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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Irish Question Again—Some More of Goldwin Smith's Errors Pointed Out—Grass versus Tillage—A Defence of the Potato—The Manchester Martyrs—English Tinker Talk—The Land Act—Difficulties Put in the Way of its Administration—In Fifty Years Ireland's Population Diminished by One-Half, and Her Taxation Doubled—Another Home Rule Battle Is On.

The appearance of Prof. Goldwin Smith's book on the Irish question, and the recent declarations of prominent British party leaders for and against Home Rule, make a discussion of Irish affairs at this juncture reasonable. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written of them, they are not yet fully understood, not even by so well read a man as Prof. Smith himself, for he fails to put many things in their proper light, although his intentions may be good.

The Irish demand is for Home Rule or the constitutional right to govern themselves. To deprive them of this right is an act of tyranny. It is the oppression of a minority by a majority. The spirit of the age, the facts of history, the greatest tragedy of the human race since the deluge, the dispersion of a stalwart race over the world, makes this clear. The union of Ireland with England is a union of the lamb with the wolf, the lamb inside the wolf. This unhappy condition of a portion of the human race will have to be agitated, exposed and called to correction until the crack of doom if necessary. Like the ill-usage and oppression of the Jews, it commands a constant cry of grief and appeal to humanity. Nature has made Ireland a beautiful country, but man has desolated it. The Irish are a worthy people and taking them all-in-all they form a splendid race of men and women. Why should they not be allowed to do their own best for their own benefit? Because they are disorderly, because they are ignorant, because they hate us, say the small, narrow, miserable, ungenerous English economists, from whom Goldwin Smith, broad man as he sometimes shows himself, takes his temper. Coercion acts, crimes acts and other acts of repression, are their only remedies for the government of a people they are incapable of understanding, and that are terribly wrong.

The Irish, say men like Lord Rosebery, the mock Liberal, are unable to govern themselves, not withstanding the fact that they assist at governing the world. "They govern every country but their own," was the declaration of a distinguished American, and they have a better right to govern their own country than any other people, be they English, Scotch or Unionists.

The Union has depopulated the Irish nation, has impoverished what is left of the people, has degraded them, has made fugitives of their best and strongest, and yet men like Rosebery in England and Smith in Canada declare that this accursed condition must be maintained! This is obtuseness with a vengeance. There are great Englishmen, there have been great Englishmen, and there will be great Englishmen, but the English mind towards the wrongs of Ireland is so obtuse that were the Lord of Heaven and Earth to come down from His throne of light and write on tablets of gold with characters of fire, that Ireland should have home rule, they would not believe in the justice of the command.

That group of islands constituting Great Britain and Ireland are not so great nor so imposing, nor their natural interests so diverse, that they must have a political cancer eating into their vitals. They certainly should live a harmonious existence. They are necessary to each other's existence in more ways than one. Mr. Smith's wonderful conception of this fact is that England has

coal in her bowels and Ireland grass on her back! This is an argument against tillage and the cultivation of "the phlo progenitive potato," as Mr. Smith once described that useful Irish edible. Grass makes bullocks feed the English, tillage makes food for the Irish people. Abolish tillage and promote grass-growing that the English may be fed, no matter about the Irish; the bullocks are preferable, and that is the Smithsonian philosophy!

If the potato be so poor a food how comes it that it has given sustenance to so stalwart a race of people? The Irish and their descendants are acknowledged to be now the foremost athletes in the world. They certainly are in the United States, in Canada and in England. I do not admire the potato as an exclusive article of diet, but it evidently has its merits, or so brave, so strong and so energetic, not to say comely, a race, would have thriven upon it. Mr. Smith, in his earlier days, used to argue that over-population was the cause of Ireland's misery, and that the potato was to blame for it. The population since then has been reduced by one-half, but the misery still exists and famines are frequent. It is only English tinkers' talk. Anyhow, the land system and the forcing of the Irish peasantry to live on starvation fare is the reason for this. Surety Mr. Smith knows it. Then why does he endeavor to conceal the consequences? If the Irish were not a superior race free from the taints that make other races weak and scrofulous, they would all be dead and buried long ago, because of English neglect.

I want to take Mr. Smith to task for what he says in his book about the Manchester affair of years ago. He says "a policeman escorting Fenian prisoners had been murdered at Manchester." Mr. Smith, before charging murder, should be aware that the death of the policeman referred to was an accident. The shot that killed Sergeant Brett was fired to break a lock not to murder a man. Three brave men, however, were hanged for it, and some of the best authorities on English law have declared that hanging judicial murder, and that is the reason why Allan, Larkin and O'Brien are looked upon as martyrs to liberty by the Irish people and their execution is annually celebrated.

In writing of the "Invincibles" who assassinated Cavendish and Burke in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, Mr. Smith styles them "a club of frenzied Irish in the United States." Bad as the "Invincibles" were, they had no intention to interfere with Mr. Cavendish, against whom they had no grudge, but that gentleman had the misfortune to be Mr. Burke's companion at the time, and Burke was the only man that a spite was held against. It is news that the so-called "Invincibles" were Irish-Americans. Mr. Smith ought to be better informed than that.

"Neither Parnell nor any of his party," remarks Mr. Smith, "seem to have cared to study dispassionately the natural aptitudes of the country, and to satisfy themselves whether it was capable of supporting the population which disastrous events and sinister influences had accumulated upon it." This is more English tinkers' talk. Why O'Connell met that objection long before Parnell. It had been proved by statistics over and over again that Ireland, if she had had fair play, could support double the population she possessed at the time of the famine. It is vain to endeavor to impress people who write like this. What Mr. Smith means, I suppose, is: Could Ireland support so large a population when England had taken all her advantages and opportunities from her. It was made clear over and over again that Ireland could not be made to prosper without her political rights and her own free parliament.

Mr. Smith lauds "the steadfastness and power of this journal" (the London Times) in rallying the adherents of the union against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. If Mr. Smith had any regard whatever for Irish sentiment he would not quote the London Times' steadfastness for anything, for it was always an inveterate foe of the Irish people and their cause. He must remember well the time when its columns used to bristle with the words at the end of "want" advertisements, "no Irish need apply."

"Thus the Irish question," says Mr. Smith, "which the greatest among the public men of his time had failed to settle, was once more thrown into the cauldron of party

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strife"; and here we have it again, and the Irish have now the public opinion of Australia, Canada and the rest of the Empire with them.

It is true that since the failure of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure there has been important legislation in parliament for the improvement of the condition of the farming population by creating a peasant proprietary, and buying out the landlords. How this legislation is thriving has now to be considered.

Sir Antony Macdonnell, a man whose Home Rule sympathies were perfectly well known, was appointed Under Secretary in Dublin Castle. The Land Act was introduced and passed—An Act under which an enormous sum of money was lent by the Treasury for the purpose of settling the Irish land question—and for about a year Wyndham was engaged on ignorant and clumsy and incompetent efforts at conciliation; and then, all of a sudden, without any reason whatever, another change came over his policy, and Sir A. Macdonnell was publicly censured by him in the House of Commons, because he had taken Wyndham seriously, because he had ventured to put into a concrete form all the loose and ignorant talk about conciliation which had been indulged in by Wyndham and a number of other English statesmen. Sir Antony Macdonnell was censured; regulations were issued from Dublin Castle nullifying to a large extent all the valuable provisions of the Land Act which had been passed, and coercion was once again set on foot in Ireland. They were prepared at that moment to make what at last seemed a large sacrifice and a large concession for the purpose of settling that question, but when they came to carry that good intention into effect their intentions were almost entirely nullified by their ignorance of Irish conditions and Irish affairs. So long as Irish questions are decided and settled by a parliament the overwhelming majority of which is made up of men who are not Irish and having no close connection with Irish problems, so long these mistakes will inevitably take place.

During the past fifty years the population of Ireland has been reduced one-half, but the taxation has been doubled. It is to-day three millions more than it was ten years ago. The question of the housing of the laborer and artisans is absolutely neglected, and it is perhaps from the social and moral point of view the most serious of all questions of self-government. Ireland seems to be as much neglected as if she were governed by the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of Russia.

What the course of the successors of the present government may be remains to be seen. The Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has already declared for Home Rule for Ireland, but Lord Rosebery says he will have none of it, and Lord Rosebery is a Liberal too. Of course the whole Unionist party is opposed to it. Ireland, however, has a nearly united party to battle for it. She has the sympathy of the civilized world on her side. The leading colonies of the empire have passed resolutions in favor of it, and perhaps the King himself may be an adherent of the cause. God grant that the question may be finally settled at last and favorably.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI ON THEATRES

As Pastor and Father His Grace Speaks Against Certain Performances—Advices the Faithful Against Attendance—Managers Also Receive Warning.

His Grace Archbishop Bruschi has addressed the following letter to his diocese:
For the last few years theatres have invaded to use the expression, our city of Montreal, and in spite of our reiterated warnings, in spite of the requests we have addressed to the city press, notices in their favor have appeared from day to day, and, in consequence, crowds have been drawn to witness their representations. This, in fact, has been such as to cause us profound sadness. If indeed, we bless God for all that elevates the soul, deepens our faith and confirms it in the practice of virtue, how then can we be otherwise constituted a danger to morals, and which is for the young a real school of sin. We therefore cannot lose sight of the fact that we have a mission to fulfill in your midst, and that one day we will have to account to the Sovereign Judge not only for our personal acts, but for your souls which are in our keeping. It is the duty of pastor and father that we raise our voice and signal the danger which threatens our society. The expression, threaten, does not, however, go far enough. The evil is already amongst us, and is exercising serious ravages. Simply warning our people against the ravages is not all that is required; it is the leaguing together of all the fathers and mothers of truly Christian families in order to combat the evil that the situation demands. It is proclaimed everywhere, and rightly, too—that intemperance is our great enemy, but the theatre is also an enemy, the enemy of good morals; the enemy of our doctrines and Christian traditions, which it often contradicts; the enemy of those principles which render the family happy and honest, because the theatre never ceases to replace before the eyes of their frequenters scenes of passion and criminal love.

Let it not be said that the theatre in itself possesses nothing reprehensible, and that it even exercises a moral effect upon the people. We do not here refer to theories, but rather to practices. We take the theatre just as it exists, and as it is, and as we have seen in Montreal, too, those who frequent the theatres be sincere and play better men and better women, or if these plays have inspired lessons of virtue.
"Almost all of the pieces of the French stage are played here one after the other. Those pieces which they did not dare to put on a few years ago, for fear of alarming our people, 'simple and timid,' as was said at the time, are now produced without fear, without scruple and without the least modification. This education of the people has been gradually going on. Did not a certain actress, whose name we would not pronounce, repeat only a few months ago the ignoble scenes which is her custom to practise elsewhere? We know that more than one person was indignant, but why did those people who respect themselves go to hear her? We have no need in this Catholic city of such literature, of such plays, imported from a centre where Christian marriage is mocked at and where morality and modesty are only vain words.
"Unfortunately too many pious families and too many leading citizens frequent these representations. Their place is not there. They allow themselves to be drawn into it like the rest, but they forget that they are giving a very sad example to people whom they should edify. We do not pretend that all the representations in our theatres are bad, but the bad ones are, alas, too numerous, and how many there are really reprehensible! It is true that one becomes accustomed to sin, but this is certainly a lamentable symptom.
During the present week one theatre in particular will attract large crowds, and we deeply regret the programme that has been decided upon, for amongst the pieces there are plays bad and condemnable. As for talent and genius in the execution

and interpretation of the play, this can only increase the danger. We beseech, therefore, our pious families still attached to duty and truth, to be on their guard, and to abstain from what will be to them an occasion for sin, and to prefer, instead, their household and the salvation of their children's souls."

Below is full text of second letter:
"In raising our voice last Sunday against bad theatres and in asking you not to attend the reprehensible plays which were to be presented during the week, we were only acting in the discharge of a conscientious duty which our position as first pastor imposed upon us.
"In spite of all that has been said to the contrary we know that our words fell upon attentive ears. Many, in fact, of the most distinguished citizens, in order to meet our wishes, sacrificed the tickets which they had already purchased, and such an act being a noble example to others we are happy to offer them our congratulations.
"A great many others unfortunately took no notice of our letter and went to hear plays in which the Church is insulted and Christian morals are trampled underfoot; and we have to confess to-day that such conduct on their part fills us with grief and surprise.
"The plea has been given that the pastoral warning came too late, but this is a sad excuse, indeed; for when the warning was given the plays had been announced and, perhaps, the tickets were purchased, but the theatre was not open. If you were to learn, very dear brethren, that a medicine which had been sold to you as an excellent remedy was nothing more than a fatal poison, would you take the same even if it had been paid for?"

"It has also been said that these plays were interpreted by an artist of incomparable merit, but does this fact render them less immoral or less dangerous?
"Oh, how little logic there is in some minds, and are not religious convictions very far from being deeply rooted in certain souls?"

"We defy the most brilliant orators and the most celebrated actresses to come here to our city and ridicule our history or insult the honor of the Canadian name, for we know that they would receive hisses rather than applause.
"In a word, the patriotic sentiment of the country would rise in protest. Remember, also, very dear brethren, the excitement caused recently in society circles by the appearance of a novel, quite insignificant in itself, but in which some not very flattering things for our people were evidently aimed at in the writings.

INSULT THE CHURCH

"Likewise at the theatre no one should be permitted to attack our country, or the memory of our departed statesmen. But in the present case it is the Church which is insulted. Her history is falsified and her blessed influence down through the ages is strangely ignored.
"The scenes offered to the spectators in the theatre are, after all, but scenes of criminal passion, of vengeance, of jealousy, of adultery, of murder, and of suicide. One must be indeed scrupulous to be afraid or to flee from these scenes. The evil is exhibited with the seduction of genius, and is this not sufficient reason for contemplating it and applauding the actor or actress who flaunts it before our eyes.
"Believe us, very dear brethren, we would never have dreamed of warning you against plays that might be elevated thoughts or noble sentiments. To-day, however, we invite to all sincere men, who saw the plays with their hands on their hearts, if we were not within our prerogatives, and if we were not quite in the right in speaking to you as we have done. It is Catholics to whom we are addressing these words. It is not their Archbishop, it is God whom they have offended, and can they think of it without remorse?"

"Enjoyment, very dear brethren, is of short duration, but how humiliating is the stain that is left in the soul!
"There are journalists, whom we consider as friends, and in whom we have often noticed excellent dispositions."
(Continued on page 8.)

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Dennis, with a wink and a nod, un- wound the cord from about his person, and raising his eyes to the ceiling, looked all over it, and round the walls and cornice, with a curious eye, then shook his head.

"No, brother?" he returned the hang- man, with a stare. "What else?" Hugh made no answer, but snatching the rope from his companion's hands, proceeded to bind old John himself, but his very first move was so bungling and unskillful, that Mr. Dennis retreated, almost with tears in his eyes, that he might be permitted to perform the duty. Hugh con- senting, he achieved it in a twink- ling.

"There!" he said, looking mourn- fully at John Willet, who displayed so more emotion in his bonds than he had shown out of them. "That's what I call pretty, and workmanlike. He's quite a picter now. But, Bro- ther, just a word with you—now that he's ready trussed, as one may say, wouldn't it be better for all parties if we was to work him off? It would read uncommon well in the newspapers, it would indeed. The public would think a great deal more on us!"

Hugh, inferring what his compan- ion meant, rather than his gestures than his technical mode of expressing himself (to which, as he was ignorant of his calling, he wanted the clew), rejected this proposition for the second time, and gave the word "For- ward!" which was echoed by a hun- dred voices from without.

CHAPTER LV.

John Willet, left alone in his dis- mantled bar, continued to sit start- ing about him; awake as to his eyes, certainly, but with all his powers of reason, and reflection in a sound and dreamless sleep. He looked around upon the room which had been for years, and was within an hour ago, the pride of his heart, and not a muscle of his face was moved. The night, without, looked black and cold. Through the dreary gaps in the casement, the precious liquids, now nearly leaked away, dripped with a hollow sound upon the floor; the May- pole peered ruefully in through the broken window, like the bowsprit of a wrecked ship; the ground might have been the bottom of the sea, it was so strewn with precious frag- ments. Currents of air rushed in, as the old doors jarred and creaked up- on their hinges; the candles flickered and guttered down, and made long, winding sheets; the cheery deep-red curtains flapped and fluttered idly in the wind; even the stout Dutch kegs, overturned and lying empty in dark corners, seemed the mere husks of good fellows whose jollity had de- parted, and who would kindle with a friendly glow no more. John saw this desolation, and yet saw it not. He was perfectly contented to sit there, staring at it, and felt no more indignation or discomfort in his bonds than if they had been robes of honor. So far as he was personally concern- ed, old Times lay snoring, and the world stood still.

Save for the dripping from the bar- rels, the rustling of such light frag- ments of destruction as the wind af- fected, and the dull creaking of the open doors, all was profoundly quiet; indeed, these sounds, like the ticking of the death-watch in the night, only made the silence they invaded deeper and more apparent. But quiet or noisy, it was all one to John. If a train of heavy artillery could have

come up and commenced ball prac- tice outside the window, it would have been all the same to him. He was a long way beyond surprise. A ghost couldn't have overtaken him. By and by he heard a footstep— hurried, and yet cautious footstep— coming towards the house. It stopped, advanced again, then seemed to go quite round it. Having done that, it came beneath the window, and a head looked in.

It was strongly relieved against the darkness outside by the glare of the guttering candles. A pale, worn, withered face; the eyes—but that was owing to its gaunt condition—unnat- urally large and bright; the hair, a grizzled black. It gave a searching glance all round the room, and a deep voice said:

"Are you alone in this house?" John made no sign, though the question was repeated twice, and he heard it distinctly. After a mo- ment's pause the man got in at the window. John was not at all sur- prised at this, either. There had been so much getting in and out of win- dows in the course of the last hour or so, that he had quite forgotten the door, and seemed to have lived among such exercises from infancy.

The man wore a large, dark, faded doak, and a slouched hat; he walked up close to John, and looked at him. John returned the compliment with interest.

"How long have you been sitting thus?" said the man. "John considered, but nothing came of it. "Which way have the party gone?" Some wandering speculations rela- tive to the fashion of the stranger's boots, got into Mr. Willet's mind by some accident or other, but they got out again in a hurry, and left him in his former state.

"You would do well to speak," said the man; "you may keep a whole skin, though you have nothing else left that can be hurt. Which way have the party gone?" "That!" said John, finding his voice all at once, and nodding with perfect good faith—he couldn't point; he was so tightly bound—in exactly the opposite direction to the right one. "You lie!" said the man angrily, and with a threatening gesture. I came that way. You would betray me."

It was so evident that John's im- perturbability was not assumed, but was the result of the late proceed- ings under his roof, that the man stayed his hand in the very act of striking him, and turned away. John looked after him without so much as a twitch in a single nerve of his face. He seized a glass, and holding it under one of the little casks until a few drops were collect- ed, drank them greedily off, then throwing it down upon the floor im- patiently, he took the vessel in his hands and drained it into his throat. Some scraps of bread and meat were scattered about, and on these he fell next, eating them with voracity, and pausing every now and then to lis- ten for some fancied noise outside. When he had refreshed himself in this manner with violent haste, and raised another barrel to his lips, he pulled his hat upon his brow as though he were about to leave the house, and turned to John.

"Where are your servants?" Mr. Willet indistinctly remembered to have heard the rioters calling to them to throw the key of the room in which they were, out of window, for their keeping. "He therefore re- plied, "Locked up." "Well for them if they remain quiet and well for you if you do the like," said the man. "Now show me the way the party went." This time Mr. Willet indicated it correctly. The man was hurrying to the door, when suddenly there came towards them on the wind, the loud and rapid tolling of an alarm bell, and then a bright and vivid glare streamed up, which illuminated, not only the whole chamber, but all the country.

It was not the sudden change from darkness to this dreadful light, it was not the sound of distant shrieks and shouts of triumphs, it was not this dread invasion of the seren- ity and peace of night, that drove the man back as though a thunder- bolt had struck him. It was the Bell. If the ghastliest shape the hu- man mind has ever pictured in its wildest dreams had risen up before him, he could not have staggered backward from its touch, as he did from the first sound of that loud iron voice. With eyes that started from his head, his limbs convulsed, his face most horrible to see, he raised one arm high up into the air, and holding something visionary back and

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down, with his other hand, drove at it as though he held a knife and stabbed it to the heart. He clutched his hair, and stopped his ears, and travelled madly round and round, then gave a frightful cry, and with it rushed away; still, still, the Bell tolled on and seemed to follow him— louder and louder, hotter and hotter yet. The glare grew brighter, the roar of voices deeper, the crash of heavy bodies falling shook the air; bright streams of sparks rose up into the sky, but louder than them all— rising faster far, to Heaven—a million times more fierce and furious—speaking the language of the dead—the Bell—the Bell!

What hunt of spectres could sur- pass that dread pursuit and fight, I had there been a legion of them on his track, he could have better borne it. They would have had a begin- ning and an end, but here all space was full. The one pursuing voice was everywhere; it sounded in the earth, the air; shook the long grass, and howled among the trembling trees. The echoes caught it up, the owls hooted as it flew upon the breeze, the nightingale was silent and hid herself among the thickest boughs; it seemed to roar and urge the angry fire, and last it into neu- ness; everything was steeped in one prevailing red, the glow was every- where; nature was drenched in blood, still the remorseless crying of that awful voice—the Bell, the Bell!

It ceased; but not in his ears. The knell was at his heart. No work of man had ever voice like that which sounded there, and warned him that it cried unceasingly to Heaven. Who could hear that bell, and not know what it said! There was murder in its every note—cruel, relentless, savage murder—the murder of a confi- ding man, by one who held his every trust. Its ringing summoned phan- toms from their graves. What face was that, in which a friendly smile changed to a look of hell incredulous horror, which stiffened for a moment into one of pain, then changed again into an imploring glance at Heaven—and so fell idly down with upturned eyes, like the dead stags he had often peeped at when a little child, shrinking and shuddering—there was a dreadful thing to think of now!—and clinging to an apron as he look- ed! He sank upon the ground, and grovelling down as if he would dig himself a place to hide in, covered his face and ears; but, no, no, no— a hundred walls and roofs of brass would not shut out that bell, for in it spoke the wrathful voice of God, and from that voice the whole wide universe could not afford a refuge!

While he rushed up and down, not knowing where to turn, and while he lay crouching there, the work went briskly on indeed. When they left the Maypole, the rioters formed into a solid body, and advanced at a quick pace towards the Warren. Rumor of their approach having gone before, they threw the garden doors fast, closed, the windows made secure, and the house profoundly dark, not a light being visible in any portion of the building. After some fruitless ringing at the bells, and beating at the iron gates, they drew off a few paces to reconnoitre, and confer upon the course it would be best to take.

Very little conference was needed, when all were bent upon one desper- ate purpose, infuriated with liquor, and flushed with successful riot. The word being given to surround the house, some climbed the gates, or dropped into the shallow trench and scaled the garden wall, while others pulled down the solid iron fence, and while they made a breach to enter by their main weapons of war. The house being completely encircled, a small number of men were despatched to break open a tool-shed in the garden, and during their absence on this errand, the remainder contented themselves with knocking violently at the doors, and calling to those within, to come down and open them on peril of their lives.

No answer being returned to this repeated summons, and the detach- ment who had been sent away, coming back with an accession of pick- axes, spades, and hoes, they—together with those who had such arms already, or carried (as many did) axes, poles, and crow-bars—struggled into the foremost rank, ready to beset the doors and windows. They had not at this time more than a dozen lighted torches among them, but when these preparations were com- pleted, flaming links were distributed and passed from hand to hand with such rapidity, that in a minute's time, at least two-thirds of the whole roaring mass bore, each man in his hand, a blazing brand. Whirling these about their heads they raised a loud shout, and fell to work upon the doors and windows.

Amidst the clattering of heavy the cries and execrations of the mob, blows, the rattling of broken glass, and all the din and turmoil of the scene, Hugh and his friends kept to- gether at the turret door where Mr. Haredele had last admitted him and old John Willet; and spent their united force on that. It was a strong old oak door, guarded by good bolts and a heavy bar, but it soon went crashing in upon the narrow stairs behind, and made, as it were, a platform to facilitate their tear- ing up into the rooms above. Almost at the same moment, a dozen other points were forced, and at every one the crowd poured in like water.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.— Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time, they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechan- ism.

A few armed servant-men were posted in the halls, and when the rioters forced an entrance there, they fired some half a dozen shots. But these taking no effect and the con- course coming on like an army of devils, they only thought of consult- ing their own safety, and retreated, echoing their assailants' cries, and hoping in the confusion to be taken for rioters themselves, in which strat- egem they succeeded, with the ex- ception of one old man who was never heard of again, and was said to have had his brains beaten out with an iron bar (one of his fellows re- ported that he had seen the old man fall), and to have been afterwards burned in the flames.

The besiegers being now in complete possession of the house, spread them- selves over it from garret to cellar, and piled their demon labors fiercely. While some small parties kindled bon- fires underneath the windows, others broke up the furniture and the flames, the fragments down to feed the flames below, where the apertures in the wall (windows no longer) were large enough, they threw out tables, chests of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures, and flung them whole into the fire, while every fresh addition to the blazing masses was received with shouts, and howls, and yells, which added new and dismal terrors to the conflagration. Those who had axes and had spent their fury on the no- vables, chopped and tore down the doors and window-frames, broke up the flooring, hewed away the rafters, and buried men who lingered in the upper rooms, in heaps of ruins. Some searched the drawers, the chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and closets, for jewels, plate, and money; while others less mindful of gain and more mad for destruction, cast their whole contents into the court- yard without examination, and called to those below to heap them on the casks, rushed to and fro stark mad, setting fire to all they saw— often to the dresses of their own friends—and kindling the building in so many parts that some had no time for escape, and were seen with drooping heads and blackened faces, hanging senseless on the window-sills to which they had crawled, until they were sucked and drawn into the burning gulf. The more the fire cracked and raged the wilder and more cruel the men grew, as though moving in that element they became fiends, and changed their earthly na- ture for the qualities that give deli- light in hell.

The burning pit, revealing rooms and passages red hot, through gaps made in the crumbling walls; the tri- butary fires that licked the outer bricks and stones, with their long forked tongues, and ran up to meet the glowing mass within; the shining of the flames upon the villains who looked on and fed them, the roaring of the angry blaze, so bright and high that it seemed in its rapacity to have swallowed up the very smoke, the lifting makes the wind bore rapidly away and hurried on with the fire a storm of fiery snow, the noiseless breaving of great beams of wood, which fell like feathers on the heap of ashes, and crumbled in the very act to sparks and powder, the lurid tinge that overspread the sky, and the darkness, very deep by contrast, which prevailed around; the exposure to the coarse, common gaze, of every little nook which usages of home had made a sacred place, and the destruc- tion by rude hands of every lit- tle household favorite which old as- sociations made a dear and precious thing, all this taking place—not among pitying looks and friendly mur- murs of compassion, but brutal shouts and exultations, which seemed to make the very rats who stood by the old house too long, creatures, with some claim upon the pity and regard of those its roof had sheltered—com- bined to form a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it, and were not actors in the work, so long as life endured.

And who were they? The alarm- bell rang—and it was pulled by no faint or hesitating hands—for a long time, but not a soul was seen. Some of the insurgents said that when it ceased, they heard the shrieks of women, and saw some garments flutter- ing in the air, as a party of men bore away no unresisting burdens. No one could say that this was true or false, in such an uproar, but where was Hugh? Who among them had seen him, since the forcing of the doors? The cry spread through the body. Where was Hugh!

"Here!" he hoarsely cried, appear- ing from the darkness, out of breath, and blackened with the smoke. "We have done all we can, the fire is burn- ing itself out, and even the corners where it hasn't spread, are nothing but heaps of ruins. Disperse, my lads, while the coast's clear; get back by different ways, and meet as usual!" With that, he disappeared again,—contrary to his wont, for he was always first to advance, and last to go away—leaving them to follow homewards as they would.

It was not an easy task to draw off such a throng. If Bedlam rates had been flung open wide, there could not have issued forth such maniacs as the frenzy of that night had made. There were men there who danced and tramped on the beds of flowers as though they trod down human enemies, and wrenched them from the stalks, like savages who twisted human necks. There were men who cast their lights

High Constable of Quebec

After Suffering For 10 Years With Pain In The Back He Was Completely Cured By "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" cures diseased and irritated kidneys when all other treatment fails.

The proof that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest kidney cure known to science is demonstrated by these tablets removing all pain in the back—making the kidneys healthy—and curing chronic constipation.

ST. HYACINTHE, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago



I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medi- cine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take. (Signed) H. MARCHESSAULT, High Constable.

Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities? When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness.

"Fruit-a-tives acts directly on the Kidneys—cleans, heals and strengthens them—makes the liver give up more bile to move the bowels regularly—and stimulates the glands of the skin to increased action. These rid the system of all poisons and every trace of Kidney Disease disappears.



Fruit-a-tives have cured hundreds of cases of Kidney Disease by stimulating and healing the Kidneys. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—100c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

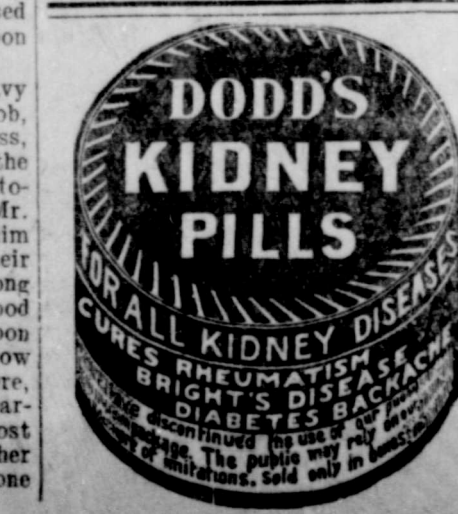
roof open to the sky—chambers, where the beloved dead had, many and many a fair day, risen to new life and en- ergy, where so many dear ones had been sad and merry, which were con- nected with so many thoughts and hopes, regrets and changes—all gone. Nothing left but a dull and dreary blank—a smouldering heap of dust and ashes—the silence and solitude of utter desolation.

When we were children the infinite lay beyond the next mountain be- cause it was the unknown. We grew up and we got knowledge; and knowledge destroyed our dreams, and left us only commonplace. It is the unknown and unlimited that still ap- peals to us—the something behind the dawn, and beyond the sunset, and far away athwart the black line of that horizon, that is forever calling, call- ing and beckoning to us to go thither.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

Advertisement for Dodds' Kidney Pills, including a calendar for December 1905 and a list of saints for each day.

Advertisement for Murad Turkish Cigarettes, featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'Plain Tips 15c. per Box'.





WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

When Madame de Staël was dying she wrote Madame Decanier, closing her letter as follows: "All that is left of me embraces you."

Madame Recamier devoted the remainder of her life in cherishing the memory of Madame de Staël. The only person who ever came near filling Madame de Staël's place in her heart was Elizabeth Foster, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—the original of Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous portrait.

Margaret Fuller formed many impassioned connections with women during her life. They were attracted by her powers of intellect and harmony.

Nothing will strike the searcher so forcibly as the frequency with which he meets the expressed opinion that women really have few or no friendships. Swift says: "I never knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex."

The statement has too wide a meaning. Women of exceptional wisdom and earnestness can form true and lasting friendships among themselves, but not with the frequently ignorant and trifling women they may meet. There must be a bond of intelligence and a community of tastes, to form a lasting relation.

Platonic love is a high personal regard in which no physical influence exists. There are three noted instances of platonic attachments—Petrarch and Laura, and Dante and Beatrice, and Joanna Baillie and Sir Walter Scott.

Madame Roland and her husband were alike and inseparable. John Stuart Mill and his wife were companions, as were also Elizabeth and Robert Browning. These relations can be easily explained. The fever of time produces lassitude, dispels illusions, and undermines passions. Then the love of these strong souls turns into that crowning, lasting union—friendship.

There was a great friendship between Goethe and his sister Cornelia. She was a year younger than he and, while not at all good looking, had superior endowments of mind and character. The attachment between Byron and his sister, Mrs. Leigh, was most touching. She remained unalterably attached to him during the dreadful storm of unpopularity which drove him out of England. Four of his best poems were composed for and addressed to her. Byron's last words were of his sister and his daughter—Elizabeth Warren, in The Pilgrim.

GINGER SNAPS.

Heat one cupful of molasses and pour over half a cupful of sugar, add one-half cupful soft butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of soda, and flour sufficient to roll very thin. Cut, and bake in a quick oven, being careful not to let them get too brown.

THE FRESH-AIR CURE.

And now that they tell us that every one of us at some time or other has had tuberculosis, and that it is not an inheritance, but something that can be caught and codded and cultivated, it behooves us to guard against that scourge. Who can tell but the cold we take to-day may be our sentence? Who can tell but we are breathing into unfortified lungs the bacilli of consumption? Tuberculosis is a winter disease, not because the air is sharp, but because we huddle in close rooms. A room can be extremely cold and still be dense with foul air. It is a bedroom disease, because when winter comes we put double windows on our sleeping rooms or we close the windows we have and pack them around to keep out the cold and keep in the heat. Is some air sticklers for ventilation, the door of the room may be left ajar to take in the foul air which has accumulated during a day of sedulous effort to live without cooling the house. And then in the morning the sleeper wakes refreshed, puts on outside clothing with no change of that worn next the skin, and without a breath of God's best gift, goes to a day of toil. She wonders that she has a cold, that she does not feel like work, that she is

Be Ready For Croup

AND INSIST ON HAVING THE TIME-TESTED MEDICINE.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

It is not a question of whether you will need a treatment for coughs, colds and croup in your home, but the question is, will you select the most effective medicine, or simply be satisfied to take whatever your druggist happens to hand out to you?

Time and experience have proven that you can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at such times.

It is only necessary to remember this when the critical time comes, and to insist on getting what you ask for.

Should you have children who are subject to croup, you had better keep a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, for when the choking spasm comes on there is little time to send for doctor or medicine.

It seems scarcely necessary to dwell on the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, etc. Most of us have known it from childhood up. It is almost as familiar as Dr. Chase's Receipt Book. Being pleasant to the taste, it is readily taken by children. Because it brings quick relief to the sufferer from asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough and all the most serious diseases of the throat and lungs, it is invaluable as a household medicine.

25 cents a bottle, at all dealers.

fading, that she is unappreciated. She gets just exactly what she deserves. If she would use common sense and supply her tired lungs with fresh air, if she would keep her body clean and wear aired clothing she would amount to more and feel another woman. If she would open her window a few inches when she wakes in the night with a sudden cold, she would go to sleep and wake in the morning without a trace of it. You do not believe it? Try it next time and see a miracle—Catholic Union and Times.

HERMITS.

Three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of hot water, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg with one and one-half cupfuls of seeded raisins or currants. Drop from a spoon on to a buttered tin.

BETHLEHEM CAKES.

To the yolks of three eggs, beaten very light, add gradually one cupful of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of the rind, and half a cupful of boiling water. When well mixed, fold in one cupful of sifted flour, sifted the second time with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and lastly, the whites of the three eggs, beaten very dry. Bake in star-shaped patty pans (buttered and floured) in a moderate oven. When cold, cover with pink frosting and set in the top of each cake a pink sugar-rose holding a tiny green candle. Arrange the cakes on a plate garnished with holly, and when ready to serve ignite each candle. A delightful surprise can be arranged if one can take the extra time and trouble to cut a portion out of each cake after it is iced and fill the space with frozen cream. Replace the piece removed and set the rose to conceal the opening when served. The pink sugar-roses to hold the candles can be secured from a caterer.

CORN-STARCH PUFFS.

Cream together one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of flavoring, preferably vanilla extract. Add alternately to this mixture the stiffly whipped whites of the four eggs and one cupful of corn-starch with which two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder have been sifted. Bake in a quick oven and when cool cover thickly with icing.

THE SHAMPOO.

So many persons, especially under the pressure of modern city life, suffer from thin and falling hair that the interest in the subject is well-nigh universal. This being so, it is natural that a long list of fallacies as to the care and preservation of the hair have grown up, and hundreds of dollars are spent on washes and tonics, most of which may be dismissed as useless, even if not harmful. Every little hair-dresser has his "tonic" or "hair medication," which he guarantees as a sure thing, but it is very certain that when a "sure thing" to promote hair growth is discovered its flow will be as the flow of Niagara.

Again, many persons, otherwise scrupulously well groomed, entertain nonsensical theories as to the harmfulness of the shampoo. They maintain that it makes the scalp too dry, or that it makes the hair "poor," or that dandruff follows the use of soap and water. It is a great pity that this notion should be lodged in any mind, for nothing is more certain than that the scrupulously clean scalp is the healthy one.

To the question, How often should shampooing be done? It may be answered that it entirely depends on the person and the occupation. Persons who have to travel to and fro on the cars daily, or who are engaged in dusty work, should shampoo much oftener than those who are not so exposed, but it is a safe rule to say that if dandruff is noticed or falling of the hair, then the head should be washed. Once a fortnight in ordinary cases is probably enough for decency, but once a week never hurts any one, if the shampoo is properly given.

Any good simple soap will serve for this purpose, although the tincture of green soap, which is simply a liquid or soft soap with a little alcohol added, is very convenient to use, as it produces a fine lather quickly and easily, and the alcohol helps in the cleansing process.

If the scalp seems to be unduly dry after the wash it is well to use a very little oil, rubbed well into the skin round the roots, and not on the hair. Vaseline will do, and so will olive-oil—the idea being not that the oil is a medicine but a lubricant.

All scalps are better for an occasional massage, and people with thin hair need a great deal because their scalps need the increased circulation which results from the massage.—The Companion.

WHITE CAKE.

A fine recipe for a large white cake calls for one cupful of butter creamed with two and a half cupfuls of sugar. Add alternately, in small quantities, one cupful of milk with three cupfuls of flour, keeping the batter very smooth. With the fourth cup of flour sift four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, add to the mixture, then fold in quickly the stiffly beaten whites of ten eggs, and flavor to taste. This will make four generous layers.

JAPANESE FISH.

Clean a five-pound Mackinac trout and rub it with salt, pepper and ginger. Place in a large fishpan and barely cover it with cold water. Add one-half cup vinegar, one half handful salt, three bay leaves a few whole black peppers, one sliced lemon with seeds removed, three carrots, one large sliced onion, a few pieces of celery, including the leaves, let all boil one-half hour.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A SANTA CLAUS PARTY.

This very charming and delightful party was given by young grandparents, who had a lovely home with large rooms, and they invited the grown-up folk, too.

The host and hostess were assisted in receiving their guests by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and Miss Santa Claus. After the greetings, they were ushered into a large room, a portion of which had been converted into a typical winter forest, in the corner of which was a lovely Christmas tree all aglow with lights.

Before the gifts were distributed by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, Miss Santa Claus told the old, old story of the Christ-child, emphasizing the fact that Christmas is a time for gifts because Jesus was a gift of love to the world, how he "went about doing good," "pleased not himself,"—teaching and living a life of goodness and love. That is why Christmas, his birthday, is the gladdest of birthdays in all the years, she told them.

Miss Santa Claus directed and lead all the games, and whenever there came a pause, she told such delightful stories. There were selections from Dickens, and "Uncle Remus," and many other lovely stories.

The entertainment closed with a lovely luncheon, which was served in the large dining-room. At the windows were holly wreaths, tied with large bows of red ribbon, while the mantel was banked with greens and thickly studded with red candles, different lengths. In the bay window were festoons of running cedar, with a duffy red bell suspended by a bit of the cedar from the highest point of the arch, with similar bells on either side.

The long table had for a centerpiece an oval mirror, surrounded by a miniature forest, which had been converted into a typical scene by a glass-blower. Gliding across the frozen pond was a sleigh drawn by four deer, in which Santa Claus was seated with a pack of toys on his back, and toys all about him. At the farther end of the pond was a tiny house nestled among the evergreen trees. The children were seated at this table with the host and hostess.

There were four round tables at either corner of the long table, at which the older people sat. The centerpiece of each was a round platter of mistletoe, in the middle of which gleamed a flaming star of red. A five-pointed star was cut from cardboard, then tacked to a thin board. The star was outlined with red candles, with a cluster of five candles elevated in the very center of the star.—The Pilgrim.

MAKING RUBBER SHOES.

The making of a rubber shoe is not the commonplace affair that might be supposed. It takes "nine men to make a pair," they say, but to make a rubber shoe it requires many more.

The crude rubber goes first into the hands of the grinder, who places the huge leathery biscuits in the jaws of ponderous cylinders that quickly grind them up. It comes out, no longer in balls, but in huge lumpy sheets, like the unwashed fleece of a sheep. These sheets go to the drying room to remain about a month, only to be again run through huge steel rollers, from which they come out much thinner and smoother. They are then run through a set of rollers together with a web of cloth, making the rubber fabric from which boots and shoes are constructed. The cutter takes the sheets of rubber cloth and with tin patterns cuts out the various pieces for the different styles of boots and shoes.

The maker next takes the different pieces and puts them together, forming the boot or shoe over wooden lasts, without a stitch or a tack, as all the overlapping edges are adhesive and, when once rolled down firmly with a hand roller to force out the bubbles of air which might cause a blister later on, they are taken to the varnishers, who surrounding a small square table with a large pan in the centre, dip their brushes into the pan and apply a coating to the shoes.

Placed on iron cars, they are propelled along an iron track into a huge oven where the temperature is about three hundred degrees. A confinement of many hours is required to accomplish the vulcanizing, which is the most delicate and troublesome process of all, for if the temperature should reach a few degrees too high, or fall a few degrees too low, a single "batch" thousands of dollars' worth of rubber boots and shoes would be rendered practically worthless.

To pretend to be converted, and not to be, is imposture and hypocrisy, and to be converted and not to show it, is weakness, and respect for human beings before God.

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

THEN JOSEPH BOONE FOUND HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He was Unable to Work for Seven Years Before He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Cottel's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 4.—(Special)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone of this place almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but to-day he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

A DOLL PARTY.

A pretty affair was a doll party, at which a little miss entertained fifteen of her little friends.

They went at once to the nursery where they played school, going to church, and various games with their dolls. They cut paper dolls to their heart's content, looked at picture books, and amused themselves in their own sweet way. They were left entirely alone, with the exception of an occasional peep from some older member of the family.

A most appetizing dinner, such as would be suitable for children, was served. The dining-room was gracefully festooned with chains made from holly leaves and berries by the children. In the center of the table was a double arch of feathery ferns from which was suspended a wedding bell made of small red flowers. Under this stood dolls, dressed as a bride and groom, in a mound of ferns. From the chandelier triple chains of holly leaves and berries were festooned to each corner of the table, and fastened there with bows of red ribbon.

The place-cards were dolls, dressed in costumes of different countries, carrying small baskets filled with candy, and tiny cards contained the children's names tucked in the baskets.

Good Work of Canadian Mfgs. Ass.

Starting very small a few years ago, they are now a strong force in business. They advocate the preference of local products, providing the quality equals any imported goods. When the local goods surpass any others, they need no endorsement. This is the case with the writing-tables, typewriters, ribbons and carbon papers, which are sold under the trademark "Japanese," and are entirely of Canadian manufacture.

KIND WORDS

Kind words are indeed apples of gold, and in these days when the world seems so cold and selfish to many of us, how pleasing, how comfortable is a kind word. The person who says a kind word whenever he can may look for kind deeds in return.

The strength of many a man has been in his readiness to speak a kind word under circumstances in which his anger would suggest exactly the opposite course. It costs nothing to say a kind word and even if it is not appreciated nothing is lost in speaking it. If we wish to appear kind in the eyes of our friends let us first say kind things, speak kindly then act accordingly.

No kind word is wholly lost. If it falls upon deaf ears it will be heard by those same ears to-morrow or next week, or perhaps next year. It is never lost entirely, though we may think it is.—Caroline Vinton Henry in the New World.

GRAN'PA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Wilbur D. Nesbit in The Pilgrim.) On Chris'mas eve, my gran'pa he He'd set up my Chris'mas tree; An' 'nen he laugh an' shake his head An' say it's time 'at I'm in bed. But I say I'll not say good-night— I'm go' sit up; pa said I might As long as I want to, buhcause I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

Nen gran'pa he ist laugh again He say he en'vy me; an' nen He get a grea' big rockin' chair An' sit down in it over there; An' take me on his lap an' say It seem ist like 'twas yesterday When he would wait by candlelight For Santa Claus to come at night.

So all the folks they go to bed, But me an' gran'pa wait, instead, An' he gets talkin' 'bout the time When he's a boy, ist same's if I'm A grea' big man like him, or he Ist a little boy like me; An' how he'd watch for Santa Claus To come down where their fireplace was.

Nen I tell him how some folks say There ain't no Santa, anyway! An' he stomps 'at lame leg' o' his An' says: "You tell them folks there ist!" An' 'nen he tells me how he brought The bestest gift he ever got— 'At Santa on one Chris'mas Day Give him my gran'ma, an' away.

An' nen I laugh, but he don't speak— A grea' big tear was on his cheek! Buhcause my gran'ma's gone away To some place where the angels stay; An' so I hug my gran'pa tight— An' next we know we've slept all night!

An' I got lots o' things, because My gran'pa knows Santa Claus.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says

212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900.

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

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

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.

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

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use. Yours respectfully, M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN. 34 Queen street East.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1905.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It is refreshing to go down to one of the celebrations in honor of England's great Cardinal, held in the schools, or to attend a reading circle where the study of some of his works shows taste and preparation. It is refreshing to think of him any way. His long life, his saintly character, his learned works, afford such deep thoughts for us all.

It is sixty years ago—the 9th of October, 1845—John Henry Newman wrote from Littlemore to his friend, Mrs. T. W. Allies, who afterwards became a Catholic: "I am to be received into what I believe to be the one Church and the one Communion of Saints this evening, if it is so ordained. May I have only one-tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies? I do not suppose any one can have such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right."

As The Tablet put it at the time: Mr. Newman had yielded slowly, "entrenching himself stubbornly among ruins; every movement (we may imagine) checked in his course of retreat by the anxieties of his public opinion, and by reflecting how many looked up to him as a guide." To the Anglican Church his secession—as said Lord Beaconsfield—"dealt a blow to it under which it still reels." To the Church which he entered he brought not only the fidelity of a sincere convert seeking his own salvation, he brought companion souls who like himself in prayer and searching, had found the truth—found it perhaps more quickly and more directly than even their master, but who were first started by his promptings and led by his hand. He brought to the Church the treasure of his learning, the analysis of his own and kindred minds, the difficulties of his countrymen in the false light of prejudice, his sermons rich in theological thought and most chaste in expression. There was one treasure richer than most others which he brought, his notes and translations of the Fathers of the Church. Whatever part the saints took in this great conversion, the Fathers had by far the larger share. It was St. Basil, St. Cyril, and the others who more than the Scholastic Doctors, led Cardinal Newman through many paths to the Home of Wisdom, the Church of God. How when we go over his life and reflect upon that Oxford movement of which he was the head and heart, the words of the Cardinal to his friend Caswall return to our memory. Thus he wrote when Caswall had presented Cardinal Newman with a volume of his poems:

"I see a many angel forms attend, And gracious souls elect, And throwing sacred shades, that shall inherit One day the azure skies, And peaceful saints, in whitest garments deck'd, And happy infants of the second birth."

What were the Cardinal's own thoughts and hopes of the religious future of England may be gathered from his sermon upon the second Spring preached to the Fathers of the Synod of Oscott. "A great change, an awful contrast between the time honored Church of St. Augustine and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. O Mary, my hope, O Mother undenied, fulfil to us the promise of this Spring. A second temple rises on the ruins of the old. Why continue? To give extracts is to break a closely linked gold chain. To appreciate Cardinal Newman is the work of a lifetime. His writings like his years of life, are many and varied. He speaks to us in every page, differently according to the subject, but always and everywhere with the force of a great leader, with the gentleness of a holy soul, with the rich learning of a ripe scholar and the heavenly tone of a spiritual man, earnestly, honestly seeking God's truth and grace and strength to follow it. His memory is immortal.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

Strange to say, and impudent too, the advocates of the proposed separation of Church and State in France claim that liberty will be the good accomplished by this law. Clemenceau, a member of the French Senate, writing to the Cosmopolitan of New York, in November, says: "When you ask us why we wish to separate the Church from the State, it is enough if we reply to you, 'In order to be free like you—completely free in every sense of the feeling and the thought.' Rome talks of persecution! As for me, I say that we are seeking painfully and by grievous ways for liberty."

If liberty means oblivion of God and religion, freedom from all moral restraint except that external observance which civil order may require, if liberty spells license we have no doubt that the law makes for liberty with all the force and directness characteristic of French logic. But if by liberty is meant a free Church in a free state, the untrammelled practice of religion, the fidelity to the Creed of Charlemagne and St. Louis, then the law is nothing but civil plunder of religious property, the expulsion from the temples of the ministers of religion, the poisoning of the wells where generations of devout chivalrous French people have drunk of the waters of life. What this law means may be seen by the memorial sent the government last spring by the French Cardinals. These venerable Princes of the Church write: "The Concordat of 1801 has assured to us for a century religious peace. Its suppression will lead France to a state of moral and social disorganization such as right minded men perceived after the Revolution. If the Concordat ceased to exist the duty would devolve upon us to demand for religion the liberty and respect of its rights guaranteed by incontestable titles unless they wish to suppress with regard to the Church the rules of justice and equity. Now the proposed law contains dispositions which deeply wound the conscience of Catholics; not only is liberty not accorded to them by the separation, but there is imposed upon them a moral organization formally contrary to the principles of the Catholic religion." In conclusion the Cardinals ask: "That the Concordat between the civil society and religious society be maintained, and that if it is a question of modifying it, it should be done by the common agreement of both authorities. The project of separation leads necessarily to religious persecution, and is not the expression of national will."

This judgment of the venerable rulers of the French Church is certainly the just and only judgment to be passed upon the iniquitous proposal. It is all very well to claim that the purpose aimed at, the end to be attained, is the same liberty as in the United States. The religious conditions are totally different in France from those in America. Of the thirty-eight millions of inhabitants in France not two millions are Protestants and Jews. To legislate against the spiritual interests of such an overwhelming majority of its inhabitants cannot in any way serve the cause of liberty. To make war upon what that same majority must hold most sacred is to make enemies of them; it is to betray France, to be false to the Republic and to forge chains of tyranny wherewith to shackle those who by prudence and conciliation might have proved the truest and best friends of republican France. Liberty is far, far away from the real intention of the makers of this law. The intention, their protest and denial to the contrary notwithstanding,

ing, is to destroy the Catholic religion and drive it out of France completely. Then they will be "free in sense and thought." Alas for the land of St. Louis!

BRITISH POLITICS.

It was announced on Tuesday that at long last Premier Balfour had resigned and that the King had accepted his resignation. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader of the House of Commons, was invited to form a Liberal Government. The despatches of Tuesday claim that Lord Rosebery will be entirely ignored in the formation of the new Cabinet, and that John Morley will be one of the chief advisers in preparing the list of the new ministry. So far the names for the various offices are only guess-work, but based upon the importance of the positions and the merits of the men suggested, Mr. Morley is likely to go to the India office. The Earl of Aberdeen, it is thought, will be the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland with Herbert John Gladstone as Secretary of State for the Department. These, with the exception of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which goes to Herbert Henry Asquith, are the only names suggested.

Three serious problems face the new government whenever they will meet the Parliament next in succession to the present. These problems are Home Rule, the Education Bill, and the Trade Policy. With Lord Rosebery out of the count, with the public utterances of the new Premier and with Mr. Morley on the bridge, Home Rule shows its lights near by, nearer than when the Grand Old Man pointed the ship for the harbor without making it. It is nearer not by lapse of time so much as by growing opinion, by the realization ever impressed upon the English mind that it is the only way to satisfy Ireland and make it contented, and by the persistent demands of the Nationalist party. Is the palm of victory within reach? Or will that hope be still deferred which maketh the heart sick? It is no use trying to guess. The Liberals have been long out of power. The call, however it may have been looked for, is somewhat unexpected. And whilst the officers are in favor of Home Rule, the rank and file of the Liberals are not so clear and decided upon the details.

The Education Bill is the second question—and it presents difficulties which are apt to weaken a government more than Home Rule. This Bill is similar to the question of our Separate Schools or religion in the schools. In the last Act the Catholics were recognized along with the Anglicans. This offended the non-Conformists—those who, outside the Catholic Church, did not belong to the Anglicans. The majority of these people are Liberals. They have been calling for complete secularization of the schools and the entire separation of religion from education. Without any formal statement given by Premier Campbell-Bannerman, the British Weekly, a strong Liberal newspaper, seems to indicate that complete secularization is the only solution—which will therefore be the policy of the new government. Catholics will thus have to choose between their schools and Home Rule.

The third important question is that of Trade and Labor. With a large discontented population, nearly starving calling for work, spurning alms; with foreign competition freely entering their ports, and foreign races serving in their houses of business at a lower wage, with all the bitterness which such a state of affairs is sure to foster, the new government has enough to occupy its attention. Wedded to free trade for so long a time, with the memories of Cobden and Bright to encourage them, the Liberals of England will find it hard to cut away from old traditions, and equally hard to give satisfaction to the multitude.

In another column will be found a critique of our article upon Temperance. Notwithstanding the writer's zeal and desire for a prohibitory liquor law, he does not convince us that it is the best preventative of, or cure for, the habit of drinking. Such a law does not reach the class which is the most grievous offender in the case. Such a law drives liquor into dark ways where victims of its insidiousness are too lonely to find sympathy and too poor to move out of harm's way. Finally without prolonging the discussion, we do not think that our people are so bad that drastic measures need be taken. Under any circumstances the manufacture and distribution of liquor is better in the hands of honorable, sober men amenable to law and alive to their responsibilities, than in the hands of professional law-breakers.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

An opportune suggestion is contained in the following letter, which we take the liberty of publishing: Editor Catholic Register: Enclosed please find one dollar as one year's subscription for the Catholic Register. Send paper to Mrs. J. M. Doyle, Neola, Iowa, who formerly lived in Toronto, and to whom I am sending it as a Christmas gift. Yours, etc., GRETTA MALLON.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Communication on Prohibition.

To Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—With considerable interest I have perused the editorial on "Temperance" in your issue of Nov. 23. You do not appear to have much faith in the good that might result from the passing of a Prohibitory Liquor Law. Now, sir, this temperance question is one that has been of great interest to me for years. Unlike yourself, I have a very firm conviction that a prohibitory liquor law would be an immense benefit not only to individuals, but to the whole community as well.

You admit the devastation caused by the use of intoxicating liquors; you deplore the misery and degradation which follows in its train; and in the face of this, in the face of your own assertion that the "dreadful habit" hardens its victims "beyond reform," you deny the advantage of a prohibitory law and talk of moral suasion and the frequentation of the Sacraments. A fit subject for the reception of the Sacraments, indeed, is he who is hardened beyond reform! St. Ignatius Loyola tells us that if we wish to be true Catholics we must have that zeal for the honor and glory of God which would cause us to suffer any agony, yes, even to suffer the most dreadful of deaths, if we can but prevent the commission of a single mortal sin. Not at all sufficient is it for us to abstain from sin ourselves. We must prevent our neighbor from offending God by every legitimate means in our power. And who will dare to say that the passing of a prohibitory liquor law to prevent sin against God, sin against the individual himself, and sin against the whole human family, is not a legitimate means?

It is no argument against the efficacy of a prohibitory liquor law to say that it will not totally prohibit, that it will cause an increase in other crimes, perjury and the rest. Such an argument, to my mind, is nonsense. Father Mathew says that he never knew of a young man to go astray and to walk in the path of blindness but that it could be traced directly or indirectly, to the influence of strong drink. In the face of this statement from the great Father Mathew, I would not care to say that prohibition will increase crime.

In respect to the statement that prohibition would not prohibit, one might just as well say the same of all laws. But surely there is no one so foolish as to say that we should have no laws because they will be disregarded in some instances. In your editorials, sir, you would almost convey the impression that prohibitionists do not believe in moral suasion and the efficacy of the Sacraments. (I am speaking of Catholics who are prohibitionists). Now, from my experience with the advocates of prohibition, I am sure that they most earnestly believe that moral suasion is essentially necessary to diminish the number of drunkards in our country and that prohibition would merely be a great help.

Moral suasion is a grand thing for persons who are in some degree inclined to be religious. But what is the use of trying to reason with a drunken man? Make him sober first by keeping liquor out of his reach, then reason with him and moral suasion will keep him sober. Let us make our people sober by removing that dreadful temptation out of their reach and then the words of our bishops and our priests and the frequentation of the Sacraments will keep them so. Let the words of our spiritual directors, penetrate into intellects free from the fumes of intoxicating liquor and the result will be beyond our greatest expectations. E. J. WOODS, Toronto, Dec. 1, 1905.

Magnificent Descriptive Work

When some twelve months or so ago a series of descriptive letters appeared in the Mail and Empire under the signature W. R. H., and it gradually became known that the initials were those of the Very Rev. Dean Harris, the idea got abroad and a hope was entertained that the writer might later give to the public a book embodying the letters. The idea and the hope are realized. "Days and Nights in the Tropics" is the title of a work of two hundred and twenty-four pages, every one of which is brimful of interest, all highly descriptive, many magnificently so, and the whole a work unique in its kind as exhibiting a collection, which in all probability was never approached by any previous writer. The memory of the brilliant sermons and lectures delivered in former years easily prepares the minds of readers of Dean Harris' work for the euphonious words and phrases, together with the many and apt classical allusions and references with which the book is filled. "Days and Nights in the Tropics" is a series of graphic pictures which, taken as a whole, cover thousands of miles of sea and land, upon which the people of many and various nations live and breathe, and whose oft-times curious modes and customs have for the reader all the fascination of novelty. History too is benefited by the labors and researches of the Very Rev. Dean, as evidenced in the work, and the measure of pleasure the pages afford is always in just proportion to the reader's capacity for enjoying the beautiful in literature, and the pictures of one who draws with a masterly touch. It is Joaquin Miller who sings of Columbus when "Behind him lay the grey Azores," but the same islands, when shown us by Dean Harris, are not grey, but rather a land where "the trees have all the tints of yellow as if the leaves were expiring the gold absorbed in summer and where "the sky when the sun is declining, has the tint of bronze—dark orange and blue—and the transparent light of alabaster." The headings of the various chapters of the work give glimpses of the matter they contain. Here are some of them: Furnas and the Garden of the Gods, In the Azores, The Pearl of the Antilles, Martinique and St. Pierre, The City of the Dead, Cathedral and Museum of Mexico, The Bullfight in Mexico City, Land of Ghosts, March of Spaniards to Honduras, Coahuila—The Phantom City, From the Tower of Leon Cathedral, The chapter devoted to Martinique and St. Pierre is in itself worth the cost of the book, the subject and its terrible fate being still a vivid and frightful memory in the minds of all readers; one short paragraph tersely tells us of the fatal spot when visited by

the author of "Days and Nights in the Tropics." Here it is: "There were no ruins, nothing but a few feet of one of the cathedral towers and that of the Lycee were visible; everything—houses, fine residences, public buildings, convents and schools and thirty-three thousand human bodies lay buried for all time under sixty-five feet of volcanic dust." The story of what preceded the dreadful cataclysm, graphically told by Dean Harris will live in the memory forever. As a sample of descriptive paragraphs found on almost every page, the following selected almost at random, may be given: "Our path carried us through a wilderness of tropical vegetation, a riotous outpouring of primeval nature. Tall, cane-like manacque palms, forest anemys, the russet and golden-hued meliometres, and the round-headed mango trees bowered the foot-hills. Higher up the face of the mountain was robed in exquisite ferns, delicate creepers and vines clinging in festoons to trunks and branches of giant sequial, whose bark is an excellent tonic and febrifuge, and a good substitute for quinine. On our right and left stretched away to illimitable distances, forests of mahogany, rosewood, lignum vitae, sativum and logwood. Higher up is the pimento, which yields us the aromatic allspice, the palma christi, the parent of our castor-oil, and the trumpet tree, from the wood of which the negro carves his flute." This short review but gives a very faint idea of the book which to be fully realized must be read in its entirety. "The Church in Niagara Peninsula" established the author's name as a faithful historian, the present work gives him place amongst the first and most brilliant descriptive writers of the day. The book is embellished by many illustrations and contains a complete index of names. It is written in fine large type on good paper, and put up in attractive and durable binding. Morang & Co., Limited, 90 Wellington St., West, Toronto, are the publishers and the price of the book is two dollars.

IN HONOR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

In preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, celebrated to-morrow (Friday), the city churches have special exercises and devotions. At St. Patrick's a three days' Retreat is being given the Sodality by Rev. Father Doyle, and at St. Helen's a Novena to end on Friday, is being made.

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ALONG THE CANADA ATLANTIC

A Visit to Annaprior—A Display of Hibernian Enthusiasm

A few weeks ago I put in an appearance at the Central station at Ottawa, and investing a portion of my surplus in pasteboard, took a trip on the Canada Atlantic line of railway, in a northwesterly direction, the rising town of Annaprior being my premeditated point of attack. The Canada Atlantic, on the smooth bed of which one glides with remarkable ease, is an important commercial link which for many years had its western terminus at Ottawa and its eastern in the State of New York. Before the lapse of many years an enterprising citizen of the Dominion capital, who is deservedly a multi-millionaire, —Mr. J. R. Booth—saw the advantages which its western extension would confer on the city in whose welfare he had a deep interest, as well as on a wide and magnificent stretch of territory which had been comparatively unexplored, alone and almost unaided, he started deliberately to work, nor did he give the great scheme which was conceived in his brain a rest until the most distant rail touched the waters of the Georgian Bay at Parry Sound. That the ambitious anticipations of Mr. Booth have been realized, that Ottawa is a beneficiary, and that along its route towns and villages have sprung up, as if by magic, and that beautiful farms have been rescued from primitive barbarism, are points upon which there will be no diversity of opinion. Carping critics argue that Mr. Booth is passionately devoted to the "almighty dollar" and that though the construction of this road, which he has recently caused to be passed over to the Grand Trunk Railway Company for no trifling consideration, he has managed to add largely to his accumulated millions. All this may be true, but it must be borne in mind that many others have benefited although not to the same extent.

Leaving Ottawa and passing Carp, Kintura and Galetta, besides a few "flag stations," our train draws up alongside the Annaprior station, after a run of nearly 100 miles. Annaprior has in a remarkable manner, shared the general prosperity of the country, evidences of substantial growth and steady advancement accumulate on every side, whilst industrial enterprises meet the eye, chief amongst which may be classed the mammoth saw-mill owned by the McLaughlins, a wealthy and kind-hearted family who have been closely identified with the development of the place almost since its infancy. Nearly one thousand men are steadily employed by this firm and it is pleasing to observe that Irishmen are conspicuous not because they appear in good numbers, but because many of them hold confidential positions, the duties associated with which require the exercise of sound judgment. The Irish Catholic does not hold a lucrative position under the McLaughlins, because he is an Irish Catholic, but he does not lose it because he is one, and when a good Irishman and a good Catholic possessed of proper qualifications holds it, there is a pleasure in saying that he is never known to forfeit it. The McLaughlins have never caused any such inscription as "No Irish need apply" to appear on any of their gates, or any of their doors, and as to the "P.P.A." which a few dangerous men thoroughly impregnated with a dangerous spirit of narrow intolerance, galvanised into life, in various centres of peace and harmony all over Ontario, it never was born or baptized in Annaprior, and if it was, I am sure its precious life must have been strangled before its sponsors had full time to dress it.

Like almost every other point along the Ottawa Valley, the Irishman, in large quantities, has come to Annaprior, and strong indications are not wanting that he is determined to stay there. More than one-third of a century has passed since the first made the acquaintance of the early generation of Irishmen who made their home in this section of the Ottawa Valley. Most of those have passed to the solitude of the grave, but a second, and I might add a third, generation has grown, all animated with a lofty desire of maintaining the best traditions of the grand old Catholic race from which they have sprung. James Havelly, a native of that grand old Celtic province, was allowed to choose an alternative, passed away many years ago, but four sons, not unworthy of the name, are increasing in size and goodness, whilst they multiply in numbers around here. Amongst Irishmen with true Irish hearts and Irish sympathies, Michael Havelly (one of the sons) an extensive property-owner, who resides in the patriarchal homestead, can always rely on being escorted to a front row. John Havelly is one of the stalwarts whom I met on the occasion of my first visit to Annaprior. He is making preparations to celebrate his golden wedding very soon, but I am apprehensive that he will not be able to do so.

J. J. M. LANDY
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WHY NOT

Go to the new Religious Goods House, 416 Queen St. West, Toronto, for Prayer Books, Prayer Beads, Statues, Crucifixes, Candles, Oils, Floats, Incense, Charcoal, Candlesticks, Candelabra, Censors, etc., etc.

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Catholic Xmas Gifts

The giving of gifts at the joyful season of Xmas is the universal custom, and to the greater number one difficulty usually presents itself, namely that of finding just the right gift for each recipient. This holy season being as it is, purely a Catholic festival, there should be no difficulty in finding articles which might be said to associate the gift with the festival itself. It should be an easy matter to procure some such gift for one's friends. In this regard it gives the Catholic Register much pleasure to inform its readers of the really magnificent stock and variety of Catholic articles of piety and devotion shown by the house of W. E. Blake, 125 Church street, Toronto. There may be found a great variety of pious articles, Sacred Pictures, Emblems, Lockets, to say nothing of Prayer Books or Rosaries, Catholic works of fiction, etc., etc.

The assortment carried by Mr. Blake consists of all the newest ideas to be found in the markets of the world. The variety is such that the taste and purse of all may be easily gratified. Should one's taste run to books (and what better gift can be made than that of a good Catholic book) an immense variety of all styles of Catholic books may be found in this establishment. Books for the young, for the middle age, for the old; books of fiction, presentation volumes, devotional books, in all styles of binding, and the price varying from a mere trifle to the more expensive De Luxe editions.

Mr. Blake is searching the markets of the world with the object of giving his patrons the opportunity of gratifying their desires in Catholic articles of devotion, and it is safe to say that nowhere in the Dominion of Canada is a better or more beautiful and varied assortment of such goods to be found.

We sincerely trust that his enterprise will be rewarded. For the convenience of the many patrons of this establishment the retail store will be open every evening until 9.30 during December.

hensive that he will find it difficult to convince all his neighbors that the young-looking (I might say girlish-looking) woman whom he calls his wife, was the same woman which he led up to the hymeneal altar nearly half a century ago. The Galvins—brothers—are well known here and are generally branded as being hewn of excellent Irish national timber, all true to the core. I knew the father of these men well, and I never had any hesitation in placing him in the category of Irish Catholics and Irish patriots.

Irishmen of Annaprior who are engaged in the glorious work of moulding the youthful Catholic mind and spreading God's Gospel in that portion of the Western Hemisphere, are, I rejoice to say, ably seconded by their brothers of French origin. No where, I am proud to say, does there exist greater harmony between those two branches of the Latin race than in the thriving town of which I am writing. This is just as it should be, and I confess that I could never understand why the closest union has not existed between these two peoples everywhere. And at all times side by side have Irishmen and Frenchmen fought on many a battlefield for a common purpose, and in one channel has their commingled blood flowed whilst here in this western world they stand shoulder to shoulder in erecting temples of religion, halls of learning and asylums of charity. The Irishman should not include the French-Canadian in the number of his enemies any more than the French-Canadian should include the Irishman in the number of his.

One of the most pleasing incidents associated with my visit to Annaprior was that of attending an open meeting held by the "Ancient Order of Hibernians." Seldom have I ever participated in a more pleasing feast of reason. An eloquent priest, in response to a most pressing invitation, came from a distance to address the Hibernians of Annaprior, a report of which I intended to give, but as I have drawn this communication out already to an unreasonable extent, I must crave one week's indulgence.

RAMBLER.

Davitt's Touching Words

The following letter from Mr. Davitt, which appeared in the Dublin Freeman, was received by the Hon. Secretary of the committee formed in London to relieve the present wants of the father of William Phillip Allen, one of the Manchester Martyrs, who is in his 94th year.

I beg to enclose a subscription of £5 to the fund for the assistance of Mr. Allen, the aged father of William Phillip Allen, who gave his young life for the cause of Irish freedom thirty-six years ago, and I deeply regret that the parent of one of those noble sacrifice and memory Irish Nationalism owes a debt of undying gratitude should find his old age troubled with poverty and its inseparable sufferings.

I feel confident, however, that when the facts as to his present condition are made more widely known through the kindly action of yourself and friends, there will be an immediate response to the appeal of your committee from our generous hearted people, such as will enable the committee to secure all necessary comforts for the old man during his remaining years.

I am among the comparatively few remaining old Fenians now living who personally knew William Phillip Allen and his co-martyrs in the historic acts associated with the gallant rescue of their leaders in 1867. The man who fired the shot which was intended to burst the lock on the prison van, and which accidentally and unfortunately killed the plucky policeman inside the vehicle, died in the United States about two years ago. I met him often in the eighties, and heard his account of the part he had played in the daring rescue of Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey. It was falsely sworn by one or two witnesses at the trial that young Allen had fired the shot, and it was mainly to this perjured testimony that his conviction was ultimately secured.

Wishing your committee every success in its praiseworthy efforts,
Yours very truly,
MICHAEL DAVITT.



Ogilvie's Reputation goes into every barrel of Royal Household Flour

If Royal Household Flour were not as good as Ogilvies say it is, who would be the greatest loser?

You would try it once—if it were not good you would be a small loser, perhaps.

But Ogilvies would probably lose your custom.

They would also lose the custom of every other woman who tried it and of thousands who had never tried it but had been told that it was not as represented.

Therefore Ogilvies must make Royal Household Flour the best flour because they stake their reputation upon it, and if you and thousands of others found it was not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their business.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their own protection. Incidentally that is your strongest protection—it guarantees you the best flour because the brand carries with it Ogilvie's Reputation.

Ogilvies simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.

Catholic Order of Foresters

A representative meeting of the eight courts of the C.O.F. in Toronto, comprising a membership of 800, met in Dingman's Hall, corner of Queen street and Broadview avenue, Toronto, on the evening of the 29th of November, for the purpose of welcoming to Toronto our esteemed Provincial Chief Ranger, Bro. B. G. Connolly, M.D., of Renfrew, Ont., and esteemed Provincial Trustee, Rev. J. J. Feeney of Acton West, Ont.

This being the first official visit to Toronto by the above Provincial Officers, a very large number of the members in Toronto attended the meeting to do honor to the occasion. Many prominent gentlemen of the city who are also members of the C.O.F., were present. On the platform were the following gentlemen, all members of the C.O.F.: Rev. Father Connolly, who very ably acted as chairman for the evening; Bro. B. G. Connolly, M.D., Provincial Chief Ranger, Renfrew; the Rev. J. J. Feeney, Provincial Trustee, Acton West, Ont.; Bro. L. X. McBrady, K.C., High Court Trustee; Bro. J. F. Strickland, Prov. Trustee; Ex-Prov. Trustee, M. F. Mogan; Ex-Prov. Chief Ranger, Bro. W. T. B. Lee; Controller Bro. J. J. Ward, Bro. Jos. Cadoret, Bro. F. Walsh, Bro. Jas. Taylor and Bro. J. Powers.

Very interesting, instructive and encouraging addresses were delivered by the above named gentlemen in the interest of the Order, showing that the Catholic Order of Foresters was in a flourishing and healthy condition, with a total membership of 115,000, of which 27,000 was in the Dominion of Canada, the balance in the United States. The Catholic Order of Foresters have to their credit a reserve fund of \$1,028,611.85, of which \$213,933.33 is invested in debentures in the principal cities in the Dominion of Canada, the balance of the reserve fund—\$814,678.52—is invested in like securities in the United States. The above investments are adding to the reserve fund in interest, over forty thousand dollars per year, which proves conclusively that the Catholic Order of Foresters is an up-to-date and progressive Society, and more particularly so when we consider the fact that the Catholic Order of Foresters since its existence—about 23 years—have paid to the widows and orphans of deceased Brothers, the magnificent sum of seven and one-half millions of dollars, which is a showing that any member of the C.O.F. might well be proud of.

Before our next convention in 1907, we should have at the very least 35,000 members in the Dominion of Canada and with that object in view, efforts are now being put forth. At the close of the address Bro. M. F. Mogan was called on to sing one of his favorite Irish songs, which he willingly did in his usual elegant manner. The meeting then adjourned to another hall in the building to partake of refreshments that were beautifully arranged under the directions of the committee in charge. Bros. Jos. Cadoret, M. J. Cannon, Jos. Gibbons, W. J. Mitchell and P. J. Murphy, all of whom deserve great credit for the untiring efforts they put forth to make the meeting a success, which it proved to be.

After refreshments were served the usual toasts were drunk and responded to by the above named gentlemen. A very enjoyable evening was spent and at midnight all parted well satisfied and with a stronger feeling of brotherly friendship for each other and hoping to meet again in the near future under like conditions.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER of the estate of John Rigney, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, chapter 129, section 38, that all persons having any claims against the estate of the said John Rigney, deceased, who died on or about the 16th day of October, 1905, to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, their names, addresses and descriptions, with full particulars of their claims and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And notice is hereby further given that after the 18th day of December, 1905, the Executor, Michael Scollon, will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to those claims of which notice shall then have been received, and the executor will not be liable for the said estate or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the said time of distribution.

DELAMERE, REESOR & ROSS,
18 Toronto street, Toronto,
Solicitors for the Executor.

Dated at Toronto this 13th day of November, 1905.

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Special Lager

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351 LANADE EAST, Foot of Church St.,
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The Catholic Register

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A TERRIBLE ARRAIGNMENT

(From the Northwest Review.) A few weeks ago when His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface made his episcopal visitation of Portage la Prairie, Mr. Justice Ryan read the very remarkable address we give below. It were faint praise of this lay pronouncement to say that it is far removed from the commonplace. Never before have we read so terrible an arraignment of the purely secular school, so valiant a defense of our valiant Archbishop's stand on the school question. What a splendid answer to the bigot howl that the Catholic laity are driven by their clergy to clamor for Catholic schools! Here is a shrewd layman, a learned and eminently practical judge, who mingled freely with all classes in the wide circuit of his judicial district, who is looked upon by the overwhelmingly Protestant population of that district as fair-minded and tolerant, and yet who thunders against the evils of godless education as no priest or Bishop has yet thundered. We feel in reading him that he speaks of what he knows, of what he sees around him. The intensity of the faith which he puts so fervently into practice gives to his bright mind a prophetic insight into the future of "a people, selfish, cold and heartless, as corrupt, lustful and madly devoted to pleasure" as the pagan throngs of the Colosseum gloating over the sufferings of the Christian martyrs. To the Most Rev. Adelard Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface: "In the name of the parishioners of

St. Luthbert's we welcome you most heartily to Portage la Prairie. "You come to administer the august Sacrament of Confirmation to the candidates sufficiently prepared and intelligent and instructed in Christian doctrine. In every properly organized Christian community the Church is founded on the school. Our poverty and numerical weakness have made it impossible for us to have a school, a want manifesting itself in many ways, and rendering extremely arduous and difficult the undertaking of our most devoted and self-sacrificing priest, Father Vieux, to prepare our children for Confirmation. Nominally the whole Canadian people are Christian and desire to have their children Christians. Practically the number is inconsiderable whose knowledge of Christian doctrine is sufficiently thorough, whose lives are sufficiently pure, who can spare the necessary time and are willing to make the necessary efforts and sacrifices to inculcate actual and vigorous Christianity to the children in their home. The number of children who can be reached by the Sunday school is so small, the opportunities for teaching so restricted, the difficulty or pro-

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or, a friend that is afflicted, then send for our trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cures. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

curing attendance for the necessary length of time so great that the instruction obtainable there, even when added to that given at the home, is wholly inadequate to lay the foundations of a healthy Christian faith or to mould the characteristics of a truly earnest follower of the Saviour. The combined action of home, school and Church are necessary—never more, frequently less, than sufficient to produce the truly Christian man.

"The Christian doctrines are positive and supernatural, and must necessarily be taught. The child, left uninstructed, will not grow up a Christian or a Jew, but will be without positive belief—an unbeliever or an agnostic. To exclude religion from the school is to abandon the children to unbelief, to inaugurate the dominion of agnosticism. It is easy to anticipate the results of the godless school. Already it has produced

a generation wanting in respect for parents and the aged, devoid of reverence for sacred places or persons, impatient of all restraint, blind, devoid of amusement and, saddest of all, frequently seeking, even in childish years, relief from some fancied or trifling ill in a suicide's grave. In a few generations the perfected results will be—a nation without anything sacred and without a God—a people selfish, cold and heartless, as corrupt, lustful and madly devoted to pleasure as those who thronged the Colosseum to gloat over the mutual slaughter of striving gladiators, or the rending of the unarmed Christian martyrs by the lions and tigers of imperial Rome. In a Christian country, what a strange misnomer to call such schools national schools, where the whole Christian heritage, the sacred acquisitions of ages of Christian striving, suffering and triumph are foolishly and wantonly discarded. By what a strange perversion of terms are the advocates of such schools called patriotic, and those unpatriotic who, like yourself, Most Reverend Sir, are championing the right of the parent to educate his child, and the right of the Christian child to the most perfect revelation of God to humanity, the only beacon light shining across the waters of time to guide erring and sinful man to the shores of everlasting peace.

"The inexorable logic of events must, it seems to me, before many years, convince every man who studies the subject without prejudice

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a good medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

that the continued existence of schools without religion is incompatible with the continued existence of Christianity in the pupils of such schools. When such a conclusion is reached, all who desire the Canadian nation to remain Christian must unite with you in contending for the cause which the majority of Canadian Protestants now oppose. But whether the sacred banner, which you so bravely bear aloft, shall, while in your hands, expand its sacred folds in victory, or whether the heroic struggle must continue beyond your days, and the banner be borne aloft by other hands, no foe-man can rob you of the glory of the strife—the battle for God and His little ones, so chivalrously fought and against such fearful odds.

"You have with you, to cheer you in the conflict, the prayers of your little flock, and the love and admiration of every true Catholic who breathes the free air of Canada, or who, in that great land further south, catches from afar the echoes of the war and girds himself for the dawn of the surely coming morrow, when he, too, must win or fall in battle for the same noble cause. You have the approving voice of our Holy

Father, Pope Pius the Tenth, the most lovable and beloved successor of St. Peter, proclaiming to the Catholic world, across all the oceans, that you have fought valiantly in the good cause.

"But, above all, you have to sustain you in the unequal struggle the approval of your own conscience, the final individual test of right and wrong, and the conscious indwelling in your breast of the Almighty Spirit whose pentecostal glow converted the timid fishermen into prodigies of valor and fortitude and heroism, without a parallel in the records of humanity.

"To such a champion, in such a cause, with such approval, what counts the issue of the fight?" "JOSEPH RYAN."

A Feminine Railroad

The artistic ability of a woman has been recognized by four of the great railroad companies in an unusual manner,—by the appointment of Mrs. Annetta E. McCrea to be architect and landscape gardener in charge of every station along the route of the roads and their branch-gardener and when, at his death, Mrs. McCrea was thrown upon her own resources in supporting and educating her two daughters, she realized that happy hours in the past had provided her with a practical knowledge of landscape gardening. Though a woman landscape artist is not usual and the popular opinion is that the work demands a man, Lincoln Park, Chicago, is perhaps, the best known testimonial to Mrs. McCrea's ability. Her duties with the various railroads are to lay out grounds at stations, report artistic arrangements of colors for painting depots, suggest plans for improving unsightly points around station buildings, and, in general, to make the scenery of the systems more attractive.—The Pilgrim.

Many inherit weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

KAY'S Famous for Fine Furnishings. KAY'S GRAND CHRISTMAS DISPLAY OF POTTERY, BRIC-A-BRAC, FURNITURE, ETC.

People who have the reputation of always giving the right thing at Christmas usually make their selections early while stocks are fresh and assortments at their best.

A visit to this store just now will prove a revelation to those who have not lately called. Huge consignments of beautiful and exclusive things in Pottery, Brassware, Fancy Furniture, etc., purchased this summer in the art centres of Europe by our representative, have been opened up and are now on sale, tastefully displayed on our First Floor.

In addition we show a host of new things in Fancy Furniture from leading Canadian and American makers. The small prices marked on very many articles are likely to astonish you. They are only made possible by our custom of purchasing direct from the makers.

The list below may prove usefully suggestive to those undecided as to what to give:

Dutch Pottery, 35c to \$20. To see our collection of Hollandaise Pottery you would think that every conceivable shape and size was represented. Here are flower tubes in green, yellow and mauve, at 30c; dainty little jardiniere at 50c; oddly-shaped candlesticks and vases innumerable at from 50c to \$20.00, besides ash trays, urns, flower boxes, rose jars, tripod jardiniere, plaques, etc. In a wealth of decorative effect, ranging from simple stenciled patterns to wonderful combinations of color and design. Christmas gifts, both tasteful and inexpensive, can easily be chosen from this collection.

Brass Candlesticks, Jardiniere, Steins, etc., \$1.25 to \$7.50. Handsome goods in solid brass. The bowls are of Indian manufacture, decorated with embossed representations of Eastern war and hunting scenes. We have them in six different sizes. Considering the amount of labor that must have been expended in their production, the prices are marvellously low. Poonah Brass Jardiniere, ranging from 6 in. to 11 in. in diameter, each \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$4.50. Solid Brass Candlesticks, 9 in. high, \$1.25; 14 in. high, \$2.50. Solid Brass Candlesticks, 12 in. high, \$1.50; 18 in. high, \$4.50. Seven-Branch Brass Candlesticks, 12 in. high, \$4.50. Seven-Branch Brass Candlesticks, 16 in. high, \$7.50.

German Pottery, \$1.75 to \$4.00. A collection of decorative pieces, including Jugs, Candlesticks, Vases, Jardiniere, Flower Boxes, etc. made expressly for us at a noted German pottery in our own color effects. Artistic combinations of drab and green, yellow and green and brown and green. The majority are in charming Art Nouveau designs, a style which allows of infinite variety in shape and decoration. Candlesticks from \$1.85. Jars from \$1.75. Flower Boxes from \$2.75. Vases from \$1.75.

Pewter and Brass Steins, \$5.00 to \$10.00. We have a good selection of Steins, both in Pewter and Brass. The former are antiques, ornamented with heraldic devices and grotesque figures. Those in brass are embossed with figures of Roman warriors and hunters. These jugs make very effective ornaments for shelves or mantelpieces in dens and libraries.

Royal Nymphenburg Porcelain, \$1.50 to \$10.50. This we believe is the first time the productions of the Royal factory at Nymphenburg have been sold in Canada. The ware has a delightfully old-fashioned appearance and somewhat resembles the famous Dresden China. We show Rose Jars, Pot-pourri Jars, rowder Boxes, Candlesticks, Fruit Bishes, etc., all decorated with dainty hand-painted medallions. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$10.50.

Nancy Decorative Glass-ware, \$3.75 to \$20. There is an air distinctively French about this beautiful ware—Vases, Flower Boxes, Ornamental Bottles, Jars, etc., in graceful shapes, ornamented with floral and crystalline designs, in dull shades of purple, green and pink. Every article bears the name of the artist-maker, "Galle." Prices range from \$3.75 to \$20.00.

Flemish Pottery, 50c to \$1. Viennese Busto and Statuettes. A number of fine reproductions in colored terra cotta of modellings by noted European sculptors. Notable among the figurines are: The Disk Thrower, The Pottery Seller, and The Moulder. In the latter composition an electric light may be introduced with realistic effect. A more charming Christmas present than one of these choice pieces would be difficult to find.

Pompadour Notions. Charming conceits in small decorative pieces of furniture, entirely covered with silk or velours, ornamented with gold braids, etc. Included are Glove Chests, Work Baskets, Fancy Trays, Music Stands, Photo Frames, Fancy Tables.

French Inlaid Furniture. A collection of handsome pieces from noted French makers. Fine reproductions of Louis XV. and Empire patterns, also original Art Nouveau designs by Galle—Secretaries, Fancy Tables, Tea Trays, Writing Tables, Fancy Stands, Five O'Clocks, Fancy Cabinets, Gilded Chairs, Cabinet Bureaus, etc. Carved Belgian Furniture. Elaborately Carved Oak Hall Chests, Hall Settees, Library Tables, Secretaries, etc., etc.

Fancy Furniture. From noted American and Canadian makers. Included in this assortment are a multitude of charming designs in Fancy Chairs, Fancy Tables, Music Cabinets, Secretaries, Book Racks, Tea Tables, and greens, with conventional floral decorations. \$1.50 and \$2.00. Vases—in a variety of sizes, shapes and color effects. \$1.25 to \$5.00.

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Full Particulars and, if Possible, Cuts or Photos, of Any of These Articles Will be Promptly Mailed to Out-of-Town Customers on Request. A Save Plan is to Leave the Choice to Us Write, Giving Some Description of the Articles You Want, and We Will Make Careful Selection. JOHN KAY, SON & CO., LIMITED 36 and 38 King Street West, Toronto

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SAVED BY A MONKEY

A thrilling story is told of an aeronaut's predicament in an Ohio city, whose life was saved by an organ-grinder's monkey. After relating the perils of sailing in the air and of the parachute business generally, the "Professor," told of his extraordinary experience. He had let go of the balloon and was descending all right hanging to his parachute. He says: "I began to drift slightly after the shoot filled and, glancing down, calculated on being able to make a certain point, but at that moment a bit of a puff of air made the machine wobble and for a couple of minutes I had my hands full taking care of it. The breeze died away and I was about turning my face downward again when, crash, I felt as though a horse had fallen on me, the parachute whirled and went over and I threw my arms convulsively around the object I struck. The whole thing was probably a quarter of a second in the performance and when I opened my mental eyes they shut for a minute through sheer horror of the situation I was in. I was clinging to the side of an iron ornament on top of a church steeple over 250 feet in height, an ornament that appeared to be insecurely fastened for it swayed even as I trembled. My brain reeled at the realization of my awful position and the veins on my forehead swelled in agony. The ornament was of curious design, roughly speaking, something like an acorn in form, about 3 or 4 feet high, with four long leaf-like projections at the sides running up to and just above a circular ridge about 6 inches square. The stone cap on top of the steeple at the base of the ornament was rounded so that even if I could have swung my feet in there was no foothold, and I was swinging there in mid-air with an agonizing torture in my side from the injury I had received in the collision and only had a grip on two of these leaf-like pieces.

dead, heavy feeling surged into its place. Then I saw men come out of the church shaking their heads as though to indicate nothing could be done. The cold returned at that and I wondered why I did not end the awful suspense, the agony that must end in death anyhow, at once. Perhaps it was because my injured side pained me so when I moved and it was comparatively comfortable to cling to the iron with my chest. I sat still and it wasn't long before there was a clatter of gongs on the street and a detachment of the local fire department swept into view. There was a hook and ladder truck with the outfit and the firemen made quick work of getting the ladders off, while a man I assumed to be the chief made a funnel of his hands and roared out. I could just faintly detect the words to stick close and they'd get me down. I expect I smiled a trifle at this. When the men had carried the ladders into the church came out with shaking heads I had given up all hope of rescue. The steeple was constructed so that steps couldn't be constructed outside, and if the men hadn't been able to find an interior method of getting up I felt certain that the fire department would fail.

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of **Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.**

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others, dizziness and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

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and the monkey would crawl up another short space only to bring about a recurrence of the whole performance. Up he came, however, while hours passed, it seemed to me, and after he had compassed about half the distance I began to call him. At first the sound of my voice discovered the little beast, and he slipped back again, while my heart rose to my mouth; but the Italian, leaning out now almost at the risk of his own life, roared and shouted until at last the monkey's paws grasped the iron ornament; he had clambered up to the ring on which I sat, and I had him by the neck.

"I pulled the cord in and tied it around one of the iron bars before I detached it from the monkey's belt, a lucky forethought, for as soon as I had released my grasp on him he began to scramble back to the Italian. Slowly I pulled up the cord and before many minutes had the stout rope attached to it firmly secured to the ornament on which I sat, then—well just before that monkey appeared on the steeple I'd have sworn I couldn't move a muscle, but now, with a rope opening the way to rescue and a couple of husky men in the apertures calling me to climb down, I swung from the ornament, forgot the pain in my side for the moment, and retained the temporary wave of strength until I had also actually negotiated the scaffolding that had been built up inside the steeple. When my feet touched the ground I fell and it was ten days before I came to my senses in a hospital with a plaster of paris cast around my body.

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Calendar with full information may be had on application.
A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company
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Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

Insurance in force	\$7,646,798.35
Increase, 24 per cent.	\$1,474,192.85
New Insurance issued	\$2,238,157.00
Increase, 26 per cent.	\$609,958.75
Cash Income, Premiums, Interest, etc.	\$283,546.51
Increase, 26 per cent.	\$57,566.09
Total Expense, Payments to Policy-holders, etc.	\$166,931.19
Interest Revenue alone more than pays Death Claims.	
Death Claims during year	\$38,517.00
Rate per 1,000 means Insurance in force	5.56 per cent.
Average annual Death	Rate 14 yrs. 2 1/2 mos. - 3.54 per 1000
The lowest rate on record for any Company (being in excess of Gov't standard)	\$744,074.49
Increase, 23 per cent.	\$139,726.12
Total Assets for Policy-holders security, bal.,	\$1,253,216.05
\$1.67 for every dollar of liability, including Reserve.	
Net Surplus on Policy-holders' Account	\$84,141.56
Reserves for seven years on Hum. table.	Interest at 3 1/2 per cent.
Interest earned on mean Net Assets,	6.33 per cent.

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Incorporated 1851

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Assets	\$ 3,546,000
Annual Income	3,678,000
Losses paid since organization	37,000,000

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Aug. 27th, '04. A. E. MUMFORD.

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In and Around Toronto

ADVENT.

That we are now in the season of Advent was announced from the pulpit on Sunday last.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL (BOYS' DEPT.)

The following are the names of the pupils who merited testimonials for department and application to study during the past month.

Form IV., Sen. Div.—Excellent—Percy Small, Eugene Lockhart, William Egan, William Foley, Archie Gilmore, Basil Doyle.

Form III.—Excellent—Frank Maiorana, James Deacon, John Pierce.

Form II.—Excellent—Arthur O'Halloran, Charles Adams, Joseph McNamara.

Form I.—Excellent—Patrick Whalen, Harry Mayhew.

Form IV., Sen. Div.—Norman Martin, William Denpsey, William Neville, Cornelius O'Neill, Harold Koster, Frank Gallagher, Arthur O'Halloran, Thomas Kazel.

Form III., Sen.—Fried Fensom, Arthur Lawrence, Frs. Hickey, Fred Ryan, Charles Walton, Jos. Sloan, Jos. Defarari, Emil Simard, Frs. Corcoran, Jno. Ryan, Dan McFarby, Gerald Moore, Patrick Spelman, Wm. Hallern, Russell Hanson, Angus Lane, David Stewart, Thomas Lennon, Patrick Cassidy.

Form II., Sen.—Leo Shannon, Francis Lavin, Philip Burns, Patrick Byrn, Charles Ayers, James Banane, Louis Ackrey, Norbert Crowe, Wm. Hallern, Russell Hanson, Angus Lane, David Stewart, Thomas Lennon, Patrick Cassidy.

Form I., Sen.—Leo Shannon, Francis Lavin, Philip Burns, Patrick Byrn, Charles Ayers, James Banane, Louis Ackrey, Norbert Crowe, Wm. Hallern, Russell Hanson, Angus Lane, David Stewart, Thomas Lennon, Patrick Cassidy.

Form IV., Sen.—1, Thomas O'Brien; 2, Wm. Ayers; 3, John Cioeri; 4, Iznie Milne; 5, John Barrett; 6, Edward Lane.

Form III., Sen.—1, Arthur Gavin; 2, Thomas Shannon; 3, Harold Landreville; 4, John Wigglesworth; 5, Bernard Donville; 6, Edward McCool.

Form II., Sen.—1, Fred Fensom; 2, Arthur Lawrence; 3, Francis Hickey; 4, Fred Ryan; 5, Charles Watson; 6, Joseph Skain.

Form I., Sen.—1, Basil Watson; 2, Francis Carleton; 3, Wm. Madigan; 4, Edward Spelman; 5, Clifford Landreville; 6, Edw. Smith.

Form IV., Sen.—1, Leo Shannon; 2, Francis Lavin; 3, Phil Burns; 4, Patrick Byrne; 5, Charles Ayers; 6, James Banane; 7, Louis Ackrey.

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Form III., Sen.—1, Leo Shannon; 2, Francis Lavin; 3, Phil Burns; 4, Patrick Byrne; 5, Charles Ayers; 6, James Banane; 7, Louis Ackrey.

Coyle, Rev. Father Urban, C.S.S.L., Rev. Father McIntee and Rev. Father McGrand. Mr. Chapman, Inspector of the Public Schools, was also an interested spectator.

On this occasion about one hundred and thirty of the girls of St. Joseph's High Class gave an entertainment which reflected the highest credit upon themselves, their teachers and all who aided in any way towards the presentation.

The girls marched to the platform and formed in series ranks, they made to the eyes of their assembled friends a pleasing picture, their simple bearing and bright young faces at once gaining them favor in the eyes of those present.

The opening chorus, "Evening Bells," together with the Ave Maria which followed, were both given with the conscientious regard for modulation and purity of tone that marks the singing of our schools under the direction of Prof. Donville, and the closing song, "Excelsior," arranged by Balle, was highly descriptive and most intelligently produced.

In accord with the spirit of the times, which the world over is commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the reception into the Church of England's greatest convert, a dramatized Appreciation of John Henry Cardinal Newman was the chief feature of the day.

The dramatic personae were the Misses Irene O'Malley, Madeline Burns, Mary Lane, Gertrude Hale, Vera Carey, Agnes Hewey, Agnes Higgins, Josephine McMurran, Annie Hand, Sophie Watson, Nellie O'Driscoll, Vera Crowe, Ella Ford, Maud Collins and Mona Clarke, while a semi-chorus composed of the Misses Overend, Sauroil, Cunerty, Kelly, Charlebois, Rame, Napolitano and Haines, rendered "Lead Kindly Light," the now famous hymn of Newman. The drama was somewhat lengthy and doubtless a tax upon the memories and understanding of those taking part, but on the whole the interpreters were equal to the occasion and the clear enunciation and intelligent giving forth of the beautiful words and sentiments of the play could not but evoke the admiration of the listeners.

All did well, and while Miss Irene O'Malley, who represented the Spirit of Albert, and Miss Madeline Burns, who personated the Spirit of Memory, were particularly happy in the characters, they presented; little Miss Mona Clarke, with her full childish voice and manner altogether free from self-consciousness, made a most attractive Spirit of Love. At the close of the entertainment the Very Rev. Vicar General made a short address, telling the children that he was heartily proud of them and of what he had seen and heard. He had no doubt, too, that their teachers and friends were pleased and perhaps they were a little pleased with themselves.

Continuing, the Very Rev. speaker referred to the excellence of the music, now a feature of the schools, and which on competent authority he could now state to be as perfect as that in the schools of Germany. Father McCann also spoke of the hard work done in the schools during the year, as vouched for by the number of diplomas and other prizes awarded.

A holiday accorded to by the authorities was announced by the Vicar at the close of his remarks. Mr. Chapman, Inspector of Public Schools, then addressed the assemblage most happily. Declaring the pleasure it gave him to be present, he paid a high compliment to the drama just presented, to its elevating tone and the manner in which each girl had done her part. He also said that of the many certificates he had signed for candidates at the late "Entrance" examination, none had witnessed his signature with greater willingness than those of the candidates from the Separate Schools. The National Anthem brought the afternoon to a close.

The Honor List is published below. First prize for Christian Doctrine, presented by Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Community, awarded to Miss Eva Sauroil.

First prize for English Literature, Latin, French and German, also for highest standing as Junior Teacher, gold medal, awarded to Miss Irene O'Malley.

First prize for Mathematics, including Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, presented by Rev. D. Whalen, awarded to Miss Gertrude Hale.

Prize for History and Science, awarded to Miss Ella Ford.

Prize for French, Algebra and Composition, awarded to Miss Kate Hallern.

Prize for History and French, awarded to Miss Vera Catey.

First prize in Commercial Class, awarded to Miss Margaret Hynes.

Honorable mention as having obtained honor standing at Promotion to Form II., the Misses Mary McEvay, Dorothy White and Helena Lee.

Special Prize for highest attainment at promotion to High School from St. Mary's School presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., obtained by Miss Aimée McDonald.

A Gold Medal for highest attainment in the city Separate Schools, presented by Rev. W. A. McCann, awarded to Miss Margaret Cronin.

Commercial Diplomas for Stenography and Typewriting, awarded by the Dominion Business College to the Misses Margaret Hynes, Anna Smith, Nellie Madigan, Agnes Henry, Mary Lane, Margaret Kelly, Aimée Bennett, Annie Burns, Katie Egan, Louise Anderson, Agnes Corney, Florence Hartnett, Lillian Kerr, Helena Quigley, Mary Madden, Kate Christie, Mae Nolan, Louise O'Brien.

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ment to the Misses Ella Ford, Kate Hallern, Gertrude Hale and Irene O'Malley.

GENERAL INTENTION OF LEAGUE OF SACRED HEART.

In explanation of "Peter's Pence," which is the general intention of the League for the present month, the Messenger says: Peter's Pence is the name given to the alms which the faithful children of the Church destine for the Pope.

Our associates are asked during the present month to consider this excellent and truly apostolic work. The need of funds is sorely felt in Rome. The Common Father of the Faithful naturally tells us that he desires our aid, not for himself personally, but for the advancement of the Church's interests throughout the world.

For this motive alone what was formerly a voluntary tax should now, owing to circumstances, be considered by all to be an obligatory one. Practical action on the above will give the associations of Toronto, in common with those of the entire world, something to engage their attention during the current month.

MEETING OF HOSPITAL ALUMNI

The regular monthly meeting of the graduate nurses of St. Michael's Hospital was held at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Grier, the president, was in the chair and Miss Graves, head nurse of St. Michael's, with about twenty others, were in attendance.

Dr. McIlwraith gave a most interesting lecture on Obstetrics, after which an informal discussion took place as to time of next meeting, which it was decided would take place on the second Monday of the coming month.

NO MORE RENTED PEWS.

At the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes it was announced at the Masses on Sunday last, that owing to the increasing demand for pews, a demand which it was impossible to fill, in future the seats would be free, the principal of "first come first served" to prevail henceforth.

DEATH OF MR. THOS. COSGRAVE

On Sunday, Nov. 26th, the death of Mr. Thos. Cosgrave took place at 21 Montrose avenue. Death was sudden and unexpected and due to heart failure. Mr. Cosgrave was born sixty-six years ago in Limerick, Ireland, and came to Canada at the age of sixteen, settling in Toronto and remaining here until the end. He is survived by two sons, Patrick and Thomas, and by one daughter, Mrs. W. H. Durand. He was a member of St. Mary's parish. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK TRACY

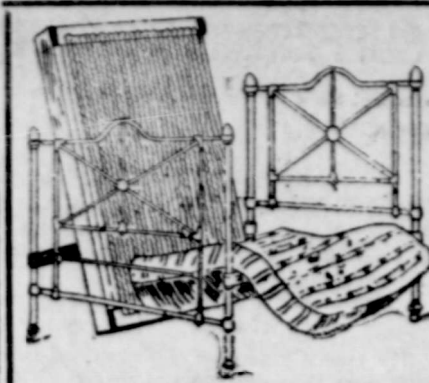
A long time and much respected resident of the West End, was called away when Mr. Patrick Tracy died at his home, 192 St. Helen's avenue, on Monday last. Mr. Tracy received a slight stroke a few weeks ago from which he never recovered. Prior to his illness he was a daily attendant at Mass and as otherwise edifying member of St. Helen's congregation. He is survived by four daughters, Sister Mary St. Cecilia of the Good Shepherd Community, Toronto, and Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. McMillion and Mrs. Newton. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from St. Helen's church to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

MISS ROSE MARY O'CONNOR.

The death of Miss Rose Mary O'Connor, a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, occurred at McKellar's Hospital, Fort William, on Sunday, November 26th. Miss O'Connor, who was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Connor of Sudbury, and Sister of Mayor O'Connor, was assistant superintendent at the hospital where she contracted typhoid fever and underwent an operation for appendicitis, dying shortly afterwards. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning at Sudbury, requiem High Mass being celebrated at St. Ann's Church by Rev. Father Cote, assisted by Rev. Father Primeau as deacon and Rev. Father Lefebvre as sub-deacon. Many friends came from a distance to attend the funeral and numerous floral tributes were sent as testimonies of affection to the deceased. While in Toronto Miss O'Connor was admired as a capable nurse and congenial companion, and her former associates deeply regret her untimely and unlooked for end. A Mass for the repose of the soul of her former companion was attended at St. Michael's Hospital on Monday of this week by the nurses and graduates who, together with the Sisters of the Institution, formed a special choir for the occasion. Miss O'Connor is survived by her parents and by her sisters, Mrs. Morin and Mrs. Silverter, to all of whom the sympathy of Miss O'Connor's many friends in Toronto is sincerely extended. R.I.P.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The representative of the Catholic Register in Toronto is now making a special call upon our subscribers. Mr. Coolahan reports that he is received with invariable kindness by those upon whom he calls. At the same time we gather from between the lines of his report that he has often to call three or four times on certain subscribers, when for all business purposes once would be sufficient. This may be meant as a compliment to our representative; it may be that the happy countenance and genial smile of Mr. Coolahan are so acceptable to the many households where he presents himself in our name, that protests are invented in order to ensure frequent visitations. All this is appreciated, but as the end of the year is a busy time, and as many calls are to be made, Mr. Coolahan will be grateful to those who have their subscription ready at the time of his first call. The end of the year, too, is proverbially a time for settling up old scores, and Mr. Coolahan is beginning the New Year with a clean sheet. If our subscribers will act upon this suggestion their acquiescence will be appreciated by us and by our city representative.



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Hamilton Wedding

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Eva M. Mackay, eldest daughter of Mr. James Mackay, manager of the Canadian Transfer Co., Hamilton, and Mr. John Gayheart of Toronto. The ceremony took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Rev. Father Mahoney officiating. A large number of friends were present, for whom Messrs. John Mackay and John Dolan acceptably performed; the part of ushers, Millard's Ave Verum was sung by Mr. John Walsh. The bride was attended by Miss Dolly Harwood of Toronto, and Mr. Wm. Gayheart supported the groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at Clobhar Villa, the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Gayheart will reside in Toronto.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI (Continued from page 1.)

As well as Christian sentiments, who have considered it their duty to publish favorable comments on these plays, which they would have otherwise declared bad and condemnable. They have tried to conciliate that which can never be conciliated, and they will permit us to say to them that they have caused us the greatest sadness.

LIST OF PARTICIPANTS.

But a French morning paper has done even more, for after having published our pastoral letter, it gave a long list of citizens noticed at a theatre. Protestations which have reached us lead us to believe that this list contained the names of most honorable families, not one member of which was present. We resent, of course, this affront, which a Protestant sheet from another province did not fail to notice. But the injury does not stop with our person; it reaches in fact the authority with which we are clothed, and we leave the task to Catholics to qualify it as it deserves.

"Now, very dear brethren, let us say to you that it is less against certain theatrical plays than against bad theatres in general that we have put you on your guard. In the name, therefore, of our holy religion, in the name of the young, who are dear to us, and in the name of the innocence of your children, we wish you to be faithful to our paternal counsels.

There is in our midst, no one denies it, a theatre in particular where representations are given of the most obscene nature, and where very often dramas of the most perverse kind are played, and against which complaints have reached us from many quarters. Let the managers of this theatre remember, that here in Canada the criminal code punishes very severely scenes of this nature. The civil authorities charged with the protection of good morals will permit us to remind them that they are under the greatest obligation to watch these plays and act when duty so requires it.

"For our part, in the legitimate exercise of our right and of our episcopal authority, we now warn these managers that if they continue in the course they have been following for some time past, we will have recourse against them to measures more efficacious perhaps than the sanction of the laws of the state.

"We will not recede from the performance of our sacred duty, and we will then see who wish to be the submissive children of the church or who wish to scorn its commandments and its morals.

"It is our most ardent desire however, not to be under the necessity of exercising this painful duty, and we ask our Lord to console us in hearing our prayer.

"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

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