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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. V.—NO. 52.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Shooting a Bear.

FOR THE BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY

From a very early age I was fond of a gun, as who that was born in Simcoe sixty years ago was not? Why the fondness I could hardly tell, unless it was from the subtle sense so common amongst boys, that something was needed to make me look as big as I felt. Now, a gun makes a boy respectable in his own eyes, and not a little of a terror to his mother and sisters. So a gun I had, and in the pride of its possession forgot an earlier ambition to smoke or shave, and devoted much of my spare time to hunting up lead for bullets and polishing a cow's horn to carry the powder, and studying the most jaunty way I could carry the whole outfit.

As to the game in the neighborhood, it is enough to say if they had the least observation they must have felt quite comfortable, as I firmly believe now they were in far less danger than myself from that gun.

However, I was assiduous in going out to hunt, and always came back with very soiled hands—she was a muzzle-loader, as all were that time—a good many rents in my garments, and sometimes a little bird or chipmunk, and once or twice, even a black squirrel. But these bright eyed rascals were so wild, and persisted in keeping so far away, that not many of their skins adorned my belt.

Once I had a streak of luck in this way. There was a kind of swale near our place, and in passing it one ring day I stumbled unexpectedly upon a duck. Whilst, with a good deal of un-sportsmanlike nervousness, I was getting ready to fire, the old bird—she was a mother—started me by flying right in my face, and then dropping upon the ground, half running, half fluttering, she led me such a chase that it was quite impossible to take aim. And then, when the cunning old thing had drawn me far enough from her nest, she came with an easy grace, and with a whirled clear out of sight, leaving me as disappointed and angry as a boy could be. But here came the luck. One of the ducklings, pretty well grown, but not so crafty as the mother, floundered right across my path, as I was returning, and I was not slow to take a shot, as she should have done but for an easy stroke with the barrel of my fusil. If I had only followed my first impulse, and fired even one grain into the carcass, I would have effectively shut the mouths of some impatient hunters, who, on discovering the field of water, had hunted that I had shot it from some barnyard. They were jealous. However, all this, though quite true, has no bearing upon the bear story, which came about in this way.

My father's farm, on its south-west corner, touched on the river, and this swamp was the hiding place, as of much other game, so of a good plenty of bears, whose notions of the rights of property were most rudimentary. One day father came in with an angry, boisterous look upon him. The night before he had been in the field of water, and he didn't know what was the good of so many lads having guns if they could not put an end to these prowlers.

Here, then, was the chance of a lifetime. Here was the tide to be taken at the flood and led on to glory, if not fortune. Horrible!—but were the tawny spoils of the lion to be had slain; but if I could get that bear!

There was only one difficulty. I was quite free to go out with my gun in the daytime, but mother had drawn the line there; I must stay in the dark I might turn the gun the wrong way—such notions women have!—and shoot myself!

This was a real perplexity, for I am glad to say that neither then nor since was I able—may I never be—to obey a formal order of my mother. But then she was a good sound sleeper and little likely to hear my low preparations for going out by myself to try conclusions with the robber of the farm. So behold me, about eleven crawling noiselessly through the back door, and silently picking up gun and ammunition which had been put in the convenient place before I went to bed, and turning my face towards the south-east field.

hand, and the trigger rang out a clear metallic note. I have never been able to account for the effect of that sound. It was company and seemed to say, "Irace you my boy, I am here. Give me fair play, and you'll see what I'll do." There was no more hesitation. I stopped lightly forward and in a few minutes was safely perched upon the broad top of a high stump; a position which, it is said, induces the keen scent of these animals.

The powder horn was laid safely down, the hammer of the gun tried to see if it worked all right, and then I got on one knee, with a look which, if there were any light enough to see it, would have seemed to say, "Come on, Mr. Bear, and you shall see what I have for you!"

Nor was there long to wait. Bears, at least in the neighborhood of settlements, are very cunning and move with the caution of old soldiers. Too irrational to be afraid of scouts, they throw out feelers in the shape of a preliminary growl, repeated at diminishing intervals, and then, if nothing answers they conclude the coast is clear and advance to their nightly roborics. This old rascal had jumped upon the fence that shut out the world, and altered his course to challenge. In the night air a better distributor of sound than when it is day? There seemed to be a whole wilderness of bears, beards in front of me, beards behind me, and beards all round. But I was not afraid, just nervous. I have seen several people and read descriptions of the state, but the eye, the ear, the story, the lips won't hold together, and the tongue tends to fall out of the mouth. Now I wasn't a bit like that. There was no tremble about me. Indeed I was more than ordinarily steady, and this I could have taken the eye out of a pigeon at a hundred yards. I only felt a kind of stiff, and something within straining fiercely, like expounding steam, to make me jump or burst. Cool? Yes I was cool, for when I touched the downy gun it seemed to be on fire. But I was not afraid, only determined to quit myself well. And as I could learn by the fizzling sound of the oats that the great brute was making straight towards the stump, and there was no time to lose; I pulled myself up and took a firmer grasp of the gun, but in the movement, I unfortunately overrode the powder horn, which fell to the ground with a thud, leaving me dependent upon a single charge. This wasn't pleasant, and the complete obscuring of the moon by thick clouds made it no better. I wasn't afraid, as I think I have said before, but I was nervous. I felt like some. Some kinds of company produce that feeling just as effectively as the complete isolation, and the society of a bear in a secluded field, at twelve o'clock on a very dark night, may be taken as a specimen of the kind of company that I was getting.

Next more successful than I did. Mr. Patrick, on a famous occasion, had got over his night cap of clouds and showed the wide fields and distant swamp sleeping as quietly as became a serene summer night. It was an invitation to go back to bed, which I did. Next more successful than I did. Mr. Patrick, on a famous occasion, had got over his night cap of clouds and showed the wide fields and distant swamp sleeping as quietly as became a serene summer night. It was an invitation to go back to bed, which I did.

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CLOSING AT ST. MARY'S.

Greeting to Pastor and Parents by the Boys at the School.

Surrounded by a large garden of flowers and budding, the parents and friends of the boys of St. Mary's school enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon on Wednesday of last week. The occasion was the Christmas greeting to the pupils to their pastor, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. Father William McCann, V.G., Father John Carey, trustees, and Captain Pearce of the 17th Madras Infantry. The programme was a very pleasing one, and showed careful training on the part of those who took part, for which too much praise cannot be given their music teachers Prof. Donville and Brother James.

Part I.—Chorus, "A Merry, Merry Christmas," Boys' Choir; Opening address, G. Lynch; Song, "The Last Rose of Summer," E. Hartnett; Instrumental Selections, B. Green, J. J. Maloney, J. Barff and J. Fenell; Recitation, "Our Lady's Well," A. and E. Landreville; Chorus, "See Amid the Winter Snow," Boys' Choir; Testimonials, Junior II and III Forms; Dialogue, "The Reformed Truant," J. Madigan, T. Kelly, F. Murphy.

Part II.—Song, "The Alps," Recitation, "A Christmas Carol," Instrumental Selections, B. Green, J. Maloney, J. Barff and J. Fenell; Chorus, "The Hunter's Song," Boys' Choir; Piano Solo, P. Reid; Recitation, "The Thirteenth Leaf," E. Hartnett; Testimonials of Merit, to Form IV and Senior III.

At the conclusion of the programme Master J. Maloney read in a very creditable manner the following greeting to Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is a great source of satisfaction to all of us, again to have you in our midst this afternoon. During the year your visits to our class-rooms made us brighter and happier. All along, our aim has been to have you both at home and in school as well as we know how; at the same time keeping in view the instructions of our parents and teachers. Doubtless we have at times strayed from "the beaten path." Our short comings are better known to others than to ourselves.

We have sung, and we have recited, for a short time to-day, but we greatly fear we have not succeeded. Most of our songs and recitations had been prepared outside of the school hours, and during moments snatched from our recreation time. You have wanted to see our progress in the singing of the choir boys. Regularly and punctually have they been practicing during the year. They are now in possession of a selection of hymns both in English and in Latin, which they have been singing at the second Mass on Sundays. They are also able to sing three different Masses, these they render on "holidays of obligation. All the choir boys now anxiously await Christmas morning, when at 6:30 o'clock they will sing the High Mass of the most glorious day. In passing, it should be mentioned that the boys are very thankful to you, Very Rev. Father, for giving them the opportunity of singing a High Mass at Christmas and Easter. Any person acquainted with the subject knows that the difficulties in learning Mass are neither few nor small. The words of wonderful length and thundering sound are met with. But with the boys' good will, and the matchless teaching of Prof. Donville, the difficulties of learning the language and the music of the Church have been gradually overcome.

From the birth of the boys' choir to the present moment, the sanctuary boys have taken an important and honorable part in the singing. You must have noticed many familiar faces in the group of singers on the platform and many who served your Masses, and filled similar duties were there. In the forenoon of Sunday those boys sing in the gallery, and in the evening, dressed in soutane and surplice they sing the divine praises in the venerable language of the Church in the sanctuary. It will be remembered that the first Mass ever sung in our parish was performed on Christmas morning, two years ago, by the sanctuary boys.

In general the boys have been very punctual at the singing practices, and at their Mass on Sunday. But the parents and especially the mothers are to be commended for the credit. How often would not the boys have come late on a Sunday, or perhaps not come at all but for the timely call of the mother. Indeed, occasionally some unthinking boy has been heard to say that he was late on the Sunday because of the part of the parents the boys efforts are almost invariably satisfactory if not entirely successful. "All praise to the mothers!"

Many thanks to you, Very Rev. Father, to your assistant priests, and to the parents and friends of the boys for their presence at our closing exercises.

The boys will pray our dear Savior to grant you all that peace proclaimed on Christmas morning by the Angelic choir. They now heartily wish you, Very Rev. Father, Father William, and Father

Dollard, and their parents and friends "A very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year."

The Boys of St. Mary's School. In reply the Very Rev. General expressed the great pleasure it gave him to have been present, and to have witnessed the great progress the boys were making in music in addition to their other studies and hoped they would continue to improve, pointing out the many advantages it would be to them in the future.

It was followed by trustees Ryan and Carey both of whom complimented the boys on their success. The former gentleman made a long plea to the parents to assist him in getting a field day each year for the boys, the singing of the Adepto Fidelis by the boys choir brought to a close one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given within the portals of St. Mary's School.

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Masses were celebrated on Christmas morning in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at 7:00 and 11 o'clock. The early Masses were celebrated by Father Walsh, who addressed the congregation on the character of the great feast, and wished the people a happy and joyous Christmas. The music rendered at the High Mass was under the direction of Miss Fanning Sullivan, assisted by Glionna's orchestra, and was of a high order. The solos were taken by Misses Tymon, Coxwell, Kennedy and McManus and Masters Daviar, Tipping, McGuire and Wickoff. Leprovost's Mass was given for the first time in Canada. This beautiful composition has created quite a furor in New York musical circles, and was repeated with orchestral accompaniment this Sunday morning at 10:45.

The Adepto Jules and Hallelujah choruses were also sung and the programme was equal to any of the many excellent productions of this choir. Another feature in connection with Lourdes choir was the gift of a beautiful marble clock by the members of Mr. J. Gaudin on the occasion of his marriage. The presentation address was made by Mr. Andrew Costan, and the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, congratulated the members on their unity and the interest they took in the welfare of the choir. The sermon at the High Mass was preached by Rev. J. Sweeney, Superior of St. Michael's College. Speaking of Christmas he said the first thought from this great feast was one of joy and good wishes. "We desire, therefore," he added, "for your lives to be a constant offering to God in the highest and purest sense of the word. Let us transport ourselves into the cave of Bethlehem, and there in company with Mary and the Mother and Joseph adore the Babe lying upon a mat of straw. Eternal, immense, omnipotent, the uncreated Word and begotten Son of God He lies in the weakness and speechlessness of infancy. It is the light that enlightens every man that cometh into the world; His was the light that reached back to kings and prophets who had yearned to see Him but saw Him not on to Jacob his father, who prophesied about Him to Isaac, who prophesied about Him to Joseph, who prophesied to where Noah built his ark and saved the race. If the crib of Bethlehem is the abyss of majesty it is also the abyss of humility and abasement. We see our blessed Lord teaching His first lesson. And so there can be no angelic hymn sung in union with our Savior who accept humiliation, and cross and trial from the hand of God. With faith and love, therefore, let us abide at the crib of Bethlehem, let us thank our dear Lord most earnestly for having come upon the earth and let us beg of Him the grace that we may love Him over—love Him more next year than we have done this.

Mr. ASHER, who is running for alderman in Ward 6, is one in whom the people can have confidence. Mr. Ryan, who has been a member of the Separate School Board for nearly 20 years, says: "Mr. Asher is a man whom I have known for many years. He is without doubt the most liberal-minded man that I have come in contact with and I can with confidence recommend him to any and every one who is worthy of their most hearty support."

Mr. Asher was nominated by Alderman James Scott and seconded by Mr. M. J. Woods. That is sufficient that he is the man for the people. By putting Mr. Asher in at the head of the poll will be a fitting proof of his character. Elector of Ward 6, when voting on the 3rd of January, select four good and true men, and see that Mr. Asher is among them.

Where Mr. Asher is known he will receive a solid vote; that should be the right man in the right place. adv.

Mr. C. J. McCabo is a candidate for Separate school trustee in Ward 2. He has had valuable experience as a school teacher.

Irish Parliamentary Fund for 1898.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1897. P. F. Cronin, Esq., The Catholic Register, DEAR SIR—Referring to my letter of the 15th inst., acknowledging a total receipt by me of \$9,695.75, I beg to append herewith you a summary received up to today, amounting to \$448.00, making a grand total, received so far, of \$7,017.75. I also append the letters of the Most Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N.B., and of Mr. Patrick Doyle, of Toronto. In a separate letter I am sending you a summary statement of the results tabulated by localities, and an intimation as to the future. Very faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKE.

FURTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Toronto (additional) per Mr. Patrick Doyle.....	\$100.00
Miss G. W. Kell.....	10.00
Mr. J. M. O'Brien.....	10.00
Mr. A. M. O'Brien.....	10.00
\$5.00 each: Messrs H. T. Kelly, C. L. Leonard, Patrick Doyle.....	15.00
\$1.00 each: Messrs J. F. Callaghan, J. O'Sullivan, M. J. Ryan.....	3.00
Total.....	\$138.00
Montreal (additional) per Mr. F. B. McManus.....	100.00
Ottawa (additional) per Mr. P. B. Scott.....	50.00
Mr. M. P. Davis.....	100.00
Total.....	150.00
St. John, N.B., (additional) The Most Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N.B.....	100.00
Total.....	\$488.00
Already acknowledged per letter of Dec. 15th 1897.....	\$6,605.75
Grand Total.....	\$7,093.75

St. John, N.B., Dec. 21st, 1897.

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 10th inst., regarding the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Anything I could do, to aid you in a cause for which you have done so much, I should cheerfully and willingly do. I delayed a little in answering, but the unfortunate divisions in the Irish Party have been a damper on the cause among one people. I therefore send you a draft on the Bank of British North America for one hundred dollars, a slight mark of my own good will. I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

Bishop of St. John, N.B. THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Toronto, Dec. 14th, 1897.

DEAR MR. BLAKE—I enclose herewith cheques and bills, in all \$138.00, handed me for the Home Rule Fund by the friends named in the accompanying list. I send you these donations with my best wishes for your success in the noble fight which you have so bravely entered upon in behalf of our common Fatherland. Ever faithfully yours,

FARNCK BOYLE. HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P., Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1897.

The Editor of The Catholic Register: Sir—May I, as Treasurer of the Canadian Irish Parliamentary Fund for 1898, ask space to acknowledge, in summary form, the receipts so far in response to my appeal. They are as follows:

Toronto.....	\$4,704.75
Collingwood and Toronto.....	300.00
Ottawa.....	300.00
St. Catharines.....	400.00
Montreal.....	200.00
An Irish Canadian Protestant.....	200.00
Hamilton.....	114.00
St. John, N.B.....	110.00
Kingston.....	100.00
Peterborough.....	60.00
Paris (per Hamilton).....	30.00
Colgan.....	25.00
Total.....	\$7,093.75

The returns from many of these places are, as yet, incomplete and from several other districts where subscriptions are promised, no returns have yet come in. The fullest details of the subscriptions already received have been forwarded for publication to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Toronto, and to THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, Dublin, and I have remitted \$1,444.35, 5d. sterling to the Treasurer of the Parliamentary Fund, being the net result of the collections to date.

I am obliged to leave Canada for Ireland to-day, but during my absence my son, Mr. E. F. Blake, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, will act for me in the receipt, acknowledgment and transmission of subscriptions.

May I add the expression of my grateful thanks to the Canadian friends of Irish Home Rule, who are exhibiting so marked a manner their devotion to the cause. I am sure they will feel in some degree encouraged and rewarded for their steadfastness by the latest utterances of prominent Irish Nationalist leaders, pointing to concerted action on the capital questions for the approaching session. If so much can be achieved next year, we may take fresh hope for the future of the cause. I have, etc.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Ecclesiastical Changes.

The Archbishop of Toronto has made the following changes: Rev. Father Whalen of St. Catharines, to be parish priest of Caledon; Rev. Father Patrick Kiernan of Caledon, to be parish priest of the Toronto Gore, Rev. Father Dods, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's parish will attend at Blantyre School.

An Irish-Canadian's Success.

The Washington D.O. papers contain long references to Mr. Andrew Devine, a relative of Rev. Father Devine, of Oran, and who is well known to many readers of THE REGISTER. Mr. Devine has been one of the official reporters of debates for the House of Representatives; but he has now resigned to become Vice President of the Columbia Phonograph Company, of New York City. The position of reporter of debates in the House is remunerative, paying \$5,000 a year for some time like six months of active work from a financial standpoint it is regarded as far better than an election to Congress, as the official reporters are never removed except for cause. The appointments are made by the Speaker of the House. The resignation of Mr. Devine of the position long held by him takes from the ranks of high-class stenographers and from the business of the House one of the most capable men who ever used shorthand for the recording of human speech, says THE WASHINGTON POST. His withdrawal is a matter of extreme regret to all the newspaper men, who know him in a business way, and especially to the older members of the House, who appreciate the importance of retaining the best possible skill in the difficult work of reporting the debates. But the capacity which Mr. Devine has shown in late years as a keen business man, in connection with the affairs of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company and the Columbia Phonograph Company, in both of which great concerns he is a director, has led the latter company to make him a proposition compared to which his salary as an employe of the House had no power to keep him here.

Mr. Devine's long connection with Washington affairs, his wide acquaintance with public men, his scholarly attainments, and his marvellous skill as a reporter, combine to make his voluntary withdrawal from government service a notable matter. For twenty-nine years he has been connected in some capacity with the publication of the proceedings of Congress. In 1868 he reported the House of Representatives for a press association. After a short return to New York City, where he was connected with the most prominent law reporting firm then existing, he returned to Washington as the Senate reporter of the New York Association Press.

In 1874 Speaker Blaine, who was always his warm and close friend, appointed him one of the official reporters of committees of the House. Then followed a period of the most exacting and exacting short hand work which has ever been done about the Capitol, the reporting of the debates on the House not excepted. Innumerable committees of investigation were appointed, continuing through the exciting period of the Hayes-Tilden contest; and in this work, the extreme difficulty of which is seldom appreciated, Mr. Devine rendered exceptional service. Those familiar with the history of the regime of Speaker Keifer will remember that his outrageous removal of Mr. Devine, for the purpose of providing a place for an incompetent favorite, and the humiliating failure of the latter, furnished one of the most fruitful sources of the criticism which fell upon the Ohio Speaker. Mr. Devine was immediately engaged to report some protracted Senate investigations, and also did the actual writing of much of Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," as the assistant of the great Maine statesman. The following winter, a vacancy having occurred on the corps of official reporters of debates of the House, by the death of Mr. Lord, Speaker Carlisle appointed Mr. Devine to that place, on account of his signal ability. His departure will occasion but little surprise to those business men of Washington who have known how urgent have been the offers which Mr. Devine has received to turn his abilities to other more lucrative and far less arduous fields of usefulness.

Christmas Morning at St. Mary's.

At St. Mary's Church, Christmas morning, Millard's Mass was given, with orchestra under leadership of Mr. Donville. The soloists were Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Toller, Miss Memory and the Misses W. H. Messrs. Walsh and Messrs. The "Incarnatus" was sung by Miss K. Clarke. Norello's "Adeste Fideles" was the offertory, with the solo by Miss Kate Clarke. Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan officiated at the organ.

Blessing of a New Organ.

A new organ has been placed in St. Paul's Church, corner of Queen and Power streets. The ceremony of blessing it will be performed by His Grace, the Archbishop next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Vicar-General McCann will preach the sermon on the occasion and Professor Dinelli will preside at the instrument. A select programme of sacred music will be rendered.

SOME FAMOUS WRITERS

As there is always more or less interest taken in the personal appearance of public people, we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the portraits and brief biographical sketches of a number of well known Catholic writers of Ireland and England. In the foremost rank is Mrs. Catherine Tynan Hinkson, poet, essayist and novelist.



CATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON

young and her first poem appeared in The Graphic. Her first book, "Louise de la Valliere, and Other Poems," was published in 1885 and quickly ran into several editions. This was followed by "Shamrocks" in 1891 and "Ballads and Lyrics" in 1892. Her first prose work was "The Life of Mother M. Xavier Fallon," which also appeared in 1892. Since then she has published "A Cluster of Nuts," being sketches of Irish life, "Cuckoo Songs," "The Way of a Maid," "The Land of Mist and Mountain," "Miracle Plays," "An Isle in the Water," and "Oh, What a Plague is Love."

Miss Tynan was married in 1888 to Mr. H. A. Hinkson, who is also engaged in literary work, and since her marriage she has made her home in the neighborhood of London. She is a constant contributor of stories, articles and reviews to the literary magazines of England, and an occasional writer for The Pilot and The Ave Maria in this country.

Lady Gilbert, better known as Rosa Mulholland, was born in Belfast, Ireland, and is the second daughter of the late Joseph Stevenson Mulholland, M.D., of Belfast and Maria, his wife. Mr. William Mulholland, Queen's Counsel, London, Bench of Lincoln's Inn, is her brother, and her elder sister is Lady Russell of Killowen, wife of the Lord Chief Justice of England. In 1891 Rosa Mulholland married Mr. now Sir, John T. Gilbert, author of the well-known "History of Dublin" and other standard works relating to Ireland, based on researches among unpublished manuscripts.



ROSA MULHOLLAND

Miss Mulholland began her literary career at a very early age, when her contributions to All The Year Round received warm encouragement from the late Charles Dickens, at whose suggestion her novels, "Hoster's History" and "The Wicked Woods of Toberevill," were written for his periodical, then edited by himself. Two shorter stories, "The Late Miss Hollingford" and "Eldergowan," were especially approved of by Dickens and republished. A number of other short stories have been republished under the titles of "Margold and Other Stories" and "The Haunted Organist of Henry Bury and Other Stories." "The Wild Birds of Killeevy" was published first in The Irish Monthly and afterwards in book form, and is in its third edition. "A Fair Emigrant" first appeared in the American magazine, the Catholic World. "Carolla Grace" is a reprint from the Irish Monthly. "The Squire's Granddaughters" appeared first in an English periodical, The Household Magazine, and "The Mystery of Hall in the Wood," a story for boys and girls, in Young England. For children and young people she has written "Four Little Mischiefs," "Hotty Gray," "Giannotta," and "Banaboe Castle." "The Little Florio Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," "Five Little Farmers," "The Walking Trees and Other Tales," "The Story of Jesus Simply Told for the Young," "Holy Childhood," a very original and beautiful prayerbook, "Spiritual Counsels for the Young," and "The First Christmas."

Miss Mulholland also collected some years ago her early poems under the title of "Yeagan Years," and these were very favorably received by the critics and the public. Miss Clara Mulholland, the younger sister of Lady Gilbert, was born in Belfast, but left that town at a very early age. She was educated in the Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, at a convent of the Sisters of Providence of the Institute of Charity, and afterwards at a convent of the Dames de Marie, Coloma, Belgium. Her first story for young children was published by Macmillan & Co., of Belfast. At first she catered almost exclusively for youthful readers, but her publishers and the National Press Agency induced her to write a considerable number of

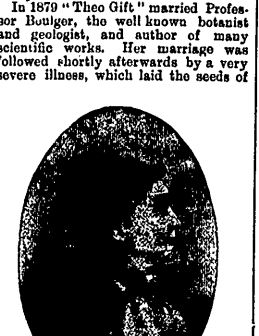
longer stories of a more ambitious character. "The Adventures of Little Snow-drop" and most of her tales had delighted their set of magazine readers before reappearing as separate volumes. "Naughty Miss Runny," "Little Merry Face and His Crown of Content," and the "Little Boy Traveller" are some of her best stories for juvenile readers, while their seniors have given a warm welcome to her "Katleen Mavourneen," "A Striking Contrast," "Lady Strathmore's Stratagem," "John Lawson's Ward" and "Two Against One," "The Miser of King's Court," "Percy's Revenge," and "Lind's Misfortunes." Dorothy Boninger, who is extensively known under her pseudonym of "Theo Gift," is descended from a long race of Catholic ancestors. In 1851 her father, the late Thomas Havers, Esq., became manager of the Falkland Islands, in which remote and desolate colony, she and her brothers and sisters passed seven years of their childhood. In 1861 the family left the Falkland Islands for Monte Video, the capital of



THEO GIFT

Uruguay, where they remained until the death of Mr. Havers in 1870, which brought the children back to England. It was then that his second daughter began her literary work in earnest. "Theo Gift's" first published stories appeared in The Galaxy, New York, and she became almost a regular contributor to that magazine. Very soon, however, after her arrival in England, she managed to obtain a name and a footing for herself in the English magazines. Her first three-volume novel, "True to Her Trust," was published anonymously, but was quickly followed by "Pretty Miss Bellow," which ran first of all as a serial in Cassell's Magazine, and was the book which made her name. It was followed by "More Than a Woman's Love," a serial story, which appeared in The Lamp under the editorship of the Rev. William Lockhart and "Maid Ellen." These were succeeded by "Visited on the Children," "A Matter of Fact Girl," "The Lil Lorimer," "A Garden of Girls," "Victims" and "Dishonored" among three-volume novels, and "An Innocent Maiden" and "Not for the Night Time," one volume each, and "The Little Colonist" and "Cape Town Dickey," books for children; besides an enormous number of short stories, sketches, essays and poems.

In 1879 "Theo Gift" married Professor Boninger, the well known botanist and geologist, and author of many scientific works. Her marriage was followed shortly afterwards by a very severe illness, which laid the seeds of



F. U. MAITLAND

her almost continuous ill-health and compelled her to cease writing altogether for a time and take entire rest from all literary labors. Since then, indeed, she has only published three books—"An Island Princess," "Wrecked at the Outset" and "Fair Tales from the Far East," besides contributing occasional short stories to various magazines and journals of the day. In 1879 "Theo Gift" married Professor Boninger, the well known botanist and geologist, and author of many scientific works. Her marriage was followed shortly afterwards by a very severe illness, which laid the seeds of

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actors who were well known to the author in her childhood. That same year "A Daughter of the Soil" had the honor of being selected as the first serial which was to appear in the weekly edition of The Times and was afterwards published in book form. Since then she has published "Patience and Fustian," a collection of sketches of peasant life in Ireland and Lancashire, and various short stories, most of which are shortly to be re-issued in volume form under the title of "Among the Untrodden Ways."

Mrs. Bartle Teeling (nee Theodora Louisa Lano Clarke), was born in Guernsey, but passed her childhood in Woodstock, Oxford, where her father was rector. On his death his widow returned with their only child to Guernsey and became there a centre of literary and scientific interest, and unusual activity as student and writer of natural history, etc., and author of several scientific manuals.



MRS. BARTLE TEELING

Mrs. Lano Clarke was a strong Protestant, but her daughter, the subject of this sketch, after long and painful thought and deep but solitary research, for she had not a single Catholic acquaintance, was received into the Church. Shortly after her conversion, while she was still under twenty one, she sent her first essay in literature at the request of Father Lockhart in The Lamp, of which he was editor. Her marriage, which was solemnized by Father Lockhart was the first mar-

riage which took place in the historic church of St. Elizabeth since the "Reformation." Since the death of her mother, whom she had the happiness of bringing into the Church, Mrs. Teeling has published some fifty articles and biographical sketches in The Month, Temple Bar, The Catholic World, The Gentlemen's Magazine and other publications. Although she has seven young children and all the cares of a household, scarcely a month passes that she has not an article in at least one of the many magazines to which she contributes. Mrs. William Maude (nee Sophie Dora Spicer) was brought up in one of the loveliest of English deer-parks, her parents going to live there when she was ten years old, and there she wrote her first stories in nursery and school-room days, but those never appeared in print.



MRS. WILLIAM MAUDE

Her first publication was a little story written in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital in Great Ormond street. It was brought out by the S.P.C.K. and called "Cyril's Hobby-Horse." The proceeds went to the Children's Hospital. About the same time (when twelve years old) she ventured to send a story to Aunt Judy's Magazine, which was declined, but "Aunt Judy's" letter was religiously treasured; a kind, sympathetic letter, beautifully worded as only the Queen can write. Two "Little Hearts" was her next publication.

Miss Spicer was never sent to school, but shared her younger sisters' masters in their Belgrave square schoolroom. After a few years she was received into the Catholic Church, and lived some time abroad. She gave up writing for a while, but soon began again, and through Monsieur Nugent, then editor of The Fireside, her stories appeared from time to time, in both The Catholic Times and Catholic Fireside. The Catholic Truth Society has reprinted one of these, "The Runaway Marriage," and is now bringing out a little volume of her short stories. In 1890 she became Mrs. Wil. Maude. Her husband belonged to the old Yorkshire family of Maude. Mrs. Maude's book, "The Child Countess," appeared in 1895, and she has another almost ready which will, perhaps, lead to greater thought and realization of that spirit world so close to us and to which we are all hastening, the purgatory where each suffering soul awaits its deliverance from pain. Frances Mary Maitland is one of a large family, and was brought up in a Scotch manse. While her father was proud of the old Presbyterian stock of which he came, her mother's people were Episcopalian and on one side Jacobite. The happiest hours of Miss Maitland's existence were spent with the grandmother whose great-grandfather had laid down his life on Tower-Hill for the "Old Pretender," and whose uncle, with his own lips, had told her, many a time, of his visit to Prince Charles at Rome. Mrs. Maitland was delicate, and when her daughters grew up it was their

grandmother who took the girls about, and they loved the fun just as heartily as they did. Then came the death of Miss Maitland's father, and a wonderful life began—a small house in Kensington for a part of the year, winters in France and Switzerland, and summers with the grandmother in the old Scotch town



PAULINE VON HUGEL

that had sheltered Mary Stuart. With the wanderings and wider view of the world came a glimpse of the world-embracing Faith—Christ's Church—a good deal of reading, many questionings, an interview with an Orationist Father, and, finally, reception into the Church. This was followed by attempts at writing, a sketch of "Doverquill of Gallogway," and her "Abbot of Dulce Cor," and a kindly letter from the saintly Father Dugan, S.J., then editor of The English Messenger. Then came encouragement from Father Matthew Russell, and a longer story in The Month, then in Father Clarke's hands; afterwards stories for Mr. Wilfrid Meynell in Merry England, in The Catholic Magazine, The Fireside and one tale for the American Messenger.

Louisa Emily Dobree, a native of Tours, France, is of Irish descent on her mother's side, while her father's family, which is a Guernsey one, was originally French, at the name shows. She was received into the Catholic Church in 1887. Miss Dobree's first story was published when she was nineteen. This was followed by fugitive articles and short stories in magazines, as well as books for young people. She is an occasional contributor to twenty magazines. Miss Dobree has lived a great deal in the Channel Islands, France, and Ireland, besides having paid visits, long and short, to Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, Germany, etc. The scenes of



LOUISA EMILY DOBREE

her stories are constantly laid on the continent of Europe. She lives now, as she has done for the past nine years, at Chiswick, near London.

R. B. Sheridan Knowles is the eldest and only surviving son of the late Richard Brinsley Knowles, a barrister, the author of "The Maiden Hunt," and the grandchild of James Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virgilius," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," etc., and great-grandson of James Knowles, the lexicographer, whose mother, Ester Knowles, nee Sheridan, was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, of Quiligo, the friend of Swift, and grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal."

R. B. Sheridan Knowles received his education at the College of the Rosminians, at Frascati, in Lombardy, and on the completion of his college course entered the Civil Service. His contributions to literature consist mainly of essays, sketches and reviews, which have appeared in various journals and periodicals. His most recent, as also his most important work, is the novel "Glenconoge," a story of Irish life, which, having run serially for a year in The Month, was republished in three volumes.

Lady Amabel Kerr, daughter of the sixth Earl Cowper was born in 1840. She was received into the Catholic Church in 1872, and the following year was married to Admiral Lord Walter Kerr. She is the author of a number of books, among them: "Unravelling Conversions," being the reasons for her conversion; "Before Our Lord Came," an Old Testament story for little children; "A Mixed Marriage," a novel; "Life of Joan of Arc," and "Life of Blessed Sebastian Valero." She is at present the editor of The Catholic Magazine, the organ of the Catholic Truth Society, and is on the committee of the society.

Pauline Marie Von Hugel was born at Florence, where her father was Austrian Envoy to the Duke of Tuscany. When still in her teens, having lost her father, she went to reside in England with her mother, by birth a Scotchwoman. She first began to write for The Catholic Fireside, in which appeared short lives of St. Cecilia, St. Bonedict, St. Francis, and St. Ignatius, as well as several tales. She has written the "Price of the Pearl," published by the Catholic Truth Society, a sketch of Lady Clara Fiechtner for The Catholic Magazine, and "Carmen's Secret," which, after coming out in The Catholic Magazine, is to be republished in book-form by The Catholic Truth Society. These are the foremost trans-Atlantic Catholic writers of English fiction, and each has contributed his or her best

story to "The Irish Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists," which has just come from the press of Bonanza Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The volume is issued in a pretty cover, with fine portraits of the contributors in two colors, and biographical sketches and lists of their books. We cordially recommend the book to our readers as most interesting from many points of view. The price is \$1.50.

Bazaar at Cobourg OFFICIAL TO THE REGISTER The grand bazaar held here all last week, closing on Saturday night, was, considering the dullness of the times and the difficulties of travel, a magnificent success. The object of the bazaar was



AMABEL KERR

to aid in diminishing the debt on St. Michael's Church, and the results fully justify the enviable name for generosity and freedom from intolerance which the people of Cobourg, irrespective of class or creed, have achieved. Readers of The Register will be gratified to learn that the debt incurred in the erection of the magnificent cluster of buildings which the zeal of Father Murray has raised to the glory of God is being reduced by leaps and bounds, and a few more well directed efforts such as that which we witnessed last week will cause its entire disappearance. Of the beautiful church, presbytery, convent and adjoining grounds which adorn this already attractive town, a good deal has been written in your columns, and I will only add that what they are the glory of the Catholic congregation here, the admiration of the hundreds of Americans, who in quest of health, make our picturesque town their summer home, they are also destined to commemorate the heroic labours of the excellent man to whom the spiritual interests of the congregation of St. Michael's are confided.

Suppose this world were really a vale of tears—that all is vanity and vexation of spirit—shall we improve the gloomy situation by whining and



ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT

complaining? It is the manly part, the womanly grace, to bring into this earthly home of ours such treasures as we may of innocent joy, of honest laughter, of the warm, quiet light which true hearts make around them; and, however dark the way, to brighten it as much as we can with love and courage and a grateful heart.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains "r" letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery started the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases. No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of DODD'S Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated? Because diamonds are the most precious metal, and gold the most precious because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known. No medicine was ever named kidney pills till the year of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured such many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure those who have tried them, so widely and shamelessly imitated.

FIRESIDE FUN.

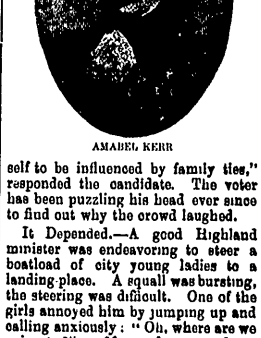
Ho: "My dear, I feel awfully bad, I think I am going to die." She: "I guess not. You men are such do-covers."

An English country squiro, who wished to make an entry at an agricultural exhibition, wrote thus to the secretary: "Please put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

"I must have been a fool when I married, said little Tompkins, glaring fiercely at his wife. "Certainly, dear," said Mrs. Tompkins, sweetly, "It couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?"

Gushing Visitor: "I should think there would be always something new to see in this great city, with its teeming millions." Resident: "Ye-es, of course, but teeming ain't what it used to be. Everybody rides bicycles now."

"I would rather vote for a donkey than for you," said an independent voter to a Cork candidate. "Oh, come now, you oughtn't to allow your-

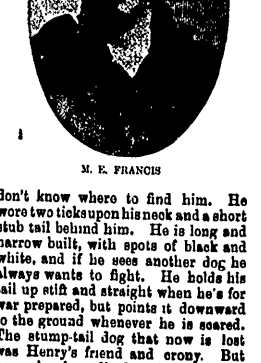


M. E. FRANCIS

self to be influenced by family ties," responded the candidate. The voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed. It Depended.—A good Highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boatload of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting, the steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously: "Oh, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young lady," said the minister pilot, succinctly, "that will verily greatly depend on how you were brought up."

"My first client," said M. Chaix d'Est Augé at the dinner-table of a prosperous bourgeois, "was the greatest second-hand unclean—a bad egg any way you took him. But I got him off. He was the black sheep of a good family, and his conviction would have made a great scandal." Towards the close of the dinner a pompous, important personage entered, and as the host was about to introduce him to the advocate he said: "Oh, I need no introduction to M. d'Est Augé. I was his first client."

A Marlon man lost his dog, and this is the way, says the New Lexington Herald, he advertised for it: "Henry Michel has lost his dog and



BEN CABLE

don't know where to find him. He wore two ticks upon his neck and a short stub tail behind him. He is long and narrow built, with spots of black and white, and if he sees another dog he always wants to fight. He holds his tail up stiff and straight when he's for war prepared, but points it downward to the ground whenever he is scared. The stump-tail dog that now is lost was Henry's friend and cronny. But new, alas, he sadly fears he's made up in Bologna." Here is a story that ex-Congressman Ben Cable tells. "There was once an English nobleman who told at a dinner of a tiger he had shot. It measured twenty-four feet, he said, from snout to tail-tip. Everybody looked a bit astonished, but nobody imitated the aristocrat in the story—nobody but an old Scotchman, who told a story of a fish he once caught. He had been unable to pull it in alone, but with the aid of six friends he managed to land it. "It was a skate," he said, "and it covered two acres." The nobleman looked at the Scot through his monocle, and left the table. Others followed. After a while the host returned. "Sir," said he to the Scotchman, "you have insulted my lord, and you must apologize." "I didn't insult him," replied the Scot. "Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Weel," said the Scot, "I tell you what I will do. I will bring it down to one acre."

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Dec. 30-S. Sabina. 31-S. Sylvester. Jan 1-Circumcision. 2-S. M. Magdalen. 3-S. Genesio of Paris. 4-Feast of Holy Innocents. 5-S. Telesphorus.

The Toronto municipal elections are rather uninteresting. Mayor Shaw is practically a walk over. There are some new candidates in the aldermanic field; but no visible sign of an awakening to the increasing evils of lodge power.

The partition of China seems to be impending. Russia, Germany, England and Japan are already in the grab, and France is trying to get a piece. They have no time for arbitration, and there is danger that the scramble may develop violence.

In the name of the Protestant majority The Globe warns Catholics to be very quiet about the school question. It not only may get hurt. And this comes after the publication of the Pope's conciliatory message! The Globe displays the manners of a bully.

Nothing need be added to the following editorial paragraph from The Orange Sentinel to show where the Dominion Government likes to place its political favors: "The appointment of Mr. John A. Barron, Q.C., of Lindsay, as County Judge of Perth is a popular selection. Mr. Barron deserves the honor from his party, and he has earned it by his fidelity to the interests of the country at large while he sat as a member of the Dominion Parliament. The members of the Loyal Orange Association at least will be pleased with the appointment, for he has been a staunch supporter of the Order for years, and during the Jesuit Estates debate he was one of the 'Noble Thirteen,' who stood in the House and voted the disallowance of the Quebec Act. Until this generation passes away the Orangemen of Canada will not forget the 'Noble Thirteen.'"

The sharp criticisms of an Indian paper upon the management of the disastrous campaign against the Afridis have been published generally throughout the empire. Sir William Lockhart invaded the country of those mountaineers with the largest army ever commanded by an English General. He carried all the latest inventions of destruction against them. And now he has retreated into winter quarters with the loss of many men, not to speak of the imperial prestige. For the time being the greatest army that ever marched under British colors has suffered severely. The Indian paper charges the entire disaster to mismanagement, and declares that if the Afridis are to be coerced more military skill is requisite. It is certain that in the spring Sir William Lockhart will renew operations, and there can be little doubt that his plans will finally succeed. But at what cost? The Afridis heretofore were friendly tribes. They are now England's enemies. That is cost enough in itself, leaving out the blood and treasure lost to the empire. And it is safe to believe that before the Afridis are finally whipped the sacrifice of men and money and native sympathy will be increased tenfold.

Various are the uses of loyalty; but one of the commonest services that it is made to perform is to fool the free and independent elector. Who has not heard of Dr. Montague's bogus letter of recommendation from the Queen to the enfranchised redskins of the Six Nations reserve? But that famous achievement of the loyal Canadian Tories is now thrown into the shade by the "loyalty" trick played upon the electors of Ontario Toronto in the recent contest by the Liberals. It will be remembered how high the competition ran between the candidates to see which of them was the wildest imperialist. The loyal voters were greatly worked up towards the close of the fight, when the Hon.

Mr. Patterson appeared on the platform one evening and hailed them in language something after the following style, as we remember it: What, ho there! you loyal people of Toronto. Learn that the Hon. William Mulock, hath forged a new link in the chain that binds you so closely to the dear old mother land. (Loud applause) Great intelligence has been flashed from pole to pole and across the ocean to the Hon. William Mulock. He could not trust himself to come here to-night for fear that he should swoon from patriotic emotion in presence of the demonstrations of loyalty he knew he would fetch from your throbbing hearts. (Loud cheering) so he told me to tell you in his name that he has reduced the postage for three cents on all letters to the dear old mother land—(wild applause)—not only that, my loyal friends, but you can henceforward for three cents send a letter to the dear old mother land twice the weight allowed under the present five cents rate. (Prolonged applause.) No one had time to reflect that though the Liberals may have made Canada a nation, we are still a colony in the eyes of the International Postal Union. Last Monday an official announcement was made which virtually admitted that Mr. Patterson's reduced postage announcement was only an election fake. It will be seen from this that Mr. Patterson's use in the Government is not strictly confined to building up the tariff upon bisulphites and providing for stranded P.A.'s in the public service. He is, in addition, as useful a type of loyalist as any Canadian ministry could reasonably desire to be possessed of.

The Manitoba School Question.

Several alleged summaries of the Pope's decision on the Manitoba school question have appeared in the press within the past few days. They do not all agree exactly in representing one, and only one, interpretation of the document; but practically they do agree as to the spirit which it expresses. It is the spirit of justice and peace; and it would be in opposition to every principle of reason and every lesson of experience to look for the expression of a different spirit in a document prepared with the greatest deliberation by Pope Leo himself, after the subject matter of the question passed upon had been most thoroughly investigated by a Roman dignity so closely in the confidence of His Holiness as Mr. Merry del Val. No one can possibly have forgotten that the Papal delegate who was amongst us such a very short time ago came, as he himself so often said, with a "message of peace;" and now the Papal decision based upon the delegate's report is to all Canadians a reassurance and a guarantee that the advocacy of justice for the aggrieved Catholic minority in the Province of Manitoba cannot under any circumstances be shifted from open fair ground, or governed by any other rules than those of moderation and wise regard for the promotion of good will amongst all classes of the Canadian people. While these things appear to be emphatically pronounced upon, the Papal document contains according to every account the clearest possible expression of the righteousness of the Catholic cause, the cause of Catholic education. The Globe contained a special version, on Tuesday, which it had received from Ottawa, purporting to be "reliable and intelligent." This version we append, omitting some expressions of mere opinion at the beginning and end:—

After speaking in praise of Canada, and of the bishops it speaks of the law of 1890 and condemns what was then done. It lays down principles of Catholic education and speaks of the rights of the Province. The bishops are praised for resisting the law of 1890. The Pope recognizes that something was done to remedy the law of 1890 and says that the Manitoba Government were inspired with a love of justice and praiseworthy intention in the decisions they arrived at. He says that the law made to remedy the evil is defective, imperfect and insufficient. The Catholics demand, and have the right to demand much more, as the arrangements made may fail of effect owing to local circumstances. Enough had not been done in Manitoba for Catholic education. The bishops must aim at having justice done and must pursue the object with zeal and prudence. There must not be discord, yet as the object does not impose a line of conduct determinate and conclusive, but on the contrary admits of several, as is usual in such matters, it follows that there may be, on the lines to be followed, a certain number of opinions equally good and acceptable. Let none then lose sight of this rule of moderation, gentleness and brotherly love. Let none forget the respect due to his neighbor, but let all weigh the circumstances, determine what is best to be done, and do it in agreement and not without consultation with the bishops. As regards particularly the Catholics of Manitoba the Pope expresses his confidence that God helping they will win and obtain full satisfaction. This confidence is founded above all on the goodness of their cause, next on the justice and wisdom of those who govern,

and lastly on the good will of all Canadians. In the meantime and until they succeed in their claims let them abstain from partial satisfaction. Especially wherever the law or circumstances, or good disposition of the people, offer some means of lessening the evil and warding off more danger, it is absolutely expedient and advantageous that they should make use of them and derive from them all possible benefit. Wherever on the contrary there is no other remedy, Catholics are exhorted to liberality. The Pope speaks of the necessity of highly trained teachers for Catholic schools, and finally warns the press to be decorous and not personal. He also noticed that in this document Leo XIII. breathes the spirit of the age and enjoins an observance of constitutional usage which is characteristic of his enlightened policy.

Although we do not see how The Globe could come by a more "reliable summary at Ottawa than the other summaries cabled from Rome, we select this one for our readers, in order to make it all the more clear to them that no attempt can be made to interpret the decision otherwise than as a clear expression of Catholic rights, couched in a message most wise and conciliatory. Of course we must wait for the authorized translation of the document itself before attempting to put greater stress upon its moderation. There may and we expect will be, differences as to points of interpretation, where on one hand the spirit of conciliation is most earnestly enjoined, while on the other the decision is clear that no sufficient remedy for the situation of the minority in Manitoba has been provided by the government of that province. But there is nothing to be gained by pressing to the front one consideration or the other until the full and exact terms of the document are placed before us by the hierarchy of Canada.

Should Our Editors Be Hanged!

Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., says so in the most emphatic manner. Mr. Blake is one of the most eminent lawyers in Ontario; he has been on the bench, he has considerable knowledge of the criminal classes from personal and active interest in reformatory work; on the whole he is a man whose opinion ought to carry weight and respect. He is much more severe upon the able editors than the Archbishop of Kingston, who contented himself with describing them "the worst gang of outlaws in Ontario." His Grace did not even hint at capital punishment, which Mr. Blake insists upon. The ex-Chancellor's opinion is based upon indisputable evidence that the newspapers of Ontario educate the people for the most part in crime. Referring to the sensationalism and rivalry they carry into the description of murders, etc., he says:

The court room educated 500 or 600 people, and the newspapers continued the work of educating 5,000 or 6,000. He would "hang every newspaper editor that published reports of these cases." He followed this up by declaring that "the worst educators of crime are our jails and our newspapers." All those graveyard insurance crimes had been taught by the newspapers.

Mr. Blake is all right as to the facts. The evil is, indeed, far more extensive than he hints at. But we believe he is wrong in placing the responsibility upon the editors. Mr. Edwin L. Godkin, editor of The New York Evening Post, one of the foremost journalists of America, discusses the subject in the current number of The Atlantic Monthly. He shows very plainly who is responsible for the immorality of the press: "One of the most curious things about the newspaper," says Mr. Godkin, "is that the public does not expect from a newspaper proprietor the same sort of morality it expects from persons in other callings. It would disown a bookseller and cease all intercourse with him, for a tittle of the falsehoods and petty frauds which it passes unnoticed in a newspaper proprietor. It may disbelieve every word he says, and yet profess to respect him, and may occasionally reward him; so that it is quite possible to find a newspaper which nearly everybody condemns, and whose influence he would repudiate, circulating very freely among religious and moral people, and making handsome profits for its proprietor."

It will be observed that whilst Mr. Blake condemns the editor Mr. Godkin places his finger upon the proprietor. All the guilt for newspaper immorality rests with the proprietor. The modern editor is a mere machine, he is hired by the proprietor or board of directors just as they would hire a lawyer. Take the case of a certain leading Toronto daily. Under the self-same editor it has championed

the cause of three political parties in succession; it has in turn been an advocate of annexation and ultra imperialism; it has been fiercely bigoted and piously liberal or tolerant. And all under the same editor. Who will pretend that the editor in question is personally responsible for the gyrations of the paper whose opinions he continually penneled, whilst faction succeeded faction in the control of the papers "policy"?

Whenever the newspapers attempt to defend themselves against the charge of reckless immorality, they do not fail to say that they give the public simply what the public wants. Mr. Godkin shows that this defence is nothing more than an inglorious fiction. The newspapers write not to please the public, he declares, but for the advertisers. The proprietor's game is the advertiser's patronage, and the editor is directed accordingly. The result of this combination is that the newspapers try to destroy public opinion for the profits accruing from advertisements. There is not an editor in Canada who would not in his heart bless Mr. Blake if he would but turn his tongue upon the newspaper proprietors. Editors have come to live like lawyers, and that is about all there is to it.

English Liberals and Home Rule.

The following is the preamble of a resolution passed by the general committee of the National Liberal Federation of Great Britain, at Derby, on December 7: "That this committee believes that the foremost and immediate objects of the Liberal party should be to bring about those reforms which are imperatively needed in the laws affecting registration and elections, as a necessary preliminary to any era of radical reform."

There can be no other opinion than that this declaration displaces Home Rule from the head of the programme of the English Liberals. That it also affects the attitude of the Irish Parliamentary Party towards the Liberals cannot be doubted. Mr. Dillon, at the meeting of the Central Branch of the Irish National Federation, held in Dublin on December 16, replied to it in very plain words. He said:

"There can, however, be no doubt that this resolution comes from an official and very influential source. But what I do know is that on such a programme there could be no alliance between the Liberal party and the Irish National party (applause)—and that when at any future time the Liberals find themselves in a position to form a Government with the support of the Irish Party, that support could not be given to a party which accepted the Derby resolution as its programme. (Renewed applause.) And what is really important is that the Liberal leaders should be made aware of this fact at the earliest possible opportunity."

Mr. Dillon's declaration re-asserts the old policy of Mr. Parnell, that Ireland can only enter into a friendly alliance with an English political party that places Home Rule at the head of its programme. Of course if the Irish Parliamentary Party in Westminster is split up and divided, its position cannot be strong enough to command the fidelity to their promises of English Liberals. Mr. Redmond has all along been accusing Mr. Dillon of too much friendliness with the Liberals. Nothing should prevent him now from acting in perfect harmony with the chairman of the party. Parliament will soon reassemble. "The scope of the promised local county government is so wide that the English Conservatives regard it as a rather generous substitution for Home Rule, and lukewarm Liberals hope that it may work out that way. If the Irish ranks are not closed up in the coming session, the dissentient Nationalists will have themselves to thank for it that this local county government bill is not generally acknowledged from the beginning as a step towards Gladstonian Home Rule."

Solicitor-General Fitzpatrick.

The Quebec Chronicle, of December 21st, contains the announcement of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick's election as Bailiwick-General of the bar of the sister province. The corresponding honor in the bar of Ontario is, we believe, the office of Treasurer of the Law Society of Upper Canada. The distinction in both provinces, it is needless to say, has nothing whatever to do with politics, being solely the reward of professional merit and high standing. It is in a word the recognition of character alone. That it has always been bestowed upon eminent lawyers only may be seen by glancing

over over the list of Mr. Fitzpatrick's predecessors. Amongst others we have the well-known names of Sir A. Dorian, Sir A. Lacombe, Hon. George Irvine, Hon. J. E. Rublouis, Hon. P. C. Casgrain and Hon. F. X. Lemieux. In the roll of Treasurers of the Law Society of Upper Canada we find the names of John Hildard Cameron and Edward Blake, so that this honor which Mr. Fitzpatrick has received at the hands of the members of the bar in Quebec is one upon which he may well be congratulated. The Registrar wishes to offer his hearty congratulations with the rest. Circumstances have for some time been such as to demand from a jurist like this, that endeavors to keep a watch upon the political interests of English-speaking Catholics, the impartial, outspoken and frequent criticism of politicians in both parties. The office of critic is perhaps calculated to incline one way only—in the hostile direction. There are so many things that invite sharp words as compared with the inducements to bestow praise for deserved merit. However, there have been more than a few occasions upon which the public attitude of Mr. Fitzpatrick attracted the admiring notice of English-speaking Catholics; but for the most part they were concerned with the political situation and for that reason did not encourage the drawing of any distinctions favoring of religion and race. Politics do not enter at all into the character of Mr. Fitzpatrick's latest honor, and we are pleased accordingly to have so favorable an opportunity of greeting the Solicitor-General as a Catholic in whom his fellow-Catholics—and Irish Catholics particularly—can take the same honest pride that they feel when they point to intellectual giants like Lord Russell of Killowen as representative Catholics. Politics in Canada may be a business that calls loudly for purification; but theories and criticism can never amount to much unless men who are respected and trusted come into the field. For one thing it can be said that English-speaking Catholics have much reason for satisfaction in the Canadian records of their representatives. Mr. Fitzpatrick will keep the scutcheon untarnished. Men of his parts are indispensable in public life. We feel all the more inclined to dwell upon this subject just now, because we honestly believe that the need for strong men was never greater than at this present moment.

Mr. Blake's Departure. Hon. Edward Blake M.P., sailed for Ireland yesterday. His departure from Toronto was not marked by any public demonstration on the part of the friends of Home Rule in this city. This was owing to several reasons. In the first place this is rather a time for action than for words in the cause of Ireland. The Parliamentary Party is still split up. Disunion means greater danger to the people's interests at the present moment than since the divisions first broke out. The approaching session is certain to witness the passing of important reforms in the Government of Ireland. With the united strength of the Irish Party helping to shape the promised Local Government Bill, there would be reason enough to indulge bright anticipations for the session of 1898. And every friend of Ireland in the colonies and America would gladly assist in raising the parliamentary funds necessary for the new year. But such hopeful anticipations are by no means generally entertained. The divisions continue, and under such circumstances the most efficient parliamentary service cannot reasonably be expected. Home Rulers in Canada may be said to occupy a vantage ground in looking upon this unhappy political situation. They have a man to depend upon, and where he stands and serves their support can alone be placed. The reason is obvious why it is almost impossible to get large contributions to the Parliamentary Fund for 1898 outside of Ireland and Canada. In Ireland the people are all right; their financial assistance has been unhesitatingly extended to back up the resolutions of the Irish Race Convention. Hon. Edward Blake came to Canada and asked his friends to help, and they have preferred that their response should be practical rather than enthusiastic. The Canadian fund we expect will amount to \$10,000. Mr. Blake has already sent over \$7,000, and the lists have not yet been closed in any part of the Dominion. But it

would have been ungenerous to allow Mr. Blake depart without some public expression of the confidence and gratitude which his service in the ranks of the Irish party continues to inspire in the friends of Home Rule throughout this Dominion. It has not so departed. The dinner given by Mr. Hugh Lynn furnished an opportunity for the representative expression of those sentiments of confidence and gratitude. A public demonstration would have followed had not the call to return to duty come to Mr. Blake, before he expected it, right in the middle of the Christmas tide. But the admiration in which he is held is not less because circumstances have prevented a public farewell demonstration.

The League of the Cross.

The League of the Cross in St. Mary's Parish is still moving along. It was thought by many people in the parish when the branch was organized that it would "go through" like all other Temperance societies, but here we are yet after 15 months' time—quite a while for a total abstinence society—but still as enthusiastic as at the commencement. The League has been very fortunate in St. Mary's parish, having secured entire control of the hall in which they meet. It is open to the members every evening from 7 to 10.30 and its inducements tend to make the society very popular because of its advantages in keeping those members together who might otherwise break their pledge. The last weekly meeting was held as usual on last Tuesday evening, the president in the chair. After considerable business had been transacted among the most important of which was the application of 8 new members, also the appointing of a committee to run an entertainment sometimes about the latter part of January, for the purpose of raising funds to help to decorate the hall and make it comfortable for its members. No doubt the many friends of the League will be pleased to hear that the society they appreciate of the good work being done by them, judging from the support given in the past it is safe to say that the coming concert will prove a grand success.

At the good of the society, many members offered suggestions for the advancement of the society. The earnestness and sincerity with which they spoke shows that the future existence of the branch is to be assured. The debate upon the resolution that "A business man makes a more ideal member of Parliament than the lawyer," was very interesting to the members, the gentlemen speaking on the different sides showed themselves possessed of more than ordinary ability, those who took part were—O. Girvin, J. Fulton, Jas. Kiley, J. Murray, T. Horneat, E. Moore, P. Goodwin and D. Murphy. The decision was given in favor of the business man. Songs, recitations, etc. were as usual freely given by the Dramatic Club.

News of the Vatican—Mgr. Merry del Val.

ROME, Dec. 15.—The sixtieth anniversary of the Pope's first Mass was to have been publicly celebrated at Christmas in the Vatican Basilica in the presence of numerous Italian and foreign deputations, including a section of the Irish pilgrims. As, however, the Pope has decided to hold a Consistory in January for the consecration of new bishops and the creation of Cardinals, Dr. Lippioni and his other advisers have counselled him in view of the immense amount of work involved in the preparation of the necessary documents, and the settlement of promotions which must follow, to avoid everything which would detract from the strength of the anniversary of His Holiness' First Mass will consequently be celebrated in private, but pilgrims who postpone their arrival until the beginning of March will have an opportunity of being present at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Pope's Coronation. At the approaching Consistory Leo XIII. is expected to pronounce an allocution supporting the protests made by Catholics against the Marquis Di Rudini's circular regarding Catholic associations and the holding of meetings of such associations in churches. Bishops will be preconcited to a number of vacant sees both in Italy and abroad, but the new Cardinals will probably be confined to Roman prelates and Italian archbishops, as the number of hats conferred abroad already stands at the customary figure. The total number of vacant Cardinalates is now ten, including the two Cardinals created in pectus at the Consistory in June, 1896, and whose definitive appointments have not yet been published. It is reported that Mgr. Casati, Secretary of the Propaganda, who is mentioned as one of the new Cardinals, will be succeeded by Mgr. Sambucetti, who represented the Pope at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Mgr. Vassini, Secretary of the Special Congregation of the Propaganda for affairs of the Eastern Rite, will, it is stated, receive another appointment, and will probably be succeeded by Mgr. Merry del Val, recent Apollitic Alegate to Canada.

Honor Roll for December.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Before leaving for their Christmas holidays the pupils of De La Salle Institute assembled in the Institute Hall where an elocution contest took place between six of the senior students.

The result of the Christmas examination was then read. It was as follows:

Form I, E. Byrnes, F. Dissetto, J. Kane, J. Foughtner, H. Cahaly, H. Kelly, D. Graine, S. O'Toole. Christian Doctrine; F. Dissetto. Mathematics; E. Byrnes. Language; H. Kelly.

Form II—J. O'Donnell, E. Flanagan, J. Henry, J. O'Grady, T. Malloy, W. Duffy. Seniors;—D. Drohan, B. Foy, J. Boland, O. Cummins. Christian Doctrine; J. O'Donnell, E. Foy, Mathematics; E. Flanagan, J. Boland. Language; T. Malloy, D. Drohan.

Form III, M. Mahoney, W. Breen, O. Gillooly, J. McCloskey, J. Kostor, J. Walsh. Senior Latin; T. Simons, H. Boland, O. Townsend, J. Boland. Form IV, J. O'Connor, L. Doe, F. Donovan. Christian Doctrine; T. Simons, J. O'Connor, Mathematics; O. Townsend, J. O'Connor. Language; F. Fulton, H. Boland. Commerce; J. Costello, J. O'Connor. Elocution Contest; W. Duffy, J. Costello, F. Fulton, O. Cummins.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Form IV, Excellent.—J. Costello, N. Schreiner, P. Flanagan, M. Dumphrey, G. O'Donoghue, M. McDonough, J. Adamson, J. McCandlish, W. Tobin, J. Dillon.

Form III, Senior Third, Excellent.—J. O'Hearn, E. Meehan, G. Glionna, G. Ryan, B. Roche, J. Boyd, J. Ryan. Good.—F. Glionna. Junior Third, Excellent.—Ernest Malone, Charles Smith, Leo McDonald, A. Schreiner, W. Warren. Good.—J. Harper, L. Mackay, J. Tobin, F. Ryan.

Form II, Excellent.—H. O'Donoghue, F. Murphy, J. Mohan, J. O'Toole, J. Tobin, J. Gilmour, J. Croffy, F. Gavin, F. Corrigan. Good: F. Lynch, J. O'Neill, M. Walsh, E. Halloran, J. Walker, J. Richardson, F. Boehler.

The following are the names of the most successful pupils in the monthly competitions held in St. Patrick's Boys' school, since the first of September, 1897.

Form IV, Senior Division; James Costello, Naudo Schreiner, Patrick Flanagan.

Form IV, Junior Division; Martin Dumphrey, George O'Donoghue, William Tobin.

Form III, Senior Division; Edward Meehan, James Doyle, George Glionna.

Form III, Junior Division; James Tobin, Brian Bulger, Augustine Schreiner.

Form II, Senior Division; Harry O'Donoghue, Arthur Catter, John Mohan.

Form II, Junior Division; Joseph Gilmour, Nicholas Lobraico, Joseph Tobin.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

Form IV, Excellent.—E. Kelly, J. Lister, T. Donovan, J. Tracy, D. McGeough, R. Turner, F. Mulhall, L. Luern and G. Luern. Good.—J. Harris, R. McDonald, E. Ward and M. Skelton.

Form III, Excellent.—F. Ryan, B. Sullivan, F. Gregg, T. Boland, J. Kerr, V. Bero, E. Tracy. Good.—L. Langley, L. Holland, O. Kirby, D.

Phumbree, J. Conroy, F. Hurley, J. Malloran, E. O'Donnell and N. Skelton.

Form II, Excellent.—F. McCarthy, G. Franco, W. Pegg, J. Phumbree and A. Woods.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

Form III, Excellent.—T. Glynn, J. Glynn, G. O'Brien, S. O'Connor, J. McCarron, F. Glynn, W. Kirk, E. Brennan, W. Wright. Good.—J. Solly, T. Moad, P. Deco.

Form II, Excellent.—F. O'Leary, F. Lambriek, P. Leo, A. Ramepinger, E. Garlan, R. Byron, F. Mohan. Good.—R. Kelly, J. Mullins, F. Flanagan, W. Flanagan, W. Lambriek.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

The following are the names of the testimonial winners in St. Mary's School.

Form IV, Excellent.—J. Doe, A. Drohan, F. Oartan, O. O'Brien, O. Smillie, R. Murray, J. Barff, F. Kelly, W. Oster, J. Madigan, F. Walsh, J. Maloney, J. O'Halloran. Good.—L. O'Hanley, J. Connors, W. Murphy, P. McGorriugh, W. Walsh, H. Harle.

Form III, Senior, Excellent.—J. Landreville, P. Donovan, A. Grossi, J. Fennell, J. Nolan, A. Landreville, A. Drohan, J. Conroy, T. O'ain. Good: F. Murphy, J. McGarry, P. Kennedy, A. Herbert, F. Griffin, F. O'Brien, J. Faulkner, J. Smillie, W. Geroux, J. Zeegman, G. Thompson, H. Lavello, J. Gain.

Form III, Junior, Excellent.—J. Ford, G. Roe, F. Dyer, W. Lynch, T. Ounerty, F. Murphy, A. McDonald, J. Olaney, T. O'Hanley, T. Hanson, J. Hagerty. Good.—A. McNeill, G. Murphy, W. Hance, J. O'Donohue, E. Zeegman, N. Tomlinson, F. Brennan.

Form II, Excellent.—J. Tinute, J. Lynch, F. Walsh, P. Murphy, J. Madigan, A. Murphy, Ed. Cahaly, H. Azworthy, W. Grady. Good.—S. Adams, G. Grossi, E. Duff, F. Murphy, W. Blake, A. Ellis, W. Bennett.

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Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment, can be purchased from all druggists, at 50 cents a box, or will be sent on receipt of the price, by the Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

WARD No. 1 VOTE FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF John Russell AS ALDERMAN

WARD No. 2 Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for Thos. BRYCE AS ALDERMAN FOR 1898

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE Respectfully Solicited for Daniel Lamb AS ALDERMAN

The People's Candidate WARD 2 Ex=Ald. Davies Solicits your Vote for Election as Alderman for 1898

ELECTORS OF WARD NO. 2 Your Vote and Influence respectfully solicited for Alderman Beale For RE-ELECTION to the Council for 1898.

Kindly help to Re-Elect ALD. F. S. SPENCE IN WARD No. 2 FOR 1898

1898 WARD THREE 1898 VOTE FOR W.E. RANEY FOR ALDERMAN

WARD No. 3 Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for Election of the People's Candidate, James Alison As Alderman for 1898

WARD No. 6 Your Vote and Influence respectfully requested for the re-election of Jas. Gowanlock As Alderman for 1898

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR Alex. ASHER AS ALDERMAN FOR WARD SIX

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Notice to Creditors. In the Estate of ARCHIBALD McDONALD, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 110 R.S.O., 1887, and Amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of Archibald McDonald, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Esquire, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-eighth day of October, 1897, are required to send to the undersigned, the Solicitor for the ESTATE OF ARCHIBALD McDONALD, the administrator of the property of the said deceased, on or before the 15th day of January, 1898, their Christian names and surnames, and a description, and full particulars of their claims and attachments, together with valuation of any securities held by them, the said claims to be duly verified by statutory declaration.

A MIDNIGHT CALL

By JOHN AUGUSTIN O'SHEA

"Maynooth, sir," said the grey-haired priest, "is an excellent institution, but do you know that it is comparatively modern, dating from 1709. Previous to that period no Irish Catholic could be educated for the sacred ministry in his own country without incurring the penalty of death or transportation."

"Dear me! you don't say so, exclaimed the Englishman. "I confess that is news to me."

"It is true, pitifully true, nevertheless," and turning to the door of the little parlor, which was pushed open by a neatly-dressed, roddy, middle-aged woman, the speaker added, "Well, Biddy, what's your report of the night, now?"

"No better, Father Michael, it is as cold as charity, and the old woman upstairs is plucking more of them geese."

"Thank God, we have shelter over our heads, anyhow," said Father Michael in his soft kindly voice. "Gentlemen, there is an Irish proverb, 'Face the sun, but turn your back to the storm.' As we have no sun we must only face the fire, but that should be no trouble to you, Captain Esmond, for you are a soldier."

"A feather-bed soldier, I am afraid, your reverence. My service has been confined to London, Windsor, Aldershot, and thereabout. I have never seen a shot fired in anger."

"And I hope you never may, for peace is better than war. And so you had small luck with the gun to-day?"

"The diabolical was, Father Michael, said the captain's companion and host, Tom Canty, who had invited his friend over to see what Ireland could furnish in the way of sport. As Biddy was leaving after having replenished the fire from a basket of turf, the priest asked her if there was any sign of Father Tim."

"Sorra a sign yet, Father, but sure he's that stout and hearty that he won't mind the night that is in it. I'm thinking the first sign of his coming will have will be his crook on the hall-dure. The snow is so thick you couldn't hear a footstep on it."

"Then, gentlemen, as the night is so wintry and Ardavan so far away, I must insist on your taking a shake-down under the soggart's roof. I don't relish our English visitor going away with a false notion of Irish hospitality. Remain, I beg of you. It will be a novel experience for you, Captain Esmond."

"Your reverence is too good. I shall be most happy to accept your invitation and thank you for it," said the guardsman cordially.

"If that curate of mine were here and you were really anxious to get back, I wouldn't mind sending the gig with you, though upon my word, on second thoughts, it would be cruel to put a dog out of doors such a night as this."

"And truly it was a bleak night. The earth was covered with a momentarily rising carpet of white, and the snowflakes were whirling and tossing in keen, gusty windsweeps from the mountain. It was very cold, and the stars shone with that steady, clearly-defined brilliance that presages a duration of severe weather, and inside the thatched, one-storeyed presbytery—only they call it by a more homely name in Munster—the temperature was favorable to cosy chat, and what the Italians term "the sweetness of doing nothing." Everything was cheerful and tempting. The bog-deal on the top of the peat crackled merrily. It was justly the spot to loll in an arm-chair, and indulge in half-dreamy interchange of ideas in the intervals of darning and dancing the slippered right foot over the left knee, so that Master Tom Canty, who knew when he was comfortable as well as any mortal in the barony, was not slow to join in accepting the parish priest's invitation."

"That's right," said Father Michael with undisguised pleasure at having persuaded the pair to stay; "you are generous to relieve an old man's loneliness. By my word, I shouldn't be at all surprised if that unfortunate wretch of mine did not come home till morning. He's a willing, dear fellow, and it's rarely he gets the chance of meeting an old college chum. He was educated at Paris, gentlemen, so I suppose he's enjoying a shanabus. He'd be a fool if he ventured out under this Siberian sky, and, besides, the mare must be dead tired. My own Rosamond, Captain, is undergoing a course of treatment for the last few days in the hospital of our vet at Ballycoppal."

who do not get quarter enough out of the people, should have their bit of badinage at the expense of the indolent, arrogant, ignorant, opulent priesthood."

The Englishman enjoyed the quiet anecdotal irony, and recommended his friend "to be satisfied with the lesson he had received—those who challenged others to spar should not object to cross-counters."

"Neither do I," said Tom laughing, for the priest's rally did not affect him, his father being the best landlord in the county, and indeed Tom himself was as great a pot of the Rev. Michael O'Leary as if he were a member of his book instead of being a disciple of the legally-gratified creed.

"As I was saying before Biddy interrupted us for our advantage, Maynooth is all very well in its way, resumed the priest, taking up the thread of his discourse at the point where our story opened, "but it lacks the charm of antiquity. I like walls with the ivy clusters on them. Give me grand old Louvain."

"Aren't you prejudiced in favor of Louvain?" put in Master Canty.

"Of course I am, and why shouldn't I be? Was I not educated there? Is it not my Alma Mater, and where could you find as fair a city in thriving Brabant? I love it for its old world calm. It is essentially an asylum of scholarship, and there are fine sights there in noble Gothic buildings—all they knew something about architecture before the railway engine screamed. Look at the roof-loft in the cathedral, and the paintings by the old masters. A martyrdom of St. Erasmus by Hemling, and a Holy Family by Quentin Metsu, for example, are splendid, and the carved pulpit by—I forget what's his name Believe me, Louvain is a glorious place!"

"They say they brew the best beer in all Belgium there, elly interjected the irrepressible Tom; "almost as good as the Clonakilty wrestler."

"Truth, I wouldn't doubt you to have found that my youthful investigator," said Father Michael, "but books have more attraction for me than beer, and I prefer to sit in admiration before a canvas made beautiful by a Van Eyck or a Rubens to blushing with shame at a nose unadorned by strong drink. That's the wrong sort of flesh-tinting. By-the-by, Captain, have you ever tasted our Irish potheen?"

"Esmond, remember Panch's advice to those about to marry—'Don't. You wouldn't care for it. It is rough and heady, and has a raw flavor of the soil that shocks the eye palate. The partiality for potheen, like that for absinthe, is acquired."

"Experto crede," said Father Michael.

The Englishman was busy hiding away a half-born laugh at the paradox of the simple old priest, who had been inveighing against liquor, asking him his opinion on a most potent one, presumptively as a preliminary to asking him to taste a sample of it. He did not understand how hard it is for an Irishman to reconcile his personal convictions of what is wholesome in practice with his almost irresistible racial prompting to do every honor to his guest, and make everything agreeable to him while he has his legs under his table. The captain saw the difficulty, and, after the fashion of the true gentleman, declined to make the acquaintance of the potheen.

"Master Tom Canty," said the priest, "you have been vexing my soul with your irresponsible frivolities almost since the day I first was introduced to you, or rather you to me, and that was before you came to the use of reason—if you have come to it yet—and I impose as a penance on you to sing us a song now to pass the time until Father Tim returns, when I shall hand you over to his tender mercies, and you know what that means."

"Spare me, Father Michael! Anything before that; and, although my pipes are rather lanky, the natural effect of tramping in the bottoms all day long, I'll attempt a stave on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you sing us a song yourself, supposing it is only 'MacKenna's Dream' or 'John McGoldrick's Trial for the Quaker's Daughter.'"

"Agreed. But, if I am to oblige you, I think you may allow me the choice of the song, or, if it comes to that, of the recitation I shall give. My singing days are over."

"That must be granted at the very least," chimed in the Englishman.

"At your orders, Father Michael," said Tom, "the more particularly as I am in a minority of one. Here goes, then."

And without the customary cough he started with that admirably tuneful and unctuously humorous lilt, the son of a Protestant Bishop, "Father O'Flynn," and such is the force of honest intent and the spell of a desire to please—far and away superior to the power of voice on graces of act—that he had his audience unconsciously swelling the chorus and responsively echoing to the emotional note of healthy drollery and pathos, for there is a pathos in the outwardly whimsical verses.

When they had ceased applauding Canty, the venerable pastor, apologizing for hurrying on the theme to him so dear, said they must let him off with a recitation of some lines written upon the subject of the Irish ecclesiastical establishments of Europe by a fellow priest in America.

Captain Esmond thanked the clergyman for the treat he had offered them by his most interesting conversation which to him, he owned, was a delightful surprise. He would no longer look upon the Irish priest as he feared he had previously. The guardsman was too delicate to admit that the mental picture he had formed of the order was based more on the "surplined ruffian" of hostile newspapers than Lever's Father Loftus or Bowen's Father Tom. The P.E.'s and C.C.'s of Ireland to his imagination were all sour, vulgar, contentious, bug-trotting, fire brands, a cross between a howling Derwish and a Monk of the Sorow, and here the first priest he had the privilege to meet at his own fireside was refined, scholarly and gracious, with the easy bearing of the man accustomed to good society, and manner that would grace a court.

"Anything stirring at this end of the parish of late, Father Michael?" inquired Canty.

"No, we have been very humdrum, but I fear the playboys are getting up a fight between the Blackbirds and the Magpies."

The Englishman stared. "I have heard of cocks and quails fighting for a wager," he said, "but never before of blackbirds and magpies—the mag certainly is pugnacious."

"Ah, 'tis not the innocent birds we are talking of, Captain, but a pair of fictions which call themselves by the name for no reason that living man can explain. They fight periodically, not for a wager, but for the fun of the thing." The fun of cracked skulls and bruised limbs is more than I can understand. They're the scandal of the parish and the plague of my existence. But come, Master Tom Canty, I detect the billywinkles in your eyes, and as it is nigh hopeless to expect Father Tim now, what if you were to go to room?"

"I beg your reverence's pardon, but to tell the truth, I am rather drowsy after the day's pottering about, and I think my friend, Esmond, wouldn't object to mooring in Blanket Bay himself."

"As you please, I shall ride for lights. You may trust to Biddy that the beds are well aired, and if you take my advice don't give any directions about being called in the morning, but have out your honest sleep. There's nothing so refreshing as 'tired nature's sweet restorer.'"

"Is the nightcap on the table in the passage as per usual, Father Michael?"

"Dear me, Tom, you don't mean to say you wear a nightcap, you Sybarite! 'tis a most unhealthy habit," said Esmond innocently.

"That's my private opinion, too, Captain," said the priest, smiling; "but the nightcap that rascal Tom is alluding to will never chase the hair on his pate or protect his ears from a draught."

Preceding his guests, Father Michael ushered them to their respective bedrooms, the suggest, as in courtesy bound, being reserved for the stranger, and bade them good-night.

Before preparing for his couch, the priest told Biddy that it was useless to wait for the curate. In case Father Tim should arrive he was not likely to want anything, and if he did he knew where to get it without her aid, and, besides, she would have to be up early in the morning, as he wished her to get ready a little breakfast for his guests. A few savory rissoles, an omelette, and, if possible, a jelly made of Carrigreen moss—that would be a treat for the English gentleman—would answer to a nicety. Recollect her reputation was at stake. The visitor would not be staying—the wish was to be particular there was nothing to disturb them—until after he had celebrated Mass and he could join them at table.

The warning not to disturb the guests was unnecessary. Within ten minutes they were as sound as the Seven Sleepers under the influence of that best of opiates—vigorous exercise in the fresh air. Father Michael wrote a few lines and left them on the hall table for the edification of his curate in the event of his returning in the small hours. They were to this effect:

"Timotheus, my bouchaleen bawn, I have given your cubiculo for this night to a Saxon—penance for your legerdemain. Try how a noose on the sofa will suit your disease. Terry will make up the fire for you. Avoid noise as much as possible; but if you will fall out of bed, do it 'aisy,' I beseech you.—M. O'L."

The pastor was fatigued and inclined to journey into the Land of Nod himself, but he had a habit of reading a chapter from some pious book, "Challoner's Meditations" or "Thomas a Kempis," before he sought his pillow; so he trimmed the lamp and sat beside the fire after his household had retired. As he reclined in his easy chair, in meditation, the open volume in his hand, nature asserted itself, his chin dropped on his breast,

and he incontinently fell into a doze. Perhaps the moaning of the wind noted as a lullaby. When he awoke it was late on the stroke of midnight—a very late hour in a remote county district. The fire was low. He rose, and in the spell of silence between two guests it seemed to him that he could overhear a dull repeated sound as if it were the rhythm of a horse's hoofs upon the snow. Could it be the curate returning? No, he had a gig, and there would be a crunching of wheels, however faint. He had all most dismissed the impression as mere fancy when the muffled sound grew more distinct. It was that of a galloping horse, and it was approaching his cottage. Suddenly there was a stop, and the rustling tick of gravel lightly thrown against glass caught his attention. He put on his brette, enfolded himself in a cloak, lowered a sash in the great four-paneled window and peered into the cold night. The air was biting, and the snow still sloping down in feathery shafts. A peasant was outside standing beside a horse. The quick puffs of breath, steaming from its nostrils showed that it had been hard ridden.

"A sick call?" inquired the priest in a whisper, muttering that the answer should be given in the same subdued tone.

"Yes, yer riverence," said the peasant, respectfully lifting his round hat, "a very urgent case."

"I wish you people would manage to fall ill at more reasonable hours. Where is it?"

"At K. Murty Feehily's."

"What? Seven good miles away, at the Binkler's Cross, and over a mountainy road at that? There's no one in but myself, and have no trap."

"Oh! For the love of God, Father Mickie, don't refuse. It is a case of life or death."

"Very likely, every collie is that. And who is the patient? Is the faction-fighter laid by the heels at last?"

"That same, yer riverence, he was lying senseless and speechless as when I left the house. He got an unlucky blow, or a fit, or something."

"I wonder you don't say he got a fairy blast. If he is senseless I can do nothing. You should have sent for the doctor."

"So we did, yer riverence, another of the b'ys rode over to the dispensary for Doctor Magner. Don't refuse to come, Father Mickie, it was the missus sint me; she's distracted, an' sure if yer's too late itself to an't the master, yer'll bring consolation to her. It would be an act of charity."

"Talk about charity comes finely out of the mouth of a customer like you, routing an old man at this un-holy hour with an invitation to catch his death of cold. Aren't you, Paddy Morrisey?"

"Yes, yer riverence, sure, didn't you baptize me an' confirm me, and didn't I take the pledge from you the other day?"

"Well, Morrisey, you scamp, as you haven't broken the pledge yet, and as Missus Feehily is one of the kindest and best creatures in the parish, I suppose I must go; but mark me, if anything happens me I'll turn you into a wool-pack and send on a voyage to the Red Sea. But how am I to get to Feehily's?"

"There you are, yer riverence," said the peasant pointing to the horse, "the saddle is waiting for you an' Maureen pating to be off. No need to change the stirrup-leathers, we're of a height, saving yer riverence's favor. Oh! she's a beauty, an' ken in a thrille less'n a half-hour, an' she's good to take the finest horse man in Munster to the Cross within an hour from my leaving it, an' hardly turn a hair."

"Come round to the porch and stop your orating," and the priest shut the window and went to the door to admit his client, that scamp, Paddy Morrisey, who was really as decent a "gay larking youth" as ever tended an "ailing comrade or footed it to jig polkogue." Father Michael instructed him to fasten a morsel of raw beef to the bit, and asked him had he any hints as to the temper of his mount—he himself had not been across a saddle for ten years and had lost his hand, gone rusty generally in short.

"Give her the head, yer riverence, she won't stand whip or spur, an' indeed she doesn't want them. She's all heart; she's a r-lar priest's horse."

"Does that mean she's fond of saying her prayers?" asked Father Michael.

"No, yer riverence," said Paddy, grinning; "she never came down yet. Her knees are as sound as the Rock of Cashel."

Having induted himself into a cotswome, gloved himself, and tied a muffler round his throat, the aged priest got on Maureen's back with the help of Paddy (whom he recommended to wait till he came back, leave the hall-door on the latch, and make himself happy at the kitchen hearth), pressed his knees into the sides of the willing beast, shook the bridle, and she was off like a bolt.

His errand gave him strength. He was made young again by the sense of labor in God's cause—that of the relief of the suffering and comfort of the afflicted.

Long Murty Feehily was a strong farmer—that is to say, one in a well-to-do position—so dwelt close to the Tinker's Cross. He was leader of the faction of the Blackbirds, partly by virtue of inheritance, and partly

because of his pluck and immense physical strength. On this particular night he was returning from a byro, some quarters of a mile distant from his house, where he had been admiring some fine stallions, when he was overtaken by a blow of a large stone from behind on the head. Effectually the missile had done its work. He was deprived of consciousness, he closed his eyes, he was attacked with shivering, his breathing was slow, and his pulse weak, his face had become as white as the overhanging snow.

In the condition he was discovered by one of his servant boys, who was deputed to see what was delaying the master, and was alarmed by the gleam of the stable lantern, which had been dropped on the ground after the treacherous assault. The boy leant over him and asked him to recognize him. The only response was a transient opening of the eyelids. A shout for help brought a group of fellow domestics from the farm-house, and the big man was carried home and put to bed, and messengers despatched hot-foot for the priest and the doctor.

Mrs. Feehily was a self-reliant woman and a model nurse. She did not go into hysterics, but set about doing the best she could for the good man, and, considering that she had never heard of an ambulance class, much less attended one, her treatment was remarkably sensible under the circumstances. She freed Murty's neck and chest from the restraint of clothes, raised his head, placed a wet towel across his temples and hot-water bottles to the soles of his feet. His body being excessively cold, she piled blankets on him, and then she knelt beside the bed and prayed with a rigid countenance, but a heart full to overflowing.

Dr. Magner was prompt in arriving, and in a quick, methodical manner, without trace of fuss, examined the patient. He soon discovered a dent in the skull, but could not pronounce whether it was the result of a fall or a blow. He called loudly "Feehily," and the prostrate man opened his eyes for a moment.

"You gave him no spirits?" he asked.

"No, doctor, I was afraid until you came," said Mrs. Feehily.

"You acted properly. Go and make some beef-tea; he will want that as soon as he comes to his senses. In the meantime the room must be darkened, and the place kept very quiet. It is a mere nothing, at least to a strong man like Murty; he'll get over it."

As a fact, it was a case of concussion of the brain, but that, when uncomplicated by compression or laceration, is rarely, if ever, fatal especially in Munster.

An increase of temperature and a twitching movement of the limbs indicated to the doctor that his patient was on the eve of rousing himself from the collapse induced by his wound, and he hastened his progress by applying a strong mustard poultice to the back of his neck. In a few minutes another symptom, which is the surest guarantee of recovery, supervened, and Murty woke up semi-conscious, but troubled by a headache, and asked the doctor where he was, how long he had been there, and how he had been brought there. The medical man soothed him by the assurance that he was among friends, that he had received a hurt, but that no serious harm was done, he would be all right shortly, but he must be still as a mouse, not leave the bed, and pay strict attention to what Mrs. Feehily ordered, "and by the same token, here she is with a bowl of beef-tea which you are to swallow."

Murty, who was still feeble and somewhat dazed, was propped up by pillows, and eagerly partook of the nourishing beverage which luckily had been in the house, and needed only to be warmed. His brain gradually cleared and he was perfectly sensible by the time Father Michael, on the spirited Maureen's back, drew up to the gate of the homestead. The snow-mantled priest was met at the door by Dr. Magner, who playfully scolded him for not having sent the curate on the errand on such a night, but was lost in admiration when he learned that the zealous old man had ventured out in Father Tim's absence sooner than the risk of leaving one of his parishioners unprotected by the rites of the Church on a possible death-bed.

To the priest's inquiry how Murty received the concussion, the doctor replied that that was a mystery; he was disposed to think that it was from an unexpected blow, and he had his suspicions—in short, party feeling was rife in the district, and there were rumors that a pitched battle between the Blackbirds and the Magpies was in preparation. The presumption was that Murty had been treacherously assaulted by some of the rival faction, but he may have had a fit and sustained the injury by falling on a sharp stone. The priest gravely shook his silvery locks and entered the house, where he was greeted with an affection almost reverential, and offered the seat of honor by the fire that was blazing on the broad kitchen hearth, and pressed to have something to warm him after his chilly, trying ride.

"The master was much improved, thanks be to God, and would be a world the better for his reverence's presence—Heaven bless him for coming out in such weather as this!"

"This is a bad business, I fear," said the priest in an undertone. "Murder may have been meant. The worst of it is if the evidence of that stone looks out prematurely there will be reprisals, and the feud that has long been smouldering may get a new lease of life and flare as fiercely as ever. Keep your own counsel, Magner, and warn that boy to be chary with his tongue. I must drive over to Ardavan to-morrow and have a serious chat with Mr. Canty, he is one of the most prudent and sagacious magistrates in the county as well as being the most popular. And now, good night, or rather, good morning."

"Surely you are not going to brave the road so soon again?"

"Duty compels me. I have to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice at nine. See, the moon is rising and the snow-fall has ceased."

"At least you'll take my covered car," urged the doctor, "and let my man go with you. He can come over in the morning. I am stopping here to-night."

"Thanks, thanks, I prefer to ride; the exercise will warm me, and that splendid mare of Feehily's will carry me across the mountain in less than no time."

Maureen, who had had a white drink in the stable, and was fresh and almost skittish, was brought round, his reverence was helped to his seat, and set off on his lonely journey, proceeding at first at a smart foot-pace. He had gone but a couple of hundred yards when a sturdy figure, emerging from the shadow of the roadside hedge, confronted him and murmured, "A word with you, Father Mickie, if you please."

It was Tom Hogan, the leader of the Magpie faction.

"Are you aware of this night's work?" sternly demanded the clergyman, naming in Maureen.

"I am, an' that's why I want to spake to yer riverence; but first tell me how is Murty Feehily?"

"At death's door, you wretched being! It will be only by God's mercy he will get over this cowardly assault."

"God grant he may get over it," said Hogan earnestly, sinking on the snow.

"I thought you were his enemy. You or some of your murderous gang are suspected of inflicting the injury that is likely to rob his young children of a father and leave his good wife a widow."

"Before Heaven I swear that I had neither hand, aid, nor part in the assault. Tom Hogan never struck anybody a foul or mane blow, and the man's face flushed hotly and his form seemed to dilate. "Murty was my enemy when he was on his feet and could meet alpeen with alpeen in the noonday, but when he's on the bed of weakness an' pain I would I unmy against him, nor would I against any wan. I am no midnight assassin, but I know who flung the stone."

"If you do, why do you not give him up to the police?"

"If ever there was a case where I would be tempted to disgrace myself an' turn shag it is this; but I can tell what I know without dishonour or detriment to anybody. The law has no grip of him that did the harm."

"Do not be too sure of that. Name him, sir, I command you, as you value the peace of your immortal soul."

"It was Lanky, Tymman, the omad-haun."

"That poor witless creature!" exclaimed the astonished priest. "What could have impelled him to this act? Are you certain of what you say?"

"Certain as that the moon is shining. He told me so himself. You see, Father, we gave him the bit and the sup and the kind word always, an' it appears some wan at the Cross made game of him, an' between his grudge at that an' his eye for us, he thought he couldn't do a bigger service to me than by injurin' Murty. He laid in wait for him, an' when the dirty deed was done he kem rushing back and woke us up wid his wheelin' and caperin' as if he had done a great action. 'Ha!' he yelled, 'I've levelled him, he's cotched it, he'll never down a Magpie agin!'"

"And where is he now?"

While Father Michael was inside something had occurred bearing on the problem of the indentation in the skull. A servant boy returning from the byre had stumbled against a big jagged flint at the spot where Murty had fallen, and picked it up. As it rested loosely on the snow and was covered with blood and hair, the inference that it had been thrown at his master was inevitable. He was a shrewd fellow, and did not mention his discovery to Mrs. Feehily, but he confided his secret to the doctor. That gentleman in his turn led Father Michael to a corner for a whispered consultation.

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The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world"

TALKS BY "TERESA"

THE WOMEN OF TWO GREAT NOVELISTS.

Dickens' women! who does not know and love them? And how clearly do they reveal to us the type of woman that the great writer loved.

From Milly in "The Haunted Man," sweet, gentle, soft voiced, tender hearted Milly, to the most exquisite creation of his genius, beautiful, patient, self-sacrificing Little Nell, every one of the female characters he has created bears the stamp of true and beautiful womanhood.

"The Child of the Marshes," Little Dorrit, is a beautiful example of womanly devotion to duty, and womanly self-abnegation in the effort to bring one little brightness and happiness into the lives of others. There are many Little Dorrits in the world; hardworking, patient, uncomplaining women, for whom life holds nothing but the dreary round of duties nobly done, whose only earthly reward and pleasure lies in the knowledge that the life of one dear to them is made easier by their efforts, and who strive to lift and carry burdens impossible for them to bear save by the help of the strength that comes from God.

Many of them, poor Little Dorrits, meet with but scant gratitude from those who should love and protect them, in whose service their lives are ungrudgingly spent, but the sweet, Christ-like souls feel no resentment, bitterness is not in their natures; like their prototype drawn by the hand of the great delineator of character, they are modest and retiring, letting not their labors be seen, even by those for whose benefit they are undertaken.

Dickens disliked loud voiced, positive, quick tempered women; whenever any such appear in his works they are drawn as unflatteringly as possible. Perhaps the least lovable of his heroines is Estella in "Great Expectations," but he is careful to show us that it was her peculiar and unnatural training that was at fault, rather than any innate disposition towards hardness and coldness. It was impossible for Dickens to write a story without a lovable woman in it; he could not have done it if he had tried, and that was, I think, the most beautiful tribute to his mother and his mother's nature. For it was, if I may so express myself, the mother nature showing itself in the mind of the son and giving rise to those creations which should be a pattern to every woman to the end of time.

In "Great Expectations," we have Biddy, plump, comfortable, sweet-tempered little Biddy, who, like all Dickens' good women; and every other good woman for that matter; had sense enough to know a good man when she saw him, and to marry him when she got the chance, although he was such a rough diamond as honest Joe Gargery.

Florence Dombey with her poor, starved little heart fixing itself eagerly on every small scrap of affection that came in its way, and Edith, the cold, self-repressed, bitter-hearted woman, are similar types; the latter character showing that manner of woman Florence would have become, but for the softening influences that came to her from other sources than her father's affection.

In "Nicholas Nickleby," poor Kate is an example of the toil and humiliations which many well born and gently nurtured girls have to encounter in the struggle for bare existence; the character of the gentle, clinging girl being brought out more forcibly by contrast with that of the hard, miserly unsympathetic Ralph Nickleby.

Another great writer whom I consider second only to Dickens as a delineator of character, is Charles Reade.

Another lover of women, his types are in direct antithesis to those of Dickens, for while the latter shows us woman in her sphere of minister and comforter, and draws for us the angelic side of her nature with all its accompaniments of tenderness and affection, Reade gives us capricious, impulsive and thoroughly earthly women. His female characters are all either Hebes or Junos, full throated, and full figured, with the natural concomitants of exuberant life and energy, full of womanly whims and caprices, positive and able to hold their own against anybody. Reade could not have conceived a Kate Nickleby, or Little Dorrit; he might have admired them as embodying one phase of feminine excellence, but he could not have created them. And yet his women are thoroughly womanly; he probed the impulsive and emotional side of woman's nature to the bottom, and painted her on paper with all her good and bad qualities, her virtues, caprices and tempers with absolute fidelity.

Perhaps the most lovable of Reade's women is Mercy, in "Griffith Gaunt," she possesses all the excellencies of female character, with but few of its faults. "Christie Johnston," an another noble type of womanhood, con-

trasted, as Reade loved to contrast his women, with a weak and vacillating man.

The heroine in his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth," is a study of womanly fortitude and patience under the most terrible trials a woman can endure; and in the end, it is her finger that points out the path of duty to the man, and helps to smooth it by every service and consolation it is in her power to give.

In "Foul Play," we have the gradual giving way of a good woman's prejudice before the influence of a noble, self-forgetting man. Helen Rolleston is true as steel to the unworthy man to whom she is pledged, and only when the whole force of the evidence against him comes home to her, does she turn from him in scorn, and give her heart unreservedly to the man who has proved his truth and worthiness.

It has been said that no two people see human nature from exactly the same standpoint, and it is as well that it is so. We are saved from a dead level of monotony in literature by the diversified views of different writers, and their various ways of portraying the virtues and failings of humanity. Reade admired good and virtuous women, so did Dickens, but the two writers do not show us exactly the same side of character, or physical attributes. Dickens was fond of painting delicate, ethereal, frail, the weaker vessel in all that pertains to the physical, but strong in womanly love and endurance.

On the contrary Reade was fond of what may not inaptly be described as the dairymaid style; he would none of your languor and delicacy; give him the girl whose inches top well beyond five feet, the well grown, full chested plump figured Juno who, to quote himself, "steps well out from the hips, with a grand swinging motion, her feet slapping the ground as she spans along;" in short, the latter day tennis, golf and bicycle girl, who can walk her ten miles a day, and swing you a club with the best of them.

Fancy the Hon Miss Lydia Langshill, or the lady Betty Modish of a hundred or so odd years ago, sitting themselves down to peruse a novel wherein the heroine disports herself after manner of Reade's young women! Their ladyships would have fainted (or tried to) at the bare mention of such shocking departures from what they may choose to consider "gentility," which consisted if you please, in lying abed till eleven or twelve, occupying two or three hours in dressing, during which process they received various friends, including gentlemen; and finally descending to dinner, "painted, pomatumed, powdered, patched, punctured, and everything else—except washed."

One of the most charming female characters Reade has portrayed is "Peg Wadgeron." He gives us the woman as she was, ardent, impulsive, fanatical (who is not?) passionate and headstrong; but with a great true woman's heart, finely strung as a violin, and responsive to the slightest touch of sympathy and good feeling. The character is all the more interesting from the fact that it is not imaginary. Only Reade could have drawn the famous actress with such fidelity, only his master touch could draw for us the pathetic picture of her life's close, amidst the sorrow and lamentations of the poor and afflicted, to whom she had been a tender and sympathizing friend.

The characters that appeal most strongly to us are always those that approach the nearest to human nature; the great writers of every age were students of humanity in all its aspects, they drew men and women as they are, as we may meet them any day. They did not draw impossible characters who could have no counterpart in every day existence, as too many of the ephemeral writers of to-day are fond of doing.

I have often heard it said that Dickens' characters were exaggerated. They may appear so to anyone unacquainted with, or unable to recognize the peculiarities of individual character. Some critics have accused him of harping too persistently upon certain eccentric habits in his individuals, such as Jagers hand washing and scented soap, in "Great Expectations," and Carvers teeth in "Dombey & Son" &c. To this it may be answered that strong touches are sometimes necessary to accentuate the peculiarities in certain temperaments, just as an artist emphasizes some parts of his sketch in order to bring them into perfect harmony with the whole.

I hope, in the course of the coming year to give my readers some reviews of modern books and methods, and some analyses of the works of Canadian and Irish Catholic writers, and to compare the methods pursued in the delineation of character, with those in vogue in the literature of a few years back.

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LATEST MARKETS

TORONTO, Dec. 29.—On the curb in Chicago at the close to-day May wheat was quoted at 91 1/2c, at the close May wheat was quoted at 91 1/2c puts on May wheat, 93 1/2c; puts on May corn, 30 1/2c; calls 30 1/2c.

Wheat—The offerings of wheat are far, the demand is not very active and the market is steady. No. 2 red sold at 82c north and west to day. Manitoba wheat is steady at \$1.03 for No. 1 hard Montreal freights and 35c for No. 2. Four is in moderate demand and at 40c. Cars of straight rye are quoted at \$3.50 to \$3.70 west.

Milfeed—Is quiet at \$10 to \$10 7/8 for shorts, and \$7 1/2 to \$7 7/8 for bran west.

Barley—Is dull. There is some inquiry for old for malting. No. 2, new is quoted at 32c west and 33c to 34c east. No. 3 extra is quoted at 27c to 28c and feed at 25c to 26c west.

Buckwheat—Is quiet at 32c east and 30c west.

Rye—Is in fair demand and steady, and sold to-day east and 41c west.

Corn—Is quiet at 26c to 26 1/2c for new Canada yellow west.

Oats—Are firmer. Whites are quoted at 25c for new and 24c for old.

Peas—Firm and sold at 46c east and 45c west.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The receipts of grain on the street market to-day are small prices were steady.

Wheat—No. 1 hard	1,500 bushels	selling at \$0.80 to \$0.85
Wheat—No. 2 hard	1,500 bushels	selling at \$0.75 to \$0.80
Wheat—No. 3 hard	1,500 bushels	selling at \$0.70 to \$0.75
Barley—Steady	1,000 bushels	selling at \$0.30 to \$0.35
Oats—Steady	200 bushels	selling at 45c
Rye—Firm	300 bushels	selling at 27c
Hay and Straw	The receipts were fair, there was a good demand and the market was steady. 50 loads of hay selling at \$8 to \$9.50, and five loads of straw at \$8	
Dressed Hogs	The receipts were not large, there was a good demand and the market was rather easier at \$6.10 to \$6.25.	
Wheat white	\$0.80 to \$0.85
do red	0.80 to 0.83
do good	0.78 to 0.79
Barley	0.30 to 0.34
Rye	0.26 to 0.27
Peas	0.45 to 0.45
Buckwheat	0.34 to 0.00
Hay	8.00 to 0.00
Ureseed hogs	6.10 to 6.25
Eggs	0.16 to 0.18
Butter, lb rolls	0.16 to 0.17
do tubs, dairy	0.15 to 0.15
Chickens	0.30 to 0.40
Turkeys	0.09 to 0.00
Spring ducks	0.40 to 0.00
Geese	0.50 to 0.65
Export sheep	0.05 to 0.07
Spring Lambs	0.06 to 0.00
Mutton	0.05 to 0.00
Beef, fore	0.04 to 0.05
do hind	0.03 to 0.05
Veal	0.16 to 0.08

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made at the ensuing Session of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario for an Act amending the Act incorporating the Sisters of St. Joseph for the Diocese of Toronto in Upper Canada, being 18 Victoria, Chapter 225, and its amendment being 25 Victoria, Chapter 98, by altering and defining the powers of the said Corporation with respect to the real estate which they are empowered to acquire and hold.

Dated at Toronto this 24th day of November, A.D. 1897.

ROY & KELLY, Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Archdiocese of Toronto will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the present session thereof, for an amendment to their Act of Incorporation, 20 Vic. Cap. 187, changing the name of the said Corporation with respect to "The Loretto Ladies' Colleges and Schools."

ANGELIN & MALLOU, Solicitors for Applicants. Toronto, December 21, 1897.

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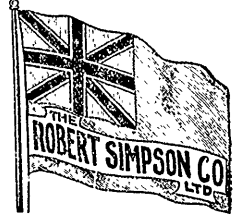
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