653,130.12

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ADVERTISING RATES Transient advertisements 15 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts.

JOSEPH COULAHAN is authorized to collect among our Toronto subscribers.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2ND, 1908.

A WORD WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.

The ancient and venerable practice of taking a retrospective survey of the things of the year just past, is to be commended for many reasons.

From a business standpoint the outlook is on a plane never before attained. The management of the paper is now in new hands, those of The Electric Publishing Company, of which Mr. George Plunkett Magann is President.

The reception given our first Christmas number was such as to encourage us to greater things in future. The advertising patronage given us by the best part of our city's merchants as seen by the columns of our special number, speaks their opinion in a form more tangible than words.

The hard times cry, we are happy to say, has not been materially felt by us in the matter of returns from either subscribers or advertisers, for while we have many old accounts in arrears, those of present-day standing are by no means numerous.

To our subscribers and advertisers, then, we offer the expression of our thanks for their allegiance and support. To the many contributors, too, who from time to time have found place in our columns, we tender our gratitude for the past and our hearty invitation to honor our columns frequently in the future.

The aims of our paper are simple, though we hope to find them effective. If we succeed in supplying the homes of our Catholic people with a readable paper, containing instruction and elevating material, we shall consider our self-appointed task fulfilled.

In conclusion we would ask for and hope to be able to keep, a continuance of the support of all our patrons whom we should like to see increase manifold. The erection of the new building and other outlay has fallen more or less on the company, and to help defray this, further support will be appreciated.

MISSIONARY ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The last number of the "Catholic Forester," the organ of the Catholic Order of Foresters in Canada and the neighboring Republic, gives an inspiring glimpse of the missionary spirit

which is being rapidly developed in Uncle Sam's territory. In an editorial this paper refers in terms of the highest commendation to the choice of Father Burke of New York, by the Archbishops of the United States, for the leadership of a Catholic crusade for the conversion of the colored race in that land.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the wisdom of the Archbishops of the United States on the one hand, in their method of grappling with a great missionary problem, and on the other hand in the organ of the Catholic Order of Foresters for its generous support.

In subsequent articles the bearing of this momentous move of our neighbors on Canadian Catholic life will be discussed in some detail with the object of awaking a similar spirit in our midst.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

Now that Pope Pius X. has signaled his reign by his wonderful defence of the Bible and by the formation of a Biblical Commission, a new impulse will undoubtedly be given to a greater use of the Bible in the Church as a book of devotion. It is not long since "our friend, the enemy" taunted us with locking up the Bible. They seem to have wearied of this cry, or they have found it did not pay.

They did not trouble themselves about principles. It was the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. Science went off studying by itself, no authority to control it, no light to guide it. Religion read the Bible, studied it—with no system to prevent divisions and no tradition to help it.

Then science came knocking at the Biblical class-rooms, scoffers and sceptics, idealists and materialists. The trouble began. Its end is not yet. But the Protestant has lost his Bible, or given it up, to be destroyed by an irreligious enemy. It is more encouraging to see the Supreme Pontiff protecting it against danger, and maintaining the stand which his predecessors have always kept.

The idea of socialism is surely approaching. Its form at present is indefinite. Something, claim its advocates, must be done to ameliorate the conditions which now weigh so heavily upon the majority. What that something is can be better described by what it is not than by what it is.

DRAWING MONEY

If you have a Deposit Account with the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation you can withdraw money by mail just as easily as if you visited the Corporation's office.

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Bible at their fingers' ends could have saved the Middle Age teachers from abuses and false doctrines, they were certainly well equipped. They had their minds saturated with the language and associations of the sacred text as the Puritans of the seventeenth century.

THE EVIL OF EASY MARRIAGES

In the same issue of the Catholic Forester in which appeared the article on missions to the colored race in the United States, is to be found a no less praiseworthy editorial under the above heading. In this editorial the experience of a Protestant clergyman of New York, whose church was a rendezvous for those who wished to be married in a hurry, and the lessons to be deduced from it, are set forth at some length.

Testimony of this kind is particularly valuable just now, when much attention has been drawn to Catholic marriage laws by a recent enactment of the present Pontiff. The idea seems to prevail that the Pope's action will render it harder for people to enter matrimony.

From time to time we read of the demise of one or other of the many worthy men and women who have braved the dangers and surmounted the difficulties, trials and hardships of the pioneer life presented by our fair dominion in its early days.

OBITUARY

(Special to the Catholic Register.)

Mr. Carmody was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1850. He was one of those who, notwithstanding the disabilities imposed upon the majority of the Irish population in those days, had received a liberal education. Accordingly, he took up the noble work of teaching in the land of his adoption.

SOCIALISM.

The idea of socialism is surely approaching. Its form at present is indefinite. Something, claim its advocates, must be done to ameliorate the conditions which now weigh so heavily upon the majority. What that something is can be better described by what it is not than by what it is.

his coming to Downeyville, where was located the nearest Catholic church, to which he walked Sunday after Sunday to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. From Balford's he went to the Bailey Settlement and taught a number of years in No. 12, Emily, and No. 1, Ops.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

To say whether I am to succeed or fail, All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend your co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

FATHER H. W. GRAY,

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Canadian

John R. Cameron, editor of the Hamilton Spectator, died suddenly on Monday evening.

Rev. Gerald J. McShane, D.D., has been appointed pastor of St. Patrick's church, Montreal.

Rev. O. J. McDonald sang his first Solemn High Mass at St. John Chrysostom's church, Annprior, on Sunday preceding Christmas Day.

For the fruits of a wrongly informed press you need go far to find them. Take that Montreal report about Rev. Father Callaghan coming to Kingston for instance.

Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., Montreal, and Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., Toronto, have been giving the Renewal Mission at Renfrew.

The Congregation of the Propaganda has decided to raise the Vicariate Apostolic of Saskatchewan, a district comprising the Northwest Territories of Canada, to a Bishopric and change his name to Prince Albert.

Madame Paul Bruchesi, mother of His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal, died on the 29th ult., at the age of 81 years.

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, for 35 years, has resigned and has withdrawn to live with the Sulphurians, of which community he is a member.

At the close of the twenty-fifth performance of the "Messiah" under the direction of Professor Torrington, in Massey Hall, on Monday evening, the veteran musician was presented with an address by a large number of brother musicians and by the City Council for his work in the cause of music during his long career in Toronto.

St. Michael's Church, Belleville, was presented with a magnificent new altar by Rev. Father Twomey, parish priest, which takes the place of the altar destroyed by fire. The new altar was made in Bavaria to the order of Father Twomey, and is costly and magnificent, containing no less than six statues, which are works of art.

The parishioners of Mount St. Patrick gave their pastor, Rev. John Ryan, a hearty return welcome the evening of last Tuesday week.

The festivities on the coming of age of the Duke of Leinster will be celebrated at Carton, his Kildare estate which lies next to Maynooth.

The Catholics of London, under the presidency of Archbishop Bourne, are making preparations for the International Eucharistic Congress which is to be held in that city in

1908. A great public demonstration in Albert Hall will be a feature of the Congress.

The Hon. Arthur Russell, the eldest son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, died on the night of the 21st ult., after an operation for appendicitis.

Lady Frances Trevelyn, whose death is announced, was the widow of the late Lord of the Manor of Seaton, Devonshire, Sir Alfred W. Trevelyn, of Colverley Lodge, Seaton. A fervent Catholic, she was greatly respected.

Cardinal Rampolla has been celebrating the 25th anniversary of his episcopal consecration, and the Chapter of the Basilica of St. Peter, of which the Cardinal is Arch-Priest, has marked the occasion by presenting him a beautifully illuminated parchment.

Cardinal Cretoni, prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites and Sacred Relics, has issued a decree requesting everybody who is in possession of manuscripts of Pope Pius IX. to deliver them to the Congregation, or if they know any persons possessing any such manuscript to so inform the Congregation.

Death has deprived the archdiocese of Achonry, Ireland, of the services of a distinguished churchman, a scholar and an antiquarian in the person of the Venerable Archdeacon O'Rourke, D.D., P.P., for over fifty years pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Collooney, County Sligo.

A cablegram from Namur, Belgium, chronicles the death there of Mother Aimee de Jesu, the venerable mother general of the order of Sisters of Notre Dame. Mother Aimee was over eighty years of age, and had occupied the office of mother-general for twenty years.

The Board of Education in New York has reconsidered its recent ruling requiring the elimination of Christmas and Christological songs in the public schools.

Amongst the visitors to Rome recently, were seven members of an American family who are converts from Presbyterianism.

The Right Rev. John S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, celebrated on Tuesday, Dec. 17th, the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood.

The United States Government has officially conferred the name "Mt. Junipero Serra" on the highest peak of the Santa Lucia Mountains in California, in memory of Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan, who explored the territory now known as the State of California.

The House of Providence, an orphan asylum just outside the city limits of Syracuse, New York, was recently burned to the ground.

The Rev. Brother Donatien (John C. Kars), of the order of Brothers of the Christian Schools, principal of the parish school of the Visitation B.V.M., Philadelphia, died on Sunday night in St. Agnes' Hospital.

Why does a piebald pony never pay toll? Because his master pays for him.

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

WANTED Two second class professional teachers for Howe Island Separate Schools, Nos. 1 and 2. Address James Lewis, Sec. Treasurer for No. 1, and Jno. Goodfriend, Sec. Treasurer for No. 2. Salary \$400.00 each. Not more than 25 pupils in each school.

BEFORE STOCK TAKING

Every Fur Garment in the show rooms must be sold before Stock Taking. Here's a list to choose from

One Lot Isabella Fox Muffs, \$9.50 Isabella Fox Imperial and Pillow-shape Muffs, some plain, some with head and tail, made with eiderdown bed, best quality satin lining, silk cord at wrist, regular \$16.50 and \$18, for \$9.50

Isabella Fox Scarfs, \$9.50 Isabella Fox Scarfs, full length, some satin-lined, some fur on both sides, some finished plain, some finished with tails, regular \$18 and \$20 for \$9.50

Infants' Odd Furs, \$99c Infants' odd Hoods, Turbans, Caps, and Collars, in Angora, Iceland Lamb and other Furs, regular \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50, for \$99c

Ladies' Persian Lamb Jackets, \$79.50 Persian Lamb Coats, some box front and tight-fitting back, some blouse style, 24 and 26 inches long, finished with cuffs, and lined with best quality Skinner's satin lining, regular \$135.00 and \$150.00, for \$79.50

Mink-Trimmed Persian Coats, \$158.50 Our very choicest Persian Lamb Coats, mink trimmed, some finished in reefer style, some in blouse style, choicest two-stripe mink trimmings, finished with cuffs, silk girdle at waist, regular price, \$210, for \$158.50

Muskrat Coats, \$39.75 One lot Ladies' Natural Canadian Muskrat Blouse-Style Coats, finished with cuffs, girdle at waist, sizes 34 and 36 only, regular \$60 and \$65 for \$39.75

Six-Striped Mink Muffs, \$34.75 Extra Large Choice No. 1 Quality Natural Canadian Mink Muffs, six stripes, made from six choice skins, eiderdown bed, best satin lining, finished with cord at wrist, regular \$57.50 and \$65, for \$34.75

Natural Sable Muffs, \$7.95 No. 1 Quality Natural Alaska Sable Pillow Muffs, best satin lining, eiderdown bed, finished with cord at wrist, regular \$15.00, for \$7.95

Persian Lamb Muffs, \$9.75 Persian Lamb and Persian Paw Muffs, large Empire shape, best satin lining, eiderdown bed, finished with silk cord at wrist, regular \$18.00 for \$9.75

Chinchilla Sable and Other Odd Muffs, \$5.50 107 Fur Muffs, made in the following furs—Chinchilla, Sable, Japanese Mink, etc.—mostly in the large flat Imperial shape, sold as high as \$25.00 for \$5.50

Sable and Grey Squirrel Butterfly Ties, \$5.25 Genuine Sable-Squirrel and Russian Grey Squirrel Butterfly Ties, best quality satin lining, finished in the latest styles, regular price \$10.00 to \$15.00, for \$5.25

Natural Canadian Mink Pillow Muffs, \$19.75 Large Canadian Mink Pillow Muffs, made with three and four stripes, finished with best lining, eiderdown bed and silk cord at wrist, regular \$37.50 and \$40.00 for \$19.75

The W. & D. DINEEN Co., Limited

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIALISM

(By D. F. Hannigan, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law.) The Catholic Church not only recognizes, but even strongly inculcates, the great duty of Christian charity as something which binds the consciences of all believers in the teachings of our Saviour.

But the Church has rightly discouraged that base spirit of discontent, of unrest, and of class warfare which, in our day, has, so to speak, become incarnated in what is called "Socialism."

When Christ said "the poor ye have always with ye," He did not mean to convey that poverty is an irremediable evil. But He evidently wished to point out that poverty had existed since the beginning of the world and that, in spite of changing conditions, it would exist until the end of time.

The Socialists deny this. Some of them dream of an impossible Utopia in which nobody will be poor. Others seek to abolish poverty by confiscating capital without regard to the fact whether it has been honestly or dishonestly acquired.

As the term is now used, Socialism is synonymous with "collectivism." The French Socialists call themselves "collectivists." The word "Socialism" appears to have been first used by Louis Reybaud, a French writer, in his work, Etudes sur les reformateurs contemporains ou Socialistes modernes.

With an ingenuity which has for its sole object the avoidance of a logical issue, Socialist agitators, at the present time, are continually protesting against any rigid definition of "Socialism." When it is said that one of the aims of Socialism is to abolish private property, the Socialist of to-day flatly denies the statement, and maintains that it is not to private property, but to the accumulation of capital that he objects.

This skeleton definition—if I may use such a phrase—is enough to condemn Socialism. There are many details which might be added to complete the definition, such as the organization of all the workers into an industrial army, the destruction of

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word introduced by Herbert Spencer. We see, then, that the establishment of Socialism would involve, first, the robbery of "capitalists," and, next the enslavement of the workers.

But the process of social demoralization involved in the Socialist regime would soon lead to the destruction of morality and of society itself.

The charges of atheism and materialism urged against Socialism are not ill-founded. Karl Marx was an avowed and aggressive atheist. "Christian Socialism," so called, is really not Socialism at all.

It cannot be denied that there are many things in the existing state of society which call for disapproval. The "rush for the spoil" is too keen. The poor are still down-trodden, and many rich men vilely misuse their wealth.

It would be an evil day for civilization if the Socialists succeeded. The precious individual freedom and liberty of conscience, won after centuries of human misery and persecution, would be ruthlessly swept away.

It is possible that ignorant and credulous Catholics may listen for a time to the teachings of Socialist demagogues, but the true cure for this is sounder education and a more loyal submission to the guidance of the Church.

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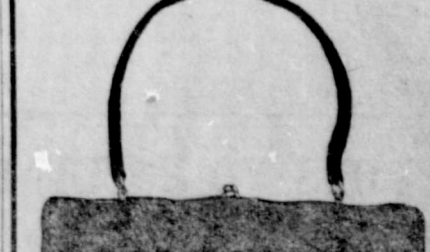
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A LADY OF LAVENDAR

A Lady of Lavender. That was the name I always gave Miss Phoebe Leslie, but to the world at large the gentle spinster who held sovereign sway at Danecourt was invariably known as Miss Phoebe.

She was pretty, and in her youth must have been a beautiful girl, and she moved through life—a delicate, old-world figure, a lady of lavender and rosemary.

Her home was beautiful, too—a house of memories and dreams, a house where charming and sweet women had lived, and brave and honorable men. All the rooms smelt of flowers, and mingling with the warm scents of pinks and roses came the finer and more delicate odor of pot-pourri and lavender.

Yet—but I suppose at first that it was only my fancy—there was an odd flick of peace in Miss Phoebe's sweet face. Her lips, to my mind, seemed always framing an eternal question—a question she never dared to breathe—and her eyes, for all their wistful sweetness, were haunted eyes.

Miss Phoebe was the last of a big family of brothers and sisters who and died in warm middle age, leaving the gentle lady alone. There was something melancholy in her position—something inexplicably sad. It seemed so hard that she should live alone in a great house like Danecourt, she ought to have married in the past and been the happy mother of children, for there was something one missed in the beautiful house, and that was the patter of little feet and the clear, ringing laughter of children.

Yet Miss Phoebe had never had a love story, for so my cousins told me when I asked—the cousins whose estate bounded the grounds of Danecourt, and to whom I owe a great deal, and most of all the friendship of Miss Phoebe.

How well I remember the afternoon when I was first taken over to Danecourt. I had just left school, and was standing on the threshold of womanhood. I was fond of the bustling affairs of every-day life—drawn to all out-of-door sports—young and radiantly happy, not in the least inclined to the pangs of the sentimentalist. But I was most curiously subdued when I found myself in the old-world garden where Miss Phoebe was receiving her guests. Life was so mellow here, so quaint, so old-fashioned, so unworldly, that I was at once overcome by a sense of peace and contentment.

Miss Phoebe grew fond of me, notwithstanding that I was the mere hockey-playing girl of the period, and asked me to stay with her, and, indeed, I was glad to go. I took my fondest dresses with me, my prettiest muslin frocks, for I felt somehow I must not be short-skirted when I went to visit Danecourt. I must soften my voice and learn to move and speak as the women who had lived there in the old days.

The visit, which was to have lasted a week, lengthened into a month, and before I left Miss Phoebe made me happy by saying I must come again soon.

"For you are a sweet child—a dear, tender child, Peggy," she whispered, placing her cool, soft hands upon my forehead—"a child with a golden heart."

This she said in her sweet kindness, placing me above what I was—a stupid little hoyden—a girl with a plume of brown hair and sunburnt face and hands.

As the years passed on I spent more and more of my time at Danecourt, and the affection between myself and Miss Phoebe became a very real and living thing. Yet she was a mystery to me—always a mystery—for the more I knew and loved Miss Phoebe the better I understood that she was not really happy, and that the peace which reigned in her beautiful house gave her no peace. She was a woman with a tortured heart—a troubled soul.

Nobody guessed, nobody suspected this except myself, but then I was beginning to understand something of life, for the reason that I was being taught by the greatest of all teachers, for the years when I was so much with Miss Phoebe were the years when I loved without the knowledge that came later that my love was returning. How is a girl to guess the secret that a man tries his hardest to conceal for the miserable reason that she is rich and he is poor.

It was Miss Phoebe who found out that I loved Roger Ashton—Roger, who was so poor and proud, and who treated me with chilly indifference until she entered Miss Phoebe's wise heart to ask him down one summer week to Danecourt.

He came in utter ignorance of my presence there, and I think when he saw me he wanted to go straight back again—back to his dusty office—back to the smoke-begrimed city. But Miss Phoebe smiled and would not let him go, because she wanted Danecourt to work a subtle spell upon Roger.

She knew, did Miss Phoebe, that he could not wander with me through those green, old-world gardens, where the turf was soft as velvet underfoot, without betraying his love.

And Miss Phoebe was right. Roger spoke at last, but it was to say I could be nothing to him but a dream, for his pride would never permit that he, a poor man, should ask

an heiress to be his wife. He loved me, but he must say good-by. That was what he said as we paced up and down a green, yew-shaded path together. He was very pale, and his eyes shone and gleamed.

I laughed and told him otherwise—I told him that I had loved him for years, and would take none other in his stead, and then—well, Roger kissed me, and moments passed too sacred to be discussed, too dear, too fragrant—fragrant of the perfume of the bosom flower, the red glowing rose of love.

I ran away from Roger at last, fled to the tender coolness of Miss Phoebe's chintz-hung parlor, and, finding the lavender lady there alone, I flung myself on my knees by her side and told her all that had happened.

She smiled and kissed me, then suddenly a sob caught her in the throat, such a sob, so deep, so bitter, and I understood with a sudden flash of comprehension that my gentle lavender lady must have loved in her day, too—but loved, I fear, to her sorrow.

"Miss Phoebe," began slowly, will you be very cross if I ask you something?"

Miss Phoebe shook her head and smiled.

"You ought to realize well enough by now, Peggy," she answered gently, "that nothing you say or do is likely to make me really cross with you; for I love you, child—there is a strange and curious sympathy between us."

I caught Miss Phoebe's hand and kissed it almost reverently; then I dared to ask her if she had not had some love story of her own.

She trembled, and a curious expression came over her face.

"Why have you asked me such a question, child?" she murmured. "Oh, Peggy, Peggy, why have you asked me such a question?" Then she suddenly burst into a passion of wild sobs.

I flung my arms about the lavender lady and tried my best to console and comfort her, and after a while some of Miss Phoebe's gracious calm returned, and she was able to look at me and smile pitifully.

"You thought I was too old for such wild grief, Peggy," she observed slowly, "but, Peggy, little Peggy, I wonder if you can realize that I have never grown old—old in spirit, that is to say—and that for all my gray hairs and sixty winters I am still a girl at heart?"

A woman who has spent her life asking herself—day by day, year by year—the same question, wondering if the man she loved returned her love. I am speaking to you about some one you never heard of, dear—my George—who died."

There was a note of intense yearning in Miss Phoebe's voice; it was the voice of a woman who had spent her sweet life and had wasted her fresh youth in trying to solve an unanswerable question.

It was not difficult to get Miss Phoebe to tell me her pitiful little tale. It appeared that she had been deeply in love with George Hallowes, and had had every reason to believe that the young man returned her love.

Her father and his father were near neighbors and warm friends; therefore a marriage was pretty sure to meet with the delighted approval of the elders.

Miss Phoebe admitted that she had been quite confident about George's love for herself and ready to wait in happy confidence till the young man elected to speak. She was in no hurry herself to leave the old home—eager rather to prolong the delicate glamor of courtship days.

Then quite suddenly and unexpectedly George had to go abroad. He came over to Danecourt to say good-by, and Miss Phoebe explained how for the first time she regretted she was one of a large family, for it seemed as if it were impossible for her, owing to the presence of her brothers and sisters, to have a single word alone with the man she loved.

All were extremely fond of George, and they appeared to have shadowed his path that morning, blind, most likely, in the heedlessness of youth, to the fact that he was Miss Phoebe's unacknowledged sweetheart.

I pitied Miss Phoebe as she told the tale, and I imagined what the fleeting, speeding hours of that summer day must have meant, also her innocent attempts to secure a tete-a-tete.

She saw George for a few moments alone at last, a few blessed moments, as Miss Phoebe called them, tears dimming her eyes, her whole face tender and wistful beyond words.

"We stood by the fountain," she said dreamily. "The water lilies were all out, and everything about us looked so green and peaceful; but my heart was beating painfully, Peggy, while as for George, he looked older than I had ever seen him, so set and large, and oh, Peggy! Miss Phoebe leaned forward and spoke with gentle emphasis—"I felt quite certain—yes, absolutely certain—that he loved me as we stood together by the fountain; not that he said much, but his eyes—his dear eyes spoke for him. And then, as we turned away—for they were calling George from the house—he took my hands and pressed them so tightly in his that my rings cut into my flesh—not that I minded—oh, Peggy, not that I minded."

Miss Phoebe passed a second and seemed to be gazing far back into her youth, and I thought to myself how sweet she must have looked standing by the side of the fountain. I pictured her dressed in white muslin, with a blue sash, perhaps, round her slim waist, all her curls shaking over her face.

"You'll find a letter that I've written to you, Phoebe, in the drawing room," that was what George whispered," Miss Phoebe continued in low tones; "then he lent his head and kissed my fingers. We'll meet here—here—in this very spot when I

once come back, Phoebe," he whispered, "and meanwhile you will come here sometimes and sit with your work and think of me?"

"I nodded my head, for if I had tried to speak, Peggy, the tears would have come. Then we walked back to Danecourt, to find every one on the terrace, waiting to wish George God-speed."

Miss Phoebe paused, then she leaned her head back; I also noticed how tightly her hands were clenched—those pretty, thin hands.

"He never came back, you know, dear," the lavender lady continued after a long pause. "He was killed—killed within a few weeks of his arrival."

Miss Phoebe winced as she spoke, and all the blood left her face. For a second I feared she was about to faint, but she recovered herself quickly and smiled at my anxious face.

"Don't fret about me, child," Miss Phoebe said softly. "I only felt the twinge of an old pain—of a blow which has never quite healed."

We said nothing for a few moments. The warm sunshine streamed in through the open window, also the heavy perfume of summer flowers. In the distance I could hear the cool swish of a scythe.

"The letter—the letter he wrote to you?" I asked suddenly. "You had that, at all events, Miss Phoebe. What did he say in that?"

"Ah, Peggy," she answered, her face quivering pitifully, "now you come to the hidden tragedy of an old maid's life. I never found George's letter."

"You never found his letter?" I murmured, half amazed. "Why, of course he had written to say he loved you, ask you to wait for him."

"That's what I think—that's what I have been trying to make myself believe for over forty years, Peggy," replied Miss Phoebe quickly. "But can you not understand how much I want to know it is a fact? Ah, dear, the craving—the almost intolerable craving at times to find his letter and discover the truth!"

I gazed at Miss Phoebe blankly; then, as the knowledge of the truth burst upon me, I murmured aghast: "Do you mean that his letter was mislaid—that you never read it? Ah, Miss Phoebe, how terrible—how terrible!"

Miss Phoebe's lips quivered. "I hunted for that letter for years," she whispered, "hunted in every place I could possibly think of, and asked everyone at Danecourt to aid me in the search—to try and remember if they had seen George's letter, but no one had. It was just as if it had never been written."

I shivered in sympathy, imagining the fine searching poor Miss Phoebe made, the eager search of a girl anxious to find her love letter, and then the craving despair with which she must have sought her vanished treasure after the wrier had met his death.

"Do you know," murmured Miss Phoebe, slowly, "I hunt for that letter still, Peggy. Sometimes I dream that I have found it, and then leave my bed, trying to believe that some vision has been sent to direct me. I've sped along dark passages in the cool chill of the dawn, I've left my warm bed on bitter winter evenings, when the snow was falling heavily outside, but only to discover that the dream has been a mocking one, and, oh, little Peggy, what tears I have shed—what tears I have shed!"

The lavender lady's voice broke as she said the last words, then she gently waved me from her.

"Leave me alone a little while, dear, leave me alone."

She spoke with soft insistence, but I knew she meant what she said and that her heart craved for solitude. I felt that my presence was an intrusion, so with bent head I left the chintz-hung parlor and made my way to the great drawing-room, for a felt too tired to go down and seek in the cool chill of the dawn, I've left my warm bed on bitter winter evenings, when the snow was falling heavily outside, but only to discover that the dream has been a mocking one, and, oh, little Peggy, what tears I have shed—what tears I have shed!"

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I sat down on one of the big brocade chairs and wept tears for the lavender lady. Mand then quite suddenly the door opened and Roger came into the room.

"How sweet something smells," observed Roger with a smile, fixing his eyes on a high blue and white Japanese vase, which emitted a faint and delicate fragrance.

"Pot-pourri," I observed lightly. "That jar has stood in the same corner for over forty years, and you smell the perfume of garnered rose petals—rose petals blown and withered."

"Fragrant still," murmured Roger; "sweet as dead leaves, withered hopes."

He took the big jar into his hands as he spoke. It was over large, and he held it somehow awkwardly, smiling at the dried petals; then—then—somehow—I never knew quite how it happened, but the jar slipped from his hands. I think perhaps he was staring at me—staring, smiling—but, anyway, it crashed heavily to the floor, breaking into a hundred fragments.

Roger and I gazed at each other aghast, dismayed. It was such a beautiful old vase, and how would Miss Phoebe stand its breakage? I knew the store she put on her fine old china. Besides, she was very fond of that particular vase, for she told me once that her mother had made the pot-pourri which had scented it for so long—the dead and gone mother whom she never spoke of without a sigh.

"I wonder if it could be mended," observed Roger tentatively. Then he bent down over the broken vase and looked with curious eyes at the dried petals which lay in a great heap on the floor.

Lavender, clove, rose petals—their dusts and scents mingling together,

and mixed with them a few warm eastern spices, also little flakes of cedar and sandal wood, and there, half-concealed among the dried petals, peeped out a piece of paper, an old and faded envelope.

"Hullo, what's this?" exclaimed Roger. "Here's an old letter which must evidently have fallen into the pot-pourri jar and been buried away for years—buried among lavender and rose petals."

He glanced at the envelope with some curiosity as he spoke, but I rushed up to him and caught it from him with trembling fingers.

"A letter!" I exclaimed. "A letter, Roger! Oh, can it be one which has been lost for the last forty years?"

I glanced at the superscription as I spoke, and recognized with a curious beating of the heart that it was addressed in a bold, manly hand to Miss Phoebe Leslie—addressed in pencil.

It is easy enough to guess what had happened—how poor George must have placed his letter on the edge of the jar, and the heavy banging of a door or the breeze rushing in through the open windows have blown the letter, written on thin, flimsy paper, into the jar, to be swallowed up among the rose petals.

I carried the letter to Miss Phoebe, taking my quick way to the chintz parlor, and I knelt by her side as she read it, hiding my head against her knee.

A faint quiver passed over her face as I handed her the envelope, and a curious light shone in her eyes. Otherwise, she was so strangely and wonderfully composed.

She was a long while reading her letter—a very long while; but at last she gave a little happy sigh—a sigh of utter content—such a sigh as a girl gives when her lips have been kissed for the first time by her beloved. Then her fingers strayed to mine—her fingers, cold—so cold.

"All is well, little Peggy," she murmured. "All is well, George loved me."

"Thank God," I murmured. "Oh, Miss Phoebe, thank God."

She sighed again—a sigh of utter content.

"Nothing matters now," murmured Miss Phoebe; "the long years of waiting—the restless suspense—the broken dreams—the tortured misgivings. All—all is repaid. But where did you find my letter, Peggy?"

She turned to me with flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes. For a few sublime moments Miss Phoebe appeared to be bathed in youth and to have found her lost summer.

"The letter was hidden in the pot-pourri jar," I whispered, "in among the lavender and rose petals, Miss Phoebe. Roger broke the jar by accident a few moments ago."

"I see," answered Phoebe. "I see." She was very quiet for a few moments, then she murmured softly, half under her breath, "lavender and rose petals."

"I stole away, for the knowledge was on me that Miss Phoebe needed the company of no living soul."

I stole away to Roger, and left the lavender lady—alone—The Queen.

Mother

(The Monitor.)

'Tis a weary way o'er the wild gray sea, Mother! Mother!

And the heart of your child is yearning sore, For the dear old days that can come no more, For 'tis many a mile o'er the cold, gray sea.

The face of the stranger is high and proud, Mother! Mothes!

And the heart of the stranger is proud and cold To the poor who work for his hard-wrung gold, O, the face of the stranger is cold and proud,

Mother!

The hearts at home were kind and tender, Mother! Mother!

There was a welcome at every door, A meeting smile and a sweet 'As-thore,' O, the hearts at home were warm and tender,

Mother!

My pillow is wet with bitter tears, Mother! Mother!

I long for the cot 'neath the sunny hill, For the green churchyard where the dead lie still, My pillow is wet with bitter tears,

Mother!

O, the stranger-land is broad and fair, Mother! Mother!

But I long for the land that gave me birth, For the wild black heath and the linnets' mirth, O, the stranger land is too wide for my heart,

Mother!

I miss your song at the cabin door, Mother! Mother!

When the kine lowed soft in the milking shed; I miss your hands on my bended head, O, I miss your song at the twilight hour,

Mother!

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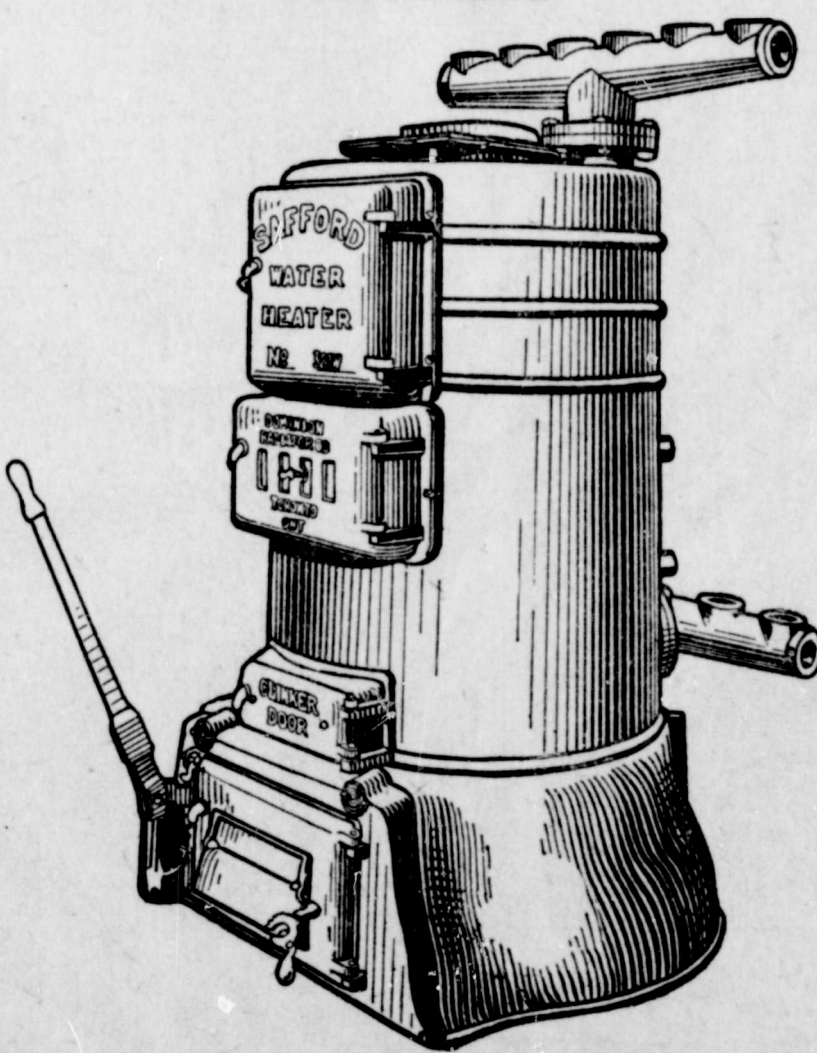
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### A Disreputable Letter

Did it ever occur to you what a disreputable fellow the letter D is? It is always in debt, disgrace, distress, despair and never out of difficulties, says The Philadelphia Bulletin. It is the beginning of dishonesty and figures largely in divorce. Devours drinkers and drunkards; develops delirium tremens. -- is in dust, dirt and darkness and is always in disorder. It is disagreeable, disquieting, deceitful, disliked, disloyal, dismal, discouraged and disobeying. It makes a devil of evil, in a may be said of it, it is the end of despicable, debauched, degenerate, de-

script dyspeptic. It is dissipated, dissolute and distrustful, always re- contented, deceitful, disliked, disloyal, dismal, discouraged and disobeying. It makes a devil of evil, in a may be said of it, it is the end of despicable, debauched, degenerate, de-



# The QUIET HOUR

WHEN THE MASTER COMES.  
(New World.)

Did I dream at the Mass as the bell was rung,  
That the angels passed, and their white wings brushed,  
Down the praying aisles, that close by one food,  
And he leaped down low, and he whispered me—  
"The Master is come and He calls for thee."  
(O my soul! my soul! how we understand!)

He had called for Mary, He had called for the sinner whose sins were washed at His feet,  
The passionate heart that He drew and drew,  
He had called, and she rose in her trembling love,  
And the angels saw and were gladdened above,  
As she went in haste when the Master spoke.

I had envied Mary, and the lame, and blind,  
And the woman to whom He had been so kind,  
When He waited weary by Jacob's Well,  
I had envied the lepers who cried for grace,  
From whose tortured bodies at sight of His face,  
The white scales crumbled, and cleared, and fell.

I had envied the women who wept for Him,  
And on whom He looked when His eyes were dim  
With pain, on the blood-stained road to death;  
I had envied the beggars of Salem town,  
Who showed Him their sores as His steps went down,  
And were healed and saved 'neath His pitying breath.

He was still the same as He used to be,  
When He wept over Salem, or calmed the sea,  
Or walked through the fields in the sweet years flown,  
And was fond of Peter, and James and John,  
Or sighed when the crowd to their homes had gone,  
And He stood homeless and all alone.

He was still the same, but alas! for me,  
I had fled from my Shepherd o'er land and sea,  
While through brake and flood He had followed in quest,  
And had brought me home, and had watched me long,  
Oh! He carried me safe on His shoulders strong,  
And to-day He was coming to be my guest.

He came, and He made of my heart His throne,  
And He spoke to me—to myself alone—  
And He marked with compassion my soul's sad dearth,  
And He pitied the tale of my sin and pain,  
And He comes to-morrow, and again and again;  
So I never need envy a being on earth.  
—Alice Esmonde.

ing of the chalice and altar stone and altar cloths. And just before beginning Mass I added an explanation of why Latin is used, and finally pointed out the significance of the principal and holiest parts of the divine sacrifice. Mass over and my ancient Frenchman communitated. I preached for an hour to my strange congregation, showing them the full meaning as best I could of all the had witnessed, as the perfection of God's gifts to mankind in His one true Catholic Church.

I had only stopped over at the village to offer Mass that morning, and I must hurry on to my distant destination. This my new found congregation of Protestants much regretted. As we parted company they urged me to return again and preach more of such doctrines to them. Now, let me assure you that there are many such villages in our country, and many hundreds of thousands of such non-Catholics to be found, had we but the missionaries to devote themselves to the Holy vocation of seeking them and saving them.

### THE SECRET OF IRELAND'S UNDYING FAITH.

To speak of the rosary in Ireland, or in the Greater Ireland beyond the seas—in America, Australia, New Zealand, or wherever the exiles of Erin land, or wherever they are they not found?—says Rev. J. Proctor, O.P., in the Rosary Guide, is to reveal one of the secrets of Ireland's undying faith in Jesus Christ, and of her unflinching love for, and loyalty to, the Church which He founded. As soon as the Sons of St. Dominic—"The Friars of Mary," as the people loved to call them in the sweet Irish tongue—set foot upon the soil consecrated by the life-service of St. Patrick, they began by preaching that devotion to the rosary which has ever since formed part of the Catholic life of the great Irish people, whether at home or in other lands.

In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the beads were ever their talisman, the rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus, the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the rosary was their "shibboleth," the password by which they were known to be "of Christ and of God." During the dark days the rosary kept the lamp of faith burning in the Irish heart, and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the "sogarth aroon" so dear to Erin's children—the rosary, under the sweet providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and in the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race.

Through the silent teaching of the rosary the faith became as deeply rooted in the mind and the heart of Ireland as are the rocks embedded in her western shores. When their lands were confiscated, because they would not forfeit their creed, the sons and daughters of St. Patrick clung to their beads with a tenacity which could never be shaken off, by bribe or by threat, by hope or by fear. The enemies of God, like ravenous wolves, might suck their life-blood till, as Catholics, they became "quite pale," still they held fast to the rosary, to the doctrines which it taught, and to the virtues which it preached. And when they were driven by famine, by foe and by persecution, into other lands across the seas, they went as apostles of the rosary and preached the devotion by word and example on the other shores. And hence to-day, as the beads are told from end to end of Ireland, so is the rosary said in every town and village and hamlet in the Greater Ireland, where more of Ireland's children dwell than in their "own," their "native land."

A PRIEST SINGS MASS FOR PROTESTANT CONGREGATION.

Can there be any doubt of the fact that in the majority of towns there is not only a willingness to listen to the message of the Catholic missionary, but even a positive desire to have him come? Experience shows that at the mere announcement of Catholic lectures the people will fill the largest hall in the place.

The following curious experience confirms the same facts. It is a part of a conversation with a priest from the far West:

"Arriving very late Sunday morning in a certain town, I found that the only place for saying Mass was in a little Protestant Church. The minister had been dismissed for some reason or other, and the people, when they heard a Catholic priest was going to officiate, came in good numbers to assist. A ascended the preacher's reading desk, opened my valise and began to put on the vestments, every body giving me the most respectful attention. But just then an old man came up. He said and told me in broken English, for he was French, that he was a Catholic—the only one in the place, by the way—and added that he had come fasting so as to receive Holy Communion. I asked the people: if any of them knew French, and saying I was safe, I heard my old man's confession in public, saving the seal unbroken, and showing my spell bound audience the whole meaning of this much dreaded sacrament. Then, while putting on my vestments, I explained each of them, from amice to chasuble, including the drap-

ing of the chalice and altar stone and altar cloths. And just before beginning Mass I added an explanation of why Latin is used, and finally pointed out the significance of the principal and holiest parts of the divine sacrifice. Mass over and my ancient Frenchman communitated. I preached for an hour to my strange congregation, showing them the full meaning as best I could of all the had witnessed, as the perfection of God's gifts to mankind in His one true Catholic Church.

### THE CHURCH THE BIBLE'S INTERPRETER.

"The Church the Interpreter of the Bible," was the subject of a conference by the Rev. John Corbett, S.J., professor of Woodstock College, at Ignatius church, Calvert and Madison streets, Baltimore. The first point developed was the obscurity of the Bible.

"The Bible," he said, "is a hard book to understand. We shall find no difficulty in admitting this if we consider for a moment the immense number of commentaries, helps, introductions and aids that have issued from the press to assist people in getting at the correct sense of the sacred writers. Some of this obscurity arises no doubt from the profound mysteries that have been handed down in these words; other difficulties arise from our ignorance of the original languages, that have long since ceased to be spoken; others again from the meager knowledge we possess of the laws and customs that prevailed in social, civil and religious life. The first readers of St. Paul's letters were unable to understand them without much difficulty. They had heard him speak, they were accustomed to his style, they knew the exact meaning he attached to special words, their own questions were on some occasions the very reason of his writing to them, whereas we are able only to read his answers without being sure of the questions they had put.

From this obscurity it was shown that the Bible needed an interpreter. The sacred character of the book, he said, made it impossible that the work of interpretation should be left to the private judgment of each individual. Much less could the Bible so interpreted be the sole rule of faith. One of the most important doctrines for those who believed in the Bible, he declared, was its inspiration, and the inspiration of every book was not asserted in its pages. The alleged right of private judgment had resulted inevitably in the destruction of Christian unity, so much desired by Christ, and in the abandonment of dogmatic belief among thousands outside the Catholic Church.

Why is a true and faithful friend like garden seeds? Because you never know the value of either until they are put under ground.



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### TALE OF A MISSIONARY

(Continued.)

There was also, at a short distance from my house, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Co., and Mr. MacLeod, the clerk in charge of it, although a Protestant, continued to help me in my holy duties of a missionary, by many kind services.

The place was abundantly supplied, that winter, with fresh meat; herds of reindeer travelled over the surrounding marshes and lakes and the Indians shot hundreds of them.

We laid nets to a depth of six or seven feet under the ice of the great lake and these provided us with a supply of herring and salmon trout of the largest size that I had ever seen.

Good luck for my poor dogs, which could now be fed to their full content and thereby gain strength for the next trip.

So there was no trouble about the necessities of life, and I was satisfied to get along without bread.

The two good Catholic families, whom I have already mentioned (and who were the only families at the Post), were the first to avail themselves of my presence and to fulfil, with a lively faith, their Christian duties.

Regina, my first hostess, who was much ashamed of having been a disciple of St. Thomas and of having

principal duties of a true Christian. It was impossible to assemble them all in the same lodge at one time, for want of space, neither could I gather them outside for the cold was intense. Therefore my missionary's toil was more than doubled, though at the same time it was very consolating. I spent over three months in visiting all the Indian camps, which were about 20 to 30 miles from one another; catechising the adults, baptizing the little children and making with them all an appointment to meet me at my little house in the spring for a final preparation for the sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist.

My missionary heart was overjoyed to see those poor hare-skins answering with such simplicity and goodwill to the call of Divine grace. But dear reader, let me confess that my poor human frame was much tried by that continual cause, out camping in the snow and in the miserable Indian lodges. It was not with hunger that I suffered this time; all the Indians were well supplied with reindeer's meat and our meals showed not only abundance, but a special regard was extended to me from which the civilized world would shrink.

Behold, dear reader, that old grandmother masticating morsels of boiled meat and after having carefully rolled them between the palms of her unwashed hands, handing me, upon a plate, these tempting balls! Very kind, indeed, is it not?

I made my escape by thanking grandmother and offering the delicacy to grandfather, who relished it with evident satisfaction.

Endurance was required of me from another quarter, namely the awful cold and from—vermin.

"The missionary of the North Pole regions has often to share the martyrdom of St. Benedict Labre!"

Meanwhile the season of melting snow was fast approaching and faithful to their promise of assembling for a fortnight around my little cabin, our Indians took advantage of the last snow, to travel over it to the shores of the Great Lake, and to cross over its solid ice in their dog-sleds to the rendezvous.

I passed Holy Week and Easter in my own humble abode and the two half-breed families—Regina's and MacLivor's—profited by the good advice and the lectures that I gave them. They were well prepared for accomplishing the great Pascal duty. The poor altar was adorned for the occasion. Regina and Mac's young wife brought a store of treasures—linen, fine new shawls, ribbons and bead-work. They begged the honor of adorning the altar with them.

A new, colored blanket was spread upon the floor and used as a splendid carpet. In fact I was as proud of the adorning as a pastor of a Cathedral on that joyful morning.

Although of a different creed, Mr. MacLeod and his family also came to attend Mass and he invited me to dinner. I accepted his invitation with glad courtesy.

From that time the Indian families arrived every day and fixed their lodges on a willow point, some five

hundred yards distant from my house. Soon the deer-skin village offered a lively sight with its 50 odd conic huts resembling gigantic sugar loaves, scattered at random among the willows and with its active population moving all day as through a labyrinth. They had a three weeks' supply of dried meat and they carried on their sleighs their birth canoes for their return to their summer place along the banks of the great lake.

I joined them in the camp and remaining in a tent, wherein I could daily offer the Holy Sacrifice, I opened the services of the Mission. It was the month of May and the weather was becoming milder every day so that three times a day I could assemble all my dear children of the woods on a kind of turf surrounding my tent.

The first week was devoted to preparing them for Baptism. They had not forgotten the first lessons of Catechism that I had given them in their lodges. Christian truths and duties had been the topic of all their talks and they had helped one another to recall and fix them in their minds. Although they could not entirely remember their morning and evening prayers, they had knelt every day to recite a part of them with faith, love and good will; oh, you with the best good will in the world, for there are amongst these poor savages, a number with very limited, narrow faculties. Spiritual thoughts had never engrossed their minds. Although their dialect is rich and well adapted to carry our Catholic dogmas new words had to be coined or the difficulties had to be explained by similitudes and amplifications. Memory failed the aged ones particularly.

"Can you recite for me our Father?" I asked an old squaw.

"Oh, Father," said she with great emphasis, "how can you expect me to have a Father, do you not see that I am toothless?" and she crossed herself to show me her good will.

There must have been great joy in Heaven (and that joy overflowed my own heart) when, on the following Sunday I baptized hundreds of those poor Indians and thereby offered a new jewel to our Mother Catholic Church. A greater rapture still, when after a faithful attendance to the teachings of Faith, and a fortnight of prayers, canticles, confessions and marriages most of these new children of God could be admitted to the holy table and imbibe supernatural life from its very living source, from the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist.

"Oh, Father," said a very old blind Indian, on the evening of the blessed day I am blind for this world; but a most Divine light shines in the bottom of my heart; it seems to be the sunshine of Heaven where I shall soon be called to enjoy forever the sight of my Saviour!"

The Indians prepared to break up camp; their supplies were nearly exhausted and the banks of the lake being free of ice, they could use their canoes to paddle to their summer fisheries and hunting places.

We had a last meeting, a last prayer and then the two chiefs of the tribe, speaking in turn, addressed to me their hearty thanks and solemnly promised that they would be faithful to their Christian duties.

Just before I left the camp a frail-looking young woman came to me and kneeling down, said: "Oh Father, I should look very happy for being the child of God, but something badly grieves me. I had one little child, whom I cherished. Last winter death snatched him from my arms and he died unbaptized before your arrival. Oh, Father, I myself will soon die. I feel it and I cannot bear the thought that I will not see my darling in Heaven. Here is his little finger that I cut off to bring to you. Please baptize it, Father, and God will give me back my little child in the upper world."

Poor mother, with all her faith and hope, her only treasure and comfort, was gone. In the fall she joined her beloved little one in the tomb.

Great Bear Lake's outlet is Bear River, which after a run of about 70 miles, flows into the Mackenzie river at St. Theresa's Mission (Fort Norman).

A barge, loaded with furs and packs of dried meat, starts from Bear Lake Trading Post early in June and joins at Fort Norman the other two barges of the same Company, coming up from Peel's River and Good Hope, to continue all together, with their furs, the very long trip to Portage Le Loche.

I took passage on the barge and left Bear Lake, with the hope of again meeting in the following winter, my good Hare-skins and Mac and Regina. The weather was delightful, and the country, woods and water were alive with birds of any description—yes, even with mosquitoes!

The waters of Bear River are as limpid as crystal, running on a bed of rocks and between rocky cliffs, which in many places overhang the river and prevent any access to a landing.

About half way down there is a very dangerous rapid, 17 miles long. It is useless to attempt to row there. Two men only, can effect an embarkation in that perilous passage; one at the stern and the other at the bow; and as their manoeuvres require strict attention, perfect silence is maintained. No steamship of the most powerful engines could go faster on the seas than does our barge, clearing by itself in an hour those 17 miles of foaming billows. It requires men of great skill and bravery to face such a giddy passage.

Two hours before reaching Fort Norman we put ashore on an islet called "Eggs Island." The name is most suitable, for we found there a lot of small gull's nests. Although numbers of the eggs were already hatched, all mixed together in a large frying pan, they supplied us with a splendid omelet.

Leaving the poor birds lamenting and hovering over our heads, we landed towards sunset, on the shore of Mackenzie River, at the foot of the sandy hill on which stands the log-house, emphatically called "Fort Norman."

Note.—I am pleased to see that the readers of this paper watch for my letters and in some cases have written to me and sent me an offering for my work among the Indians. I thank them very much and will always promptly reply to any letter sent to me.

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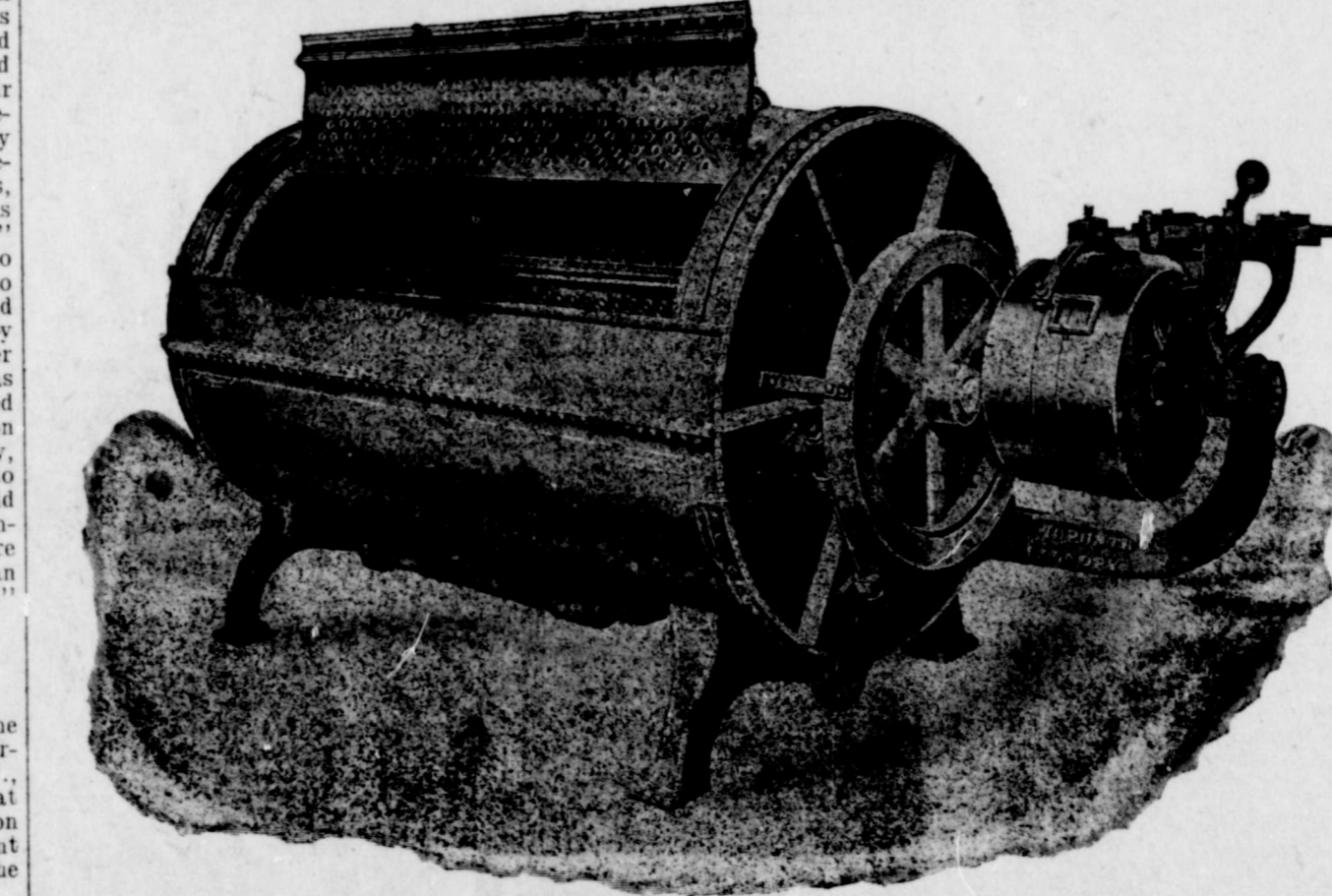
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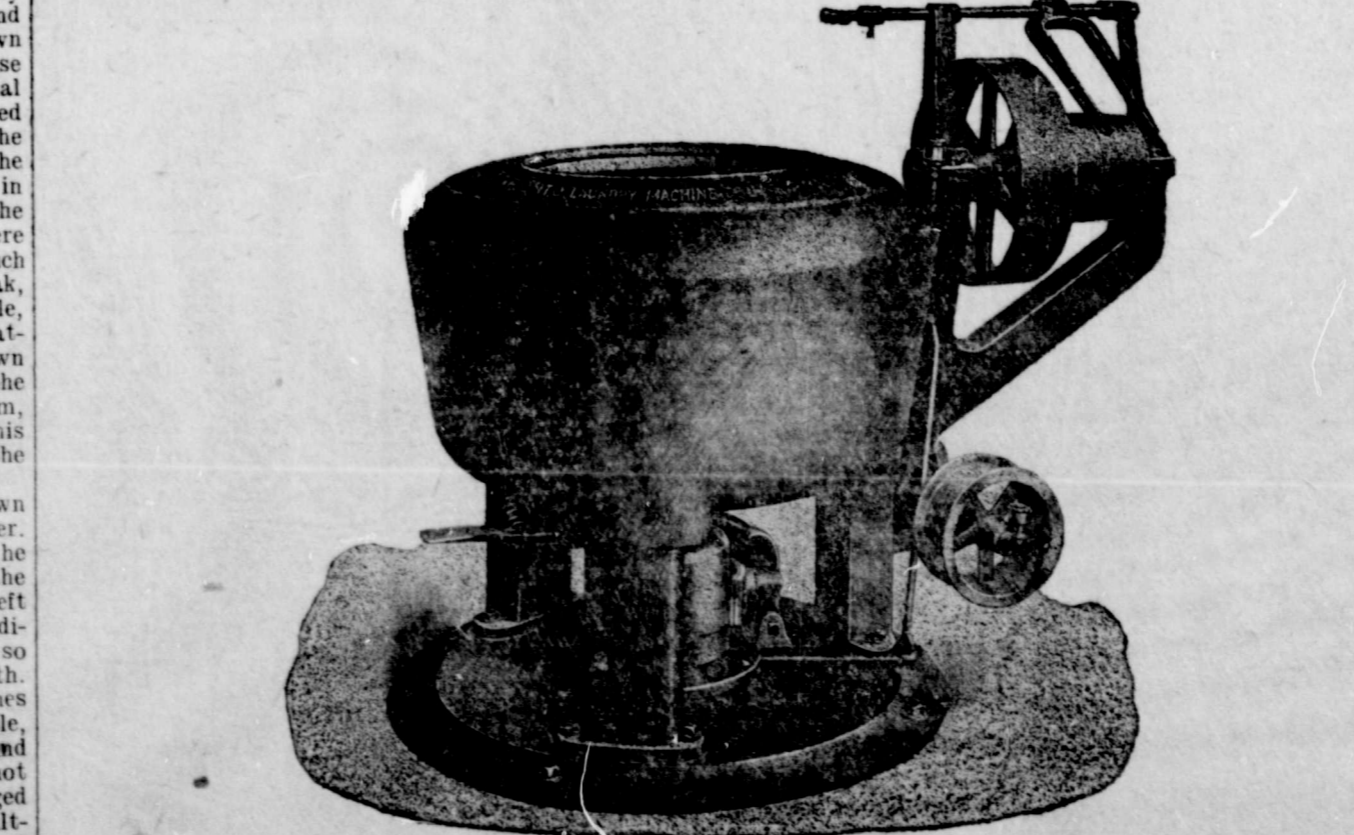
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"Order a can NOW—so you will be sure to have ST. GEORGE'S for your next baking."  
Sells for five cents for our new Cash-Best.  
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In and Around Toronto

FEAST OF CIRCUMCISION. The Feast of the Circumcision was celebrated on Wednesday.

CHRISTMAS TREE AT ST. PAUL'S The presents from a Christmas tree were distributed to the children of St. Paul's schools on Christmas afternoon...

CHRISTMAS TREAT AT ST. JOSEPH'S The children of St. Joseph's school, numbering about 450, were given a tea-party as a beginning to the Christmas festivities...

OFFICERS ELECTED. Emmet Lodge No. 1, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, met to elect officers, Mr. A. T. Hernon presiding.

AT ST. PATRICK'S. The announcement of the returns for the election of the officers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, at St. Patrick's parish was prefaced by a delightful evening of games and the serving of a dainty menu...

ST. PAUL'S HOLY NAME SOCIETY A general invitation to the men of St. Paul's parish is issued by the Holy Name Society to join in receiving Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock Mass on January 19th...

ORDINATIONS AT ST. BASIL'S. On Friday, December 27th, at St. Basil's church, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor conferred ordination to the priesthood upon Rev. T. Redmond, son of Mr. Thos. Redmond of Penetanguishene...

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL—HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER. Form IV.—Senior—1 John Bannon, 2 Joseph Deferrari, 3 Francis Hickey...

Form III., Senior—1 James McCool, 2 Roderick McHenry, 3 Christopher Kelly, 4 Eugene Shannon, 5 Clarence Hickey, 6 Arthur Keating...

Form III., Junior—1 Basil McQuillan, 2 Joseph Bryan, 3 James Malone, 4 Charles Collaton, 5 Joseph McGee, 6 Joseph Brigidis, 7 Percy McGee, 8 Francis Murray, 9 Francis Smith, 10 Francis Ryan...

Form II., Senior—1 James Ryan, 2 Victor Overend, 3 Wm. Hay, 4 Francis Allen, 5 William Allen, 6 Joseph Grossi, 7 Anthony Ryan, 8 Francis Barrett, 9 Basil Healey, 10 Edward Sheridan, 11 James Demers...

Form IV., Senior—1 Joseph Deferrari, 2 Francis Hickey, 3 Wm. Hand, 4 Arnold Lawrence, 5 Joseph Skain, 6 Edw. Spellman, 7 Earl Wallace...

Form III., Senior—1 James McCool, 2 Joseph McGree, 3 Stephen Davis, 4 Arthur Keating, 5 James Ryan, 6 Percie Gottschalk, 7 Eugene Shannon...

Form III., Junior—1 Basil McQuillan, 2 Joseph Bryan, 3 James Malone, 4 Charles Collaton, 5 Russell Hanson, 6 Harold Thompson, 7 Wm. McMurrin, 8 Francis Smith...

TORONTO MARKETS Grain:—Wheat, spring bush ... 0.95 0.90 Wheat, fall, bush ... 0.97 0.90

Wheat, goose, bush ... 0.87 0.80 Wheat, red, bush ... 0.93 0.90 Rye, bush ... 0.83 0.80

Seeds:—Alsike, fancy, bush ... \$8.00 \$8.25 Alsike, No. 1, bush ... 7.50 8.00 Alsike, No. 2, bush ... 6.75 7.25

Fruits and Vegetables:—Potatoes, per bag ... 0.80 0.90 Apples, per barrel ... 1.75 3.50 Apples, snow, barrel ... 2.50 3.50

Dairy Produce:—Butter, lb. ... 0.27 0.58 Eggs, strictly new laid, per dozen ... 0.45 0.55

Barrie A very impressive and edifying ceremony took place in St. Mary's church here on the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception when the statue of the Blessed Virgin recently donated by the Young Ladies' Sodality was unveiled and blessed by Rev. Dean Egan...

Death of William Vasey There passed away at his home in the Township of Sullivan one of the oldest and most respected pioneers of the County of Grey, in the person of William Vasey...

THIS ELEGANT WATCH & CHAIN, \$3.75 We would One Sample Watch Only to any one person. HARRISON Don't send any money...

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Clippings From Ottawa

Mgr. Sbaretti, Apostolic Delegate, was the guest of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, on St. Thomas' Day, which is the patron feast of the Archbishop.

Rev. Father Carriere of the Basilica spent a few days of last week on a visit to St. Agathe, Que., where he was curate for some time and has many friends.

The treasurer of St. Patrick's Orphan's Asylum and Home for the Aged, has received the sum of one hundred dollars from Mr. Denis Murphy towards the funds of the institution.

Before midnight Mass on Christmas, Rev. Father Duhaud of Notre Dame De Grace church, Hull, assisted by several other priests, formally blessed the new statues which have lately been installed in the church.

The Feast of Christmas was appropriately celebrated in all the local churches by special music, appropriate sermons and church decorations. Despite the inclement weather, all the services were largely attended.

A ceremony of ordination was held in the Basilica recently, at which His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel officiated. The candidates were: Deacons, Rev. Leo Luty and Rev. R. Richer of the Dominican Order; Minor Orders, Revs. Arthur Winters, R. Baraid, P. O'Hara, Geo. Belanger, Gerald Murray, of the Redemptorists; Rev. Brothers Frederick, Silestinus, Urbain, Levereinus, Justinianus, Mary Louis and Calascentius of the Capuchin Order.

Many friends of the Sisters of the Precious Blood will regret to hear of the death of Rev. Mother of the Sacred Heart of Mary, which occurred recently in the convent of the Precious Blood Order at Montavilla, Portland, Oregon.

The music hall of the Gloucester Street Convent was the scene of a pretty function recently, when the pupils, to the number of two hundred and fifty held a reception to His Excellence, Mgr. Sbaretti, Apostolic Delegate. The room was prettily decorated, and two addresses, one in English and the other in French, were read by the Misses F. Belier and A. Champagne, respectively.

A peculiar accident occurred in St. Anne's church on Christmas eve. At midnight Mass Rev. Father Myrand, the parish priest, had just begun his sermon when the electric lights to the number of two thousand, suddenly went out. Despite the darkness the discourse was continued, and the lights came on in about five minutes.

In La Salle Academy Midnight Mass was celebrated for the first time. Rev. Father Marion, O.P., officiated and it was well attended by the Christian Brothers. At St. Joseph's Orphanage about two hundred and fifty were in attendance at the midnight service, at which Rev. Father Braun officiated.

The funeral of the late Mr. Felix Carbray took place Tuesday morning of last week, and was one of the largest and most representative ever witnessed in Quebec, all ranks of society being largely represented by members of both Parliaments, the Judiciary, Bar, consular service, members of all the prominent local trades, the mayor and members of the City Council, Knights of Columbus, and A.O.H.

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In Memoriam

In loving memory of Marius Keogh, who departed this life Thursday, Dec. 5th, 1907, in the 19th year of his age.

Celestial bliss, eternal peace be thine, In light undimmed thy spirit ever shine, May Calvary's Victim grant thy soul sweet rest Within His Father's mansion, ever blest

We miss thee, dear; our hearts will ache and bleed, While many a sun his golden course shall speed, The memory of thy life, so brief and pure, Shall lead us on, where glorious realms allure.

To make home pleasant, well you did your part, Your music oft has charmed the weary heart, Its strains have soared beyond the starry sky To wait the praises of your God on high.

In manhood's dawn you left this world of ours, Where sin's contagion taints the fairest flowers, Where cares and sorrows strew life's pathway o'er, On which we journey to a calmer shore.

And now farewell, thou cherished, mourned for friend, To tell thy worth, I do not here pretend, We would not call you from your place of rest, But humbly whisper, "God doth all things best" —A Friend.

The Late Felix Carbray, Montreal

The funeral of the late Mr. Felix Carbray took place Tuesday morning of last week, and was one of the largest and most representative ever witnessed in Quebec, all ranks of society being largely represented by members of both Parliaments, the Judiciary, Bar, consular service, members of all the prominent local trades, the mayor and members of the City Council, Knights of Columbus, and A.O.H.

Buy McConkey's Chocolates Dine at McConkey's Restaurant

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To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age. An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you. On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements.

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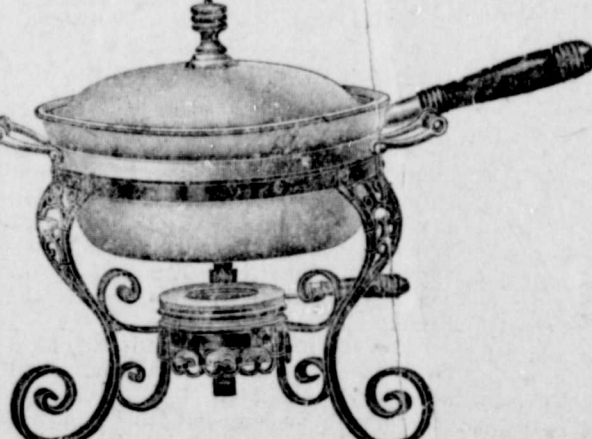
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Head Office: 24 ADELAIDE ST. EAST TORONTO

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This is fitted with Ivory Enamelled, good pan and is unquestionably the best ever shown. Made in Nickel and Brass, from \$5.00 to \$15.00 each.

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The Training of Native Priests

The priests of the Society of Foreign Missions, Paris, have opened three seminaries in Japan, four in Manchuria, thirteen in China, six in Tonkin, five in Cochin China, four in India, besides one each in Corea, Tibet, Cambodia, Siam, Burma, Laos, and a common seminary in which there are at present fourteen pupils. There are 2,246 ecclesiastical students following the classes in these various establishments. In all the missions of this society there are 736 native priests, 3,743 native nuns and 2,781 catechists. In China the Lazarists have 35 native fellow-missionaries, 76 Chinese secular priests and 14 seminaries in which are 455 students. Native communities are highly successful. Within the last ten years the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of St. Anne have doubled their numbers, while the Purgatorian Sisters, who live at home in their own families, and of whom there were only 365 in 1894, now number 1,273. The Lazarist missions had of the native element in 1904-5 171 priests, 20 seminarians, 615 ecclesiastical students and 2,088 catechists.

The missionaries in the Far East under the charge of the Friars Minor have 35 Chinese priests, those of the Dominicans, 18 Chinese and 158 natives of Tonquin. There are 38 native priests in the Belgian vicariates of Kansu and Mongolia, and 68

"Belgium," says the Glasgow "Observer," "is a Catholic country—the only country in Christendom with an expressly Catholic Ministry in power for the past twenty years, the only country where Catholics as a party have had the upper hand. Belgium is the most prosperous country in the world. The Belgian State pays the Catholic priests a State salary. The Belgian State goes further. Catholic State as it is, it pays Protestant ministers State stipends, and it pays even Jewish rabbis the same." There is some talk of a great London pageant next year, to begin with a sacrifice to Diana and to come down to the tea-cup time. Between ten and twelve thousand performers will be needed.