

50,000 FRANCS

(By Janet Grant.)

"My word, but it's exasperating, Farrand! To think that a fellow cannot cross Europe for a summer sitting but his father and sister must needs be seized with a longing for foreign travel also, and now they arrive in London with amiable purpose of giving him a delightful surprise!"

Robert Downing stood at the window of the long drawing-room of the Westminster Palace Hotel, moodily looking out at the hoary towers of the Abbey without seeing them or noting the panorama of metropolitan life passing before his restless gaze.

Here the two Americans found the beautiful Countess Schouloff surrounded by American and English ladies, who pronounced her charming, and prophesied that she would not long remain a widow, though it was understood that her marital experience had not been happy.

Robert regarded his companion with a quizzical frown. "Humph! stay in town if you will, old boy," he said, "but be prepared to make a round of pilgrimages to the Tower, the site of Tyburn, and the like localities. Betty is an enthusiast upon the subject of the English martyrs."

Farrand's face was a curious study. His usually swarthy cheek flushed a deep red, and he threw back his head with a pride equal to that of the millionaire, Robert Downing, Sr.

"Well, I will," suddenly rejoined David, to his friend's surprise. "You wish to go by way of Dieppe."

"Then I will meet you at the train this evening."

"So saying, Farrand strode from the room. Downing wrote a business letter at the desk in the embrasure of the window, and presently went out to make his preparations for the journey. Thus it happened that Miss Beatrice Downing received no word from her brother until a week later.

"I will never believe it!" broke out Betty, passionately. "Mr. Farrand is of honest lineage, and he is fast making a social position for himself. You will find that you have cruelly misjudged him."

floor. She flashed him a smile, and then, ignoring her other cavaliers, ingeniously asked Downing to take her a turn through the rooms and get her an ice.

From that moment Downing was the willing slave of the Countess; while Farrand appeared to have forgotten a little American girl now traveling in Denmark; for he, hovered about the charming Russian almost as persistently as his friend.

But the Countess had no intention of spending the summer in Paris, and she flitted away to the Riviera. Both Robert and Farrand were suddenly seized with a wish to see the Riviera in summer also.

It is hot there, certainly; but there are the enchanting flowers, and the blue Mediterranean, whose crested waves gleam in the sunshine.

Having thus dismissed the discussion, he went out to telegraph a commission to his son to join him in London; sending also a remittance, since Robert's despatch had stated that he was left without funds.

Poor little Betty! her girlish ideal was indeed shattered. David Farrand by a devoted manner, had given her reason to believe that he loved her; yet now he had married the beautiful countess! He had been false to her; was it strange that he should have been false to her brother also?

But wounded as her heart was, Betty strove to be just. Perhaps she had misunderstood David's friendliness. Oh, she could not credit Robert's accusation.

The day dragged slowly by; another was almost against Mr. Downing, stood leaning against a mantel shelf of his parlor at the Langham; Mrs. Schuyler presided at the five o'clock tea table; and Betty, having declined the afternoon refreshment, had withdrawn to the window. A servant knocked at the door, and brought in a card. The gentleman took the bit of postcard mechanically; but as he glanced at it his expression changed and he set down the cup of tea which his elder daughter had just poured for him.

"Confound the fellow's bravado!" he said. "Our visitor is David Farrand."

Robert Downing, senior, stared at him in blank amazement.

couple are, no doubt, pursuing their bridal journey upon Robert's gains. Still, the sum is not too much to pay to teach my son a lesson.

"Don't cry, Betty, though you have lost a lover, I always told you it was your fortune he sought," said Mrs. Schuyler.

"You have never been backward in giving advice, Frances," she replied with dignity. "Mr. Farrand was free to choose a wife where it pleased him. I cannot believe that he is a dishonest man."

"That proves how little you know of human nature, child," said Mr. Downing. "Yet, I admit, I never was so deceived in anyone. I am eager to get home to set an expert accountant to go over the books of my firm; the man may have defrauded us of thousands of dollars."

He exchanged a glance with Mrs. Schuyler. It was evident that she shared his opinion.

"Say to the guest that the ladies and I will be happy to receive him," he said, with an irony that was only understood by Frances and Beatrice.

A few minutes later David Farrand entered the room—David Farrand, in manner frank and courteous as he had ever been.

The coldness of his reception was certainly repelling, even Beatrice, who was wont to be generous to all, felt a pang of surprise at all.

"Clearly my presence here is unlooked for, Mr. Downing," he said, with dignity. "Yet I didn't suppose it would be so unwelcome. I have called to tell you of what, in fidelity to the trust you put in me, I have thought best to do. I have to-day placed with the bankers of your son Robert a sum of money which I took charge of to prevent him from leaving himself penniless. I will not force business matters upon the ladies but if you will give me an opportunity of explaining the matter to you—"

Robert Downing, senior, stared at him in blank amazement.

One finds very often that one's zeal to do good, and attempt to amuse are bare of result. And this means; this very present, never ending, continually up-bubbling knowledge that we have missed our aim. It spells not failure, which is bad, but of placeness, which is worse, yet we can solace ourselves. And knowing that many of our acquaintances, good men, have failed, and have still been called good. Anxiously we listen to suggestions, in the hope that an indulgent critic will give us the thread which guides faithfully from a labyrinth of languor.

And having this begun, we will proceed. We hope we have begun well.

Probably not so barren will be the discussion asked for. At least a person who asked us to talk on "Cheerfulness" will read out what we have to say—for something to say we surely have. But how to say it, and why, just at this time? Well, there's no especial reason except that just now approaches the winter of our discontent. And lest we forget, a clerical friend of ours said something of his own on the subject the other day which was suggestive. 'Way back in the days when Avon's bard reasoned in rhyme he talked about the necessity of 'fair face hiding what false heart doth know.' To be frank, one of the pressing needs of young people is the art of keeping troubles to themselves. You may think it exaggerated, but I offer as an absolute fact, an experience which a young fellow in one of the big executive offices in this city went through. The fellow was of normal intelligence, but of abnormal ambition, and that meant much to the office. He found things often out of sorts; you can't help it in a world of work and worry. He complained bitterly and complained loud. Things were distressing, he said; one couldn't be expected to do good work under such conditions. He looked for trouble, and, strange to say, he found what he looked for. Then he portrayed his sentiments in the glare with which he greeted everybody; scowled, muttered things to himself, and all that, until the result that people took him as they thought he wished they would. When he scowled they didn't run away; they didn't even get nervous or afraid of him, but they kept away from him and he lived for awhile in as triumphant a loneliness as De Foe's York mariner did, without the necessity of a barren island. His life was one continual war, until one day the manager of the office happened to be in his presence when he spit out his spiteful spleen, and saw him go through his antics. The effect was marvellous. You've seen a rubber ball thrown vigorously against a stone wall rebound; well the growling of this chap struck a stone wall in the shape of the manager, and when it rebounded, it never went back. The chronic kicker thought he'd better kick less, and he did. He reformed just in time to save himself.

I'd like immensely to leave out a noted journalist in our gallery of persons thus labelled. It wouldn't be fair, however, to do so, and, besides, the name will help point the moral. Let us be satisfied with this; that Joseph Pulitzer, journalist emeritus, started out in life, and found fault with everything which put him to a little extra effort. He rebelled, he frowned and he scowled. He made life as unbearable for those about him as it must have been to himself. Then a change came. Joseph Pulitzer saw himself as others did. Gradually, and without announcing it publicly, he changed his course. It was hard, but he was determined, and what he lacked in patience he made up in resolution. Every day, too, his pitfalls increased but he conquered them and made a name at which indeed the world has "grown pale."

"Sweet and lovely as a child" Congressman McCall described William McKinley. The editor of the World certainly deserves that description.

"Let's have done with 'example.' Of what use is it further to pursue, when obviously, if you're reasonable at all, you'll admit the truth of the charge. You can see the point of walk 'a hundred yards.' He looks as though he didn't mean it and if you ask him, when he looks so down-cast, he tells you that he isn't down-cast, and gets worked up over your asking him. He keeps on worrying himself and everybody else until some day he receives a jolt. Here the law of man or no man steps in, and whether your anarchism reforms or does not, depends pretty much upon the 'stuff' he's made of.

If you ask how to keep immune from this disease of ugliness, it might not be a bad idea to lay down as a prime precept the necessity of minding one's own business. For the care of one's own interests, the doing of one's duty is about as big a job as one human machine working 16 or fewer hours a day can turn out of it. An idle brain you know is the best place in the world for the cultivation of traits that hurt a fellow; if you're busy in your own way, you're mighty sure to be happy in the right way.

Or you might remember that little paragraph of Van Dyke's which says something about being governed "by looked toward the girl. Her smile of entreaty said plainly: "Banish resentment from my sake."

"Sir, Miss Downing's confidence in me more than atones for your distrust," he replied. "And in truth, since Robert did not find my letter, appearances were against me."

Robert arrived at the Langham the next day. After sending the telegraph message, he had discovered Farrand's note, but a dishonest servant at his lodgings made off with the gold piece. Robert was ashamed enough because of his hasty accusation of his friend; there were hot words between the young men, and they met but once while the party were in London. The Downings did not sail for home until a fortnight later than they had at first intended, however, and during that time David and Betty visited together some of the scenes in which she had a social and reverent interest. After the return to the United States Betty disappointed the plans of her sister, Mrs. Schuyler, by marrying, with the consent of her father, the husband of her own choice. — Ave Maria.

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and the liturgical text for the Twelfth Month (December) 31 Days. Includes dates like 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., and corresponding feast days and vestment colors.

"THE QUESTION OF LIGHT" is the subject of a little booklet recently issued by us. Of interest to everyone who wants good lighting. Mailed free on request. McDonald & Wilson, Toronto

That helps, only it would be well to bear in mind that "rather" generally means "you'd better." It will be safer for yourself; more agreeable to those around you, and certain ultimately to make you a great deal better fellow—as the world goes, or ought to go—than you are. Meet difficulties with pleasantness; obstinacy with pleasantness, always pleasantness, endeavoring to melt harshness with a smile, and to dissolve otherwise insoluble hardships with patience. These times are indeed "out of joint" to some extent, and so are every other "times," but you weren't born to "times," but you are more than was the next man. Just do your best by accepting the situation as you find it, and making the most of it. You can at least gain solace from the fact that others worth counting are of the kin you may then claim.

There are reasons why you shouldn't be a pessimist, but the principle one is that you'll be pretty badly knocked by this cold and cutting world, if you are.—The Republic.

By Medicine Life May be Prolonged.—So wrote Shakespeare nearly three hundred years ago. It is so to-day. Medicine will prolong life, but be sure of the qualities of the medicine. Life is prolonged by keeping the body free from disease. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil used internally will cure coughs and colds, eradicate asthma, overcome croup and give strength to the respiratory organs. Give it a trial.

Delicate Perfumes Used by Royal Women. True it is that certain perfumes and certain flowers suggest certain persons. A knowledge of the favorite perfumes of royal women of Europe will be of interest. The favorite perfume of Queen Alexandra is Ess Bouquet, which has been in use in the royal family since the year 1829. The recipe is supposed to be secret, and to be handed down from one generation to another of the court perfumers. The fact is that this perfume is a compound of musk, amber, attar of roses, violets, jasmine, orange-flower and lavender.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is particularly fond of eau de Cologne, of which she uses a large bottle every day. At the same time she abjures the use of specially-prepared soaps, creams and powders, as she considers that a daily warm bath, followed by a cold douche is the best thing possible to preserve the admirable complexion of which she is so justly proud. Carmen Sylva, the white-haired Queen of Roumania, uses an essence of which she alone possesses the recipe. It is made of flowers secretly gathered in an unknown forest by women who are bound by oath to secrecy and are guarded during their work by a cordon of soldiers. It is even whispered that the actual essence is prepared by the queen's own hands. The princess of Roumania is far simpler in her tastes, and uses only three perfumes—attar of roses, triple essence of jasmine, and white heliotrope.

The Empress of Russia spends no less than \$10,000 a year on scents, soaps and eau de toilette, which she obtains exclusively from Paris. Her favorite scent is violet, quantities of the flowers being especially grown for her at Grasse, in the South of France. There are many other flower perfumes, such as lilac, jasmine, narcissus and tuberose, of which she is extremely fond. The violets are gathered between the hours of 6 and 7 in the evening, as her Majesty has an idea that at that time their perfume is more delicate. When the cases of these scents arrive at St. Petersburg they are taken to the imperial pharmacy to be tested, but their manufacture in Paris is so carefully attended that this inspection is a mere formality. The Queen of Spain used to have a special fancy for an essence made from a kind of orchid that is only found in the Philippines; but since the trouble there she has given this up, and confines herself to an eau d'Essence that is specially made for her in Madrid. For her bath she uses a mysterious liquid composed of attar of roses and an extract of cocoon.

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Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

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Scientific American. HOME TREATMENT OF CANCER. All forms of cancer and tumor cured by soothing, balmy oils. Doctors, lawyers and ministers endorse it.

HOME CIRCLE

TO BE A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER A WOMAN
Must oversee many things herself. Must be patient but firm with those in her employ.

hooves us, then, to take the arrangement and disposition of our goods and chattels into serious consideration, and not to regard the adornment of a house, simply as a means of revealing the pretty fancies of individual feminine taste.

IN THE SHOPS
White will be the most popular for blouses. Some of those for ordinary wear are of fine white serge or flannel, and are very smart.

THE SECRET OF GOOD APPEARANCE
The great secret of a well-dressed woman is that she is dressed appropriately to the occasion and yet not so ostentatiously as to attract adverse criticism.

CORRESPONDENCE ETIQUETTE
Heavy white paper of a superior quality is always good form. Tinted paper is popular with very young people.

HOW THE BATTLE ENDED
(Helen M. Richardson.)
They call me Mittens,—what is your name?

A LITTLE TALK TO MOTHERS
It is surprising how many well educated persons one meets who have no idea what class of literature to place in the hands of children.

CONTROL OF BRONCHITIS
IS UNDOUBTEDLY POSSESSED BY THE WELL-KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINE.

THE CARE OF THE FURNITURE
White spots may be removed from furniture by placing over them a cloth dipped in almost boiling water, and then rubbing the operation if necessary.

CONTROL OF BRONCHITIS
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

ORDER AND PUNCTUALITY
It cannot be denied that, consciously or unconsciously, we absorb into our nature the beauty or ugliness of the outside objects with which we daily come in contact, and that, in process of time, the impression makes an outlet by the way of our features or words or actions.

ORDER AND PUNCTUALITY
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LOST, A BOY'S HEART
Lost, lost a boy's heart! Fled thro' the garden trees! If any maiden shall find it these...

"I declare if Mittens and Tassel-tail aren't playing together," she said to her doll. "I guess they think it doesn't pay to be proud and selfish and jealous, Minnie Kit."

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC
Details of the New Project as Outlined (Wall Street Journal.)
The announcement that Speyer Bros. have taken \$4,600,000 Grand Trunk Pacific bonds brings the gigantic project fairly before the Wall Street public.

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:
King street east, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908.

A CHRISTMAS CONVERSATION
They were two business men. One a young country merchant in for a half day's buying, and grudging every moment.

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.

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.

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.

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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
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The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1904.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Reports from all parts of Canada of the celebration of the jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception...

BANK OF MONTREAL. The annual report of the Bank of Montreal is one of the most important and accurate measures of our national prosperity in Canada.

WILL OF THE LATE LAUNCELOT BOLSTER. In some respects one of the most interesting Catholic wills that have come under our notice in Canada is that of the late LaunceLOT Bolster.

HIGH TRIBUTE TO A GOOD KING. King Edward has well earned not only the love of his own subjects but the gratitude of friends of peace and justice throughout Christendom.

IRISH PARTY IS UNITED. When, a few weeks ago, the cable correspondents filled the newspapers of America with sensational reports of fresh outbreaks of dissension in the Irish Party, we took the view that the stories were false and circulated for a purpose.

Trinity P. E. Clergy Will Not Marry the Divorced. New York Parish Goes a Step Farther Than the New Canon Provides.

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DISSOLUTION AND SEARCH-LIGHTS.

The Ontario Legislature has been dissolved. Nominations are set for January 18, and elections January 25. This mid-winter campaign, though shorter than that which is taking place before the walls of Mukden, in Manchuria, must be more interesting to the electors of this province.

We are having too many elections in Ontario. If any part of the world is especially calculated to grow ballot experts it should be Ontario. Practice makes perfect. In the United States they have their elections every four years and get a reasonable rest in between.

Hon. Francis J. Sweeney, the new Solicitor-General of New Brunswick, represents Westmoreland in the local assembly. He was born in that county, of Irish parents, on April 21, 1862, and was educated in the common school at Shediac and later at St. Joseph's College, Nainram-cook.

In No. 4 Ward Ald. Jones is again seeking re-election. He is working hard and his return is looked upon as being sure.

Controlled Hubbard is out again for the controllership. Mr. Hubbard has given a great deal of attention to municipal work and on that account is a valuable member of the board.

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D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Editor of The Register: The fortnightly meeting of the reading circle held last Tuesday evening was an unusually interesting one. A very able criticism of Bliss Carman's "The Kinship of Nature," kindly prepared by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, was read by the chair-woman. Father Johnston, son of Malcolm Johnston, author of the Georgian stories, is himself a poet of no mean order; he is best qualified, therefore, to judge the work of another poet.

An article in the December Harper's on which the Dolphin has commented most favorably is "St. Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. It was particularly recommended to the members as the best possible preparation for the lecture on that subject, which Mr. Waters will give in the near future.

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Janaushek Died in Poverty and Want

A career embracing great genius, great fame, and in its last years, great paths, ended with the death of Madame Francesca Janaushek on Nov. 28, at the Brunswick Home, at Amityville, Long Island, where she had been for several months, says the Dramatic Mirror.

Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, who took part in the proceedings at Rome on the day of definition of the immaculate Conception, wrote the following description of the occasion: "The multitudes hurrying to St. Peter's from the early dawn of morning, the assembling of the Cardinals and Bishops in the Sistine Chapel, the procession thence by the grand staircase, the Pope on the Sedia Gestatoria, preceded by a long procession of Cardinals and Bishops—about two hundred in number—wearing their mitres, the penitentiaries of St. Peter's wearing chasubles; members of the secular clergy, and of the various religious orders living in Rome, in their distinctive habits; the files of soldiers—Swiss and Noble Guards—and the countless multitudes of lay people, foreigners and Romans, who filled St. Peter's. Those who have had the privilege of being in Rome during the Vatican Council, or at any of the solemn functions of that organization, can easily realize the scene of that morning."

PONTIFF BURST INTO TEARS. Dr. Dixon thus describes what followed: The Pope being seated, received the homage of the Cardinals and Bishops and of the penitentiaries of St. Peter's, a long ceremony by reason of the great numbers who were present.

Consecration of the Bishop. (For The Register.) Breathe, Celestial Inspirator, On Thy chosen, as they lay, To uphold the faith of ages—

A Christmas Bell. Now is a suitable time for churches that are without bells to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting a bell, and during the Christmas time "Ring out Merrily the Glad Tidings."

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THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. DIVIDEND No. 15. NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum has this day been declared on the paid-up stock of the company for the half-year ending 31st December inst., and that the same will be payable at the Head Office of the Company, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto, on and after 3rd January prox.

John Wilson is Dead. The death occurred Wednesday morning at 306 Ontario street, of John Wilson, former license inspector for Ontario, and one of the early contractors in Toronto. Deceased was 79 years of age, and was born in Cork, Ireland, coming to Toronto in 1848. After a time he entered business as a contractor and built most of the Catholic institutions erected at that time, including the House of Providence and Lorett's Abbey. In 1878 he became license inspector, retiring six years ago. Mr. Wilson was one of the oldest members of St. Paul's Church. He leaves two sons, James J. and William, Toronto, and one daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) J. M. Doyle of Neola, Iowa.

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DRSS WELL. THE IMPERIAL COAL CO. In and Around Toronto. FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CELEBRATED.

On Thursday last the spirit of the grand and beautiful Feast made itself felt throughout the city. The congregations of the various parishes seemed to vie with one another in devotion, and every church seemed to out rival all others in suggestive decoration.

At the Cathedral the principal celebration of the feast of the immaculate Conception took place at the High Mass, which was sung to the accompaniment of all possible solemnity and ceremonial. His Grace the Archbishop, vested in full pontificals was the celebrant, with Rev. Father Holyday as deacon, Rev. Father Murray as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Whelan as assistant.

THE CATHEDRAL SHRINE. While each church in the city had its own particular and tasteful shrine erected in honor of the Mother of God, it was left to the Cathedral to possess what was perhaps the most exquisite altar ever erected in the city.

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CATHOLIC TEMPRANCE AND DEBATING UNION OF TORONTO

On Wednesday evening of last week the second meeting of the above society took place at St. Peter's Hall, Bathurst street. Despite the heavy calls of the evening elsewhere, a decided increase in attendance was noted, amongst those present being some from almost every parish in the city.

At the Cathedral the principal celebration of the feast of the immaculate Conception took place at the High Mass, which was sung to the accompaniment of all possible solemnity and ceremonial.

WHAT IT MAY DO. It may seem premature to presage what appears to be in the future for the association lately formed with its present centre in St. Peter's parish, but if we may make deductions from present premises its results will be far-reaching and of the most vital importance to so many that to try to enumerate them would be a vain task.

MEETING OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY. At the general meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul conferences of the city, his grace the Archbishop presided and about sixty members were present. His Grace spoke approvingly. (Continued on page 8.)

BANK OF MONTREAL REPORT. Proceedings of Eighty-Seventh Annual Meeting of Shareholders in Montreal Monday.

MOST SATISFYING ACCOUNT. Last Year Has Been a Most Prosperous One for the Dominion— Election of Directors

Montreal, Dec. 6.—The eighty-seventh annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room of the Institution, at noon Monday.

There were present: Hon. Sir George A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., Vice-President; Sir William C. Macdonald, R. G. Reid, Hon. Robert Mackay, Messrs. G. F. C. Smith, George Durnford, James Skoosh, Henry Dobell, C. J. Fieser, K.C.; George Filer, Henry Morton, R. B. Angus, M. S. Foley, E. A. Boas, F. S. Lyman, K.C.; Angus W. Hooper, Percy E. Gault, Thomas Irving, J. Scott and John Morrison.

Directors' Report. The report of the Directors to the Shareholders, at their eighty-seventh annual general meeting, was then read by Mr. E. S. Clouston, General Manager, as follows:

Table with columns: Balance of Profit and Loss, Dividend 5 per cent., Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward, Capital Stock, Liabilities, Assets.

The General Manager. The General Manager then spoke as follows: Referring to the statement laid before you, the principal changes as compared with last year are, an increase in the deposits bearing interest of \$13,250,000 in the call loans of \$9,148,000, in the current loans of \$6,590,000, and a decrease in the balance due by our own agencies and other banks outside Canada of \$4,114,000.

Lumber markets have a very disappointing, and the prices for dairy products unsatisfactory. Certain industries have suffered from foreign competition but on the other hand, some of our important industries are receiving under more experienced and intelligent management.

The trade of the past year, both domestic and foreign, has been well maintained. Domestic trade shows a slight increase, while foreign trade, omitting specie reached a value of \$45,842,000, as compared with \$46,040,000 in 1903. One feature of foreign trade may be noted. Exports of domestic products declined in value \$16,000,000, while imports for consumption rose \$17,760,000, making a loss in balance of trade of nearly \$2,000,000 from the preceding year.

Trade of the Port. The steamship lines have suffered from various causes, the reaction due to the close of the South African war, and the keen competition in rates inaugurated by the continental lines, which largely reduced earnings. This warfare is believed to be over.

THE GENERAL STATEMENT. Capital Stock \$14,000,000.00. Liabilities \$10,000,000.00. Balance of Profits carried forward \$83,186.01.

Assets. Gold and Silver coin current \$4,083,672.63. Government demand notes 4,468,798.75. Deposits with Dominion Government required by act of Parliament for security of general Bank note circulation 400,000.00.

conveys no adequate idea; but taking only that portion to the south of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, which, as you know, passes through the north of England, the government expert estimates that the portion suitable for cultivation, in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, that is from Manitoba to the mountains, reaches an extent considerably exceeding the total area of the empire of Germany, while referring to the much larger extent to the north of the fifty-fifth parallel he says: "What proportion of these vast districts will be capable of the profitable growing of crops is as yet a matter of conjecture."

Striking proofs of progress in this part of the Dominion are everywhere visible. The population of Manitoba and the Territories, which in 1901 was 422,000, became in 1904 870,000. The homestead entries, which in 1901 numbered 8,187 and represented 1,305,120 acres taken up for cultivation, had, in 1904, reached the number of 31,383, and covered an acreage of 5,021,291; and to this may be added land sold for settlement by companies, bringing the total up to 9,387,501 acres.

While the evidences of progress was as already said, most marked in our western territories, the rest at the Dominion has not been standing still. One feature is noteworthy, the number of new manufacturing enterprises springing up all over the country; some of them are essentially Canadian, others are branches of important American industries. It is impossible to give data, even approximately correct, of their extent or number, but I hold in my hand a list of over thirty in Ontario and Quebec, and may say that for three only in this city and neighborhood, sites have been secured averaging about fifty acres each.

PROVISIONS.—The export of bacon shows large increase, and considerable quantity of provisions is going to South Africa. LIVE STOCK.—Exports show large decline, prices of cattle being very low. LEATHER.—Good year's business at fair prices. BOOTS AND SHOES.—A very unsatisfactory year, consequent on labour troubles and high prices of material.

TRADE OF THE PORT. The steamship lines have suffered from various causes, the reaction due to the close of the South African war, and the keen competition in rates inaugurated by the continental lines, which largely reduced earnings. This warfare is believed to be over.

THE DIRECTORS. The ballot resulted in the election of the following directors: F. B. ANGIS, SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., EDWARD B. GREENSHIELDS.

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SIR WILLIAM C. MACDONALD, HON. ROBERT MACKAY, ALEXANDER T. PATERSON, ROBERT G. REID, JAMES ROSS, THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G.

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RATE AND Single First Class Fare and One-Third For the Round Trip. Good going Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th, also on Dec. 30th, 31st, Jan 1st and 2nd, valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1905.

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets,
And simple faith than Norman Blood.

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Fraser!" he echoed, stupidly. He thought the girl had gone insane, and could only stare at her. "Will you try to tell me just what you mean, if you can?"

"Oh, I can," she retorted. "Do you remember the connection between Fraser and Laurence Lindsay? Do you remember Uncle Lewis and the night he told us of the violinist—of the concert after which the Italians carried him home on their shoulders? Of the applause that was bestowed upon him? Laurence Fraser never died—never. Allan Fraser died and Laurence took his name, and it was as Allan Fraser that I met him and that I loved him."

Hugh's teeth snapped together viciously. He was not in a mood to be trifled with then. The slow anger of his nature stirred within him, raged within him, beat at his brain. He grasped her arm.

"Go on, I tell you!" he said, hoarsely. "Go on, I tell you!"

She blushed crimson. She did not feel the fierceness of his fingers, she did not know that he was desperate. The spell of that one sweet, thrilling moment of her life was with her, overpowering her.

"Love awakens love," she answered, softly. He released her, pushing her away from him.

"Not always," he said, bitterly. "So you loved him, and he loved you? How touching! And what or who came between your united hearts?"

She pretended not to notice the sneer on his face. She even tried to speak with some of her usual lightness.

"Money," she said, airily. "Money, of course—and my mother and my uncle. They painted the future for me in no undecided lines. They frightened me. I could not live in poverty."

"Not even for love's sake?"

"There was mockery in his tone. "And it was the next eligible newcomer? Oh, what a farce you are—"

"Almost three years lay between that time and when I met you," she said, on the defensive now. "I told myself it was all past and gone. I liked you at first very much, and it was quite a temptation to take you away from that girl who has always hated me. You reminded me of Allan—of Allan whom I have always loved, and I thought, in time, I might grow to care for you. I deceived myself. You were too unlike me—you and your mother and your people lived in a different world to the gay, bright, sweet world that I know—the joyous world, where people are less holy and more entertaining."

"You have never supplanted Allan in my heart—and you never will, never, never. When Uncle Lewis spoke of him that night I knew the truth—that though I were engaged to you a hundred times he would always come first with me. When I saw the famous picture of Laurence Lindsay, when I heard that the disgraced nephew had been so great a violinist, I saw it all in a flash. It did not know how these things have happened. I only know that he is here—near me. I have seen him with my own eyes—the rightful owner of the Lindsay wealth, homeless in his own home. I wanted mine to be the hand that should restore it to him—I wanted him to realize that my love for him could never die. To realize that he and he alone was the possessor of Leigh Fenton's heart."

The slow, insolent voice ceased. Hugh had had a chance to rally from his first great shock. He gazed upon her now as a creature apart from him. What vanity he possessed was sorely wounded, but even in this moment of its falling the thunderbolt seemed shorn of its strength.

"What love is it that descends to 'thievery'?" he asked. "What love is it that reaches to its aim regardless of its faithfulness towards another?"

"Nay, but you come to me—" "Faithfulness!" she cried, stung by his remarks. "To whom was I faithful? To you? No—for I never, was yours really—I never in my heart cared for you. And even now what harm can my defection do such a mature as yours? What do you know of true love, the love of which poets brag? Nothing. You are too phlegmatic."

Hugh looked at the girl whom he had thought he had loved with all the fervor of his heart. One by one she had torn from his grasp every illusion he had cherished. One by one she had destroyed the sweetness of the sentiments existing in his deep-souled nature. He was numb and cold, but conscious of a great relief. She stood before him in all her beauty, glowing, warm and he knew how why those doubts, those misgivings had tortured him. It was because they had ever been strangers to each other. That he had known her outer semblance and she his, but that below the surface there was no insight. He recalled his past dream of happiness with her as one looks back on the memory of a blissful childhood.

He wondered what her future was to be, unprincipled, untruthful, passionate—friendly when her beauty left her, for her beauty was all her possession. Without honor and without God, what was to become of her in the darkness of that future which every human soul must know?

"Let us part in peace, Leigh," he said, slowly. "Let us part in peace, girl—for we say farewell to each other here this morning. From now on our lives lie far apart."

She bowed frigidly and drew the ring he had given her from her finger.

"Of what has passed between us I shall never speak," he went on, in what steady voice. "You can say you have given me back your truth—that is the woman's privilege. That God may protect you, Leigh, is my earnest prayer—for if ever a being needs His protection, I think you do. For one short while you were very dear to me."

"I am glad you look at it in so calm a light. I have thought for some time that your affection had cooled—"

"No reproaches, Leigh. I think I have been the worst used of the two. You brought me great joy—and I do not grudge the pain. It will not last long—and for that I thank you. Let us part without ill-feeling." She walked to the door hesitatingly.

"Laurence—you will—"

"Do as honor and right command me," was his answer. "Try to think that I, at least, have a conscience. Again, God protect you, Leigh. And so they parted."

He sank into his uncle's chair, before his uncle's desk, to think over this last hour. He had suffered, he told himself, but it was not all pain, this feeling at his heart. The beautiful creature who had just left him was not the girl to whom he could have clung until death separated them—yes, and even afterwards in the brightness of God's perfect day.

"Ask yourself if she will bear with you the bad hours that come into every man's life," his mother had written. Oh, bitterly indeed had he realized of late that he must bear what bad hours came to him—alone.

He knew that Lindsay Manor was forever lost to him, but he faced that prospect unflinchingly now. He would cut loose from this life, this unreal world into which he had wandered. There was not a single memory he wished to carry away with him—not a single face—

Not one? Could he leave the manor and Lindsay forever and sink all and everything he had known and experienced there into oblivion? He went over them: Aunt Estelle—she would soon forget him. He was nothing to Mildred. He was nothing to the servants who called him master. He was nothing to the cousin who would come to reign here in his place. Yet he had been glad that the old home was to be his, that he was to be its possessor, that at the end of the long hall with the rose window he could build a chapel, and bring the old, forgotten Faith back to the Lindsay line. It had been a sweet thought.

He shook himself slightly. It was all past and gone. Those tender dreams—

And then there seemed to come before him a little, wistful, pale face—a frightened little face, with great, deer-like brown eyes, and soft bronze curls clinging to blue-veined temples. He seemed to see the infinite trust on that countenance raised to his, he listened for the words he almost felt would issue in another moment from the parted lips.

Ab, no, he could not forget Gertrude. There was one memory of Lindsay he could never wish to banish from his mind, there was one face he would carry with him in tenderness of heart, always.

He gathered up the papers that lay in the drawer—all relating to Laurence, as he knew—and, with the will, bestowed them in an inner pocket. He was determined that no harm should befall them until they went into Laurence Lindsay's hands.

Then, as if treading on a long-forgotten grave, with downbeat head and weary form, Hugh Lindsay left his uncle's room.

CHAPTER XX.

"The Fortunes of War."

As soon as he reached his own apartments Hugh took out the papers again and laid them on the little table. He understood now that Allan Fraser and Laurence Lindsay were one and the same person. It showed the noble heart of the man, that thinking of Leigh's assertion that Laurence cared for her and probably still did so, he remembered also Mildred Powell's faithful, single-hearted devotion to the one she had loved so long. The future might bright her much misery, he thought—at least what satisfaction he could give her now wrote a note to her.

"I have kept the will which leaves the eldest nephew of Eric Lindsay the manor and all it contains. Hereby I send you the papers that prove Laurence Lindsay's right to his name and place. The will I intend giving to Mr. Banks when he comes this afternoon. You will probably see my cousin before I do, and it is fitting that he should hear, from the lips of so faithful a friend as you have been, first news of the good fortune awaiting him. The manor is his now, and tell him that no one will welcome him more gladly than his cousin, Hugh Lindsay."

He slipped the package to the girl when she left the breakfast table, then asked his aunt to wait, as he wished to speak to her.

"Miss Fenton has broken her engagement to me," he said shortly.

To his surprise, she looked at him pitifully, without expression of wonder or astonishment.

"Poor Hugh!" she said. "I saw it coming a long time ago. Poor Hugh! Now I understand the contents of this note."

She handed him a perfumed missive that Mrs. Fenton had sent to her room, telling her that she and Leigh would breakfast together, and they intended leaving that afternoon, instead of the evening, and there was much to be done. She would go to her "dear friend" before her departure and communicate to her some news of importance. Hugh handed back the note and looked at her.

"You know, of course, Aunt Estelle," he told Uncle Eric's will. "I shall give it to Mr. Banks when he comes."

"Now, indeed, the good woman was astonished.

"Give it to Banks, Hugh—"

"There is nothing to be said, aunt. We cannot destroy that document. We have to take the consequences of its existence."

"But Hugh, Eric said—"

"Think it over, aunt. You'll see it the way I do before this evening."

He slipped quickly out of the room, for he did not want to listen to the protests and pleadings he knew she would shower upon him. Gertrude was coming, and a large-eyed, down-

the broad staircase, as he passed out into the hall. He watched the slow movements of the slight little figure that had been so full of life and vitality so short a time ago.

"Hello, cousin!" he said, cheerily. "Have you had breakfast?"

"In my room, thank you," she returned. "I have had an awful night, Hugh, and I am so tired of that room—so tired and sick of it."

"You should have slept well last night of all nights—you are exhausted," he said. "Do you know what I'd like to do with you? Pick you up and put you out in the sunshine—you're like some poor little wilted blossom."

"Lend me your arm and let me walk out there," she answered. "I have much to say to you," said Hugh as they stood together on the gravelled path. "But first I have a question to ask you."

"Well, Hugh?"

"Which would you rather be—wealthy, knowing that if you had not wronged, you had at least injured another, or remain poor with clean hands?"

"The sunlight glistened in her eyes. "Things have come to a pretty pass when you can ask me such a question, Hugh, quietly. "Or do you ask it to try me? There is no choice."

"Thank you. I wonder why I did ask you."

"I wonder also."

"I suppose because I am the one concerned," he answered. "Uncle Eric left a will in favor of his eldest nephew—and that eldest nephew is Laurence Lindsay."

"Oh, Hugh!" she said. "Oh, my poor Hugh!"

"This is the end of me, Gertrude. Dear old Lindsay! Do you know, I had grown quite to love it."

"And Leigh?" she asked, half-fearfully. "What of Leigh?"

"Leigh has given me back her troth. Not because of money," he went on, hastily, anxious to do her justice—perhaps even too anxious, for he felt that he did not feel more regret over her loss.

"But because she has always loved Laurence Lindsay, whom she knew first as Allan Fraser."

Two red spots glowed in Gertrude's cheeks.

"So she always loved Laurence—always? with a scorn she could not repress. "Has she ever told you that she drove Harold Lindsay—"

Well, never mind now. I have no right to tell you that."

Her face was crimson; she turned and would have fled from him, but he held her back.

"What is it?" he asked. "Go on, Gertrude. It will not hurt me to hear it."

"Will not hurt you? Is that true?" curiously. "Have you forgotten what she was to be to you—so soon?"

"No," he answered. "No, I have not forgotten. I loved Leigh Fenton deeply and fervently, but I have known for a long time that our natures were not in sympathy. Perhaps that has taken the worst edge of her refusal to marry me."

"And may still further soften it when you hear what I have to tell you," said Gertrude. "I am the only one at Lindsay who knows it, Hugh. Poor Harry met Leigh once when he went to see his mother at Kenboro. She never cared much about him, but she was one to flatter a man, and she played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. It went so far that Harold asked her to marry him. She laughed. Her mother and she were leaving then for foreign parts, and she told him—actually told him—that she had been merely practising on him! Practising on a man's tenderest feelings! I remember well the day that he came home. He was almost crazy with rage and despair. I was a child, no more, ever play with me now. I was in the little morning room alone when he came in, and he frightened me so. He grasped me by the shoulders, and shoving me down into a chair, asked me why I was a woman, why children like me should grow up to torture men the way women do. I think he was mad for those few minutes. When he finally got the worst of it away, he said that he had to take me into his confidence. He did so. I was so sorry—sorry for him all through," she sighed, "but I could do nothing and I was so wicked then myself that I don't know how he could ever have trusted me. Uncle Eric never knew the truth. That was why he went out of bounds after, and was so wild. He even married a nice little girl at Kenboro, who truly cared for him. Poor Harry has often stolen out to see her, but Uncle Eric never knew. And when the end came and I saw his body carried in, my heart did ache for him. And I prayed for him and asked God to put his death at Leigh Fenton's door."

She was looking up at him earnestly. A great thankfulness had stolen into his face.

"God has been very good to me," he said, simply.

"Yes," said Gertrude. "When I saw her with you, at first I feared that the same thing would occur as with poor Harold. Then, when she had promised to marry you, I did not feel so badly, because I thought that she had not cared for Harold, and had really grown to care for you."

"I was glad, for it seemed a pity that a beautiful girl could be altogether heartless."

"And now," he echoed, slowly. "And now—"

The gaze he bent upon her sent the blood rushing to her forehead again. She took her hand from his arm and turned towards the house. He turned with her, but she stopped short and looked at him, her straight black brows arched imperiously, almost in anger.

"I go alone," she said, coldly.

Mrs. Fenton was not a little frightened when Leigh came into her room, woke her without ceremony, and told her that the engagement to Hugh Lindsay was broken off, and that they must leave the manor immediately. Used to yielding to her imperious daughter's will, she gave in once more. It did not come so much as a surprise—she had always felt in her secret heart that something would happen to prevent this marriage. Leigh's tale of Laurence and Fraser only confused her. She turned a deaf ear to the story, and set about her packing at once with the tears streaming down her face. One comment she made, however:

"I'll say that between two stools one falls to the ground. Let us hear no more of your future prospects. What our father will say to me—"

Leigh smiled loftily. She knew what her father was quite well—her

father and she understood each other. She couldn't marry a penniless Lindsay when there was a chance of marrying a rich Lindsay, could she? All this she said to her mother, and more, too, and much, until for very peace sake Mrs. Fenton kept quiet.

In her own heart Leigh was contented that one look, one touch of her hand would bring the whiten Allan Fraser to her feet again. So she assumed her haughtiest expression, and moved about the rooms with such a queenly air that the servants—such creatures, from whom nothing can be hidden!—concluded that indeed she had never cared for Mr. Hugh. One thing, however, was troubling Leigh. She must see Laurence—see him before she left the manor. But how?

Mrs. Lindsay entered the rooms of her departing guests. There was a marked change in her behaviour. The warmth of manner due to the Fentons as future connections was no longer necessary, and she was glad now to draw the line, and to treat them with the coldness she had felt of late towards them. It galled Mrs. Fenton, who could, however, do nothing but endure it. After a few well-expressed words of regret, Mrs. Lindsay left them, saying that Mildred, who had gone for a little walk, would return in time to bid them farewell.

"Do you know which way she went?" asked Leigh, graciously, for the words had given her a clue. What more natural than that she had gone to Laurence? "I should like to follow her—perhaps we can stroll together for the last time over this dear old place."

Aunt Estelle was not to be impressed by sentiment. No, she did not know which way Mildred had gone. To the bridge, probably—that was her favorite resort. She thought Mildred preferred being alone, she felt so badly, etc. Leigh smiled. She would go to the bridge and see if dear Mildred was there. Even before Aunt Estelle had finished her brief conversation Leigh had vanished, so anxious was she to find her dear Mildred, and to walk with her. She knew the way quite well. After all, what was Mildred but a friend at court, to whom Laurence's heart, in its loneliness, eagerly turned? But when she came! With tender words on her lips, and good news for him, with love in her eyes and promise of the future!

She made her way swiftly to the bridge—cautiously, as the road that led to the brook widened. Right here a little path branched off through thick woods and bushes. In to this she slipped, for she suddenly heard the sound of voices. She parted the tangle of vines and peeped through, then remained as if rooted to the spot.

On the bench sat Mildred and Laurence Lindsay. Leigh's heart bounded at sight of the handsome, dark countenance with its well-remembered melancholy expression, the glowing eyes, with the fire in their depths. Mildred sat with happy face upturned to his, young and sweet and girlish in her joy. The papers were spread out in her lap, and she had just given him Hugh's note to read.

"What a noble fellow he must be!" said Laurence, with a sigh. "Ah, Mildred, he would make Lindsay a better master than I. What a wastrel, embittered life is mine! And to think that, in the end, I should be the murderer of him who was my benefactor! I followed his body—as it was carried along yesterday, followed it in secret, slinking after it as if I were a dog. And when they had gone home—all of them—I knelt outside the grey stone vault and prayed that God might have mercy on my uncle's soul—might have mercy on me."

"Prayed, Laurence?" in quick wonder.

"Yes, prayed. I am a Catholic now—I have been a Catholic four months, Mildred."

"Lindsay will have one of the old religion for a master after all, then," she said, slowly. "That was the one thing about Hugh Eric I didn't like."

"Well, dear, he would not have liked it in me, either, but facts are facts." He put his hand over hers and spoke tenderly. "You are my good genius. You have believed in me when no one else did—you have brought to the surface what manhood there was in me. Mildred, will you share my future now? Will you link your life to mine? When I came back, when I saw you that first time, I dared not offer you the heart of a penitent suppliant at your gates. But now I ask you, Mildred, will you marry me? Be my guiding star. Take my weak soul, my will, my heart, into your keeping, and help me, help me to be a better man!"

She had waited long for these words and now that they came, she was speechless. But her eyes met his. The love of her whole strong nature spoke from them, and he knew that she consented. He bent to press his lips to hers, satisfied with that silent glance. But as he did so he heard footsteps along the path and he raised his head to meet Leigh Fenton's mocking gaze.

Mildred started from his embrace, coloring a deep crimson. Still Leigh Fenton stood, and the scorn in her eyes, travelled to her red lips. It stung Mildred's pride, it roused her indignation. With a sigh she rose to her feet, laid the papers beside her lover on the bench, and with bent head left the two together.

"I salute you!" said Leigh, coming forward when Mildred was well out of sight and hearing. "I salute you, Laurence Lindsay of Lindsay Manor!"

All the daring of her untamed nature spoke from her lovely, glowing face. He leaned back with a look that filled her with a wild desire to prove her power. She moved towards him with the lithe grace of a panther in her beautiful, sensuous body.

"I thank you for the salutation, Leigh Fenton, of Lindsay in Kenboro," he returned in kind.

"So we see each other again?" she asked, her eyes fastened on him, her voice low and dangerously sweet.

"Life is full of surprises," he said.

"When we parted in Rome?" she went on, "I did not foresee this meeting. Did you?"

"Oh, I knew we would meet again—where or how, of course, I had no way of telling," he answered, coldly.

"And to see you making love to that—Mildred Powell—well, you surprised me—Alban."

She was putting forth all her fascination. He had loved her once; he could not help looking at her now with a warm light on his face, for

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she was rarely beautiful at that moment.

"And to hear of you as the betrothed wife of another—well, you surprised me, Miss Fenton."

"He had cut for out." She came to him and sat beside him, closing her white fingers around the hand that hung carelessly over the back of the bench, looking at him with appeal on her face.

"Only listen to me," she said. "You think you owe your good fortune to Hugh Lindsay, or to Mildred Powell? Do you really think so? Let me tell you that I was in the room when you met, with almost his dying breath, made his wife and Hugh promise to burn that will. I myself went to the desk this morning to get that will for you, the will that leaves everything to your uncle's eldest nephew. I meant to bring you your rights with my own hands because—because I could not forget the past," and her voice was low and alluring.

"It was through me Hugh found himself forced to do you justice. It is through me the manor is yours. Believe me and believe in me, for the sake of dear old times," she ended, very tenderly.

He sat still, looking at her, at the lovely eyes, the scarlet lips, the blushing face.

"I believe in you," he said, slowly. "I believe in you, Leigh Fenton, for I know you, but I wonder"—he smiled, and his handsome lip curled—"but I wonder if you are telling me the truth. Well, never mind. I am more than thankful that you tried to do so much for me. I shall always appreciate it."

"And—that—is—all!"

"That is all, Leigh. As the betrothed of Hugh Lindsay, I have no right to say anything else to you."

"Hugh and I have broken off our engagement—"

"He put up his hand. "Pardon me, let me finish. Mildred Powell has just given me her promise to become my wife," he said quickly. "Let us forget the past—forget that once we swore eternal vows. Let us be friends."

"Friends!" she laughed, mockingly. "Oh, you fool! Do you think I want your friendship—do you, do you?"

He was silent. She looked at the watch hanging from her belt.

"My mother and I are leaving for Kenboro within the hour," she said. "Permit me to bid you good-bye here and now. I have but one wish—may we never meet again!"

He bowed. Her eyes were blazing as she turned from him and walked swiftly from the scene of the bitterest humiliation she had ever experienced, towards the manor. He followed her more slowly. Her words had given him food for thought indeed. His eyes, too, were lighted with a strange fire, his whole face seemed as if he were suddenly ennobled. As he came in sight of the manor he straightened his broad shoulders and walked with proud, erect head and firm step towards it.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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HEARTS AND CORNETS

(Continued from Page 6.)

"A beautiful gaze was on him, and she opened the door she came to meet him. There was a look of surprise on her calm face. It was not that seemed to give him strength."

"Mildred," he said to her, his breath coming fast. "Mildred, whom did you promise to marry—the vagabond or the heir of the manor?"

"She was startled, but she did not hesitate a second."

"I promised to marry the man I love," she said. "Is he the man you love me?"

"Always, from now on, and forever, so help me God."

His earnestness stirred her very soul. It was a moment too deep for speech. Then he put his hands on her shoulders and bent his eyes to hers.

"Go to Hugh Lindsay and ask him to come to see me—his Cousin Laurence. I will be waiting for him in the drawing-room. Tell him that I am devoted by curiosity to see that will of Uncle Eric's—that I wish he would bring it to me. And do you come, too, Mildred—there is nothing now, in my life, from which you can be separated."

When Mildred tapped at Hugh's door, and delivered Laurence's message, the young man wondered at curiosity so ill-timed. But he took up the will at once, and Mildred, preceding, went gravely down to where the new master of the manor waited.

Laurence was standing before the fire that burned in the open hearth, for the dampness of yesterday's rain made a fire necessary in the long room. As Hugh came in he paused, and the glances of blue eyes and black eyes met. They stood measuring each other as men do, then Laurence stepped forward in greeting, and Hugh grasped his extended hand.

"The fortunes of war," said Laurence. "Can you forgive me, Cousin Hugh?"

"Freely, honestly," said the younger man, cordially. "There are things above wealth in this world, Laurence."

"Thank you—so I have proved. Will you let me see that famous will? It may seem unattractive to wish to handle it, but I love Lindsay so that I can scarcely wait to hear the words that will give it to me."

Hugh handed him the folded parchment sheet. Laurence took it in both outstretched palms. A great whiteness had shut down over his face, an awe, as if he were afraid.

"The seal will not be broken, of course, until Mr. Banks arrives. We expect him at any moment now," said Hugh, smiling a little, and his smile was not unmingled with contempt.

"Of course," Laurence gazed curiously into his cousin's face. "Hugh, isn't your heart breaking to lose this glorious home of ours—to have another come in and reign where you thought to be master?"

"No," answered Hugh, frankly. "No, it is not. I like this old place—the home of our fathers—affection for it has grown upon me, but I have no such craving."

"God!" cried Laurence, Lindsay in a voice that shook with passion. "God, how you tempt me—for I love it so! Every stone in it I could press to my lips—every tree in it is dear to me. The very air I breathe here is purer, sweeter, fresher. It is home, home, and only here is my heart at rest!"

Hugh looked at him gently. "I am glad for your sake that you will have it, Laurence."

"Hear me out, Cousin. Long ago I left here with a bitter heart, resolved to shake its dust forever from my feet. But I could not. I had to come back—the Lindsay curse was on me. I came to Uncle Eric. I pleaded with him. He sprang me. I asked him to prove my penitence. He offered me money. That interview with me killed him—"

"He was sick and had been ailing for a long time—"

"I know all about that. Nevertheless, I told him I was sorry. How can I prove it? By carrying out his wishes. What were his wishes? That you would be master here. And by heaven, master you shall be, though it break my heart."

He turned, and bending, laid the parchment on the blazing logs. Hugh stared at him—and gave a lunge forward.

"You madman!" he cried. "You fool!"

"Both in the past, Cousin Hugh," with a reckless laugh. "Fool and madman, ingrate and spendthrift—but honest, thank God, for the first time in my life. Mildred—"

He opened his arms wide to her and she came to him with a little sob and clasped her two hands about his neck, clinging to him.

"My hero, my king!" she said. "Oh, Laurence, my hero, my king!"

(To be Continued.)

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

Pain-Racked Woman Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas Hughes of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More

Morley, Ont., Dec. 12.—(Special)—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing interest.

"I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U.S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good."

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains up my spinal column in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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Advertisement for McClary's Range featuring an image of a range and text describing its features like 'Strong Grates' and 'The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.'

A PLEDGE WELL KEPT

It was the prettiest little bird-box of a home around the busy factory town of Barbourville. The patch of grass was the greenest, the bit of geranium bed the brightest, the rose-vine clambering over the rustic porch the sweetest and fullest of bloom.

Two great elms, just far enough apart to swing a gay Mexican hammock, shaded the tiny yard where Dick Derwent, junior, lay on a rug, sipping and crowing, while his pretty mamma bustled in and out, busy as only a little wife-mother and housekeeper of twenty can be.

And it was all such a brand-new experience for little convent-girl Kitty, who had captured Dick's honest boyish heart in her graduation dress, married him six months later, and found life a series of glad and wonderful revelations ever since.

And though Kitty assented, there was a faint tremor in her tone that told the mother-bird left her nest quiver in the breeze that precedes the storm.

For the days went by and there was no other "job." The Barbour were the leading people of the little town, and Dick found that the loss of their favor went dead against him.

And then, what pies—pumpkin, mince, apple, custard—came in rich, flaky ranks out of the Barbour oven. What morsels of frosted cake and sugared gingerbread rose in the great pantry! What cookies and jumbles filled boxes and baskets until they could hold no more!

brought out from hidden storerooms! For every lonely, cheerless, homeless, motherless creature within Mother Barbour's reach was remembered in her "Thanksgiving,"—from good Father Barry, whose simple bachelor board was always graced by her finest turkey, to poor crazy "Cris," who came grinning from his haunts on the dump lands to eat his dinner for the year like a Christian on kitchen porch.

But it was of "good-will" that could not be baked or brewed, Mother Barbour was thinking to-day as she glanced through her pantry window to the porch, where her husband sat smoking in the sunset. Grim and grey and rugged was "old Pepper," with frowning brow and firm-set lips; but Mother Barbour's hand had been on this "lion's mane" for forty years and she knew no fear of his roar.

"I saw little Mrs. Derwent in church this morning, Silas," she said. "I am afraid they are in great trouble. "Glad of it!" growled "old Pepper." "An insolent young puppy. Deserves trouble!"

"She is such a pretty little creature," continued Mother Barbour, not in the least abashed by this inauspicious opening. "Not a day older than our Ellen, and with the same soft wavy hair—you remember Ellen's beautiful hair. And the poor child was crying."

"Let her cry!" snapped the old man, fiercely. "Serves her right for marrying such a hot-tempered young fool."

"I hear she has been looking for work at Meyers'."

"Silas gave an angry grunt. Meyers' shirt factory and its sweat-shop prices were justly his abomination."

"It seems the young fellow himself has been down with a fever. He went out in the fields for the harvesting—"

"Harvesting!" exclaimed the old man, with a startled oath. "Derwent working in the fields! With his brains! They must be added completely."

"But there seemed no work for them, so he had to try his hands, for there is the young wife you know, and the baby—the dear little baby!"

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IN AND AROUND TORONTO

(Continued on page 5.)

ly of the work of the different parish conferences, and said that the matter of providing a library and Sunday School papers for the children of St. Basil's parish was most commendable; he also instanced St. Paul's parish as doing good work in the matter of looking after young men who were more or less weak in their faith and required strengthening in this regard. He dwelt on the necessity for the members to attend the local meetings for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the work, and he urged upon all the particular need for visiting the poor and heart-sore at their homes and giving all help possible.

Mr. Seitz, the president, also addressed those assembled, and urged better attendance at the parish meetings, assuring his hearers that the chief gain in membership was to the members themselves, on account of the indulgences and other graces which attendance brings. The presidents of all the conferences were called upon for reports of their work and for their financial standing. All were satisfactory.

INTER-CATHOLIC DEBATING UNION.

The Inter-Catholic Debating Union have organized for the coming season, 1904-05, with the following officers: Hon. President, John L. Costello; President, Chas. J. Read; First Vice-President, J. M. Ferguson; Second Vice-President, Fred. A. Day; Secretary-Treasurer, A. A. Thibault. The first debate will be held to-night at the rooms of the Catholic Students' Society, St. Basil's Church. Subject, "Resolved that the introduction of the present party system into municipal affairs would make for better government."

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

At the regular meeting of St. Joseph Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, held in Dingman's Hall last evening, the following officers were elected for 1905: Chief Ranger, Joseph Cadaret; Vice Chief Ranger, Walter Rame; Recording Secretary, P. J. Murphy; Financial Secretary, Wm. Mitchell; Treasurer, W. F. Brooks; Trustees, Jas. O'Dea, Jas. Lowe, J. J. O'Neill; Delegate to Prov. Convention, J. W. Mogan; Alternate Delegate, Joseph Gibbons; Court Physician, Dr. P. J. Brown.

MR. BOLSTER'S BENEVOLENCE.

Mr. Thomas Mulvey, Assistant Provincial Secretary, and Thomas Henry Best, advertising manager of the Canadian Magazine, have applied to the Surrogate Court for probate of the will of the late Laurence Bolster, manager of the Sovereign Bank.

Deceased made several bequests to charity. They are: Hospital for Sick Children on College street, Toronto, \$250. St. Michael's Hospital, \$500. St. Vincent de Paul Society, \$250. The Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside, \$500. House of Providence, \$1,000.

The executors are also directed to pay \$500 to the pastor of St. Basil's for the building fund of the new chapel; to the parish priest of recitor of the church of Sainte Anne de Peapre, Quebec, \$50 for masses for the repose of himself and relatives, and \$1,000 to the Archbishop of Toronto, to use, in the income thereof as well as the principal, for masses.

The following relatives and friends receive legacies of \$1,000 each: George Patrick Bolster, brother, of New York; Catherine Scully, sister, of Toronto; and Thomas Mulvey, K.C., brother-in-law. Rev. Father Frachon, of St. Michael's College, receives \$100.

Deceased's estate is valued at \$56,208.70, and is nearly all cash. He had \$53,458.70 on deposit, \$500 in book debts, and \$500 in personal property. The real estate consists of a lot and cottage at Lorne park, valued at \$1,760.

The Lorne Park property goes to Mr. Mulvey as a summer residence for himself and his children. The testator orders that his estate be all converted into cash for the payment of his bequests. His sister, Sarah M. Bolster, receives \$15,000. At her death it goes to the female children of his sisters, Anna Murphy and Minnie Dowdall, and of Mr. Mulvey. The executors are also instructed to set apart \$15,000 which they shall invest for the benefit of the female children of Mrs. Dowdall. The balance is to be invested for the benefit of Mr. Mulvey's children.

Mr. Bolster leaves some of his personal property to friends. To Mr. Duncan M. Stewart, of the Sovereign Bank, he leaves his horseshoe diamond scarf pin; to H. C. Secord, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, pearl scarf pin; to C. K. Clark, of Rockwood Asylum, Kingston, gold-mounted violin bow, and to T. H. Best, of the Canadian Magazine, a diamond and sapphire ring.

ST. BASIL'S.

At St. Basil's everything was done to make the Feast of the Immaculate Conception a memorable one. Oratory, music, prayer, decorations and a grand rally of the Sodality marked the occasion. Mass at 6.30 was for this society; the High Mass for the parish was attended by all the ceremonial which the many facilities of the parish provide. In the evening a grand procession in which two hundred young ladies took part and a reception of forty members into the Sodality with an eloquent sermon by Rev. F. Walsh, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, brought the day to a close.

ST. HELEN'S.

At St. Helen's the principal celebration was at the High Mass, sung by Rev. Father McGrand, and at Benediction, when Rev. Father Walsh officiated and a procession and reception of the Sodality took place. The beauty of the shrine of the Immaculate Conception called forth many encomiums of praise.

AT LOURDES.

At the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, it was fitting that the Feast should, if possible, draw forth even more devotion than elsewhere. It did not fail in its mission. The number of communicants is said to have been greater than even

during the late mission. The altars were simply beautiful and the permanent shrine where Bernadette views the countenance of the "Immaculate Conception," did much to impress the occasion upon the congregation.

ST. FRANCIS.

In the Church of St. Francis the glory of the morning of the 8th, which culminated in the High Mass, extended itself into the evening when the church looked its best. A procession of the sodalists who entered singing hymns and carrying flowers to lay at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, was one of the features. A delightful sermon by Rev. Father Cline, from the text "Mary conceived without sin, pray for us," was followed by Benediction during which the choir sang most pleasingly.

ST. PATRICK'S.

At St. Patrick's the Triduum in preparation for the Feast was entered into with the usual enthusiasm of the parish. On the 8th the Sodality mass at 6.30 was a High Mass, the supplementary music being sung by the members. The evening was marked by a beautiful procession and an appropriate sermon by Rev. Father Doyle, after which the congregation joined in singing "Holy God we praise Thy altars were a magnificent blaze of light and exquisite floral decoration.

SACRED HEART OPPORTUNAGE.

At this institution everything possible was done to impress the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception upon the three hundred or more children who form the household. On the eve of the Feast the girls wearing their white veils and blue sashes in honor of their loyalty to Mary, and every boy carrying the livery of his heavenly mother in the shape of a blue rosette, upon his shoulder, together with the sisters of the Community carrying lighted tapers, marched in procession to the spot where the statue of the Blessed Virgin stood enshrined in a perfect bow of beauty. Here a poetic address was read to heaven's Queen, after which the Magnificat was sung. In the morning High Mass at 7 o'clock was celebrated by Rev. Father Fema, and the boys and girls in a manner that would have done credit to an adult choir, sang a mass by Sterne. A large number approached Holy Communion and the neat chapel of the Institution had on its gala vestments for the occasion, the affairs being arranged with great artistic taste. A banquet was afterwards served to the children of the House.

"THE MESSIAH."

The greatest of all oratorios, "The Messiah," is to be given this evening (Thursday) in Masse Hall, under the direction of Professor Torrington, and by a chorus of three hundred singers accompanied by an orchestra of forty-five pieces. It is probable that some seats may yet be had and anyone who has not yet heard this grand production, and desires the revelation which it affords, will be well repaid by attendance. It gives the story of the life of our Divine Lord, and in so wonderful a manner as to be simply entrancing. The soloists, too, are singers of high repute, and a treat from beginning to end may be expected.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN FOY.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Foy took place from his late residence, 49 Floor street, at 9.30 Friday morning, to St. Basil's Church. The Mass of Requiem was sung by Very Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.S.P., assisted by Rev. Father Kelly as deacon and Mr. Fitzgerald as sub-deacon. The funeral was largely attended and the church was filled with the parishioners and friends of the deceased. The flags of the steamers and vessels in the harbor were at half-mast in respect to the memory of Mr. Foy. The remains were laid to rest in the family plot at St. Michael's Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

TRANSLATION BY MR. J. P. O'NEILL.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of giving to the readers of The Catholic Register a translation from the Irish by Mr. J. P. O'Neill. Below is a second piece of his work. At the time the subject does not lend itself to the poetic imagery which made the first translation so beautiful, nevertheless, the matter will commend itself to most of our readers, and the highest praise that can be given the translator is that so well has he interpreted the original—so far as one under limited conditions can judge, that the result does not read like a translation—an end very hard to attain. Mr. O'Neill is a very encouraging example of what can be done when perseverance lends itself to native talent. The original is by Mr. Patrick Daly of Dublin, Ireland:

THE RESURRECTION OF HUNGARY.

It is a source of much gratification to note any attempt at national regeneration, especially when it is crowned with the happy fruition of ultimate success. Nationalists would do well to study this question with much earnestness, for it is palpably evident that the tactics employed by one people which culminated in their independence, would be equally successful elsewhere under similar conditions.

The intrigues of politics are various and intricate, but the people of Hungary demonstrated to the world what united effort can accomplish in the line of nation-building by the adoption of methods previously unknown. About 40 years ago Hungary was absolutely under the control of the Austrian Government. The laws of Austria were strictly enforced there, the public affairs of the country were conducted by Austrian officials exclusively, and the German language was taught in the schools. To be sure, the Hungarians were permitted to send representatives to the Austrian parliament in Vienna, precisely as we send representatives to the English parliament to-day. The Austrians imagined that the Hungarians would continue to send members to their parliament who would be delighted to plead the cause of their country on the floor of the house and mingle with the best people of Vienna. They were egregiously mistaken. The Hungarians remained at home to conduct their own affairs.

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They very properly conceived that it would avail them nothing to bombard a vast majority of their unscrupulous enemies with flowing rhetoric and brilliant and argumentative oratory. It was therefore fully decided that for the life of him, no Hungarian should set foot inside the threshold of the Austrian parliament. They focused all their intellect and energies on the sole problem which confronted them, the complete liberation of their country from the crushing yoke of Austrian tyranny. Their first attention was given to their language, which they established on a safe and satisfactory basis, and made it honored and esteemed and exclusively spoken throughout the land. They further refused to purchase or use any goods other than those of Hungarian manufacture, and on no consideration would they touch Austrian goods. They established a great national council or court to transact their own internal affairs and regulate all differences between their own people with strict impartiality. The end of it all was that the Austrians on observing that they were unable to govern such a people, determined to grant them the amplitude of freedom they earnestly struggled and longed for.

When Daniel O'Connell was endeavoring to inaugurate a similar movement in Ireland, the repeal of the legislative union, Lord John Russell declared that in the event of repeal becoming law, the Government of Ireland would pass out of his hands in six months, and the usefulness of Dublin Castle would be gone. But for some reason or other O'Connell lost courage and the movement fell through.

AT THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

At the House of Providence the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed with great devotion and was, to quote the words of one of the House, altogether a "lovely day." High Mass was celebrated and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given during the day. The people of the institution were given a special dinner to commemorate the occasion.

AT LORETTO ABBEY.

At Loretto Abbey every Feast of the Blessed Virgin is looked upon as belonging in a special manner to the House, because the name of the Community indicates, it is in a particular manner devoted to the service of the Blessed Virgin. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception had been prepared for with interest for a long time, and all possible was done to surround it with befitting ceremony and devotion. New vestments, candelabra, and a beautiful new banner were procured for the occasion, and the altar was decorated with chrysantheums, palms and many wax tapers. The day was opened by a solemn High Mass at which Rev. Father Williams, assisted by Rev. Father Creemer as deacon and Rev. R. Fitzgerald as sub-deacon, was the celebrant. The music of the Mass chanted by alternate choirs, was the Missa de Angelis. In the Rosary Hall a shrine was erected where a statue of the Immaculate Conception outlined by a circle of light and adorned with a generous ornamentation of bloom and foliage, was an attractive spot throughout the day. Solemn Benediction, a reception into the Sodality and a "profession" in honor of Our Blessed Lady closed the ceremonies of the day.

ST. PAUL'S.

The celebration of the Feast began early at St. Paul's, when at 5.30 High Mass was celebrated, followed by low masses until the last high mass at 9.30. In the evening the sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father Hand. On Sunday evening a reception of sixteen young ladies into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place.

AT ST. MARY'S.

The High Mass of the Feast was celebrated at St. Mary's by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kelly and O'Donnell as deacon and sub-deacon. Immense congregations had attended the earlier masses and approached Holy Communion. In the evening the Archbishop presided in the sanctuary and preached on the Feast of the day. The members of the Holy Angels Sodality were received into the League of the Sacred Heart and during the ceremony the church presented a most attractive picture. The beauty of the Blessed Virgin Mary was the subject of much admiration, and was simply banded with masses of light and flowers. The new Ave Maria bell was heard frequently throughout the day. Its tones are thought by many to be the most beautiful in the city.

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

At St. Joseph's Convent the spirit of the day was entered into with all possible fervour. At the High Mass at 6.30 the music was rendered by the pupils of the House. In the afternoon a reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place, and a sermon on the Immaculate Conception was delivered by Rev. Father Dumouchel. The chapel and altars were beautifully attractive.

MR. MOURE APPOINTED.

The appointment of Mr. Moure to the Bursarship of Toronto University is one that has given general satisfaction and one upon which the Catholic Register is happy to congratulate him. During his ten years' work as assistant at the university, he did his work so well that when the vacancy occurred he was at once appointed as head bursar. Mr. Moure

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ALDERMAN FOR 1905

is well known as amongst our leading organizers, having had charge of St. Basil's organ for some years. He is also a prominent member of the Canadian Catholic Club.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH.

On the Feast there were two masses at the Church of the Holy Family, the last being a High Mass. Here as elsewhere throughout the city, the altar decorations were choice and suggestive of the occasion. The evening was marked by the first procession ever held in the parish, when the statue of the Blessed Virgin, crowned with flowers and borne on the shoulders of four altar boys, was carried in triumphal march around the church. The procession included cross-bearer, acolytes, members of the Sodality and the parish priest, and the Litany of Loretto sung during its progress, added to the devotion of the occasion. The members of the Sodality turned out in full force, and much of the success of the evening was due to their zeal for the event. The altar of the Blessed Virgin was worthy of the admiration bestowed upon it. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed the procession.

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NEW YORK

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased.

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

And take notice further that after the said 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by the said Executors or their solicitors at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of December, A.D. 1904.
McBRADY & O'CONNOR,
Solicitors for Executors.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 2 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

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

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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