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PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Review of a New Work by Goldwin Smith, Entitled "Irish History and the Irish Question"—Some of His Criticisms of the Irish Answered—Past Wrongs Condemned by Him—But Home Rule Not Favored.

I have received from the publishers, Morang & Co., Toronto, a new volume entitled "Irish History and the Irish Question," by Goldwin Smith, the veteran author and publicist. I am glad Mr. Smith has turned his pen in this direction, because his views will be looked upon with deference and treated with respect. I have known Prof. Smith by reputation for a very long time—since he commenced to write his views on colonial questions back in the early forties. In fact it was my lot to commit some of those views to type in those days. His sympathies were with the colonies in their ill-treatment then, as they are or partly are, with Ireland as shown by this volume, now. Mr. Smith has general views of his own, some of which are in accord with Irish views, and some of which are hostile to Irish inclinations. In the work before me he unequivocally condemns the government of Ireland by England in the past, but being a free-thinker and anti-Catholic in his religious beliefs, his hostility breaks out ever and anon to the Catholic clergy and Catholic religion wherever opportunity offers. And although liberal otherwise to Irish demands, he is hostile to the demand for Home Rule. This is somewhat strange, too, coming, as it does, from an avowed anti-imperialist. But he misleads himself when he asserts that the aim of the Irish party is national independence in fact rather than the possession of a local parliament as sought for. I do not think that the Irish party as a party is deceiving itself or anybody else in this way. No doubt there may be individuals who maintain such a preference and with a good deal of plausibility too, because no nation can be too independent of any other nation to arouse her latent energies, and put forth her best efforts. Nothing produces prosperity like the liberty to prosper, and it is those nations that have been most free that have proved most worthy of their freedom. Norway had comparative freedom in her union with Sweden, yet she was not satisfied. Had Ireland but half of the advantages that Norway possessed, she would be politically happy. A nation is always justified in seeking a position to do best her own best interests for her own behoof. Whatever Irishmen now do in a governmental capacity is not for Ireland's but for England's glory, and this is a humiliation for a proud-spirited people hard to brook. And there are others who cannot forget the penal laws, the famines, and the coercion acts, and are imbued with a spirit of revenge and antagonism, hard to restrain. A great national party, however, that has to look facts in the face, cannot and must not be moved by such considerations in wisely shaping its destinies, and the Irish leaders are not fools nor the Irish people mere dupes. Government of the world over is a creation of compromises. And in dealing with a near and superior, and her own best interests, it is not only a parliamentary necessity, but a British Parliament needs another reformation. Legislation is now too tardy, too costly, and too cumbersome. Look at the sloth with which measures move, the "red tape" of its proceedings and what the expense of private bills come to. As a matter of economy Home Rule to both Ireland and Scotland would be a blessing to England as well. When Ireland had her own parliament, short-lived as it was, imperfect as it was, it gave Ireland a prosperity it never knew before nor since, and when Ireland was robbed of it, there has been hardly a happy day in that poor, distressed and ill-used kingdom.

savage. They are an old race of people, with virtues and faults of their own. But when given a chance, no people ever more quickly adopted new or better conditions. The Irish, while division among them is a grievous fault, have always moved en masse. Witness the rapidity and unanimity with which they abandoned heathenism and embraced the Christian faith at the behest of St. Patrick; witness the enthusiasm they evinced in spreading that faith throughout the world. Witness what readiness the whole nation it may be said, abandoned the use of intoxicating liquors at the call of Father Mathew. When Daniel O'Connell called for their presence at the monster meetings to prove that they favored a repeal of the accursed union, they presented themselves in uncountable thousands. Their emigration to America was in multitudes. Apathy and indifference are not Irish faults. They have other traits of character that mark them as a superior race. They have at times, to be sure, fought against England, but as enlisted soldiers with an oath binding their consciences, they never proved false to the service in which thousands of them died. The Irish are a people that ought to be preserved, but in place of preserving them England has sought their destruction. But even this does not justify a desire for revenge, but a plea for harmony. The priestly interference in some instances in Irish affairs is to an extent justifiable, for the priest is the days of oppression was the peasants' best friend. Mr. Smith condemns them because they have contended for religious instead of non-religious education in Irish schools. He condemns Daniel O'Connell for relying on their support in seeking Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union. He would be a fool not to bring to his aid the best educated and the most popular body in the country. He would make out Daniel O'Connell a selfish agitator instead of a true benefactor to his country, and accuses him of appropriating the repeal rent that his association gathered, all to his own personal use, instead of the uses of the Association of which he was the life. And he blames him for using his powers of invective on his enemies. Mr. Smith forgets how necessary that invective was to be used against a class who were simply brutal in their treatment of him, and met his just demands with disdain and derision. I would refer Mr. Smith for whom I have the greatest respect, to Mr. Wendell Phillips' estimate of him, and he considered him unselfish and generous, and he was not the only great American who did so. And there were many just Englishmen who thought so too.

I do not think the Home Rule Party seeks the establishment of an Irish Republic. That would be a dream but an absurdity. "The sea forbids union, the ocean separation" was the declaration of Henry Grattan, and I believe all level-headed Irishmen agree with him. Does any sane man suppose that the great European monarchies with England at their head, would allow the existence of such an anachronism, for a moment? While I might personally wish it, I am not such a fool as to believe in the possibility of it. Home Rule is no dream, no absurdity, and however much men like Mr. Smith disbelieve in its possibility, it will have to come. It is not only a strong national Irish desire, but a parliamentary necessity. Mr. Smith knows as well as anybody knows that the British Parliament needs another reformation. Legislation is now too tardy, too costly, and too cumbersome. Look at the sloth with which measures move, the "red tape" of its proceedings and what the expense of private bills come to. As a matter of economy Home Rule to both Ireland and Scotland would be a blessing to England as well. When Ireland had her own parliament, short-lived as it was, imperfect as it was, it gave Ireland a prosperity it never knew before nor since, and when Ireland was robbed of it, there has been hardly a happy day in that poor, distressed and ill-used kingdom.

"Twice," says Mr. Smith, "had an army of Irish-Catholics been raised for the destruction of English liberties." I think this is as untrue as it is ungenerous. The Irish Catholics, seeking liberty for themselves, would be the last to endeavor to enslave others, whatever combinations of certain powers may have sought to accomplish. If the Pope once sent aid to Ireland it was not for the purpose of enslaving a nation, but giving freedom to a down-trodden people. The writer, however, relieves himself when he remarks:

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"In extirpating the Catholic religion the policy of the Penal Code failed. To the faith which was their only comfort and sole redemption from their degradation, the people more than ever clung. The priests braved the law, celebrated mass in hiding places, furtively ordained several hands being laid on at once that the man ordained might be able to swear that he did not know who had ordained him. They taught in hedge schools, and though but coarsely educated themselves, preserved the scintilla there was of knowledge and civilization among the people. In their celibacy they had a great advantage for such work."

Again: The lawful trade of wool with foreign countries England had suppressed. Its place was partly taken by a smuggling trade, for which the inlets of the Irish coast afforded the best of havens, and which had the people everywhere for confederates. Thus, in every line religious, educational, social and commercial, the Irish found the (English) law his inveterate enemy. Could he fail to be an inveterate enemy of the law?"

Mr. Smith, in his book, quotes T. P. O'Connell's description of the Irish famine of 1846-7, which is one of the saddest chapters in human history. Lord John Russell and the Whigs were in power at this time. They did nothing to meet the terrible calamity but vote some money for improving the public highways by making them worse. Lord Russell said in a speech in Parliament that the course of trade could not be interfered with by the government in meeting the distress. So the speculators had their own way in taking advantage of it, and in holding up for higher prices, much of the grain in their possession rotted in their warehouses. Mr. Smith, however, says much praise was due to English charity and liberality in contributing to the relief of the sufferers, which is right, as I remember it well; but if there was an Irish Parliament in existence would not so great a calamity be met in a much more effective way? Certainly it would.

Mr. Smith comments upon the corruption of some Irish members of Parliament of the Sadlier and Keough type. He must remember, however, that there was no organized Irish party in the House of Commons at that time, and it must be known that those who represented Irish constituencies were mostly political adventurers for whom the Irish people were not responsible, disorganized and disrupted as they were.

Mr. Smith dwells a good deal on the over-population of the country before the famine. The overpopulation existed because the manufactures of the country, her commerce and her trade had been destroyed by adverse English legislation. He talks about the freedom of trade Ireland enjoys with England; but he must know very well that it is only advantageous to England whose manufacturers with their large capital and well-organized system, and their crushing competition, will not allow a solitary article to be manufactured in Ireland if it can help it.

Mr. Smith gives several digs to the Irish in the United States, and of course has a fling at Tammany Hall as an Irish institution. The facts are that the Irish possess the genius for organizing, better than any other people.

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DIAMOND JUBILEE

Recalls a Great Movement—Picture of Oxford Presented—Sketch of England's Greatest Convert.

Writing in the London "Catholic Times," F. J. T. Heaon says: Monday, October 9, was a great anniversary for us converts, a day of gratitude and of thanksgiving, for this year is the diamond jubilee of the reception of the greatest of converts since the "Reformation." Sixty years ago passed now since that October day in 1845, and the years that have only added to its importance and made it a day long memorable in the religious annals of England, when Newman, the greatest of Oxford men then, knelt as a little child before Father Dominate and whispered the profession of faith with which all England was to be ringing ere many days were over. Till the very day of John Henry Newman's reception in the Church hopes were entertained by his Anglican friends that he might still repent of his intention; nor was the fact of his conversion believed even after it had occurred. Speaking of this same year Dean Church says: "It was not till the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then through the autumn and the next year friends whose names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one disappeared and were lost in it. Fellowships, livings, curacies, intended careers were given up." It was a great shock to the Church of England, a shock from which she can never recover. The heart of the nation was moved. Lord John Russell mourned over that secession. Lord Beaconsfield said the Anglican Church needed under no regretting it even to his last days. Dr. Pusey has told us the tale of his grief, and so also has John Keble, and men will go on to tell it, that remarkable event of October 9, 1845. And now that Newman had led the way, "the Kindly Light, from amid the encircling gloom," with what pleasure do we read of the others who followed. Among the many we may mention Ambrose St. John, Frederick W. Faber, Hope Scott, Ward, the two Wilberforces, Frederick Oakley, Edward Caswall, William Palmer, Thomas W. Allies, Stanton and Bowles, of the London Oratory. Converts came in crowds, too thick and fast almost to allow of recognition, until six years afterwards, in 1851, high above his fellows, rose the memorable figure of Henry Edward Manning; even for him Newman may be said to have cleared the path. The number who followed the great Tractarian was sufficiently large to produce a profound sensation. Never before had so large a body of the English clergy seceded since the "Reformation." No wonder, then, that the 9th of October is a great day for us; our thoughts naturally turn with love and veneration towards him who, like ourselves, has gone out "from among his people" along the narrow path way which led him, as it has led us, through "pastures green," by "the waters of comfort," from the "City of Confusion" to the "City of God." But of converts, whether of Tractarian or of latter days, none so noble, none so great as John Henry Newman. He has been the pioneer of that great army which, leaving behind them friends, homes and human ambitions, had resolutely shut their ears to the soft siren blandishments of "Anglo-Catholicism," to listen only to the wise and tender counsels of their true Mother, which lead to the rest, and peace and safety of the one true fold, "the Pillar and Ground of Truth," which can neither deceive nor be deceived, because God is her infallible Guide. He, the great leader, was home at last to where "his soul would have its rest," and he has himself told us that his admission into the Catholic Church was like getting into a harbor after being tossed about on a stormy sea. Consciously or unconsciously almost every convert, I suppose, from Anglicanism has been influenced by that great mind and that great example; and we, like our leader, have gone out from our father's home, from kith and kin, to "the haven where we would be," and as it was with him, so it has been with so many of us; the exodus has been attended with heart-searching parting and severance—rather than those outside it can think. The profound calm of these moments was like nothing else in life. The welcome

stillness of the storm-tossed ship coming into haven is but a feeble image of it, the rest of the body after long hours of pain, but the material counterpart. No more doubt, no more fear, no more driving before wind and waves, no more sick sinking of spirit, no more strife and struggle between things as they are and things as one wished them to be: "All journeys end in welcome to the weary."

So Father Faber, who himself had made the journey, sang, and so we can sing, too, now.
 So with heartfelt thankfulness we look forward to and keep the great anniversary of October 9, 1845—that event which caused an immense sensation throughout England. It brought sorrow to the hearts of many, but he went his way quietly, yet with a sorrowing heart; for he had now to abandon the home which he had loved so well, and the friends he most loved were lost to him, or turned away, grieved or shocked, from him, and fell into other paths, or contracted other ways of thinking. To him it was like the dividing of the narrow from the bones. He went out from Oxford, almost like a martyr to strangers. But love of truth, fearless courage and a high sense of duty led him on, and brought to him the fulness of interior peace and joy which surpasses the understanding. Therefore with thankful hearts we say: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." In its bosom I became Thy child and in its bosom I hope to live and die. "O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still as thou hast led, in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home." Yes, guide us home, we who are in that "Fold which draws all peoples and tongues into ecclesiastical unity," that Fold and that Church, the one True Church, which claims to be "Mother of us all." "And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since and
 lost awhile."

A Blow at Gaelic

In the recent debates on public education, in the British House of Commons, Secretary Long threatened that, from 1906 forward, the special fees for the teaching of extra subjects in the national schools of Ireland would be withdrawn. If this should be carried into effect, a serious blow would be struck at the teaching of Irish in the schools. Last year (1904) special fees for Irish, as an extra subject, were paid in respect of 25,984 pupils in 1,116 schools in Ireland. That is to say, a sum of £13,000 or thereabouts, was paid for the teaching of Irish. Compared with previous years this was a great advance, as in 1903 the number of pupils in respect of whom special fees for Irish were paid was only 11,175, in 553 schools, and in 1902, 2,602 in 225 schools. Of course, it was all Irish money, taken out of the taxes paid by the Irish people; and as such, it could not be applied to a better purpose. The placing of the language among the extra subjects, liable to the exigencies of the results system, however, shows the continued existence of the hostility to it always manifested by the government; and this latest threat to make that hostility active is in keeping with all the other movements of the Tory regime with regard to Irish interests.

Days and Nights in the Tropics

This new book by Rev. Dean Harris, formerly of St. Catharines, will be much appreciated by our readers. "After years of roaming through strange lands, in the byways and trails outside the lines of travel," writes the author, "the man who has kept a record of his experiences ought to have something worth telling. It ought also to be able to correct erroneous statements and rearrange some popular opinions made and formed of these strange lands and their peoples." Dean Harris we know to be a brilliant man and his writings certainly add to his brilliancy. The descriptions of the tropical lands and the peoples are so interesting that the reader is carried along with the tourist and every point is noted.
 The book contains many illustrations, is of good paper, well printed and bound and worthy of a place in any library. Messrs. Morang & Co., Limited, the publishers, have donated a copy to the boys of the De la Salle Institute.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Is that all?" cried Hugh, with an indifferer air. "I knew of that."

sured tread, the most devoted and blithest champion that ever maintained a post, and felt his heart lifted up with a brave sense of duty, and determined to defend it to the last.

ceived with that appetite for the marvellous and love of the terrible, which have normally been among the natural characteristics of mankind since the creation of the world.

DOES YOUR HEAD Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

December 31 DAYS THE ADVENT OF CHRIST 1905. Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Day of Advent, and Color of Vestments. Includes dates for First, Second, Third, and Fourth Sunday of Advent, and the Octave of Christmas.

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"Duty, duty, bold Barnaby!" cried Hugh, assuming his wildest and most rapid manner, and thrusting into his hand his staff and flag which leaned against the wall.

There still remained the fourth body, and for that the secretary looked with a most intense eagerness. At last it came up. It was numerous, and composed of picked men, for as he gazed down among them, he recognized many upturned faces which he knew well—those of Simon Tappertit, Hugh and Dennis in the front, of course.

laughter, groans, plunder, fear, and rain! Nearly all the time while John looked on at this bewildering scene, Hugh kept near him, and though he was the loudest, wildest, most destructive villain there, he saved his old master's bones a score of times.

about an ordinary every Sunday at two o'clock. "You won't be hurt I tell you, Jack—do you hear me?" roared Hugh, impressing the assurance upon him by means of a heavy blow on the back.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering.

"Brisk as ever!" said the secretary as he adjusted it for him as he desired. "A man need be brisk to-day, there is brisk work afoot."

CHAPTER LIV. Rumors of the prevailing disturbances had, by this time, begun to be pretty generally circulated through the towns and villages round London, and the tidings were everywhere

It reaches the spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

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"Do not, my good friends—I am sure you will not forget our talk one night—in your house, Dennis—about this person. No mercy, no quarter, no two beams of his house to be left standing where the builder placed them. Fire, the saying goes, is a good servant, but a bad master. Make it his master; he deserves no better. But I am sure you will be firm, I am sure you will be very resolute, I am sure you will remember that he thirsts for your lives, and those of all your brave companions. If you ever acted like staunch fellows you won't do so to-day. Won't you, Dennis—will you, Hugh?"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, GOUT, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

CHAPTER LV. It reaches the spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Without One Cent of Expense if you sell only 25 of my last selling HOLY PICTURES at 25c each as exactly as represented. If it is not you, don't have to keep my watch. If you prefer you do not need it to begin American Watch in Gold Finished Case, as it is here represented to be, return it and get 25c, all the money paid. Isn't this fair?

Without One Cent of Expense if you sell only 25 of my last selling HOLY PICTURES at 25c each as exactly as represented. If it is not you, don't have to keep my watch. If you prefer you do not need it to begin American Watch in Gold Finished Case, as it is here represented to be, return it and get 25c, all the money paid.



TRAINING IN OBEDIENCE. A fault of many of our young men and growing boys is their disregard for authority, whether parental or civil, and accompanying this, a seeming lack of respect toward their elders. Anything that will tend to remedy these characteristics without lessening a proper independence and individuality is a wholesome and useful influence.

SAUCE FOR FISH. Rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs with a piece of butter the size of an egg; add three raw yolks. Mix three large spoonfuls of French mustard into one cupful of the strained fish gravy, and gradually add this to the eggs and butter; then add the juice of a lemon, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two spoonfuls of catsup, one pinch of red pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt.

THE POWER OF HAPPINESS. Instead of the strength of your faith being marked by the length of your signs, the genuineness of your religion is to be known by its joyfulness. The same God who gives the sunlight and the smiling fields, who makes the brooks to laugh as children. His glory is not in gloom but in gladness. He designed this world for happiness, and religion is but the pursuing of His plans for the good of His children.

LAND OF THRIFTY WOMEN. A thriftless wife is practically unknown in France. The poorer the husband the thriftier the wife, perhaps, but no middle or upper-class Frenchwoman who respects herself is ever guilty of wasting even a cent. The great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain and the humblest working woman alike look after the purse-strings, and the preliminary step of securing the purse-strings is taken, as a matter of course, a week after marriage.

With New Blood In the Arteries YOU WILL FEEL NEW VIGOR AND CONFIDENCE THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE BODY. Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD. Do you know what it is to feel well—to feel young and hearty and vigorous—to feel full of energy and ambition—to enjoy work and look forward hopeful and confident of the future?

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food brings about lasting beneficial results by forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force. There is lots of evidence of what this great food cure has done for others. Ask your neighbors about it. 50c a box, at all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HAPPY LITTLE CHILDREN. "This is the dolly that I love best, This is the way that she likes to rest, Here in my arms in her white gown dressed, Dear little dolly baby."

So sang the children in the kindergarten as, all holding their precious dollies close to their hearts, they softly sang the chorus: "Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, sweet little dolly baby."

The box was opened before the excited little folks, and immediately hands were upheld and shrill little voices cried out, "Me one, teacher, me one."

"Yes, they are for you," said the teacher, "and there is one apiece, but—here she paused and held up to view a dainty little lady in pink silk—"we want to keep them looking just like this, do we not?"

THE BOY WHO WORKS. Do you feel, young fellow, that you have a hard time? Your hours are long. Your task is hard, and the wages small. The contents of your weekly pay envelope will scarcely carry you over the week.

LIFE ON THE RAIL. IS A HARD ONE. C. P. R. ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCE WITH DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. They Brought Back His Strength When He Could Neither Rest nor Sleep.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 27.—(Special)—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C.P.R. engineer, whose home is at 175 Maple Street, is one of the many men who swear by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Work makes men, Luck usually fails. Pluck nearly always wins. To succeed in anything one must overcome obstacles. Force and fibre are built by hardships. Grit is as necessary in the making of a man as gumption. Hardships are not always handicaps. Often they are helps.

HAD TO GO. Editor (to office boy)—How do you spell auricular? Office Boy (promptly)—I can't spell it at all. Editor (angrily)—What did you go to school for? Office Boy (sadly)—Because I had to.

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McNamee, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes up): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

CHUCKIE WUCKIE'S FRIEND. (Isabel Gordon Curtis in September St. Nicholas.) "Why, Chuckie Wuckie, what is the matter?" said papa.

They were walking home one afternoon, when they met a squad of policemen marching two by two, and looking straight ahead—tramp, tramp, tramp, over the sidewalk. Chuckie Wuckie was holding her papa's hand when she saw the policemen. She gave a little scream and ran and hid behind a tall bush, with her hands over her eyes.

"Little goosie!" whispered papa. "Don't you know policemen are the best friends little girls have?" "No, they aren't!" cried Chuckie Wuckie; "you ought to hear what Georgie says about them. A policeman is worse than any story-book ogre. When he sees a little girl he'll chase her so she can't run straight. She'll go running round and round and round, then she'll get to spinning just like a top, and then the policeman will make a dive at her and bite her head off."

"I'll have to talk to Georgie," said papa, severely; "now we will go home." The very next day, when Chuckie Wuckie and her papa went walking in the park they saw something very interesting. A policeman lay on his face beside the duck pond, and was pulling out of the water a little, drowned puppy. The policeman dried it with his handkerchief, and rubbed it to make it warm.

"Now you see how good policemen are. Let us go and talk to him." He knew the policeman—his name was Mr. Britton; so he introduced Chuckie Wuckie to him. All at once the little girl forgot to be afraid; she got down on her knees to pet the little puppy.

"Whose little puppy is it?" she asked. "I'm afraid I can't tell," said Mr. Britton; "I think some bad boys threw it in the pond. They ran up the bank when I came in sight."

"Oh, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie, "can't I have it for my really own little doggie?" Mr. Britton said he would be very glad to have them take the little puppy; then he told them about a stray kitty he once found in the park. He took it home to his little girl, and he had lots of stories to tell of how cunning it was.

"I'll never, never be afraid of policemen any more," said Chuckie Wuckie, when she had shaken hands with Mr. Britton and said good-by.

"Of course you won't," said papa; "whenever you see one of these big men in his blue clothes and brass buttons, remember he is your friend, and if you are lost or in any trouble go right straight to him."

It was a good thing Chuckie Wuckie remembered this, for just a few days after she had an adventure which might have been a pretty serious one. She was going to New York with papa and mamma. They got into the depot just in time to see the "choo-choo" cars come roaring in. Her papa rushed to check a trunk and left Chuckie Wuckie with mamma. Then papa came back and jumped on the train; he thought mamma had taken her, and there she was left all alone in the middle of the big crowd.

"Mamma! papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie, "where are you?" Nobody answered. The big train went puffing out, and in a minute there was nobody left in the depot—nobody but a few men, who went hurrying about, and one big policeman in a blue coat with brass buttons. Chuckie Wuckie walked straight up to him and put her hand into his; then she asked in a shaky little voice: "Will you take care of me, Mr. Policeman, till my papa and mamma come back?" The choo-choo cars carried them away!

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.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. 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. 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 unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he had cured 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 uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a 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, NOVEMBER 30, 1906.

AN ANSWER.

An untimely article and ill-conceived, appeared in La Verite of Quebec, some time ago. It is untimely because these are the days when union should characterize all Catholics whatever may be their race or language.

In order to support his plea the writer explained the large number of losses to the Church amongst the Irish in America by their having lost their language. "It is," says the writer, "an incontestable fact that the Catholic religion has lost several millions of its children because several millions have spoken and known only the English language."

The Holy Father and the Schools of England. A short time ago the Holy Father wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Westminster concerning the Catholic Schools in England. His Holiness praises "the great earnestness with which during the last five-and-thirty years the faithful in England have most strenuously defended their Catholic Schools, asserting above all things the necessity that the education of the young should be of a religious character."

in the Island of Saints had been fostered by all the memories of his fathers and the encouragement of his surroundings. But in spite of everything the wonder is that the Irish held so well to the faith. We do not wish to taunt others. We reject with pride their taunt; for if ever a people under adverse circumstances clung to the faith and spread the Church in this country, it was the Irish.

CHURCH UNION.

If the matter were not so serious the attempts at church union would be a fit subject for ridicule and caricature. If the desire is real the attempt is awkward; they do not try in the right way. The latest endeavor was the least serious and the most unreal. Ministers representing some of the sects met and formulated what they considered a model central doctrine, enunciating that "Jesus Christ was our Lord and Redeemer."

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

A short time ago the Holy Father wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Westminster concerning the Catholic Schools in England. His Holiness praises "the great earnestness with which during the last five-and-thirty years the faithful in England have most strenuously defended their Catholic Schools, asserting above all things the necessity that the education of the young should be of a religious character."

ers in books and in the public press. They will do a most useful and most meritorious work if, following the guidance of their Bishops, and putting aside all matters of private interest, or what might cause hurtful dissension, they not only persevere, but make daily progress, in the defence which has begun.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

A very earnest endeavor is made both at home and in this country to revive the study of the Irish language. Nor is the endeavor without a marked success. A chair of Celtic language has been established in the Catholic University of Washington; and several higher educational institutions in Ireland have the study upon their curriculum.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The following opinion of the effect of bad plays comes from the learned Bishop of Limerick. Toronto for several years has been getting an overdose of bad plays, which seldom touch the consciences or the stomachs of the newspaper critics.

Judge Gaynor, of New York, has given an intelligent interpretation of divorce law, which will give little comfort to the divorced, but cannot fail to meet the general approval of Christian people. The Judge said: "So far as concerns any religious or sacramental or Church bond existing between these people we have nothing whatever to do with it."

prelates who are supposed to know something about marriages and divorce often lead people to understand that they think that the law can dissolve the sacramental or Church tie of marriage.

The Trials in the Reform of Church Music

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.) Rome, Nov. 8.—It is two years since Pius X. issued his now celebrated Motu Proprio on the reform of Church music—and it is only this week that the Vatican Printing Press has issued the first instalment of the official edition in Plain Chant which is henceforth to be used throughout the whole Church.

When the Motu Proprio appeared, some wiseacres in and out of Rome ascribed the real authorship of it to the Maestro Perosi, or Father De Santis, S. J., or Dom Pothier. In fact Perosi's life was threatened by enemies of the Reform in Rome, so that he had to be protected for months by detectives.

As a matter of fact, the document was composed, more than ten years before its publication, by Cardinal Sarto, who had just entered Venice as its Patriarch, and while Perosi was a little boy learning Latin from the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Even as far back as that, the need for reform had been so strongly felt that the Sacred Congregation of Rites had requested some of the leading authorities in Italy to send their views on the subject.

When the document was issued it was followed immediately by a chorus of thanksgiving; but this soon gave place to a long series of criticisms in the public press. Writers lamented that the Pope had banished all modern music from the churches, and there were even some priests who ventured to assert that the reform would be the means of emptying the churches of all mass.

The Pope determined to banish all kinds of figured and modern music from the liturgical services. Instead he ordained that Bishops in their respective dioceses should keep a vigilant ear for music executed in their churches, and a diocesan commission for the purpose of examining the modern music destined for sacred purposes.

It is quite clear from the document that Pius X. recognized the great value of the Solesmes Edition of Plain Chant, studied out and prepared by the Benedictines of Solesmes, who have since been driven out of their monastery in France, and obliged to take refuge in the Isle of Wight in England.

Then a most unfortunate condition was introduced—publishers wishing to reproduce the Vatican Edition were required to purchase a certain number of copies (1,000 I believe) of this edition, which were to be sold to them at the bare cost of production.

The real trouble lay in another direction. The Holy Father took great pains in selecting the Pontifical Commission. At the head of it was a learned Benedictine, Dom Pothier, and nobody could have a better title, for he was the main author of the Solesmes Edition which has rendered the reforms of Plain Chant possible to-day.

Commission. At the head of it was a learned Benedictine, Dom Pothier, and nobody could have a better title, for he was the main author of the Solesmes Edition which has rendered the reforms of Plain Chant possible to-day. Dom Pothier has grown gray in the cause of Plain Chant, and it may be that he has grown a little obstinate in clinging to the ideas of twenty years ago, and just a little obsolete in studies of Plain Chant, which have been prosecuted almost passionately by the Benedictine Community of Solesmes.

The Holy Father will hold a consistory in the middle of December, at which five Cardinals will be created. Four of them are already known; the Archbishop of Seville in Spain, the Archbishop of Rio Janeiro in Brazil (who will be the first South American Cardinal), the Archbishop of Eyalu in Hungary, and Mgr. Casiano da Azevedo, who has for the last six years been Major Dome to Leo XIII. and Pius X. The name of the fifth Cardinal has not yet been divulged, but there is a report that it will be Mgr. Rinaldini, at present Apostolic Nuncio of Spain.

"Ignorance is vice"—Seneca. "The way to purity is through knowledge"—Hegel.

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Seeking the Unknown

Two souls crept down to the water's edge,
A boy and a girl, I trow,
In stolen freedom the unknown world
To seek, make merry and know.

Interesting Description of Ireland

The following interesting letter, descriptive of the Green Isle, was received by one of our readers, who kindly sent it to the Catholic Register for publication.

J. J. M. LANDY
416 QUEEN ST., W.

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.

you stay with us, you step so finely. Oh, the compliments fall off their tongue as easily as the brogue. They talk about the Irish being backward. I have travelled through the country places of Ontario and there was never one could show as well-bred an assembly of boys and girls as I met in the little out-of-the-way places of Ireland.

Mr. Michael McConnell

The following tribute to the late Mr. Michael McConnell appeared in the Toronto World: At his home, 498 Spadina avenue, there passed away one of the most popular residents of the city in the person of Michael McConnell.

A Wonderful Model

One of the world's great masterpieces, an exact model of St. Peter's, Rome, has recently been exhibited in London, where thousands upon thousands have wondered at the genius of its creator.

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The Leader

To keep abreast of all competitors is the aim of Principal Shaw of the Central Business College, Toronto. His latest movement has been to open a special office distinct from the school, in which his graduates are employed until they gain such additional actual experience as will better enable them to accept the best positions going.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holway's Corn Cure.

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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.

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THE SUBSTITUTE

(By Francois Coppee.)

He was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested as a vagrant. He spoke thus to the judge: "I am called Jean Francois Leture, and for six months I was with the man who sings and plays upon a cord of catgut between the lanterns at the Place de la Bastille. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes, two sous!' He was always drunk, and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress, her name was Adele. At one time she lived on the ground floor at Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for customers waiters in the cafes, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early so that she could go to the ball. On weekdays she sent me to Les Freres, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville, whose beat was on our street, used always to stop before our windows to talk with her—a good-looking chap with a medal from the Crimea. They were married, and after that every thing went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so, to get out of the house, I spent whole days in the Place Clugny, where I knew the mountebanks. My step-father lost his place and my mother her work. She used to go out washing to take care of him; this gave her a cough—the steam—she is dead—died at Lauboisserie. She was a good woman. Since then I have lived with the seller of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?"

He said this openly, cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair. Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School. Not very intelligent, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could learn there was not a good one—that of reseating straw chairs. However, he was obedient, naturally quiet and silent, and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was thrown out again on the street of Paris, he un-expectedly found there his prison comrades, all great scamps, exercising dirty professions, teaching dogs to catch rats in the sewers and blacking shoes on ball nights in the passage of the opera, amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the booths, or fishing at noontime from vaults. All of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of the house of correction he was arrested again for a petty theft—a pair of old shoes priggled from a shop window. Result: A year in the prison of Sainte Pelagie, where he served as warden to the political prisoners.

He lived in much surprise among the group of prisoners, all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They used to meet in the cell of one of the oldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years, already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pelagie—a large cell, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris—its roofs, its spires and its domes—and far away the distant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing man; broken masks, rusty foils, breast-plates and gloves that were losing their tow. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef," fruit, cheese, and joints of wine, which Jean Francois went out and got by the can—a turbulent repast interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the "dessert," the "Carmagnole" and "Co-cha" were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days, when a new-comer was brought in among them, at first entertaining him gravely as a citizen, but on the morrow using him with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean Francois—such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hawk-backed who bluffed some writing-paper every night: "It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instruction; Marcial, the Interior; and for Foreign Affairs, myself."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cock-fighters made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became

one of those fugitives and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turns—something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust their fish pond, throw immediately back into water the fish which has just come out of the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor has been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jerusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and the notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture"; the prisoner Leture; and at last "the criminal Leture."

He was two years out of prison, finding where he could, sleeping in the night lodgings-houses and sometimes in lime-kilns, and taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitch-penny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a grubby cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnasse; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Bobino, the jack of hearts or the ace of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number. Who can say if the atmosphere of honor which one breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted in lieu of proofs, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. There he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest, learned thieves' slang and the Penal Code. A new liberation and a new plunge into the sink of Paris: but very short this time, for at the end of six months, at the most, he was again compromised in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing and breaking out in an open frame, peal of laughter which showed his white teeth, a peal so contagious that all the scholars laughed loudly in their turn. It was such a sweet, simple group in the bright sunlight, which lighted their dear eyes and their blond curls. Jean Francois looked at them for some time in silence, and for the first time in that savage nature—all instinct and appetite—there awoke a mysterious, a tender emotion. His heart, that seared and hardened heart, unmoved when the convict's cudgel or the heavy whip of the watchman fell on his shoulders, beat oppressively. In that sight he saw again his infancy and closing his eyes sadly, the prey to torturing regret, he walked quickly away. Then the words written on the blackboard came back to his mind. "If it wasn't too late, after all!" he murmured. "If I could again, like others, eat honestly my brown bread and sleep my fill without nightmare! The spy must be sharp who recognizes me. My beard, which I shaved off down there, has grown out thick and strong. One can burrow somewhere in the great ant hill, and work can be found. Whoever is not worked to death in the hell of the galleys comes out agile and robust, and I learned there to climb ropes with loads upon my back. Building is going on everywhere here, and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten, and that is all I ask."

He followed his courageous resolution, he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the load from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cobbler-shop tired out, his legs aching, his hands burning, his eyelids stuck with plaster, but content with himself, and carrying his well-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear, since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free!

At last—Oh, supreme recompense!—he had a friend. He was a fellow-workman like himself, named Savinien, a little peasant with red lips, who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, fleeing from the wine shops and going to Mass every Sunday. Jean Francois loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost so long ago. It was a passion, profound and unrestrained, which transformed him by fatherly cares and attentions. Savinien, himself of a weak and egotistical nature, let things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rancorous, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean Francois and Savinien were always together. On holidays they took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebuses on the napkins. There Jean Francois learned from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant; learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting. He heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life—the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the waterside, and the flails striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire of vine shoots, that were shortened by some marvellous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous. One thing troubled him, however: it was the fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some low word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture—vestiges of his former

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

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watching him seemed scarcely less childlike than his; above all, when delighted with some of his own simple and priestly pleasantries, he broke out in an open frame, peal of laughter which showed his white teeth, a peal so contagious that all the scholars laughed loudly in their turn. It was such a sweet, simple group in the bright sunlight, which lighted their dear eyes and their blond curls.

He followed his courageous resolution, he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the load from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cobbler-shop tired out, his legs aching, his hands burning, his eyelids stuck with plaster, but content with himself, and carrying his well-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear, since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free!

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horrible existence—and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds reopen, the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasantries which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean Francois feigned ignorance and told the subject; but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend.

His uneasiness was not without foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the wine shop always repelled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperienced of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waist, talking in low tones. Then, one evening, when the lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean Francois, feeling that he was abandoned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to approach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing-place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said Auvergnat, angrily, "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant, Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and I will drag you to the courts, if you do not let me at once break open the valises of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here yesterday in its place, and I will tell you just what it was, so that if we find it again nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you. One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow, with a queue and epaulettes, and the third, which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more, like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!"

"All right," said the landlord, "we will go and search with Maria. So much the worse for you if we find nothing and the masons get angry. You have forced me to do it."

Jean Francois' soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed circumstances and the small loans of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergnat panting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fist against the breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart. "Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure, and in the Sunday vest of that little hypocrite of Limousin! Look, landlord, they are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with a queue and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air. I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean Francois heard the well-known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs. He is going to his destruction thought he. Three stories. I have time!

And pushing open the door he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees, in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice. "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad. I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact the little Limousin had just arrived, and seeing his crime discovered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean Francois seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low, suppliant voice: "Keep quiet."

Then turning towards the others: "Leave me alone with him. I tell you I won't go away. Lock us in if you wish, but leave us alone."

With a commanding gesture he showed them the door. They went out. Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything. "Listen!" said Jean Francois, who came and took him by the hands. "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. But one only comes out from there to go back again, and

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you will become a pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it. I have been seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pelagie, three years at Poissy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid. Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders. "It is dreadful," said Savinien, but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is under the flag, the younger one does not go," replied Jean Francois. "I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a little, do you not? I am paid. Don't be childish—don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am you see, that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, and if you swear to me that you will never go it again. Savinien, I have loved you well, and your friendship has made me happy. It is through it that, since I have known you, I have been honest and pure, as I might always have been, perhaps (if I had had, like you, a father to put a tool in my hands, a mother to teach me my prayers. It was my sole regret that I was useless to you and that I deceived you concerning myself. To-day I have unmasked in saving you. It is right. Do not cry, and embrace me, for already I hear heavy boots on the stairs. They are coming with the posse, and we must not seem to know each other so well before those chaps."

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him when the door was thrown open. It was the landlord and the Auvergnat, who brought the police. Jean Francois sprang forward to the land-

ing-place, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!" To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible.

The Woodchuck and the Bobolink One autumn day they went away. The woodchuck and the bobolink. And left behind a season gray. And naked trees to creak and sway. And they went to—where do you think? Why, woodchuck turned a somersault into his winter's home. And bobolink went off down south. To rice fields at some river's mouth. To sing and chirp and roam— A winter carnival to keep— While woodchuck lay curled up asleep.—F. H. Sweet, in Sunday-school Times.

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(Rev. John J. Cole in New World.) "Patriotism and Piety" is a theme as lofty as the love of God and as wide as the wants of man...

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system of education is the only wise preparation for right living on this side as well as the other side of the grave. With unmasked boldness, divorce is stalking through the land devouring daily the sacredness of the home and the purity of womanhood, reducing to the baseness of a bargain the hallowed sacrament of marriage with which is bound up our peace and progress for time and eternity...

CAESAR AND GOD.

The twofold obligation of patriotism and piety has been nowhere better expressed than by Christ Himself in that famous interview, with the politicians of his day—"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." In Christ's day, Israel was a subject of the Roman Empire, a bondage to which her many sins and her utter indifference to the prophetic warnings of Jeremiah and Isaiah had reduced her. Christ found the Jewish nation torn by two factions. The Pharisees maintained that to pay a tribute to a foreigner and a heathen was not only base and slavish, but forbidden by their God, who in the mouth of Moses and declared: "Thou mayest not make a man of another nation king." The Herodians, on the contrary, being the political bosses through whom Rome governed Judea, encouraged the tribute. These two parties were mutual enemies, regarding each other as traitors, the one to religion and Israel, the other to Caesar and Rome. But, like venal politicians for a moment, they forgot their ancient quarrel and united their cunning to destroy the influence of Christ. Who had vigorously denounced their hypocrisy and corruption, and whom they alike hated and feared. "Master," said they to pay tribute to Caesar? "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar?" If He said no, the Herodians were ready to drag him before Pilate as a traitor to the Roman emperor; if yes, the Pharisees would have derided His claim as king and Messiah, and denounced Him as an enemy to God's law, a false prophet, and a traitor to His country. But the wisdom of Christ overcame their malice. "Show me the tribute," said He, and asking "whose image is this?" and receiving "the answer, "Caesar's," He gave "that clever decision, as if He said: "This image upon your coin is proof that you are Caesar's subjects, therefore let not your pretended zeal for Israel be a pretext to neglect your ruler and his laws; render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; nor let your zeal for Caesar be a pretext to neglect God, for as Caesar's im-

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age is upon this penny, so is God's, upon both you and Caesar, and therefore whilst rendering to Caesar, forget not the higher service of rendering to God in the things that are God's."

MODERN PHARISEES AND HERODIANS.

The Pharisees are not without their modern counterparts. Here is a man who withholds all interest and activity from civil affairs lest their contagion endanger his faith and morals. Here is a woman who is lavish of time at church and devotions to the neglect of her home duties. Now, Caesar is a symbol of all our worldly duties, such as politics, family and business. Our tribute to these, Christ commands in the same breath with our tribute to God. We are not excused from the former because of the latter. Therefore, when you find a man with pretensions to faith, who dodges his taxes, is unkind to his kindred, unjust to his employer or employee, or idle or lazy in his work, that man's religion is vain. Faith without good works is dead, and neither faith nor prayer can excuse us from our duties to our fellows. "If anyone have not care of his own, and especially to those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But more fatal than the error which supposes that zeal for God will justify neglect of our worldly duties, is that other delusion which fancies that by being industrious, sober and honest, we may be excused from faith and worship. "May we neglect God because we remember Caesar? Will a parent excuse disobedience in a son because he is courteous to others? Is not his indifference to those who have the strongest claim to his love, only aggravated by his courtesy towards others? Many are they who boast of generous hearts and willing hands in their country's cause, but have little or no love for the Parent and Benefactor of all. Here is a Catholic who regards the statutes of the state as grave precepts, but the laws of the church as pious counsels. Another is ready to shed his blood in his country's defense, but will not lift his voice when his church is insulted or reviled. Another will proudly march in public parade draped in the stars and stripes, but would blush if seen signing himself with the sign of the cross. The number of such Herodians, more zealous for Caesar than God, is legion.

THE COIN OF TRIBUTE.

Christ could not have used a better symbol of His meaning than a piece of money, for money in the use men make of it is the test of character. How beautiful a coin fresh from the mint! How finely cut its inscription! How finely relieved the image of the monarch! As I hold it in my hands I can conjure up the haunts of trade, the homes of luxury, the idle bank of the miser into which it will find its way. As I drop it upon the counter I can hear in its echo that other ring with which it may be flung down in the service of extravagance or reckless speculation, or guilty and shameless indulgence, or it may be the joyous ring with which it will fall in some home of poverty and sickness or of some school founded or church built or some widow relieved in the name of Charity. Likewise the use to which we put God's image, our immortal souls, which are the coin of heaven shall determine the worth of our character, and our career in time and eternity. Be zealous to render tribute to Caesar. Serve well our country, family and business, but if you end there you have done only half your duty, and when the world you served so faithfully will be slipping from you as you pass behind the curtains of death, the lament of Wolsley will rush to your lips. Be honest and upright, rendering to every man his lawful due, but forget not that you yourself are the property of Him who created you in His image and redeemed you in His blood. Be a citizen of this republic, yielding to none in loyalty to the fatherland, but be also a citizen of that other and more permanent republic of the saints, that "city, not made with hands," whose builder and maker is God, "where your treasures will be safe," where neither rust nor moth doth consume, and where "thieves do not break through nor steal."

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Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parlee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

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Companies

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In and Around Toronto

MAGNIFICENT MISSIONS.

"Magnificent" is the only word adequate to describe the pronounced success and practical results of the three-fold mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers in the churches of our city during the past two weeks.

The "Parkman Talks," by Miss Margaret L. Hart, which were such an enjoyable feature of last season's work, will be continued at every third meeting.

The first paper of the year was read by Miss L. Hynes, the subject being "The Early Life and Works of Robert Browning."

The paper gave evidence of careful research and preparation. Following this was a short discussion of papers supplemented by anecdotes of the poet and quotations from his works.

A reading from Browning's Dramatic Lyrics, "The Boy and the Angel," was given by Miss F. Melady, and two charmingly rendered violin solos were contributed by Miss Annie McMahon.

A second meeting was held at the residence of Miss L. Aymong, Gould street, where, after the transaction of routine business, six new members were admitted.

The "Catholic View of Cremation" as presented in Father Conway's Question Box, was read by the President.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Miss Katie O'Donoghue, and dealt principally with the life and works of Browning during his long residence in Italy.

The first reading was then given to "Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.'" The next meeting was held at the home of Miss E. Goedike, Wilton avenue.

Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" was read, together with a short explanatory note on its historical significance. Following this came readings of the "Three Cavalier Tunes," in which all the members took part.

Miss Helen McMahon read the paper for the evening, taking for her subject the life of Browning from the time of the death of Mrs. Browning.

A short synopsis of the first act of "As You Like It," and character sketches of "Orlando," "Rosalind" and "Celia" were read by the individual members of the Association.

A general feeling of sadness was caused by the announcement of the death of Mrs. Joseph Green of Niagara-on-the-Lake, who was before her marriage one of the Society's most devoted members.

The most sincere and heartfelt sympathy of all the Association was extended to Miss Margaret L. Hart, one of our best loved and most active workers, who has but recently sustained such a deep loss in the death of her father.

A requiem Mass will be said next week in St. Patrick's Church for the repose of the soul of Mr. Hart. An announcement of the exact date will be made at the next meeting which will take place at the home of Miss McMillan, 19 Kenilworth avenue.

O'LEARY-SLATTERY. Just before the celebration of high mass in St. Patrick's church at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Barrett united in marriage Miss Cecilia Slattery and Mr. Joseph O'Leary, Miss Gussie Beck of Buffalo, attending as bridesmaid, little Miss Blanche Walsh as flower girl, and Mr. T. Breen as best man.

The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Walsh, was gowned in cream silk cologne, with white hat trimmed with plumes and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid and flower girl were both dressed in pale blue silk with pretty hats to correspond, the bridesmaid carrying pink roses and the little girl a basket of white carnations.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC CLUB.

The regular bi-weekly meeting of the Canadian Catholic Club took place at McConkey's palm room on Monday evening, when dinner was served at 6.30.

The "Catholic View of Cremation" as presented in Father Conway's Question Box, was read by the President.

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C.Y.L.L.A. NOTES.

Although the opening meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was held only three weeks ago, much progress has already been made in the various branches of work.

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