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VOL. XII., No. 52

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHAT I KNOW OF HASTINGS

(Special to The Register.)

Amongst my many reminiscences of periodical journeys over a great portion of Canada during a period now covering nearly forty years, none have been more indelibly stamped on memory's pages than the visit made to the picturesque village of Hastings, situated on both banks of the Ottonabee River, in the County of Northumberland, on a beautiful day in the charming month of May 1865. I had but entered on the arduous, onerous and hazardous responsibilities of a highwayman, when the appearance of a Sunday at Hastings was an event simultaneous with my own; and as I had deliberately, and in the coldest of cold blood, set out to prey on an unsuspecting public, a sense of duty ever strong and vigilant, prompted me to offer up a prayer in a Catholic Church on that day, solemn and sacred, for my future protection, and future behaviour. After spending the preceding Saturday night under the hospitable roof of "Little Pat" Brennan, so-called to distinguish him from a very much bigger Pat of the same surname. I rose from my virtuous couch in the morning at an hour befitting a well-conducted man, and set out in search of a building over which the symbol of man's redemption would be likely to glisten when kissed by a May sunbeam. My philosophy and my guide was my genial friend Mr. Brennan, owner, a few years subsequently married a daughter of Mr. Timothy Conaghan, J.P., one of the oldest as he was one of the most respected and successful of the early pioneers of settlement on the shores north of the Ottonabee. Husband and wife, widely esteemed, have passed to that home at the other side of the grave. There was no Catholic Church in Hastings at that early hour of its history, although the presence of numerous groups of all sizes and sexes, and of Irish birth or origin, hurrying rapidly along, proclaimed the fact that there must be a place of worship possibly a cave or a cavern somewhere. After speculating thus, Mr. Brennan led me in front of a massive stone building, towering from the centre of a dangerous looking swamp, a building which, if placed at a higher altitude, would have passed for a bar of feudal times. The use of this structure for religious purposes was kindly granted by Mr. John S. Driscoll, one of the earliest settlers in the eastern part of the County of Peterborough, who many years ago sought and found a home in the newer regions of Parry Sound. I have lost track of Mr. Driscoll, with whom I stood on intimate terms, and hence am not aware if he is still in the land of the living, but whether dead or alive, I trust his soul is happy.

The congregation which assembled within the stone fortress to which I have already alluded, was large, the greatest proportion of which was made up of fresh importations from Ireland, and it was pleasant then, as it is now pleasant, to recall the light heart and the light step with which they passed over the rough roads and corderoy bridges; over swamp and sedge, through forest and fen, to assist at the solemn mysteries of religion.

My first Sunday in Hastings was the first in my long and chequered buccaneering career and it is with gladness I proclaim the fact, that portraits of many of the excellent Catholic Irishmen to whom I was introduced on that charming Sunday, are treasured in the halls of memory. First springing to the lips is the name of that grand type of an Irishman, Mr. Samuel Gibson, a native of the banner County—Tipperary—a man who displayed no polished esteem, but had within him as pure a heart as eper patinated in human bosom. Mr. Gibson raised a respectable family, all of whom were truly Catholic. Benjamin, the eldest son, passed away after a few years of wedded life. Mary, whose eyes closed

in death within the past year, was more than one-third of a century the wife of Mr. Nicholas Bibby, also deceased. James, who owns and manages a hotel in Campbellford, which has won a wide reputation for order, has brought up a large family who inherited the best traditions of both sides. Another son of Mr. Samuel Gibson has passed away within the past twelve months within the shadow of the parental homestead, Mr. John Gibson, a man widely known, and wherever known, highly esteemed. It was my privilege to know John Gibson well and desirous as I am to pay tribute to his sterling qualities, which I heartily appreciated, I cannot add more than to say that he had pretty accurately followed in the footsteps of an excellent father. Quite recently I visited his late home, and it was with deep sorrow I noticed a vacant chair and missed the friendly grasp, the hearty grasp, the hearty Cead Mille Failte, and the pleasant story of its absent occupant. The name of Gibson, however, is not destined to die out on the "Cobourg Road" if we accept as a guarantee thereof the presence of three promising sons who appear desirous of emulating the good example of an excellent father. The faithful woman who bore his name for nearly one-third of a century, and added to the charms of home, is also present and although suffering bitter anguish, still maintains that life and admiration of girlhood which she possessed when I first met her in the neighborhood of Cobourg, now more than thirty-five years ago.

Another of those solid Irishmen who have swept the forest on both sides along the "Cobourg Road" was Mr. Timothy Collins, who passed from earth about twelve years ago. It would not be very easy to discover a finer man. Sober and industrious, honest and truthful, we cannot marvel at his success in rescuing many broad and fertile acres from primitive barbarism and bequeathing them unencumbered to his family, who, it is gratifying to state, seem determined to maintain a more tenacious grip of them than that practiced by some young Irish-Canadians whom I have met.

My description of Hastings, of its situation, its surroundings, and of its Catholic congregation, at the period of which I write, imperfect as it will be, would be infinitely more so if the name of Mr. James O'Reilly were omitted. "Big Jim" O'Reilly, as he was pretty generally called, was a native of the County of Down, Ireland, and settled in the Township of Percy over fifty years ago, where he resided until reaching a ripe old age, when death claimed him as its own. It was no misname to apply the term "Big" to James O'Reilly. Big he was, big physically, big intellectually, big in the generosity of his nature and in the warmth of his affections, big in his love for Old Ireland, and for the faith for which Old Ireland struggled and suffered, big in all things except meanness, and for a vice like this there was no room in "Jim" O'Reilly's whole anatomy. A son, another "Jim," has recently and under highly favorable wind, set out on the mercantile seas of Hastings.

Another of the oldest generation of Irishmen who composed the Hastings congregation and with whom it was my pleasure to become intimately acquainted, was Mr. Patrick Doherty, of the Township of Asphodel. Mr. Doherty, whose remains were followed to the tomb within the last couple of months, by a cavalcade of sorrowing neighbors, was a native of the County of Limerick, which place he left about fifty-seven years ago. This was a time when a dark pall overspread the land, and a terrible blight stalked abroad. There was famine in the land! Yes! but it would be a libel on divine Omnipotence to say that it was a famine not created by man. True, the potatoes rotted, and thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen perished, but it was whilst the hills and the valleys were dotted with bullocks, the plentiful fields with golden grain, and the seas white with sails bearing away the rich productions of this country to feed the stranger and to enable Cromwellian and other landlords to continue on in lives of luxury and debauchery. It was in the year 1847 that Patrick Doherty, a little boy in the company of his parents, went down to a shipping port to sail for Canada. I had many interesting conversations, touching this period with him, and I could learn that whilst he fully realized the hellishness of Irish landlordism, a greater blow had, in his opinion, fallen upon the nation, when the sad news came from Genoa that O'Connell was dead, which mournful intelligence reached the family as they were on their way to the port of Limerick. Patrick Doherty was a man who read much, and whose mind was well stored; indeed I only voice opinion when I say that there were very few better informed men in either the Parish or the Township where he resided. An enthusiastic lover of his native land, a devoted member of the Catholic congregation of Hastings, a good neighbor and a kind friend. Recollection of Pat Doherty, and of my friendly intercourse with him cannot be easily obliterated.

It would weary the reader were I to particularize individually each member of the congregation, and hence I must close by saying that it was largely made up by men bearing such names as those of O'Reilly, O'Sullivan and O'Leary, Collins, Crowley, Boughlin, Corcoran and Cleary, Brennan, Brickley and Barry, Downes, Driscoll and Doherty; Keating, Kearney and Kennedy; Myles, McFadden and McDonnell, etc.

The late Father Quirk was the officiating clergyman on the occasion of my first visit to Hastings, but as I have drawn myself out to too great an extent already, I must reserve for another letter reference to the work of this lamented priest, as well as to the growth and development of the Church throughout this section.

A PLACE OF DEPOSIT
 For the funds of individuals, corporations, institutions, firms, societies, clubs and associations of every kind; as well as for the money of executors, administrators and trustees.
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DEATH OF M. A. HEARN, K. C.

It is with the deepest regret that we find ourselves called upon to record the death of Mr. M. A. Hearn, K.C., a gentleman whose professional and political career fills a considerable page in the history of Quebec during the last fifty years. The sad event occurred on Sunday morning, after a relatively short but severe illness, which he bore with the most Christian fortitude. Surrounded by the surviving members of his family, and supported by all the consolations of religion, he passed away to his eternal reward and his familiar figure will henceforward be missed from the courts of justice and political hustings which knew him so long.

At the time of his death Mr. M. A. Hearn was in his 71st year. Born in Quebec in 1833, of Irish Catholic parentage, his father being the late Mr. Patrick Hearn, a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland, and his mother Ann Aylward, a native of Newfoundland, he was educated at Hennessy, Thom's, and the Quebec Seminary, from which latter institution he passed to the study of law under the late John W. Ahern, one of the most eminent of the Quebec practitioners of that day, and was admitted to the Bar in 1855. In the practice of his profession by force of ability, and his clientele soon became large, and his name in the city and one of the largest in the province. As a successful criminal pleader, he had for many years few equals at the Quebec Bar, and there were few of the "causes celebres" of that period in which his services were not retained and out of which he did not come victorious. As an Admiralty lawyer he also won great repute. In commercial and civil law generally, he was one of the leaders of the local Bar, and his eminence in that branch of the profession was deservedly earned by many notable successes. In fact, some of the briefs which he prepared for the Privy Council, notably in the famous cases of McLaren and Connolly, in both of which he was successful, are still cited as examples of the highest legal attainment. In 1868 his professional eminence was so universally recognized that he was honored by his colleagues with election as Batonnier of the Quebec Bar, and a year later he was raised to the distinction of Batonnier-General of the Province. At various stages of his distinguished professional career, Mr. Hearn practised in partnership with the late Mr. Edward Jones, Q.C., Messrs. Jordan and Roche, Mr. Dennis Murray, afterwards Judge Murray, and Mr. Fournier, afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court. It was during his association with the latter that Mr. Hearn acted as the legal adviser of the Rev. Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's, and it was largely through his able handling of the interests of the Fathers and congregation at that exciting time that the amendments to the charter of the church were obtained and the whole affair was brought to a peaceful and successful issue. Under the Mackenzie administration, the dignity of Queen's Counsel was conferred upon him.

From his father, who had been a life-long Liberal and one of the few Irishmen identified with the patriots of 1837, Mr. Hearn inherited those stalwart Liberal principles for which he was so noted, and which won for him the proud title of "the old Liberal war-horse of Quebec West." In fact he was one of the few remaining survivors of the staunch old guard Liberals, who so manfully fought the party's battles in this district and kept its flag flying under the most discouraging circumstances, and in the darkest hours; who stuck to their principles through thick and thin, and who sowed the harvest of honors and success which others more fortunate are now reaping. At an early period of his professional career he was induced to also enter the municipal and political fields.

Mr. M. A. Hearn was married on November 5th, 1855, to the late Miss Margaret Whelan, of Quebec, who predeceased him as far back as May 29th, 1884, and by whom he had nine children, of whom two daughters survive, one of whom is the wife of

REV. FATHER TWOMEY

Appointed to St. Michael's Church, Belleville

Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston on Saturday morning announced the appointment of Rev. Father Dennis A. Twomey, pastor at Tweed, as successor to Mgr. Farrelly, of St. Michael's church, of Belleville, which edifice was destroyed by fire one week ago. Father Twomey has a hard task ahead, but as he is one of the most efficient priests in the Diocese of Kingston, there is no doubt but what his efforts to restore the Belleville church will be successful.

Father Twomey is a native of Ireland. For twenty-two years he has been a priest. He was educated at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. For a time he was rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston. Twelve years ago he was appointed pastor at Morrisburg, and for the past four or five years has been pastor at Tweed, which church debt has been reduced from \$35,000 to under \$20,000.

St. John's School

Names of pupils who obtained 40 per cent. of the marks in each subject and 60 per cent. of the aggregate marks in Christmas examinations.

Senior Fourth—E. Kennedy, J. Price.

Junior 4th—V. Thomson, F. McEve, P. McEvay, J. Conlin and F. Annett equal.

Senior 3rd—L. Thomson, J. Rehill, R. Cullen, B. Tremble, J. Hodson, C. Sullivan.

Junior 3rd—J. Killackey, B. Dunigan, M. Rehill, L. Budd, J. Duggan, J. Bell, R. Gray, E. Beaver, W. Bell.

Senior 3rd—A. Thomson, O. Curry, A. Aymong.

Ald. John Dunn in Ward 5

Ald. John Dunn, who has consistently pursued an independent course in council for an unbroken period of service, longer than that of any other sitting member, is again a candidate in Ward 5. Mr. Dunn is a public man of few professions, but his record is known, and he enjoys the confidence of the electors of the Fifth Ward to an exceptional degree.

Many attempts have been made in past years to oust him, and various crises have been got up against him, but with uniform lack of result. The ratepayers for one thing know that John Dunn is not in the council either for gain or the hope of personal reward. He is a successful business man, whose history as a cattle shipper to Britain tells his capacity for large undertakings. As an alderman he has voted for economy and efficiency in the civic service at all times and has associated low taxes with strict attention to the practical and pressing problems of municipal government. The electors of the Fifth Ward will doubtless increase his well maintained majority of past years.

Ordinations

The following is a correct list of those ordained at St. Basil's on Dec. 21st:

Mr. J. W. Byrne, for the Diocese of Columbus, Tonsure and Minor Orders.

Mr. J. L. Golden, for the Diocese of Scranton, Tonsure and Minor Orders.

Mr. P. J. McGrath for the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, Minor Orders.

Mr. D. F. Sullivan for the Diocese of Ogdensburg, Minor Orders.

Mr. H. Carr, for the Community of St. Basil, sub-deaconship.

Mr. W. V. Fitzgerald, for the Diocese of Nesquehony, deaconship.

Mr. Edward McCabe, for the Archdiocese of Toronto, priesthood.

His Grace was assisted by Very Rev. V. Marjion, C.S.P. Provincial, and Very Rev. D. Cushing, C.S.B., Superior.

MAIL COURSES

Many young men have won good positions in business life taking advantage of the excellent commercial courses given by mail through the Correspondence Department of the well-known and reliable Central Business College of Toronto. If a young person cannot attend College, the next best thing to do is to study by mail. A postal address to Correspondence Department, Central Business College, or to W. H. Shaw, Principal, will bring you an interesting booklet, "Training for Success."

PURSE FOR FATHER KELLY

Douro Congregation Honors Their Parish Priest

Douro, Dec. 14.—On Sunday, Dec. 11th, Rev. W. J. Kelly was waited upon by his parishioners and presented with a well-filled purse. The presentation was made by Councillor Allen in the name of the Reeve, Councillors and Municipal Officers of Douro. The congregation was represented by Messrs. Martin McManus, and Wm. Condon of Douro, John O'Grady and Jas. Devlin of Otonabee, and Patrick Fitzpatrick of Dumfries.

Councillor Allen was spokesman in the unavoidable absence of Reeve McElliot. He said that the congregation of St. Joseph's, men, women and children, wished to place on record their love and respect for Father Kelly, who last July celebrated his 25th year as a parish priest in the County of Peterborough.

Father Kelly in his reply, said that the people of St. Joseph's had made his jubilee year a happy year in many respects. But their thoughtfulness on this occasion was phenomenal. He prided himself on the fact that though poor himself, personally, he had enriched two parishes during the past 25 years. The people had always made it their study to make him happy, and thrice happy was he just now, in the fact that the boy who had served mass for him 25 years ago in Ennismore, was now a bishop in God's Church—the first Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie. He had always looked upon Bishop Scollard as a vessel of election, and it was no surprise to him to learn that our gloriously reigning Pope, Pius X. had honored him with a mitre.

Father Kelly concluded by saying that every boy could not expect to be a bishop but every boy could be what Bishop Scollard had been when a boy—thoroughly conscientious, thoroughly unselfish, thoroughly God-fearing. Every boy with these characteristics would be a hero in the strife, and would be beloved like Bishop Scollard, of God and man. Viator.

Irish Demand Government Aid

The meeting of the Irish parliamentary party in Dublin last week to discuss the distress in the west of Ireland was held under the presidency of John Redmond. Resolutions were passed condemning the government and demanding aid.

The resolutions maintain that the proper temporary remedy is not charity, but the starting of works which will be of permanent utility in the distressed districts, enabling the people to earn their livelihood by honest labor.

It is declared that the provision of fresh potato seed is of urgent necessity, but the memorialists feel bound to point out that this measure will be ineffective for the relief of distress before August next.

The final resolution is as follows: We feel bound to condemn in the strongest terms the conduct of Irish landlords in aggravating the distress by pressing for full rents and arrears processes by wholesale.

Ex-Sergeant Vaughan

It may be necessary to inform some of our readers that R. C. Vaughan, whose election card for the Fourth Ward we publish in another column, is ex-Sergt. Vaughan, a gentleman long and creditably identified with the Toronto police service. Mr. Vaughan after leaving the force went into real estate and has become a most successful business man in that line. He therefore possesses a dual qualification for the aldermanic position; he knows the city's social problems and its requirements for the steady development of property. Mr. Vaughan is a man of sound judgment and may be relied upon to make his views effective in debate. He ran last year and lost the election by a few votes. His success this time should be certain.

The health of the body, as well as of the mind, depends upon forgetting. To let the memory of a wrong, of angry words, of petty meanness, linger and rankle in your memory will not only dissipate your mental energy, but it will react upon the body. The secretions will be diminished, digestion impaired, sleep disturbed, and the general health suffer in consequence. Forgetting is a splendid mental calisthenic, and a good medicine for the body.

PURRIERS
CANADIAN ERMINE

The Canadian Ermine is gradually growing in favor as an exclusive fur of rich quality, both for whole garments or for trimming. It has become a serious rival of the Royal Russian Ermine.

The Canadian Ermine is a small animal in the weasel family measuring only about 10 in. in length. It is killed in traps made to strike, and is hunted only in the depth of winter, because at that time its fur is of fleecy white, with the tail tip of inky black. In summer the fur is a dense brown.

We have on view to-day some exclusive garments in Ermine, including Stoles, Scarfs, Muffs, Caprines, etc.

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For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

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Our Card System

Have you any idea of the magnitude of the uses to which our \$1.50 Card System is put? We venture to say not, otherwise you would all use it, instead of only the progressive business man.

Write for circular. That will explain.

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HIS BREAD RETURNED

He had kept the country store for years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody.

Then the old man took his nephew in as partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts.

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house.

The supper-bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter, and met him in the yard.

"We are ruined!" he said, in a lifeless tone, handing her a letter. "Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked, hopefully.

"Surely there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said, hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and on his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there is no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man, bitterly. "People never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money-lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams. "Your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

They sat in the shade in front of the blacksmith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

"Too bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocketknife. "Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to this community," said another. "There never was a more accommodating man," added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always trusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed out, and wondered what he would then do for a living.

There was one, the poorest and most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

"Something ought to be done, men," he could hardly control his voice. "It'll be a lowdown shame to let Uncle Charley be sold out."

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it once. The doctor was fixing me up some medicine, he called my wife up one side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay for it when he gets well.'"

"Now, see here," continued Todd, "I am a mighty poor man, but Bills says he will give me a hundred dollars for my bay mare, and I'm going to sell her and give the money to Uncle Charley to help pay off the debt." Several others volunteered to help.

"I don't think," said Mings, "that it would be best to give him money. He wouldn't feel right about it, you know. It ain't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four years, but it's just taken all the stiffening out of the old man, and he lost all heart. If we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose Adams would loan him the money?" asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough if he had the security, but how's he going to get it?" asked Willis.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man John's note for three thousand."

And so said every man there. A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed round, and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when he was hard up," said one.

"He helped Tom get through school when I was too poor to help myself," said a father who was now well to do.



This beautiful life-size Group, the Nativity, is carved in wood, beautifully painted, and is now offered for sale. For particulars apply to

CHARLES F. MOWBRAY,

34 Wilton Avenue, TORONTO.

THE PAYING TELLER

"After working all day, many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I would not put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charley has been to us. The winter after Jim died Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then gave her a pair of shoes. He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and whole-souled you can't help but feel that he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

There were but four more days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence, the courage were all gone. He was a poor, hopeless old man down, never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in, and then more, until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns, trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man, and managed to say:

"Maybe it'll help you." The old man looked at the paper. It was a note for three thousand dollars, due in three years, all ready for his signature. Below was the name of almost every man in the community as security.

The old man tried to speak, but could only call:

"Mary!" His wife came quickly and looked at the paper.

"Thank 'em, ma; I can't!" said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears running down her face as she turned toward the men. They were all looking away.

"I can't either," she said, as she slipped down beside her husband, with her arm round his neck, "but they know."

"Looks sorter like rain over in the south-west," said Todd. "Guess we had better be going, boys."

Cheapest of all Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

Pictures Drawn in Fire Dissolve saltpetre in cold water till the liquid is completely saturated with it. This can be seen by the fact that bits of the saltpetre will at last refuse to dissolve. Dip a fine brush or pointed stick into the solution and draw the outline of an animal or any other desired figure on a piece of paper. Use paper that has not printing on it. Let the paper dry thoroughly. The picture will be invisible then, or almost so. Now hold it flat, light a match, blow it out and touch a part of the drawing with the glowing end. The saltpetre will catch fire at once and the tiny flame will burn all along the lines of the drawing, leaving the paper intact.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. These accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation through gentle is effective and the most delicate can use them.

The institution was too new to be treated with aught save reverence and awe, but there was more than one who dared suggest that David Prescott had erred in making his daughter Marion his paying teller. Not that Marion was not suited to the place, but that even the scarcest knew that a woman teller was unusual.

Comment did not worry Prescott. His holding in the bank amounted to more than 90 per cent. of the capital invested, and at the directors' meeting he had offered to make another choice if the board could suggest any one better qualified through acquaintance or experience at figures. That settled the matter officially, and when the spick and span new office opened it was Marion's pretty blonde head which was seen through the plate-glass square lettered "Paying Teller."

Bert Howard was the receiving teller, and this was further cause for gossip, for Bert had been a willing slave to Marion ever since the days when he used to drag her to school on his sled.

Many comments had been made in the post-office and around the stove in Van Zan's grocery, but after Ned Davis had been soundly thrashed by Howard for suggesting that if the pair of tellers held their positions long enough they would have no trouble starting life properly, there was an abrupt cessation of this sort of gossip, and the bank officers were accented without further comment.

But it was not pleasant sailing for Bert and Marion. He had been given his position, not because Prescott approved of his suit for Marion's hand, but because like Marion he had been the most available person for the position. Prescott, in his hard, deep-pitched voice, had assured the young man that if he ever caught a glimpse of love-making in business hours there would be an imported teller in the bank in twenty-four hours.

So it was that man and maid were content with such satisfaction as child come from the knowledge of the other's propinquity, and even Tony Dwight, who would have been glad to see his rival disposed of, could find no cause for tale bearing.

Dwight, with Prescott, Bert and Marion, constituted the clerical force of the First National, and, oddly enough, Prescott, usually an excellent judge of character, favored Tony's aspirations for Marion's hand. The one unpleasant feature of her position was the fact that she had frequently to consult Tony as book-keeper, and he never let pass an opportunity to press his suit.

Then the agent of the Chester Bank Vault Company came to Scarceest one noon hour, driving over from the nearest railroad town behind a pair of spanking bays. Curtis was in a one corner of the card he presented to Prescott, as he strolled unannounced into the president's office.

But selling bank vaults was apparently not his principal business, for after a while Prescott came out of the office. "Here is a check for which Mr. Curtis wants the cash," he said, thrusting the slip of paper through the window to Marion. "You have a package of thousand-dollar bills in the corner of the small safe. There are twenty-five of them. He will take the other half in hundreds."

Marion looked curiously at her father's face, white and drawn.

"Are you sure this is all right?" Curtis laughed lightly.

He moved closer to the bank president, and Prescott, with the muzzle of a revolver pressing into his side, could only nod his assent. Curtis had assured him that at the first sign of attempted communication with any of the two clerks he would be shot, and he would be safe in the country before the crime was discovered. Prescott was a brave man, but he agreed with Curtis' argument that the money would do him little good if he were to be shot for refusing it.

Marion gave one more curious glance at the pair and turned towards the vault. In a moment she returned. "Oh, Bert," she called, "will you please come here and help me to wrap this box?"

Howard went to her aid, while Curtis fidgeted about, urging Prescott to make haste. There was small danger of interruption from a customer or from Tony, who hunched at that hour, but being a skilled workman, he liked to see a job done expeditiously.

In a couple of minutes the package turned. Marion carried a package of bills, while Howard swung a bag covered with wax seals.

"I shall have to give you some gold," said Marion, sweetly, as she tumbled the bills on the shelf beneath the window of her cage and prepared to count. "You see, we keep most of our reserve on deposit in town, and for local purposes we have mostly small bills."

"I would mind do," responded Curtis, amiably. "I am not particular, thought, of course, the large bills are easier to handle."

Howard came around the corner with the gold, but before Curtis could grasp the bag of coin it descended upon his head with force sufficient to knock his heavy felt hat over. His eyes and stun him before the ready pistol in his coat pocket could be fired.

Ten minutes later, under the reviving influence of ice water applied externally and brandy in internal applications, Curtis woke up. Howard stood over him, completing the work of securing him with a rope.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Curtis," he said, blandly, "for not recognizing you more quickly; but, you see, the slip sent out by the Bank of Tacoma gave your name as Peters, alias Mauvel, and other names. In fact, Miss Prescott was the first to see your game. No, I wouldn't hang Miss Prescott," he continued, as he caught the muttered exclamation. "You know the proverb about curses and chickens roosting home. There is that little matter of killing the president and the cashier of the First National of Caswell—"

He turned to greet the sole peace officer of which the town boasted.

"That's him," shouted Tony, from the rear. "I saw him walk up and hit him over the head."

Constant Post looked about awkwardly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he growled. "You tell me it was Mr. Howard that was to be arrested."

"Arrest Howard!" shouted Prescott. "Why, he's just knocked out one of the slickest bank thieves in the country, and saved my life as well. Dwight, you get out of here, you miserable little sneak. Bert, I'll double the reward the Bank of Tacoma offers, and if you and Marion can't worry along on that and your salary you don't deserve to get married. Post, you take this fellow over to the lockup and give him a headache powder. I guess he needs it after that clip Bert gave him. I'm going to the telegraph office. Bert, you and Marion stay here and fix things up."

From his glance one could not tell whether he meant the disorderly office or more important matters. Bert and Marion knew, or at least they used their own judgment.

Country of Wide Eyed Dreams

Where are you journeying, little boy, So far from the world and me? Your round, blue eyes are aight with joy At something I cannot see.

Wonderful visions of dewy dells, Where spirits flit to and fro On shadowy wings and weave their spells O'er the pilgrims that come and go.

Fire eyed goblins that grin and nod At the fluttering butterflies, Fairies asleep 'neath golden rod That bends under autumn skies.

All these must lie on the road you tread And beckon you on the while Toward the light that is lingering on ahead In the land of the rainbow's smile.

Take me with you, far seeing elf, To that realm where you are to-day, Where worldly cares and thoughts of self Are ever so far away.

Show me the wonders your little eyes Have learned to discover there, For I see them light with a pleased surprise As you sit in the rocking chair.

And, swinging so dreamily, look away To a country beyond my ken, A country I fear you will seek some day And never come back again.

Yet I know no way that a child may go, With a fair and cloudless brow And never a shadow of pain or woe, But the one, you are traveling now.

—James Montague.

Calendar for January 1905. Includes days of the month, days of the week, and religious observances such as Epiphany, Holy Name of Jesus, and various feast days.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. 125 Courses by mail—courses for every boy and girl, man and woman in Canada—Education brings success—study at home in your spare time. Learn while you are earning.

When Bobby was Rich "When I get rich I'm going to have everything I want," said Bobby, looking wistfully after the ice cream man with his jingling bells. I'll have ice cream every day and maybe twice a day.

St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by D. Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

After the ice cream soda came candy and bananas and pop-corn. Uncle Frank bought a basket and put the things in and urged the little boy to get what he wanted. Bobby was trying to make up his mind which ball and bat he would take in the toy store when a queer feeling came over him. He tried to put it by but his knees seemed shaky and his head very close, but he said nothing.

St. Joseph's Academy St. Alban Street TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy comprises seven Branches suitable to the education of young ladies. In the Academic Department special attention is paid to modern languages, fine arts, piano and early Frenchwork.

"I don't want to be rich," wailed Bobby. "I want my mamma." And what do you think Uncle Frank did? He just picked up the little boy and in less than five minutes mamma was doctoring her small son and making him comfortable on the big lounge.

School of Practical Science TORONTO. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

OLD MEN AND WOMEN DO BLESS HIM. Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. Bye for his Balm Oil to cure him of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of disease and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent telling what they say of the treatment. Address: Dr. D. M. Bye, Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind., the home office. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.)

School of Practical Science TORONTO. Do you wish to be at peace? Think less of yourself and a little more of God. "Sweet Heart of my Lord Jesus, teach me a complete forgetfulness of myself!" Shall we ever attain to it? We must pray for that. The universe was made for every one of us, and for each one the world will be fair and pleasant in the degrees in which he strives to make it so for others.

...The HOME CIRCLE

SMILES. We do not smile enough. I am sure of it. Of course we smile in greeting and we laugh at jokes, but that is not virtue, only a matter of course.

RUTH. She stood breast high amid the corn, Clad by the golden light of morn. Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush, Deeply ripened—such a blush In the midst of brown was born. Like red-poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which the blackest none could tell, But from flashes veiled a light, That had all else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim, Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean, Where I reap thou shouldst but glean; Lay thy sheaf down and come, Share my harvest and my home.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER. Drink a glass of water when you get out of bed in the morning. Never mind the size of the glass. Let the water be cold if you will.

Drink a glass of cold water and enjoy the sensation of being clean inside. All that is luxurious in the cold bath cleansing the outside is artificial.

Drink a glass of cold water in the name of cleanliness. It becomes one of the shortest and easiest of toilet duties. It is swallowed in a second and in five minutes has passed from the stomach, taking with it the clogging secretions of the alimentary tracts.

Two Grandmothers. A French woman who has devoted much time to the study of Americans says that she finds them delightful. Especially is she pleased with the American grandmother, who, having no exacting ties, may travel and amuse herself at an age when the French grandmother, with a too clinging affection, has begun to crowd the nest.

The French woman's face was interesting to see. A woman of fifty-five, the grandmother of twelve children, was talking about returning to Japan to see the cherries bloom. Such a thing was unheard of in her experience.

GIVE CARE TO YOUR SHOES. Much advice is given from time to time in regard to the care of the children's shoes as they come in from school, wet and misshapen from contact with wet pavements and the unconfessed wading in puddles, which is sure to delight the heart of the small boy.

The originals of these statements are on file in these offices, bearing the signatures of the cured ones, and backed by a \$500.00 guarantee as to their genuineness.

Now, as to the ingredients of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, their purity and medicinal value, we know of no better authority to vouch for them than the well-known analytical chemists, Thomas Heys & Son, of Toronto, who have thoroughly analyzed them, and compared their analysis with our formula.

Analysts' Certificate.—We have made a careful examination of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and find them to contain ingredients in quantities large enough to make them of reliable medicinal value, also to be free from any injurious drug, such as morphia, etc.

It is easier to give counsel than to take it. He that lives according to reason shall never be poor. The love of Jesus has no horizon; neither time nor space can bound it.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HARD TO SAY. Teacher—If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being 22 cents per basket, how much money would the purchase cost her? Tommy—You never kin tell. Ma's great at beatin' those hucksters down.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS. A boy in a certain school had been late both morning and afternoon for three successive days. When asked the reason he replied that he had taken time to eat all he wanted for breakfast and dinner.

AN ICE CREAM DIALOGUE. "You said that you would have vanilla flavor in your ice cream, did you not, dear?" "Yes, I'm fond of vanilla, aren't you?" "Oh, I like it; but not so well as strawberry. Think I'll take strawberry."

LIFE IN YOUTH. In youth how lovely life doth seem, All glad with joy and song, But dark and darker grows the scene, As life goes swift along.

THE GOLDEN RULE. "Edith, Edith," called Fred, as he came bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. "Won't you help a fellow?" and his face clouded over, as if with pain.

LITTLE TOMMY. Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried. I never saw him cry.

A LITTLE SHEPHERDESS. Some white sheep and two black ones are grazing in a soft green meadow, in parts white with daisies of azure with forget-me-nots.

THE SOMEBODY ELSE. "The older I grow," said the mother, looking up from the dishes that she was washing, "the more I am convinced that one of the greatest mistakes in life is to suppose that if we were somewhere else, we should be happier."

HINTS TO MOTHERS. The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household.

From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience, but remember it is always better to put your desires in the form of a request rather than a command.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always let some proper penalty (never the whip) follow willful disobedience, but let it not flow from another. The parent who cannot govern his children without the rod has made some serious mistake in their earliest education.

Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

If you give way to petulance of ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

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today's wreath cannot be fresh enough for Our Lady any more. She sinks down on the grass, in the midst of her gentle sheep, which look on complacently.

Sky-blue and white, gracefully entwined by her delicate fingers, fall over her shabby dress, as a lovely veil, and harmonize with the sweet tones of her voice.

As the last flowers of her harvest find their place, the sheep, used to her daily task of love, cease looking on, and, turning once more to their grazing, seem to say: "Be at ease, little mistress. We will be good during the time you are gone."

And the patient little shepherdess, carrying her wreath with both hands, ascends the flowery bank, followed by one little pet lamb only.

Before turning into a short side-path, she looks round towards the sheep in the meadow, and, seeing them as good as their unspoken word, continues her way toward a favorite spot.

Whoever has journeyed on foot in Catholic countries must have remarked erected here and there many quaint little chapels—some old, some new; some large, some small; some half-hidden into the hollow of a tree; some near an open field; many at the turning of a path.

Near one of the latter our little shepherdess stands still. It is a very poor, very rough little chapel about a square yard in size and chancel and statue are of coarsely-carved wood. When the child has removed yesterday's flowers, faith only could see there any beauty!

But when to-day's lovely flowers stream all around, and envelop the Blessed Virgin's statue in a glory of purest white and palest blue, and when the poor frail child stands praying before her, lost in veneration and love, then, indeed, there is beauty to be found there! It is a picture worthy of angels' eyes, and which angels only contemplate every summer's morning.

The prayer is said, the hymn sung, and child and lamb return to the meadow. Soon Germaine eats the crust of unwilling charity and softens it with water of the nearest brook.

"If only my father and my second mother could learn to love Our Lady how much happier we would all be!" And a sigh of sadness, not one of dissatisfaction, escapes her; and yet poor little Germaine's life is far from happy!

She is a very sickly child, whom cruel parents send out of doors from morning till night in all weathers. A few crusts of bread are her only food, and a few sheep her only companions.

But angels watch over the gentle little shepherdess, and a more brilliant crown than those her love makes for Our Lady is ready for her.

THE GOLDEN RULE. "Edith, Edith," called Fred, as he came bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. "Won't you help a fellow?" and his face clouded over, as if with pain.

"Why, of course, brother; what can I do for you?" "Well, I am in a muddle. To-day a note was thrown across the room, and I looked up and caught the teacher's eye, and he said, very sternly, 'Fred, did you throw the note?'

"No sir," I said, and then he looked at me, and I do believe he thought I did it. He asked every one in the room, and no one would acknowledge he had done it. Then he said: "It is very strange; I have asked every one here and no one has come out with it, and he gave me another look, but did not say a thing. The strange part of it all was that nobody told him a story, because John, who had done it, had just gone to his class in the next room, and Mr. Miller didn't think of him at all."

"After school I told John about it, and he just laughed and said, 'Oh, what a joke! Why, I said, 'are you not going to make it right?' 'No,' he said, 'Teacher has forgotten all about it now; what's the use?'

"I looked at him in amazement, and said, 'Well, you have different ideas from mine, and with that I walked away. Now, what's a fellow to do? If he chooses to go wrong, I mustn't, and I can't tell on him; but I do think it is hard, don't you?'

"Yes, I do. But you just follow the Golden Rule, and it will come right." There was a coldness in the teacher's manner toward Fred, and he felt it, knowing that it was undeserved.

THE RHEUMATISM WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 215 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

254 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN 198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times in intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARK, 72 Wulsey street, Ctr., Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. O'HERIDAN, 31 Queen street East.

THE BLOOD POISONING Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

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John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. O'HERIDAN, 31 Queen street East.

THE BLOOD POISONING Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR 198 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

The Catholic Register

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Telephone, Main 489.

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LOCAL AGENT: JOSEPH COOLAHAN. Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1904.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Conventional new year greetings are almost invariably confined by worldly well wishing; but this does not in itself mean forgetfulness of higher things.

There is much in the outlook of Canada just now to encourage all classes of her citizens. The tide of national prosperity shows no sign of abatement, whilst greater enterprises than this people ever before engaged upon give promise of continuing development at once vast and satisfactory.

Ma' all our readers participate fully in the prosperity and unity of Canadian citizenship, and may 1905 prove to one and all a Happy New Year.

CANADIAN SYMPATHY WITH FRENCH CATHOLICS.

A Montreal despatch speaks of a resolution of sympathy from the Church throughout Canada with the Catholics of France. Such a resolution must mean more than a mere formal assurance of commiseration. It should encourage the democratic spirit that is stirring in the Catholic body of France, and bringing Bishops, clergy and people upon common ground where they can face such a situation as confronts them with confidence in the vitality of Catholicism and fortitude in their own strength in the state.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Though three candidates are in the field for the mayoralty election in Toronto, the issue is between Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Gooderham. It should be possible to take the present ballot when both men are well known without parading any of the old municipal scarecrows.

The taxpayers of Toronto are intelligent enough to protect their interests against corporations like the Toronto Railway Company. This they will have to do so when the time comes no matter who may be elected mayor this year or next.

American Saints to be Canonized

A number of the early missionary fathers of the Jesuit Order of America are to be beatified and some more canonized by Pius X. One of the Jesuit Fathers who is a member of the court appointed to examine the evidence in the individual cases which has been brought before Rome has this to say with regard to the process.

thony Daniel, John de Brebault, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, priests of the Society of Jesus, and of the laymen, their assistants, or donors, Rene Goupil and John de La Lande, was instituted early in September by His Grace, N. L. Bégin. Although many other of the early missionaries of New France and their donnes, and even some of their prophets, might have been included in this process, only those have been selected whose death for the faith can be most satisfactorily proved.

"Instead of instituting courts in the various dioceses in which these servants of God were put to death for the faith, it was decided to have but one court, in Quebec. For the benefit of the witnesses who reside in France, the cardinal archbishop of France will be authorized to institute the informative process there also, and this will be done next April.

Sad Accident at London

A London despatch reports the tragic death on Saturday of a popular railroad man, Yardmaster Navin of the G.T.R. He was struck by a freight and mangled.

Yardmaster Navin's nephew was on the scene shortly afterwards, and he asked that Father McKeon, of St. Mary's Church, be notified, and it was the latter who broke the news to the family at 377 Frey street.

Mr. Navin had been employed on the Grand Trunk for many years, and he was acknowledged by officials and employees alike to be one of the best yardmen in the service. From the superintendent to the callboy he was held high in esteem, and the sympathy of all will go out to the bereaved relatives. Besides his widow, he is survived by three little children, Kathleen, Joseph and William, and three sisters, Mrs. William Farmer, of London; Fannie, of Detroit; Alice of Manistee, Mich., and two brothers, Patrick of Windsor and James of 231 Talbot street.

The arrangements for the funeral have not been made as yet.

Mr. Navin's father was an employe of the Grand Trunk, and many years ago met his death while doing some yardwork near the old race-track siding.

Superstition

(From the Sacred Heart Review.)

Our Protestant friends and fellow citizens, no matter how thoroughly they know us, find it very hard to let go the old idea that Catholics are superstitious. They fondly imagine that the "pure Gospel" and the twentieth century civilization have done away with superstition among them, but as for us poor, benighted Catholics, we are impervious to the one and indifferent to the other. Therefore we are lost in the darkness of superstition.

As a matter of fact, non-Catholics are far more prone to fall into superstitious ways and observances and to follow after superstitious fads than Catholics, for the latter are instructed and trained from their earliest childhood to put no trust in these things, some of which Bishop Potter mentioned. The Catholic catechism is particularly clear, explicit and insistent on the sin against the majesty, omniscience and providence of God involved in giving credence to or attention to superstitious observances.

I.C.B.U. Condolence

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His divine wisdom to take to Himself the wife of our esteemed brother member, J. Kelly, we, the officers and members of Branch No. 1, Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada, that while humbly bowing in submission to the supreme will of our heavenly Father, beg to extend to Bro. J. Kelly our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this his sad hour of bereavement.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the wife of our esteemed brother, J. Stewart, we, the officers and members of Branch No. 1, Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada, that while bowing in humble submission to the divine will of our Heavenly Father, beg to extend to our brother, J. Stewart, our heartfelt sympathy in this his sad hour of bereavement.

This is the holiday to visit your friends, and the Grand-Trunk offers reduced rate of single fare for round trip between all stations in Canada, also to Port Huron and Detroit, Mich., Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N. Y. Good going all trains Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st and 2nd, valid returning until Jan. 3rd, or at fare and one-third good going Dec. 30, 31, and Jan 1st and 2nd. Valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1905.

The Pope in Canada.

London, Dec. 27.—At the audience which the Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., had with the Pope yesterday, His Holiness made many inquiries regarding the Bishop's diocese. The Pope was greatly interested to learn that it contained 10,000 Indian Catholics, and sent them a special benediction.

In a pamphlet entitled "Further Notes on Catholic Child Immigration to Canada," the Rev. E. Baus and A. C. Thomas, who recently visited Canada, says: "Of course it is quite possible that those laboring in the interests of the children and that many members of boards of guardians and others who have gone to Canada to study this question, and spent themselves and their money in studying it on the spot, may be all wrong, and that emigration is not a good means of disposal."

Early Ireland and Mary

We find in the Freeman's Journal of Sydney, a long and very able paper by Cardinal Moran on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Early Irish Church." It was read by His Eminence at the Australian Catholic Congress in Melbourne. First he showed how the piety and devotion of the Celtic race towards the Mother of God found the fullest expression in a beautiful litany in the Irish language, which for poetic imagery and vividness of expression was at its date unique, perhaps in Western Christendom.

The litany, which is preserved in the "Leabhar Breac," a precious repository of ancient Celtic religious records, clearly sets forth Mary's Immaculate Conception. Next the Cardinal brought forward the testimony of the "Leabhar Imuin," dating back to the ninth or tenth century, and the "Liber Hymnorum," which contains a Latin hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin composed by St. Cuchumne about the year 700; the Stow, Corpus Christi, Drummond, Rosslyn, and Bobbio Missals, the Felire or Festology of St. Aengus and other Celtic Martyrologies, the prayers and litanies of the early Church preserved in Continental and other libraries, incidents in the lives of the Irish Saints, and the illuminated pictures of early art.

Worse to Come in France

Vox Urbis, in the New York Freeman's Journal, tells that at a dinner party given in honor of a distinguished religious who was about to leave Rome to rule the destinies of his order in a distant land, where all the guests, and among them was one aged and venerable father, spoke of coming events in France. Naturally enough Vox Urbis was anxious to learn from now the probable outcome of the present situation.

At the closing of the De La Salle Institute in connection with the Christmas holidays, took place at 3 p.m. on Thursday last. The hall was filled with the pupils, their parents and friends, and many priests of the city, besides others interested in educational matters.

DE LA SALLE CLOSING.

The closing of the De La Salle Institute in connection with the Christmas holidays, took place at 3 p.m. on Thursday last. The hall was filled with the pupils, their parents and friends, and many priests of the city, besides others interested in educational matters.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, N.P., on Canadian Sentiment. Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P. for Galway, addressing a Birmingham meeting last week, said he had just returned from Canada, where he had taken part in the recent electoral campaign.

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In and Around Toronto.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The principal celebration of the festival of Christmas at St. Michael's Cathedral, was at the third Mass of the day, a solemn high mass celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Rev. Father Bohler as deacon and Rev. Father Murray as sub-deacon, with Rev. Father Whelan as assistant priest. The Cathedral was in state in honor of the joyous festival, the cross, crozier and mitre all playing a part in the ceremonies of the sanctuary.

AT THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

At the House of Providence everything was in gala attire for Christmas Mass Day. As you entered the hall a "Joyous Christmas" in golden letters on a white background greeted you. Holly and greenery mingled with various devices in silver and gold circled the entrance.

DEATH OF MRS. MURPHY.

On Friday at her late residence, 170 Argyle street, the death occurred of Mrs. Murphy, wife of Mr. Nicholas Murphy, K.C. The deceased lady had been delicate for some years, and was thus an easy victim for pneumonia which was the cause of death.

SANTA CLAUS AT ST. PAUL'S.

In St. Paul's parish on Monday afternoon Santa Claus ran fairly riot, and as a consequence the exuberance of the thousand or so children who gathered in the basement of the church to meet the long looked for guest, was something wonderful to behold. The affair had been in preparation for some time and when developed took the form of several series of stereopticon views, a succession of choruses from the boys and girls alternately and presentations from Santa Claus.

veloped took the form of several series of stereopticon views, a succession of choruses from the boys and girls alternately and presentations from Santa Claus. The scene was a most animated one, just as much like a human beehive as one could very well imagine. The row after row of boys and girls, the teachers running hither and thither, the incessant stir and hum of the series ranks, the restless faces of the children, their restive movements of expectancy while awaiting the great things in store, were all something that can only be found midst a joyous gathering of children.

ago. Besides her husband Mrs. Murphy is survived by her son, Mr. N. C. Murphy, and one daughter, Mrs. C. Taylor. May she rest in peace.

THE LATE MRS. O'HARA.

The death of Mrs. O'Hara, wife of Mr. Joseph O'Hara of 207 McCaul street, is one that caused keen sorrow not alone to her bereaved husband and family, but throughout the whole of St. Patrick's parish, where she was esteemed and held in the affectionate regard of a large circle of acquaintances.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF SISTER PAUL.

Fifty years in the Community of St. Joseph, a half century in the service of God's poor and afflicted ones, five decades spent in the vineyard of the Master; such is the record attached to the name of Sister Paul, who on Tuesday last celebrated her Golden Jubilee at the House of Providence in this city.

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602 Queen St. W. Toronto. Importers and Mfrs. of ALTAZ FURNISHINGS, UPHOLSTERY, CARPETS, CATHOLIC BOOKS Etc. The Best 8 day Oil and Beeswax Candles Always on Hand. Phone Park 832. Phone Park 1291.

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 ence. Address Michael Duggan, Mar-
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For SS. No. 21. State salary.
 Applications received up till the 20th.
 Apply P. CAVANAGH, Secretary,
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 a critical examination of the musical
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 Organs and Piano Players
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NOTICE
 TENDERS will be received by the
 Department of Inland Revenue until
 February 1, 1905, from parties de-
 siring to enter into a three
 years' contract for the supply of
 Wood Naphtha to be used in the man-
 ufacture of Methylated Spirits.
 Each tender must state the price
 per standard gallon of a strength
 not less than 87 Over Proof by
 Sykes' Hydrometer and of a qual-
 ity to be approved by the Depart-
 ment.
 Each tender must have marked on
 the envelope "Tender for Wood Nap-
 tha" and must be addressed to the
 Deputy Minister of Inland Revenue.
 By order,
 WM. HIMSWORTH,
 Secretary.

HEADACHE
 Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE
 AND NEURALGIA CURE
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 business man, and his management will
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 it needs. He is a Business Can-
 didate for a Business City.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a Di-
 vidend at the rate of seven per cent.
 per annum has this day been declar-
 ed on the paid-up stock of the com-
 pany for the half-year ending 31st
 December inst., and that the same
 will be payable at the Head Office of
 the Company, No. 76 Church street,
 Toronto, on and after 3rd January
 prox.

The Transfer Books will be closed
 from 16th to 31st December inst.,
 both days inclusive.
 By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
 Managing Director.
 Toronto, 12th December, 1904.

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 highest grade, large size 14K
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 sired—ink feeding device
 perfect.
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 You may try the pen a week
 If you do not find it as repre-
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 makes, if not entirely satis-
 factory in every respect, re-
 turn it and we will send you
 \$1.10 for it, the extra 10c is
 for your trouble in writing us
 and to show our confidence in
 the Laughlin Pen—(Not one
 customer in 500 has asked
 for their money back.)
 Lay this Publication
 down and write NOW
 Safety Pocket Pen Holder
 sent free of charge with each
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 ADDRESS
Laughlin Mfg. Co.
 26 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
 In the matter of the estate of Thomas
 Breen, late of the Township of
 York, in the County of York, Pro-
 vince of Ontario, farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to
 R.S.O. 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38,
 that all persons having claims against
 the estate of Thomas Breen, late of
 the Township of York, in the County
 of York, and Province of Ontario,
 farmer, deceased, who died on or
 about the seventeenth day of May,
 A.D. 1904, are hereby required on or
 before the 16th day of January, A.D.
 1905, to send by post prepaid or to
 deliver to Messrs. McBrady & O'-
 Connor, Canada Life Building, 46
 King street west, Toronto, solicitors
 for the Executors of the Estate of
 the deceased, their names and ad-
 dresses with a full statement of par-
 ticulars of their claims and the na-
 ture of the securities (if any) held
 by them, duly verified by statutory
 declaration.

And take notice further that after
 the said 16th day of January, A.D.
 1905, the said Executors will pro-
 ceed to distribute the assets of the
 said deceased among the parties en-
 titled thereto, having regard only
 to the claims of which they shall then
 have had notice, and the said Exe-
 cutors will not be liable for the said
 assets or any part thereof, to any
 person or persons of whose claim or
 claims notice shall not have been re-
 ceived by the said Executors or their
 solicitors at the time of such distri-
 bution.
 Dated at Toronto this 16th day of
 December, A.D. 1904.
McBRADY & O'CONNOR,
 Solicitors for Executors.

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NEW YEAR
HOLIDAY RATES

TERRITORY Between all Stations in Ca-
 nada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste.
 Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor
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It is better than electricity, because
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 Better than X-ray, because it does not
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 the skin. Better than depilatories, be-
 cause it is not poisonous; therefore,
 it will not cause blood poisoning, or
 produce eczema, which is so common
 with depilatories, and does not break
 off the hair, thereby increasing its
 growth.

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 lished—containing the testimonials of
 numerous physicians and surgeons and
 those of hundreds of others—will be
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 upon request. Write for it to-day to
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McSHANE'S BELLS
 See original catalogue of samples
 over 2500 types and sizes of bells
 including BELL TOWER, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

women gave a programme of a most
 pleasing character. The concert was
 most homelike and somehow a little
 pathetic. The songs known to be fa-
 vorites with Sister Paul were sung.
 First came the hymn, Mother I could
 weep for mirth, then Breath the
 News to Mother, Beautiful Angels
 Keep Watch and Ward, Killarney and
 the Minstrel Boy, and other familiar
 airs played on the mouth organ by
 one of the girls, to the accompani-
 ment of the organ. An address
 touching and sincere was read; it
 congratulated Sister Paul in elo-
 quent words and gave thanks to
 God for giving her to them to be a
 comfort and consolation to every
 member of the House. Benediction,
 during which the Christmas Pastores
 was beautifully sung, closed the af-
 ternoon.

A festive dinner was one of the
 features of the event, and the happy
 jubilation was kept busy through-
 out the day in receiving the congratu-
 lations of the Sisters throughout the
 city, and of the people for whom
 she labors. "You can't say too
 much about Sister Paul," said some-
 one near, "You might say all good
 things and then not have said half
 enough." The relatives of Sister
 Paul in this country are Sister
 Aloysious, a Sister of Charity in Buf-
 falo, and the family of her brother,
 Mr. McDonnell of St. Louis. The
 Catholic Register joins in the sincere
 wish that Sister Paul may be left for
 many years to continue her work
 in the Community, who so lately joined
 in the celebration of her golden
 jubilee.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.
 St. Michael's Hospital shared in
 the general Christmas rejoicing, in
 as much as the conditions of the
 house would permit. Those who
 could assist at the early masses,
 three being said at an early hour, and
 specially prepared music enhanced the
 joyful sentiments of the time. The
 wards were brightened with flowers
 and holly and the Christmas turkey,
 plum-pudding and extra delicacies
 were at the command of all. On the
 whole it was a very busy time, for
 Christmas thought it brought many
 joys, did not prevent much sickness
 and the hospital was filled with the
 sick and afflicted.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.
 At the last high mass at St. Pat-
 rick's on Christmas Day, Kalliwoda's
 Mass was sung by the old choir, this
 being their final farewell. The
 singing under the direction of Mr.
 Cosgrave, maintained its old high
 class standing, and the members were
 again thanked for their painstaking
 and highly satisfactory services in
 the past. Solemn Vespers and Pen-
 itence were given in the evening.

**THE SACRED HEART ORPHAN-
 AGE.**
 At the Sacred Heart Orphanage,
 Sunnyside, Christmas brought happi-
 ness full and overflowing. Every-
 where were brightness and merriment.
 High Mass, beautiful singing by the
 children, house decorations, a Christ-
 mas tree in every dormitory, dolls
 of surpassing beauty, hockey skates
 in generous numbers, turkey without
 stint, plum-pudding galore—these
 were some of the things which made
 the day one long unending period
 of gladness. The Sisters are full of
 thanks to the benefactors of the
 House, who this year surpassed even
 former efforts.

A SAD DEATH.
 At Toronto Junction on Friday
 last a young fireman, Mr. William
 Keany met his death by being run
 over by an engine in the yards of
 the C.P.R. He was brought to St.
 Michael's Hospital and though suf-
 fering terribly, lived until the follow-
 ing Monday. During his stay at the
 hospital he was conscious most of
 the time, and while only twenty-two
 years of age, the calmness and forti-
 tude with which he prepared for death
 was such as to edify all who witness-
 ed it. The useful and bright life
 cut off so sadly cast a gloom over
 the hospital, accustomed as it is to
 scenes of sorrow and death.
 From his boyhood Mr. Keany
 had been a model of practical and
 pious Catholicity, and this is now
 the greatest consolation in the home
 where a bereaved father, mother, a
 young brother and three sisters mourn
 the dear one taken from them in so
 unexpected a manner. The funeral
 took place from St. Cecilia's Church,
 Toronto Junction. May he rest in
 peace.

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 About your Table
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AN UNSUCCESSFUL SCOUNDREL

David hesitated, then spoke. "But it is not right."

Reed laughed loudly. "My dear fellow, is anything right—from some one else's point of view?"

Then he grew earnest. "See here! There was Tompkins, Jed Dold, half a dozen others, all like you, working on a salary, afraid to get married or to call their souls their own. Look at them! Having a pretty good time of it, aren't they? And it's all from a few odd dollars spent in picking up tax lands."

"I tell you," Reed went on, warming to his subject, "a young man in a State like this is a fool to neglect such chances. Why, you never know what some hillside farm will pan out. I found a coal-mine on one, didn't I? And look at Jed—everything booming round those shanties in the bottom. Why, he can sell the ground to-day for a small fortune. As for Tompkins, he has an oil-well. I know every one doesn't get rich, but who loses? You can't lose."

"Oh, go along, Jimmy!" said David good-humoredly. "Think you're giving me news? Haven't you defamed me with your bragging ever since these things happened? I know it's nice to have money and a certain sort of power, but money isn't everything, and there's another sort of power."

"But it takes the money to make it effective, you bet!" said Jimmy Reed, cheerfully.

"That's where you're wrong!" retorted David, defiantly. "Get out, Jimmy! You'll make me late."

It was shortly after this that David fell in love, and began thinking how sweet it would be to make a home of his own. All young men who are worth anything at all have this thought sooner or later. It marks the time when they stop being boys. And now it had come to David. He began to want to make more money for this purpose, but it is hard to make money out of no money unless one is a professional financier.

David's eighty dollars a month represented the maximum wage for a stenographer in his town, and most of that went to his mother and sister. Clearly a home of his own was an unattainable luxury without leaving his dear people to shift for themselves, an impossible alternative in his mind.

One day, as he made these reflections for the thousandth time, his employer's voice broke in on his reverie.

"David, I wish you would stop at the clerk's office on your way from dinner and look up the titles to those delinquent tax lands I spoke of. The sale is to-morrow, you know." He paused a moment, then added, "Why don't you invest a few dollars that way yourself? Tompkins has made a good thing out of it. So have some other youngsters."

"That's what they tell me," answered David, non-committally. "Is there anything more, Mr. Black?" He picked up his hat as he spoke.

"I guess that's all," said the old lawyer. "I believe that boy has scruples," he confided to his partner, as the street door closed behind David. "I believe he disapproves of buying these lands."

David had no desire to be rich, but he did want enough to be able to live his own life in the country, with time to be happy with his wife and his books, doing a little gardening before breakfast—to provide the breakfast. For all he knew about farming he had gleaned from Thoreau and other philosophers.

"If we only had the farm we could live all right," David declared to the girl. When he should have the farm and enough money in the bank for them to live on with economy for three years, the girl had consented to try country life with him.



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ferred no advice. David made his way in, a trifle out of temper. "Good morning!" he said. Receiving no recognition of his greeting, he continued, curtly, "I bought this lot at the last sale of delinquent lands. It was not redeemed, and I have come to see about it. From whom do you rent?"

The man turned quite white. He was tanned, and the grime of his trade, that of blacksmith's helper, was grained in the skin, but he turned quite white.

"It's mine," he said, in a stammering voice, "my home. I paid for it." He stopped as if summing up a past of forged-labor.

"I worked for it," he went on, in that stammered tone, "and now that State has sold it for \$25, all the home I've got."

David looked through the door again. The woman in the back room coughed, as she stooped over her stove. The squalid children clamored. The one fresh and lovely thing in the poor home was a blue-eyed child of two years, perhaps, peeping over her father's shoulder.

"It's your home still," spoke David of the hardened heart. Involuntarily he expected the man to look astonished and grateful. He did not. He merely looked relieved, blessedly relieved.

Then he got up and held out his hand to David. "I'll pay you back," he said. "Times ain't always so bad. It's both of us having the fever that got us in this hole. Don't you be afraid, Mr. —"

"Moore," said David. "Yes, Mr. Moore, you shan't lose your money, if you don't mind waiting a bit."

"That's all right," said David. "Don't you bother." He was going away with this, but the man insisted on his address. After a moment's reflection, during which he put himself in the man's place, David gave it to him.

"I would rather pay it," he thought as he strode off to the next address. "Besides," he added, "as an unsuccessful scoundrel I can't afford to lose that money. I'm not a very good scoundrel yet. I'm afraid. Hello! Here's the place, I guess."

"Who lives here?" he asked, politely, of a schoolgirl just passing. "Mr. Oleson, the carpenter, but the house belongs to Granny Downs," said the girl, yielding to the impulse of her sex to give gratuitous information.

"Much obliged," said David, hurrying in. He pointedly declined to know more about "Granny" Downs. But he could not curb the tongue he had loosed.

"Nelly," said David, that evening, "suppose a poor laboring man had a lot of children and a sick wife and hard luck, could you turn him out of house and home?"

"Of course not, David!" she cried, with wondering eyes on his face. "And," he went on, "suppose a neat old woman, with a cane and a cap and a black apron, had a tidy old cottage, with window-boxes and a rose bush, and a hard-working carpenter for a tenant, while she lived round the corner with a married daughter, could you deprive her of her one source of income?"

"You know I couldn't, David," said Nelly, with an inkling of the truth, "but the farm?"

"On the farm," said David, "lives a young woman whose patriotic husband has gone to defend his native land in the Philippines. She hasn't heard from him lately, and something may have happened to him. Billy is rather indifferent about him."

"And who is Billy?" "The children's uncle." "Oh, are there children on the farm, too?"

"Any number. Well?" "Well what, David?" "What would you have done?" "Exactly what you did, David."

"Nelly," said David, "I can't make people miserable, that's all. You can't, either. That's why we suit each other."

Nelly looked thoughtfully in the fire across the chessboard, on which the "scoundrel" was shamelessly giving her the game. She could not play chess the least little bit, but she thought she could, and he hardly ever had the heart to beat her. Sometimes she felt sorry for him and tried to give him games.

"What is it?" he asked. "I've some news for you," she answered. "It's a secret, but Bruce won't mind you."

"Bruce?" "Elizabeth." "Elizabeth?" "You blind boy! Haven't you seen it?"

"How could I, over here?" "Bruce wants her to marry him at Easter."

"The blessed children!" cried David. "Little Lizzie—the idea!" He still wore his air of amazement when Bruce looked in on his way to see Elizabeth.

"I've told David," announced Nelly, and he came forward, blushing boyishly.

"You and Nelly set us a good example," he said. When they had speeded him on his way Nelly and David continued their game, or rather David continued to give away men and Nelly to take them pityingly. As she reluctantly captured his queen, her hand lingering on the board, David caught it gently.

"Never mind the game," he said. "It's yours, anyway. Don't let's wait for the farm, Nell. Come home and take Lizzie's place to mother. You'll love mother."

"I love her now," said motherless Nelly. She patted David's hand as it clasped hers on the demoralized chess-board.

"We'll save for the farm together, boy," she said. "It will be sweeter to get it that way, won't it?" "You dearest!" cried the unsuccessful "scoundrel."

How to Face Cold Weather Without Taking Cold. Now that the season for "colds," coughs and neuralgic pains is with us, says the New York Herald, the careful man is on the lookout for such preventative measures as will guard him against the "eager and nipping air" that may prepare the way for a winter's sickness.

It is the proper adaptation to his environment that must settle the question of his immunity against the ever threatening weather ailments. With the changeable climate of our northern latitudes the task is often a difficult one. Thus a sudden drop in temperature is often followed by a veritable epidemic of catarrhal troubles.

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"Out From the Mist" Out from the mist of bygone days. Rises a face, and glorious rays. Encircles the brow—serene and white, And eyes glance soft with old-time light. Then comes a rush of memories sweet, Surging along life's dreary street. The present, so dark and sad and drear, Melts away and the past is here.

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MISS BOBBY

Oh, how the sunbeams danced and played with the lilac trees down by the little iron gate that seemed to Bobby's longing eyes the bar, or, more strictly speaking, the six iron bars, which shut her from the long paved street and noisy, happy street arable!

At first this decree seemed very easy, and the little enclosure was a veritable garden of Eden, each one following the dictates of his or her particular taste, or lack of taste.

We will leave Bobby standing on the threshold of what seemed to her freedom and happiness, and go back eleven or twelve years to a chill gray day in October, when Mr. and Mrs. Warrington were discussing a suitable name for their new-born babe.

But we must return to our Peri whom we left, not endeavoring to gain entrance within the gate, but meditating flight outside the portals.

Bobby thought for one brief moment that this was heaven, and that beautiful Lady with the pale blue mantle was beckoning her.

Mechanically Bobby sank into the seat, her eyes riveted on the face of the heavenly Lady, while from the side door children in white veils came slowly and reverently into the church, carrying at intervals little blue and white, or gold and white banners, the organ breaking out into a full staid "Kyrie Eleison."

Outside the church she was surprised to find that the daylight was fast merging into night—not the sudden transition which we have in Canada, but that beautiful, purple, indescribable twilight peculiar to England.

As she neared home she was quite surprised to see a little crowd collected round a crater exclaiming,

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"Child lost, Child lost!" Yes, she is the one he describes, the "red dress" was decidedly hers; the "white pinafore" had undergone some slight modification in color, but the "sailor hat, probably worn on the back of the neck" and "boots minus a few buttons" were unmistakably hers.

The next day Mrs. Warrington talked long and seriously with the delinquent, and then listened to Bobbie's explanation and account of what she had seen and heard.

Some time afterwards Mr. Warrington informed the family that he had met a Franciscan monk, and had been invited to midnight mass in the monastery chapel, but he regretted not being able to take his wife, as women were not admitted.

"Why, yes, you may; for I really think the Sister's influence would be more beneficial than otherwise, if they will let my little heretics in among their flock," he replied.

The child loved to steal into this quiet, shabby, little church, day after day, and before the altar of Our Lady think out the question that perplexed her mind, until she resolved to ask the Sisters to let her study catechism with the Catholic children; she knew their prayers, and oh! joy of joys! knew all the Hail Mary, of which she had treasured a fragment for four years.

The still light from the stained windows seemed to play upon the features of the image of Mary Immaculate, and the ardent imagination of the child seemed to see a smile and gentle inclination of the head. Taking this as a sign of acquiescence, Bobby lovingly imprinted a kiss on

the cold marble altar and with one longing look at the face of her beautiful Lady, as though she would have imprinted it there, left the church and walked quickly home.

Four or five anxious weeks passed and there was no reply to the many applications made by Mr. Warrington, until one bright May morning when the lilacs were again blooming in the garden.

Mr. Warrington hastily tore open the letter and then called his wife, "Yes, mother, it's an answer at last, but it is an appointment in Canada!" Mrs. Warrington's face fell.

We will pass over the breaking up of home and old ties, Bobby's disconsolate farewell visit to her "Lady" and the voyage across the Atlantic, the novel experience in a new country, and look in on the Warringtons as they are seated at table on a bright September evening some two years later.

Mr. Warrington is not changed in the slightest, and time has dealt kindly and lightly with his wife, but the children have grown taller and more robust.

"The child loved to steal into this quiet, shabby, little church, day after day, and before the altar of Our Lady think out the question that perplexed her mind, until she resolved to ask the Sisters to let her study catechism with the Catholic children; she knew their prayers, and oh! joy of joys! knew all the Hail Mary, of which she had treasured a fragment for four years.

After some demur, and only when Mr. Warrington gave his consent, did the good Sister allow Bobby, or, as she was now properly called, Lily, to study catechism. The result was as might have been expected, a desire to belong wholly and unreservedly to that Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

FREE... Under the Schoolhouse... Far up in Aroostook County, Maine, stands a small log schoolhouse.

Far up in Aroostook County, Maine, stands a small log schoolhouse. The winter term did not begin as early as usual last year, as the new stove which was needed did not come until December 14th.

With that quaver ran through the juvenile assemblage, and one little girl began to cry. Several others in a group, beats, huddling together.

"I guess it's a 'lucivee' teacher!" Alden whispered, with excitement in his eye. "But I can tell," he continued, and got down on his knees to the crack between the boards.

"Smell him," replied Alden, who was wise in the ways of Aroostook hunters, if not in arithmetic. He put his nose close to the crack and sniffed critically.

"The teacher now allayed the children's fears, preserved order, and even heard two classes in mental arithmetic. When at last Leferts, in red leggings and fur cap, made his appearance, she met him at the door and said:

"Mr. Leferts, I think there is a bear under my schoolhouse. May I ask you to remove him with as little disturbance as possible?" The bear was finally shot through a hole under the sill of the house, but not without considerable "disturbance."

The animal had evidently gone into winter quarters there. Apparently his "bed" was directly beneath the new stove, and the excessive heat of that first morning of school had aroused him. Otherwise he might have slept there all winter, with education in full swing overhead.

Curiosities of Nature

A very wonderful thing is the great Piedra Mondizor, or rocking stone, which is poised on the top of the highest mountain on the eastern coast of the far-off Argentine Republic in South America.

There is a legend telling how this province, once very rich, was attacked by a much dreaded Gaucho chief, who tried in vain many times to conquer it.

All were strong and vigorous animals, to which even the slightest harness necessary to secure them to the ropes leading from the great boulder was an insult not to be tolerated for a moment.

The more idle a woman's hand the more occupied her heart.—Hubay. Let woman stand upon her female character as upon a foundation.—Lamb.

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Be prompt in everything.
Take time to consider, but decide positively.
Dare to go forward.
Bear troubles patiently.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never tell business lies.
Never appear something more than you are.
Shun strong liquor.
Pay your debts promptly.
Employ your time well.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Be polite to everybody.
Never be discouraged.
Then work hard and you will be successful.

No Civil Divorce in Italy

On the part of the Italian Government, a definite legislation regarding the recognition of civil divorce, and assurances have been given to the Vatican authorities that such a law would not be presented again to parliament.

At the time the late Minister Zanardelli submitted the scheme for the approval of the chambers, the Vatican authorities were active in their opposition to the project, and a monster petition signed by 1,000,000 Catholics was then presented to parliament protesting against the passage of the proposed law.

The determined opposition of the dowager queen to the adoption of divorce laws in Italy had also much effect in preventing the passage of the measure, but only just now formal assurances have been given by the government that the bill will be allowed to fall into oblivion.

Separate School Elections

Again we feel, in justice to the Catholic community of the city of Toronto, the advisability of retaining such men on our Separate School Board as James J. O'Hearn from Ward No. 1. Mr. O'Hearn's business qualifications are assets on our Board which cannot be overrated. When such men are at our disposal we should certainly retain them. An election by acclamation would be the only liberal reward to a man who has brought both energy and practical knowledge to bear in his service to the school board.

PERSONAL

Rev. Father MacRae of Brechin, was in Toronto last week.
Mr. John O'Connell of Winnipeg, Man., is in the city.

Money is a greater torment in the possession than it is in the pursuit.
Many conditions are necessary for happiness, which are rarely encountered together.

Not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver.

Even the holy Name of Christ will not serve us unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection.

As flowers must be crushed to extract their essence, so the soul of a Christian exhales a sweeter perfume of sanctity when it has borne the pressure of the Cross.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have some ill-nature, whose occasional outcropping we must expect, and what we must forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

In my wanderings on foot when I walk through the provinces of Europe and talk to the people, and fish and learn, I find that what people lack most in life is simplicity—the poor man as well as the rich. It consists not in plain dress, but in plain living, in simplicity of heart, of personal beliefs and respect for the beliefs of others.—Rev. Charles Wagner.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Island Breakwater Extension," will be received at this office until Thursday, January 29th, 1905, inclusively, for the construction of an extension to the Breakwater on south side of Toronto Island, City of Toronto, in the County of York, Ontario, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge of harbor works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for seven thousand dollars (\$7,000), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, December 23, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

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FOR 1905

WARD NO. 5
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International Stock Food is a purely medicinal vegetable preparation composed of roots, herbs, seeds, bark, etc., and is fed to stock in small quantities in addition to the regular grain rations. We positively guarantee that it will keep all stock in good condition and insure rapid growth. It will enable you to fatten your stock in from 20 to 30 days less time than you could without it. International Stock Food will save you money over the ordinary way of feeding. A trial will convince you.

A \$3,000 Stock Book Free
CONTAINS 123 LARGE ENGRAVINGS OF STOCK

This book cost us over \$3,000 to produce. The cover is a beautiful live stock picture without any advertising on it, contains 120 pages, size 6 1/2 x 9 1/2, gives history, description and illustrations of the various breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. Many stockmen say they would not take \$5.00 for their copy if they could not get another. The fully illustrated Veterinary Department alone will save you hundreds of dollars, as it treats of all the ordinary diseases to which stock are subject, and tells you how to cure them.

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This book will be mailed free, postage prepaid, if you will write us at once and answer these two questions—
1. What name did you see this in?
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BOARD OF CONTROL
Election—Monday, January 2nd, 1905.
Your Vote and Influence are Solicited for the Re-Election of
JOHN SHAW
AS
Controller for 1905

ALD. RAMSDEN
FOR
BOARD OF CONTROL

You have four votes for Controller (xxxx) Give me 1, 2, 3 or 4.

1905 Board of Control 1905

Your Vote and Influence Solicited for the Election of
JOSEPH OLIVER
FOR CONTROLLER

Abolish Level Crossings and Save Lives

1905 WARD 3 1905

Your vote and influence are respectfully asked for

SAMUEL MCBRIDE
ALDERMAN FOR 1905

1905 WARD 4 1905

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully asked for

RICHARD A. DONALD
AS ALDERMAN

PLATFORM—The application of clear-cut business principles to city business.

WARD 4

ALD. W. S. HARRISON
AGAIN RESPECTFULLY SOLICITS

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

WARD 6

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited on behalf of

W. J. CLARK
AS ALDERMAN

EX-ALD. A. R. DENISON

Respectfully asks your votes 1, 2, 3, or 4, and influence for the

Board of Control

WARD NO. 4

ALD. S. A. JONES
ASKS YOUR SUPPORT

Platform Progress

KINDLY RE-ELECT

W. P. HUBBARD
AS CONTROLLER

FOR YEAR 1905

WARD NO. 1

Ald. W. T. STEWART

Again Solicits Your Vote and Influence in

The Coming Elections.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 5 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon 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.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
- (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officer in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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ALWAYS ASK FOR THE BEST

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PARK 116. And of all reputable

MEN WANTED

We want one good man in each district, local or travelling, \$10 a year and expenses \$2.50 per day, to tack up show cards and distribute advertising matter in all conspicuous places, introducing New Discovery. No experience necessary. For particulars write

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London, Ont.