

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

More About the "Golden Story of California" in Munsey's Magazine—The Three Pacific Railroads—The Wonderful Experience of Capt. John A. Sutter—An Irish Mormon Leader—Birthplace of Mary Anderson—Peter Donahoe, an Irishman Born in Scotland, who Built a Railway all by Himself—Donahoe, Kelly & Co., Bankers—John Muir, a Gael, Practically Leads the Way—The San Francisco and Santa Clara—Col. Jack Hayes, the Texas Ranger, etc.

In my last article on "The Golden Story of California" inadvertently I connected the names of Stanford and others with the Union Pacific Railroad instead of the Central Pacific. The "Union" Pacific was the name given to the eastern end of the road and the "Central" Pacific to the western end. They had two separate companies in their construction and ownership. The eastern company built from Omaha westward and the western company from Sacramento eastward. The place where they joined was determined by the ability of each company in rapid construction. They met at Ogden, in Utah, and there drove their golden spikes. Both companies were largely endowed by the United States Government, which lavished its favors upon them. The whole line should have been made a government line and the scandals and wrongs connected with its private ownership avoided, just as it is now building the great Central American Canal from Panama to the Pacific ocean; but the principle of public ownership was not as well understood then as it is now, although the great South American monarchy of Brazil had set an example of state built, owned and operated railroads. In writing of the owners of the Central Pacific Railroad in my last, I do not think I stated them correctly. Leland Stanford was the president and most important man; then came Huntington, next Crocker, then Hopkins, next Colson. These are the men that I have a recollection of, but there may have been one or two more of lesser importance. There may have been an honest man among them, but I don't know it.

The writer of the article in the Munsey Magazine for November, like many of his predecessors in the laudatory line, seems only capable of grasping two or three groups of Californians to be placed in the Temple of Fame and these are the Pacific Railroad men, the mine owners and the "literary cusses." But California has produced many others of eminence besides railroad men and rascals. I would go back to Coronado, who led the first expedition from Mexico to California. I would next give the place of honor to Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the twenty-nine missions extending from San Diego on the sea-coast to Sonoma in the interior; I would give an honored place to Capt. John A. Sutter, a native of Switzerland, and said to have been a member of the Legion of Honor of France. Sutter was a sincere and honest man, devoted to the cause of liberty and the welfare of humanity. His desire was to found a colony of his countrymen in America and with that view came to St. Louis in the State of Missouri. There was no transportation then the same as now, nor anything like it. Oregon was settled by the Americans before California. So he made the journey over the "Oregon trail" to Portland, expecting to find a vessel there that would take him to San Francisco. But when he got there he found no vessel bound for San Francisco; but finding one that was to clear for Honolulu of the Sandwich Islands, he took passage in this craft, hoping when he got there he would find a vessel that would take him to the coveted city or village of the Golden Gate. He got to Honolulu safely, but there was no vessel there to take him to California. There was a vessel in that port, I suppose a whaler, bound for Sitka in Alaska, a very long way off. He was determined, however, to find a vessel in some Pacific port that would take him to the "Golden Gate." (The gold era of commerce). Well, off he sailed for Sitka, far away from his destination; in fact going the opposite direction from it. It is said that at Sitka he found what he was looking for—a ship bound for San Francisco. He may, however, have had another object in view. Sitka was at that time a Russian port and the Russians had a colony in California, at or near what is now Sonoma; and in such wide apart wanderings in the western world, he may have been seeking all the information it was possible for him to find for the benefit of his proposed Swiss colony. We are told that at length he reached San Francisco, then a little village called Yerba Buena, which when translated into English meant "good herb." That herb, which possessed medicinal properties, grew there, and that was the best that could then be said of the place, afterwards so celebrated for its enterprises and lately for its disasters. The "Mission Dolores," which was erected a few miles from there, in the year 1776, by the Franciscan friars, was there then, and is there now, having escaped the recent earthquake and fire unharmed.

Sutter, when he got to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, found that at

ter all, he was in the wrong place for his purpose. He wanted the capital of the country or province of Mexico, which was the town of Monterey, several hundred miles south of San Francisco. At that time the largest town in California was San Jose, about sixty miles south of the Golden Gate, but Monterey, down the coast, was the capital. Here the legislature met and the public offices were situated. And Sutter wanted to see the Minister of Lands, as his aim was to secure a large grant of public land for his proposed colony. He was successful and procured some twenty leagues or more in what is the Sacramento Valley and mountain foothills. Sutter must have had lots of money, as it will be seen by his wanderings that he needed a great deal. The locality which he selected for his seat was at the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers, about 120 miles northeast of San Francisco. Here he erected a fort for protection against the wild Indians, known on the coast as the "Diggers." He showed much enterprise and was preparing for great things. The Russians at Russian River, were about to pull up stakes and retire from the country, and Sutter purchased all their settlement belongings and removed them to Sutter's Fort. So that when men began to go to California overland they would make for Sutter's Fort. Then they would be sure they were in California. He went on making improvements of various kinds, building houses, erecting mills, clearing the ground and all that. His ranch exceeded more than forty miles north from Sacramento along the American river, and up there at a place called Coloma he built a saw mill for there was timber. He had as foreman there a man named James Marshall, a Mormon. The Mormons, driven from Nauvoo, in Illinois, in 1842, were removing to the Pacific coast under the leadership of Samuel Brannon, an Irishman, strange to say. The only people that Capt. Sutter could get to do any kind of mechanical work for him in those days were Mormons, and they worked at Coloma building the saw mill and unfortunately for him, in putting the wheel of the mill in motion, they turned up gold in the mill race! This was in January, 1848. Slowly, but surely, the report went abroad, but the fact was not known in San Francisco for a month or six weeks after the discovery. In place of this great discovery being a blessing to the honest colonist, it was a curse. His lands were everywhere torn up in the search for the precious metal, his cattle were killed, his improvements were destroyed by men who were regardless of his rights, and his estate was left as if an incursion of barbarians had swept over it. Sutter was an educated man, a gentleman educated to regard other people's rights, to be neighborly and just; but the discovery of gold on his estate, after all his efforts, his romantic wanderings, his pursuit of a Pacific paradise, left him a ruined and broken-hearted man. His death took place with some relatives in the State of Pennsylvania, about twenty-five or thirty years ago. The Sacramento river, which was named by the Franciscans, subsequently gave its name to the capital city, and now we hear no more about Sutter's Fort, or Sutter himself. Sacramento is being inundated from the river several times and is protected by an embankment. It does not grow rapidly, but it is the state capital, the seat of a bishop's See and the location of the workshops of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads.

There was a noble Californian, who was alive and well in the land of gold when I visited it, and was a blessing to it. His name was Peter Donahoe. He was without doubt a veritable captain of industry. I noticed that those eloquent magazine writers never mention his name. He was a man of genius, an accomplisher of great undertakings, and a scrupulous man. He was a mechanical marvel. He established a foundry; the same I think that afterwards the United States steamer "Oregon" was built at, and known as the Pacific Foundry. He built the North Coast Railroad all of himself—without the aid of a company or of foreign capital, without Chinese labor and without extorting from or injuring anybody. He died a comparatively young man. If he had lived a long life there is no telling all he would have done for California. The laboring people all blessed him and sounded his praises as he proved himself a friend of humanity; but these eloquent magazine writers never have anything to say of him. He is one of the Golden State's forgotten great men, and I am sorry that I cannot recount here all the good that he did and the noble example that he set. But the true, honest and typical men who belonged to his day do not forget him. He was an Irishman, born in Glasgow, Scotland, and was a true and noble-hearted Gael. God bless the memory of Peter Donahoe! He had a brother named Michael, I think, who was also a man of great parts, and made his mark in financial circles. He was a member of the banking firm of Donahoe, Kelly & Co., and was noted for his generosity. And as for money-making, whoever surpassed his partner, Eugene Kelly? Great in New York as well as in San Francisco, and the foremost banker of the Irish race in America. But Kelly got his big start in San Francisco and never met with disaster. He was always a liberal contributor to the cause of his country and every charitable enterprise that had a claim on the generosity of the members of his church. Who has fallen heir to his many millions I am sorry I cannot now tell.

Mr. Newton Dent, this one-sided

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California historian, comforts us with a photograph of Mary Anderson, the great American actress, who was renowned for her beauty, her acting and chasteness of her conduct, and whose stage career was so brief that the lovers of the drama have not yet done regretting her withdrawal from it. This writer tells us she was born at Sacramento, the state capital, where I once lived, where my only living son now lives, and where the first of the Californians of my name, now having reached his majority, was born. Mary Anderson, though a great ornament to her people, is not, and was not, the only great actress whose religion is also ours, and made a great name. Before her and all others, was Matilda Heron, a native of Philadelphia, and the greatest American actress of her day, who was like Mary Anderson, guarded in her conduct. Miss Heron delighted thousands on the Pacific coast for many a day, and with the people of San Francisco she was a prime favorite. And there is another great Catholic actress, Madam Modjeska, who, if I am not mistaken, lives now somewhere in California, or did live there lately.

There is something to be said for California in the way of science? The first scientists there were the Italian Jesuits of San Francisco and Santa Clara, where they have had colleges for many a year and still have them, and are educating a large portion of the young men of the State in true Christian science. They thought the great science of astronomy long before James Lick left his four mill at San Jose, and had philosophical instruments of value before many older institutions in the east. James Lick was an important hotel-keeper in San Francisco, where he kept the Lick House after he gave up milling, and was said to have one of the hand-somest dining-rooms in the world, and which was badly injured by the great earthquake of 1868. But his contribution to science by the construction of the great observatory at Mount Hamilton, with its great telescope, is one of the proud boasts of California. I do not exactly know to what particular species of American citizenry James Lick or "Jim" Lick, belonged, but I am inclined to think he was what is commonly known as a "Pennsylvania Dutchman." He was a man unpretentious in appearance, silent and patient, a deep thinker and a free thinker. He is some years dead.

There is presented in this magazine article a picture of John Muir, a Scotch Gael, who is more distinguished as an outdoor scientist than any one else. In fact there is a great glacier named after him in Alaska. He is a plain looking and a plain spoken man, who has examined the mountains of the Pacific territory through and through. It must not be forgotten that the Gaelic or rather, perhaps, the Pietist Scotch, have been great American explorers, and to them we owe the discovery of the Fraser river in British Columbia and the great McKenzie river in our most westerly Northwest. I met Mr. Muir more than thirty years ago, and believe him to be yet alive. He has done much to make famous the natural wonders and beauties of the Golden State, and I honor him for his many achievements.

David Belasco, the playwright, we are told, was born and brought up in California. I have no knowledge of Mr. Belasco's career, or whether he

Lapponi Dead

Rome, Dec. 7.—Doctor Lapponi, physician to the Pope, died at 7 o'clock this morning. He had been seriously ill for some time of cancer of the stomach and pneumonia setting in, he could not in his weakened condition withstand its ravages. When Dr. Lapponi was sinking the Pope sent him the apostolic benediction and when the news of his death reached the Pontiff he was exceedingly grieved. The deceased physician was very popular in Rome, both among the clericals as well as with the anti-clericals. Dr. Lapponi attained considerable prominence as the physician of the late Pope Leo XIII. and as the medical attendant of the cardinals when in conclave and as the doctor in attendance upon the present Pope.

The fleeting joy of candy and flowers for Christmas cannot take the place of the permanent pleasure of the gift of books for the holidays. Christmas books need not be stories; there is an infinite variety of Catholic literature published suited to the tastes and minds of all classes of the community. This variety may be found at the store of W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto.

C.Y.L.L.A.

The next meeting of above will be on Jan. 7th, at the home of Miss Hart, 40 Shannon St.

Religious War Next

Paris, Dec. 10.—The press, to-day unanimously recognizes the extreme gravity of the religious issue precipitated by the Pope's attitude, and many papers predict a religious war. The Government's calculations clearly have been upset, and new legislative authority may be necessary. It having been decided that religious services no longer are permissible after to-morrow without a preliminary declaration under the law of 1881, the Pope's orders entail the immediate initiation of prosecutions in 36,000 communes, and logically the invasion of churches by the police to pronounce their dissolution and expel the parish priests. The militant Catholics seemingly welcome the prospect. M. Jaures, Socialist, professes to believe that the Vatican deliberately has determined to test the strength of the part of reaction in an effort to overthrow the republic. The Government has made preparations to cope with the situation, but is keeping them secret, evidently waiting to see whether any considerable proportion of the clergy will revolt. The Cabinet, however, maintains a resolute front. Instructions to the public prosecutors were telegraphed broadcast to-day.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, to-day will receive a letter from the Pope forbidding the French clergy to make the declarations prescribed by the laws of 1881, and giving his reasons for the order, which chiefly will be found in the circular of M. Briand, French Minister of Public Worship, which, according to the Bishops and parish priests unbearable. The situation is considered to be grave. The French clergy have informed the Vatican that they are ready to submit to all the penalties involved in non-complying with the law, including imprisonment, rather than yield, while the Vatican openly announces that it is ready to face the abandonment of public worship and the holding of private religious services if the priests and their flocks are obliged to abandon the churches.

Leaving the World

Five young ladies, some of them prominent in social circles, preferred to flee from the world and take upon themselves the duties, responsibilities and retirement of convent life. The ceremony took place at the chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan. The celebrant on the occasion was no less a distinguished personage than the Right Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan, D.D., Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Canon of Westminster, Canon of St. Sylvester's, Rome, which is at the present time his home. The eloquent Divine delivered the sermon on the occasion. It was full of thought, teeming with intelligent knowledge of interior life. That which makes the leaving of father, mother, relatives, home and all things, a pleasant task to those who seek the peaceful abode of God's house during life and when falling asleep in God's own good time, has the full assurance that life was worth living, when consecrated to God, and that the crown that the great Master promised to those who leave all things, was an ample compensation for the many crosses, which led to the throne. Canon Vaughan talks very much as he writes, each sentence affording inspiring thought, each word selected with becoming fitness, and each climax a cluster of gems so enchanting that one feels loath to leave the chapel when the services are finished. It was a great honor to have the distinguished prelate with the Sisters on the occasion. A rare privilege to all those who were permitted to enjoy the sermon. He was assisted at the ceremony by a number of clergymen. The young ladies who entered upon their trial were: Misses Mabel Welch, Antonette DeWindt, Agnes Flynn, May Fitzgerald, who will hereafter be known as Sister Ouelia, Sister M. Dominilla, Sister M. Placidia, Sister M. Erminella. Sister Conception made her first vows. There was a large audience in attendance. The floral offerings were very beautiful and the music excellent.

Work Among Negroes

Washington, Nov. 29.—The Board of Directors of the Catholic Missionary Union has decided to defer action on the proposition of the Knights of Columbus to raise a fund of \$100,000 for the work of home missions, until as Father Doyle expressed it, "the knights make good," which, he added, they are expected to do during the coming year. An important matter discussed at the meeting concerned the decision of archbishops last spring to establish a negro mission to be analogous to the Indian Mission. It was stated that this had been put into practical shape by the appointment of a committee consisting of Bishop Byrne of Nashville, and Bishop Allen of Mobile. The manager of the new negro mission bureau, which has been established here, will be Rev. Father Burke, who has had charge of the colored Catholic work in New York city for twenty-five years. The board of directors is composed of Archbishop Farley of New York, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Bishop Harkins of Providence, R.I.; Very Rev. Dr. E. R. Dyer, president of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; Rev. M. A. Taylor, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York; Rev. Walter Elliott and Rev. A. P. Doyle, dean and rector, respectively, of the Apostolic Mission House.

Father Byrne, of Napa, California, was last week instrumental in adjusting the differences between the Portland Cement Company and its employees at the Napa Junction works, on a satisfactory basis. A settlement of the trouble was brought about by the exercise of unflinching good nature and practical common sense on the part of the priestly mediator, whose one aim was to secure an arrangement just alike to both employer and employee.

Over in Spain the Spanish Catholics are holding numerous meetings and collecting signatures against the proposed associations bill. One petition, signed by 30,000 Spanish women, is ready to be sent to the King.

POPE AND PHILIPPINES

Pleased With Spread of Christianity and Predicts Prosperity

Rome, Nov. 29.—The Pope last evening gave audience to the Most Rev. J. J. Harty, Archbishop of Manila, who outlined to his Holiness the social, religious and economical conditions of the Philippines. The Pope exclaimed: "A people, numbering 7,000,000, all Christians, in the midst of the Orient! What a power toward the betterment of humanity!" He added that the Philippine Islands should become a basis of operations for the Christianization of China and Japan, and he expressed the hope that God would provide the means necessary for the undertaking. He declared his satisfaction with the work of the bishops in educating native Filipinos for the priesthood and said that the mother tongue was the best means of spreading the faith. Speaking of the government of the islands, Archbishop Harty reported that full liberty was accorded to the Church. The difficulties encountered at first under the charge in the sovereignty of the islands had now been overcome and the Filipinos now understood the spirit of the Government and their faith in it was increasing. The Pope showed considerable knowledge of conditions in the Philippines and predicted prosperity for them. He said the islands were certain to prove the best investment the United States had made since the Louisiana Purchase.

Holy Season of Advent

The last month of the year ushers in the holy season of Advent. The word advent implies a coming, and is used by our Holy Mother, the Church, to designate the season of devotion and religious preparation for Christmas, the birthday of our dear Lord and Master.

Advent brings us the sweet feasts of the heart and home—the Immaculate Conception and Christmas. Advent means a time of longing for God. St. John, the beloved disciple, gives us the prayer for Advent: Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!

Let us pray for those to whom the season of Advent brings tears and yearning. Let us be generous as we pray during Advent, which brings us such sweet and holy thoughts of the coming of the dear Babe of Bethlehem. In spirit we may repair to the humble and lowly home at Nazareth and ask our Blessed Mother to make us pure and humble of heart—to teach us how to prepare for the coming of our Divine Saviour, so that on Christmas morning, our Blessed Mother may place Him in our arms if we have made ourselves worthy to receive Him during the four weeks of Advent.

With Advent comes the last month of the year and we are constrained to look backward. Perhaps we shall gaze on days of sorrow and think of the loved ones that in the past year have been taken from us, or it may be that we shall think of the happy days now gone, when the goodness and the mercy of God were so manifest even to our dull understanding that we were almost forced to cry out, "How good is God?" How many graces have been ours during this year of 1906! And if we have had days of sorrows—what of them? We are here for a brief time. The dark days will not last always. We shall bear up bravely under affliction's rod, realizing how insignificant are our woes and trials when borne for Him who suffered and died that we might have eternal life. Realizing this, we shall thank God for His mercies, feeling another year has gone and so we are that much nearer to heaven.—Denver Register.

Indian Who is a Priest

To be the first full blood Indian to become a Catholic priest, says the Topeka Capital, is the unusual distinction of the Rev. Father Albert Negahnquet of Kansas, now conducting religious labors among his fellow racemen in the Oklahoma and Indian Territory. So far as now known Father Negahnquet is the only living Catholic priest who is a full blood Indian. Father Negahnquet was born on the Potawatomi Reservation near St. Mary's, this state, in 1877. Soon afterwards he was brought to Topeka by his parents and in the Church of the Assumption here he was baptized. He was the youngest of a family of ten children. His parents and members of the family removed to Potawatomi County, Okla., where there are now many members of that tribe. In the southern part of that county the Catholics in an early day established a great community—a monastery, schools, and the like. The missionaries of that church naturally came and worked among the Indians near by. Father Negahnquet, as a boy, was sent to school. He was an interesting child, readily tractable, and he applied himself to his studies. Mother Katherine Drexel, daughter of the millionaire Drexel of Philadelphia, on the occasion of one of her periodic visits, took notice of this particular little Indian boy. She never forgot him, and when he became old enough she sent him to the large Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. Later he was transferred to the Catholic University at Washington, D.C., with the purpose in view of educating him for the priesthood.

He was the honor man at Washington, and from there he went to Rome. He studied philosophy and theology there in the Propaganda College, being one year in the College of the Pope. Before the departure from Rome of priests of this class it is customary for each in his mother tongue to give an address. It must have been strange when the young American Indian priest came forward and in the tongue of his fathers, the warlike Potawatomis, spoke.

Then Father Negahnquet sailed away to Oklahoma Territory, and for a few weeks was the guest of his parents in their rude home. Soon afterward he sang the first Mass ever sung by a full blood Indian priest on American soil, in the big Catholic Church, at Oklahoma City, Okla. His ordination was by Bishop Theophile Meerschert of Guthrie, Okla. The Bishop spoke proudly of the honor of consecrating the first Indian priest and of having him in that diocese. Since coming back to America, three years ago, Father Negahnquet has labored faithfully among his people and those efforts have been well rewarded.

GIFT TO IRELAND

William O'Brien Outlines Plan for Founding University in Cork

Dublin, Dec. 1.—William O'Brien is the recipient of numerous congratulations from all over the country in connection with an offer made by himself and his wife, in Cork, recently, to bequeath upon their demise practically every penny they are worth as a contribution towards the endowment of a Munster University in Cork, if the local authority are willing to assume a slight temporary debt in the meantime.

As Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are worth between £50,000 and £100,000, their offer is regarded as the only practical scheme for settling the Irish University question at the present time. "As I calculate," remarked Mr. O'Brien, in outlining the terms of his offer, "if the borough councils and county councils of the province are willing to assume a temporary burden, which would be an excessively slight one, and every shilling of which would be repaid at our death, a sum of say £50,000 could be at once made available, and the arrangement would have the double advantage of persuading England that if the people of the South mean to have a people's university, governed by the representatives of the people, they are willing to prove the faith that is in them by making the people of the South in some degree also contributors to the work. As I figure it out, even if the burden was confined to the city and county of Cork alone, it would not involve a debt of more than one farthing in the pound for a very few years, with the absolute security of being then recouped the whole sum, and if the borough and county councils of the other counties in the province desire that their children should share in the privileges of university education, the temporary rate would scarcely amount to half a farthing in the pound.

"You would thus have immediately at your command an additional endowment of £10,000 a year for five years, added to the present endowment of £10,000 a year, and that with the private benefactions that you would be quite certain to have in abundance to any necessary extent from the open-handed citizens of Cork, would enable you to make a start right away, without demanding an additional pound from the State, though of course I am absolutely convinced that if the scheme is approved at all the State would not hesitate for a moment about taking up this modest endowment of £10,000 a year itself, and leaving us all our other resources to be used in further equipping and endowing the new university."

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.....The HOME CIRCLE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. He slept within his cradle with his head upon his arm, Rocking in the kitchen on the good old Hoosier farm;

"And I will lead you far away through distant meadows green; I'll show you bits of heaven no human eyes have seen, And when you stand and listen you will hear an angel's wing; I'll touch your lips, my boy, and teach you how to sing.

"And all the earth will listen in a dumb and pleased amaze When'er your lilt goes tilting down to deep and dancing days, And all the world will turn aside when'er you pass along, And every tongue will learn to sing James Whitcomb Riley's song.

"You'll sing about the pumpkins, you'll sing about the pumpkins, About your boyhood's sweetheart, and the place where you were born; Sometimes your songs will stir the pools of laughter loud and deep, Sometimes you'll make the people like the little children weep."

So spoke the great archangel. James Whitcomb Riley rose, And ever since forth from his lips a tender anthem flows. Where'er he goes the earth around grows brighter day by day; Oh, come and see me, Riley, you're as welcome as the May!

—The Khan.

THE OLD GARDEN. They're singing in the parlor, And dancing in the hall, And the rooms are gay with laughter, But I like this best of all, My quiet, dear old garden Where the wind blows cool and free, And the hollyhocks are dancing In the moonlight just for me.

Oh, their skirts are tilted gayly And they're stepping in a row, Pink and red and dainty yellow, One, two, three, and off they go. In my ballroom with these beauties No black, heavy coats I see, For my hollyhocks are dancing In the moonlight—just for me. —Elsie Cassaigne King, in the New World.

THE PIPER. I heard the piper playing, The piper old and blind, And knew its secret saying— The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling, Lapping from stone to stone, The wood dove crying and calling, Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the theater Ring in the summer breeze, Soft stir of fur and feather And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning Into the dim gray lands Where there is no returning, Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning I saw my dead again, All in a happy nooning Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary, Your pipes upoff your knee, If I should tell my story, The things you piped to me,

The folk would leave their selling, And bid their buying go, If I could but be telling The things you let me know. —Katharine Tynan, in the London Spectator.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY Over the hills and far away A little boy steals from his morning's play, And under the blossoming apple tree He lies and he dreams of the things to be; Of battles fought and of victories won, Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done— Of the valor that he shall prove some day, Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away It's oh, for the toil the livelong day! But it mattered not to the soul aflame With a love for riches and power and fame! On, oh, man! while the sun is high— On to the certain joys that lie Yonder where blazes the noon of day! Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away An old man lingers at close of day; Now that his journey is almost done, His battles fought and his victories won— The old-time honesty and truth, The trustfulness and the friends of youth, Home and mother—where are they? Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away! —Eugene Field.

DOUBLING. An Irishman and a Yankee were sitting talking of their respective countries one day, when the Yankee said: "America is the richest country in the world to-day." "Sure," said John, "Ireland will soon be the richest." "How's that?" said the Yankee. "Sure," answered John, "isn't its capital always Dublin?" Three negroes have received the Victoria Cross.

THE HOUSE RESTFUL.

Our houses, like our lives, are overcrowded; it is the tendency of the times; and, although many a voice is raised in praise of the simple Japanese interiors, where one vase decorates a room, there are few who follow this excellent example. It is depressing to think of the money spent on unnecessary furniture and bric-a-brac, and of the many hours spent cleaning and caring for them. Perhaps it might be worth while if the result were beautiful, which it certainly is not. There is nothing artistic in a crowded room. As a rule, there is no discretion in the massing, and the most incongruous articles are placed side by side. A really exquisite vase, picture or carving, loses its value when it is surrounded too closely by other ornaments, and the whole effect is blurred and confused. The ideal room has spaces to rest the eye, everything is beautiful in itself, and each article is chosen with due regard to the room as a whole. An ornament that is handsome in the store may prove to be a jarring note in your house. And, when I say "beautiful," I do not mean expensive. Indeed, some of the most hideous things I have ever seen have been costly, and some of the prettiest have been bought for a few cents.

Aside from these considerations, a crowded room is not wholesome. Dust collects in all the cracks and corners, and even the tidiest housekeeper cannot diglodge every particle every day. This ought to be especially taken to heart in our bedrooms. Whatever obtains downstairs, our sleeping-rooms should be as free of dust-catchers as possible.

At this point I hear someone exclaim: "That's all very well if one is just beginning and can arrange things according to an ideal plan, but how about me? I have kept house for twenty years and naturally every room is full to overflowing." Under these circumstances the change is difficult, but not impossible. Of course, many of one's household goods are endeared to one by associations; but I should weed out such as are neither beautiful nor beloved, and give them to someone who really needs them. It will be a pleasure to think they are helping someone else instead of hindering you. After this there would still be an over-abundance, so I should put in the storeroom all that was not necessary, and then at the end of a few months I should shift things and have my house refurnished, so to speak. This is not impossible, for I know two people who do it regularly. Until one tries she cannot realize how much more she appreciates a favorite picture or a cherished bit of pottery after it has been in seclusion for a time. It is like having a lovely new present, to set it again.

Our eyes need breathing space as well as our lungs, and a very good rule to follow is this: If you suspect that your room is over-full, try removing a lamp, a cushion or a photograph. If, at the end of a week, you no longer notice its absence, you are safe in not replacing it.—Boston Cooking School.

DON'T BE UNPLEASANT.

One of the most disagreeable of all people to live with is the woman who thinks it her duty to tell unpleasant truths.

Woman's Strength Is Overtaxed

BY WORK AND WORRY, BUT GOOD HEALTH IS RESTORED BY

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

With her strength overtaxed by too much work many a woman finds herself weak, nervous and exhausted, subject to indigestion and headaches and spells of discouragement and despondency.

Under such circumstances Dr. Chase's Nerve Food comes as a blessing of great value, bringing new hope and confidence and restoring vitality to the blood and nerves.

Dizziness, heart disturbances, pale, bloodless appearance, smothering, choking sensations, heavy heart beating and palpitation are some of the symptoms which give way before the persistent use of this great food cure. The appetite is sharpened, digestion is improved, the form is rounded out to healthful proportions and gradually and certainly strength and vigor replace weakness and disease.

Mrs. D. Scott, Cobourg, Ont., states: "After recovering from typhoid fever I was left in a very low state of health and my system was very much run down. I was very weak, nervous and in fact was not fit to do any work at all and began to fear that I was of little use in the world."

"A friend of mine, Mrs. G. M. Brown, had used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and told me that it benefited her wonderfully. I took courage and began the use of this medicine. After taking the first box I began to feel an improvement in my health, and now after using four boxes I am completely cured. I now feel like myself once more and believe that I can attribute the cure to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

For men who are suffering from headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness, or women who besides these symptoms suffer from weaknesses and irregularities of the delicate feminine organism, for children who are pale, weak and puny, there is, we believe, no preparation extant which will bring about such satisfactory results as the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food; 50 cents a box, 6 boxes \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Tell your friends all the nice things you hear about them, but withhold the unpleasant things. Never give advice unless you are asked to, and even then don't be insulted if it is not followed. People, as a rule, do not follow advice unless it agrees with what they want to do.

When you meet a girl friend and she looks particularly nice tell her so. Tell her that you like her hat or her dress or whatever becoming garment she is wearing.

You need not tell untruths, because when people ask you outright for an opinion, of course you should give it. To receive and pay a compliment prettily and graciously is quite an art.

When a person pays you a compliment show your pleasure frankly. And when you pay a compliment do so in an unaffected, sincere manner. Always try and leave a good impression behind you, establish the reputation of always having something pleasant to say.

Don't let jealousy prevent you from telling the nice things you hear about other girls.

If you say nice things about people they will say nice things about you. Win the friendship of other girls through being sympathetic and kind.

Never carry bad news if you can avoid doing so. Some people take a morbid pleasure in doing so and are never happier than when detailing some woeful tale.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smooth-riding feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work or any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

THE CHILDREN IN DANGER.

If the rapid increase noticed this year in the number of penny arcades and nickel electric theatres meant that speculators were reaping a rich harvest of small coins at little expense to themselves there would be no objection to it. The children who spend their money in that way might do better to save their pennies, but there would be no call for police interference if the children were not taught immorality as well as encouraged in thriftlessness.

Train robberies, the pursuit of escaping criminals, prize fights, lynchings, police raids, escapades in which a guilty wife or husband is surprised by a suspicious spouse, and as many other criminal or disreputable scenes as the imagination of the kinesiograph artist can suggest are presented with lifelike distinctness for young children to gloat over. The pictures in the slot machines are often of a kind no father would wish his young son or daughter to look upon. When not actually indecent they are often suggestive of indecency. Some of the worst of these may be found in places where signs invite the presence of ladies and children. These places, which are open until a late hour, are meeting places for boys and girls, among whom are certain to be some too experienced in the wickedness of the world to be fit companions for the innocent. They invite each other to look at pictures of doubtful propriety, and take their first steps on the downward way. The glorification of crime in the moving pictures suggests to many a weak mind the ease with which one may gain wealth or fame if he "has the nerve." The fact that the train robber, or the safe blower, or the counterfeiter is caught at last makes no impression upon the youthful spectator. That is laid to bad luck and bad judgment, and the iniquitous criminal is sure he would be more fortunate.

It is true that these shows are no more depraved than some of the plays produced on the stages of certain theatres, but they are more dangerous to the children because they are brought near to the children's schools and homes, and the price is so low that children who never have been to the theatre in their lives are habitual patrons of the penny or nickel shows. There is enough legal warrant for closing all exhibitions tending to encourage or glorify crime. The streets must be made safe for the children.—From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

CHEERFULNESS AT THE TABLE.

An old lady who looked as though she might have belonged to the "Sunshine Society" all her life, was asked by a friend for the secret of her never-failing cheerfulness. Her answer contained a suggestive lesson for parents. "I think," said the elderly lady, "it is because we were taught in our family to be cheerful at the table. My father was a lawyer with a large criminal practice; his mind was harassed with difficult problems all the day long, yet he always came to the table with a smile and pleasant greeting for everyone and exerted himself to make the table hour delightful. All his powers to charm were freely given to entertain his family. Three times a day we felt this genial influence and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks, he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when mealtime came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day, under all circumstances, had its effect on even the most sultry temper. Grateful as I am for the training received in my childhood home, I look back upon the table influence as among the best of my life."

THE PICTURES IN A HOME.

To one who observes, much can be told about the people in a home by looking at the pictures on the walls. What a story they tell! Whether we have culture or have it not, refinement or lack of it, good taste or no taste at all, spirituality and religious feeling or whether we are of the world, the pictures we have around us are an almost infallible index. I often wonder how many people think of pictures in this light.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Was In Untold Misery. I should have written before how about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day.

Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the good sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to a J. Y. address. Five patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

ROENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMISTS, ONT., LTO., MONTREAL.

In so few middle class homes does one find really good pictures. If we would stop to think what an influence pictures have on the growing generation, an influence either for good or for ill, pictures which really mean something would be chosen.

How well I remember "The Sistine Madonna" in my grandmother's house. There were, too, the "Madonna of the Chair," "The Assumption of the Virgin," "St. Anthony of Padua," and ever so many pictures of that kind. I did not then know that they were copies of works of art, but I did know that I liked to look at them, to study them, and to think about them. Not one word was ever told me about these pictures or about the artist who painted them, but this gave my fancy fuller play. There is sort of halo about these pictures in my mind to-day. My youthful mind enshrined them. The Sistine Madonna means much more to me than it ever could have done had I not known it so well when I was a child.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

CLEAR CANDIES.

Place in a kettle over a clear, brisk fire, one and a half pounds of crushed or granulated white sugar, three gills or three-fourths of a pint of water, and a scant half-teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in a few drops of hot water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, but no longer. Keep a cover on the kettle after the candy begins to boil, and remove it only to skim off any scum that may arise to the surface. Boil until it cracks hard, then quickly stir in the flavor, and pour in a well-buttered tray. The amateur will find it safer to stir in the flavoring and the color also if any is desired, a little before it is done, as there is then less danger of graininess. When the candy is nearly cold mark it off into squares or flat sticks. To make sour lemon candy, which differs from candies merely flavored with lemon extract, boil sugar and water with cream of tartar in the same proportion as for clear candy, but just before pouring out to cool, carefully stir in a teaspoonful of very finely powdered tartaric acid, and half a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Do not give more than one or two stirs, or there will be danger of graininess. The foundation for pulled candies is the same as for clear candy.

ICE CREAM CANDY

This is made from the same foundation as clear candy, but it is boiled only until it will crack soft, and two ounces of butter are added just before it is removed from the fire. Vanilla is the flavor generally preferred. Marbled or veined varieties are made by dividing the candy after it has cooled into three parts and tinting with different colors. Keep them separate and twist together just before they harden.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Put into a kettle a quarter of a pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate, four ounces of butter, one pound of brown sugar, a gill of molasses, a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla powder; stir the whole over a slow fire until thoroughly mixed and then boil slowly until it cracks when dropped into ice water. Turn into greased, shallow pans to the depth of half an inch and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold, grease a sharp knife with olive oil and mark the caramels into squares, cutting part way through. When cold and hard break the caramels apart and wrap each in waxed paper.

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. Are a True Heart Tonic, Nerve Food and Blood Purifier. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the active and the debilitated. Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fog, Lack of Vitality, After Effects of La Grippe, Anemia, Weak and Stagnant Blood, Loss of Memory, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Energy, Shortness of Breath, etc., are all banished by these pills.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (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.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS

Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

Free miner.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu hereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales. PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

THE ART OF LISTENING.

There is a grace of kind listening, as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention, that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion.—Father Faber.

TOO MANY HEADS.

"There ought to be but one head to every household," shouted the orator. "That's right," muttered a worried looking man in the audience. "You agree with me?" shouted the orator, singling him out. "I do; I have just finished paying for the bonnets of my nine daughters."

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

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ACTS AS Executor, Administrator or Trustee.

The officers of the Corporation will be pleased to consult at any time with those who contemplate availing themselves of the services of a Trust Company. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

Wills appointing the Corporation Executor are received for safe custody free of charge.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director. Toror to Ottawa, Winnipeg.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Suitable Designs and Subjects for Church Decoration Submitted.

Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd., King Street West, Toronto.

The Children's Page

THE RAINBOW.

We followed the Rainbow Road When the storm had grumbled by. The rainbow stood by the big east wood With its top against the sky. Dot and the dog and I— The dog with the curly tail— And a spade to dig for our treasure big. A spade and a new tin pail. (She was the company, I in command, The dog went along to guard the band.)

The colors came down to the ground— Somebody told us so— And somebody told how a pot of gold Was hid at the end of the bow. We hurried along, a-row, Ready to seek and find; I led the lot and next came Dot, With a curly-tailed dog behind. (She was a girl, and so, in case Of danger, I gave her the safest place.)

Oh, we were almost there, And we would have been rich, no doubt, But the wind came by with a dreadful cry, And the Beautiful Bow went out. When we turned to look about The great black dark had come— We ran so fast that Dot was lost And the dog was the first one home. (And the rainbows come and the rainbows go, But Dot and the dog and I—we know!)

—Nancy Byrd Turner, in St. Nicholas.

TED.

I have a little brindle dog, Seal-brown from tail to head. His name I guess is Theodore, But I just call him Ted.

He's only eight months old to-day I guess he's just a pup; Pa says he won't be larger When he is all grown up.

He plays around about the house, As good as he can be. He don't seem like a little dog, He's just like folks to me.

And when it is my bed-time, Ma opens up the bed; Then I nestle down real cozy And just make room for Ted.

And oh, how nice we cuddle! He doesn't fuss or bite, Just nestles closely up to me And lays there all night.

We love each other dearly, My little Ted and me. We're just good chums together, And always hope to be.

Maxine Anna Buck.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad, Or fancy your life won't tell; The work is the work, for a' that, To him that doeth it well. Fancy the world a hill, lad; Look where the millions stop; You'll find the crowd at the base, lad; There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience, There's space in the old world, yet; The better the chance you stand lad, The further along you get. Keep your eye on the goal, lad; Never despair or drop; Be sure that your path leads upward; There's always room at the top. —Selected.

GONE.

He fell in a puddle and muddied his dress; He struck little Bud with a hammer, I guess; He cut sister's curls with a big pair of shears And left ragged edges down over her ears; He muddied the floor that was just swept so clean, He lighted a match near the canned gasoline. He broke all his soldiers and smashed all his toys, And yet we forgive him, for boys will be boys.

He singed the cat's whiskers and cut off its tail And then turned it loose with its discordant wail. He dropped bread and jelly upon a big chair And thought of it only when aunty sat there; He sheared the pet poodle one mid-winter day, His father is frantic, his mother is gray, His aunt and his grandma protest at his noise, And then all forgive him, for boys will be boys.

He clamors for cookies for jelly and jam, He shuts ne'er a door, but he gives it a slam, He dabbles in paint, be it red, blue or green; He loves to play hob with a sewing machine; And then—well, he's gone into trousers and vests, For years must be passing and time never rests, And some day we look at a picture— and then We wish—strange it is—that we had him again! —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Par-melee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

MYRA'S PROMISE.

"I can say one thing for myself, anyway," Myra spoke with decision and perhaps a touch of complacency. "I am careful about keeping my promises. I never did believe in signing pledges that one isn't going to keep. That's what I told the girls when they were trying to coax me into that new society. I don't think it is very nice to call names, so I won't do it; but I must say some of the members that I know are breaking the pledge all the time." "Do you make a distinction between written pledges and merely verbal ones?" It was plain-spoken Aunt Martha who put the question, and something in the round, clear gaze made Myra vaguely uncomfortable. Aunt Martha's spectacles magnified her eyes, and somehow one had the feeling of being under the microscope when those clear, grey-blue orbs looked at one so searchingly.

"Why, of course, there's no real difference, I suppose," answered Myra, slowly. "But it seems worse, somehow, when you have deliberately studied a printed pledge and put your name to it." "I wonder why?" said Aunt Martha and now her eyes were turned on the knitted afghan she was making for the baby. "Why, because—" Myra broke off for a moment, then began again. "But of course any conscientious person would be just as careful about keeping a verbal promise. Why, of course—with conviction. 'Do you suppose, if I had promised verbally to give a dollar to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, I would fail to do it—any more than if I'd signed a pledge that I was going to do it?'" "I suppose not," said her aunt, "provided they came and reminded you of it. It's easy to forget sometimes. But I wasn't thinking about money pledges. The old rocker creaked as Aunt Martha swayed back and forth, her eyes on her knitting.

Myra's low chair began to rock, too, but rather nervously, and perhaps there was a touch of resentment in the girl's mind. Still, Aunt Martha's keen eyes were just, and perhaps—

"What do you mean, auntie?" Myra asked, rather abruptly. "You don't think I'm careless about keeping my promises, do you?" "I don't think so," said Aunt Martha, her needle flashed in the sunlight; she did not speak for a moment. Then she looked over at her niece.

"How did old Mrs. Bennett enjoy your visit last week? Dear old soul! It was real touching the way she brightened up when you said you were coming over." "When I said—" Myra's face flushed, even though she looked a trifle puzzled for a moment. "Why, Aunt Martha, did I—? I didn't tell her positively I was coming last week, did I?"

"I sounded positive to me," replied her aunt. "Don't you remember she was telling you what a time she was having with her eyes, and how her feet were troubling her and she could not go out, and—" "Oh, dear, yes!" Myra interrupted. "I remember, I did tell her I would be over this week, and I suppose it slipped out of my mind. It was such a busy week, you know, auntie, and I forgot all about it. I hope she didn't watch for me. I hate to disappoint people."

But no comforting reassurance from Aunt Martha was forthcoming. "I suspect she sat at that window a good bit," she said, quietly, "watching and waiting for you to come, and real disappointed that you didn't. It wasn't as if you'd said you thought you'd be over. You spoke positively, I remember. 'I'm coming this week, Mrs. Bennett,' said you, and I noticed how pleased she looked, poor old soul."

Aunt Martha was noted for the accuracy of her memory; there was no combating it, and Myra's own remembrance confirmed her aunt's. "I'll go this week, anyway!" she said, hastily. "It's too bad I forgot. But I don't believe I very often do break such promises."

There was no response but the clicking of the needles. "Do I, Aunt Martha?" she asked, rather timidly. "I don't know that you're much more careless than other people," said that lady, frankly. "But seems to me your good nature's rather apt to lead you to make promises. There was John going around with that rip in his sleeve this morning. You told him yesterday you'd fix it if he'd wear his old coat to school in the afternoon. But I noticed, when he came down to breakfast this morning, it was split worse than ever."

"Oh, auntie!" Myra started up. "I sewed it up—it didn't take five minutes," said Aunt Martha, quietly. "I just mentioned it as an illustration." "Oh," said Myra, feebly, for really there didn't seem to be much else to say.

Aunt Martha looked keenly at the slightly downcast head, and with real kindness, too. But when she did a thing she liked to do it thoroughly, even at the risk of "rubbing it in." "I wonder if you remembered to take that pattern over to Mrs. Jameson's?" she said. Myra started. "No! If I didn't forget that, too!" she said, humbly. "How could I? I meant to take it to her so promptly."

"She told you not to bother with it, I know," said Aunt Martha. "But you thought you could be our hand right on it, and I suppose every quarter counts with her. I hope she has not bought it for herself; but, she's so afraid of being troublesome, I suspect she has."

"Oh, I hope not!" Myra rose hastily, with an alacrity born partly of real solicitude for Mrs. Jameson, partly of a longing to forestall other recollections of Aunt Martha's.

DOG SAVES TWO LIVES.

A mongrel dog proved himself braver than twenty men at Bath Beach recently, and for the rest of the year he will eat nothing but dainties provided by the man whose wife and daughter he saved from drowning.

The dog was playing on "Captain's Pier" with a score of men watching him, when screams for help were heard from the water a hundred yards off the dock. Mrs. Manie Meyers, thirty-one years old and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Minnie, two cottagers on Coney Island avenue, Sheepshead Bay, were rowing a skiff to the beach and had overturned the boat trying to exchange seats.

The child had sunk when the mother's cry was heard. Twenty men on the pier began rushing about giving orders, though not one was brave enough to swim out to the rescue. The dog leaped into the water at the first cry for help and breastst the waves rapidly toward the drowning woman and child, sending forth sharp, little barks of encouragement as he approached.

The girl had sunk for the last time as he reached her. The dog dived, caught her dress in his teeth, and, with his unconscious burden, swam to shore.

It is no light task for a strong man to swim one hundred yards with a dead weight to pull him down, and the dog was nearly exhausted when the men dragged the girl from him in shallow water.

But he did not give up. Turning about, he swam out again to where Mrs. Meyers was struggling to keep her head above water, and, clutching the neck of her dress, he kept her afloat three minutes until men put out in a rowboat and took both woman and dog aboard.

It was two hours before mother and child were restored to consciousness. Charles Meyers, the husband of the rescued woman, went down to the pier and tried to buy the dog from William C. Shields, a boatman. Shields refused to sell. Then Meyers gave Shields \$50 for himself and a like amount for the dog, with the injunction that every cent be spent in buying food that best tickles the canine palate.—Dumb Animals.

A DONKEY IN OFFICE.

A certain king had a philosopher upon whose judgment he depended. It happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and, after summoning his nobles and making preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not and the king set out.

While journeying along he met a countryman with a donkey. He advised them to return, "for," said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the advice, as, a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they returned the king scolded the philosopher for telling him it would be clear when it was not. "I met a countryman, and he knows a great deal more than you do, for he said it would rain, whereas you said it would not."

The king then dismissed the philosopher and sent for the countryman. He soon appeared. "Tell me," said the king, "how did you know it would rain?" "I didn't know," said the rustic. "My donkey told me so." "And how, pray, did he tell you so?" "By pricking up his ears, your majesty." The king then sent the countryman away, and, retaining the donkey, placed him in the office the philosopher had filled.

WHAT I SAW.

It was about six o'clock in the evening. The locality, a down-town district of Boston. A wagon loaded with soda-water tanks stood by the sidewalk. The driver had gone through one of the alleys near at hand, and as I came up, he was coming out from another alley carrying a heavy tank on his shoulder. He called to the horse—a friendly sort of call it was—and that great horse, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, pricked up his ears and looked as though to say: "Well, how came you there?—thought you went down this alley."

Half a dozen of the hundreds of passers-by stopped for a moment to see if the animal would start. Before the horse could satisfy himself that the man whom he saw instinctively through the gathering dusk was call-

Does Your Food Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts as a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation. Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since." Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

ing him, one of the men who had been watching stepped from the sidewalk, grabbed the horse by the bridle and shook and pulled him.

In a moment the driver was on the spot. "See here, sir; if yer've got any yankin' to do, yer jest got ter yank me, but yer jest leave that horse alone." And then the driver petted and talked to his friend in the harness in a way that must have made both very happy.

And I thought of what a writer more than a century ago called "contagious goodness," and I felt sure that this man, who appeared to be so rough and yet had such a warm heart had caused a number of people to catch something of his friendly feeling.

THE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP.

Poor black sheep! Perhaps it is the middle girl, if there are three for the eldest is the pride of the family, and the youngest is the pet of the house.

Perhaps it is the boy, if the girl is dainty, and beautiful and the boy awkward and uncouth.

Whoever the black sheep is, whether it be one of the boys, the only boy, one of the girls, or the only girl, it comes hard on the "sheep." Poor black sheep!

What makes one sheep black and the rest of the flock white? What leads a family to centre the attention and affection on one child and to neglect, almost to cast off, another?

Poor little black sheep! Black at first because another is white; then black because he feels that some one thinks him black; and at last black because it is so hard to be white.

From morning till night the only words the black sheep hears are such as, "Oh, your face is freckled!" "Your nose is so big!" "Your hair is so red!" "Your feet are so big!" "Your teeth are so crooked!" Poor black sheep!

A FOX OUTWITTED.

One day in the middle of winter, a Hare and a Fox took a walk together. It was during a hard frost, the ground was covered with snow, not a bit of green was to be seen, and there was nothing moving about, not even a mouse or a rabbit.

"This is hungry weather," said the Fox to the Hare; "my limbs ache with cold."

"It is, indeed," answered the Hare, "not a morsel of food to be found anywhere. I could almost eat my own ears if I could manage to get them into my mouth."

In this hungry mood they trotted along side by side. After some time they saw a peasant girl coming towards them with a large basket in her hand, and out of the basket came a smell which was very pleasant to the Fox and Hare—the refreshing smell of new rolls.

"I'll tell you what we will do, Puss," said the Fox. "Do you lie down your full length on the ground and pretend you are dead. When the girl comes up she will put down her basket to pick up your tail for the sake of your poor skin, for hareskins make excellent gloves. While she is doing this I will run off with the bread-basket, and we shall have something to comfort us this cold day."

"Puss did as Reynard bid her, lay down and pretended to be dead, while the Fox hid himself behind a snow-drift. Soon the girl came up, observed the Hare with its legs all stretched out, put down her basket, as the Fox had said she would, and stooped to pick up the Hare. In a moment the Fox jumped out of his hiding place, snatched up the basket, and was off with it like a shot across the fields, and Puss, coming to life again, scampered after her companion. But Sir Fox showed no inclination to stop and share the rolls; he evidently intended to eat them all himself, of which the Hare did not at all approve. However, she did not utter a word until they came up to a small pond, then she said to the Fox, "How nice it would be if we could get a dish of fish too. Then we should have fish and white bread, just like the great folks. Suppose you dip your tail in the water, and the fishes, which have not much to bite at just now, will hang on to it. But you must not lose any time about it, or the pond will be frozen."

Reynard thought that some fish would be a great relish with the rolls. He went down to the pond, which was on the point of freezing, and hung his tail in. After a few minutes the tail was fast frozen in, and the poor Fox was a prisoner. Then the Hare took the bread-basket from under Reynard's nose, and ate up the rolls one after the other as coolly as possible, saying to him, "Stop there now until it thaws; you have only to wait till the spring comes; wait for the thaw"; and then she ran off, and left the poor Fox barking after her like an angry dog chained to a post.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Yesterday, shortly before noon, a man was crossing the Seventeenth Street Bridge over Wheeling creek, and, noticing some object in the water, he leaped over the balustrade. Reaching out too far, he lost his balance and tumbled over, falling into a deep hole in the creek. A few spectators were in sight and all rushed to the bank fully expecting to see the man go down. He sank twice, and was about to go down the third time never to rise again, when a huge, shaggy Newfoundland dog dashed down the bank, leaped into the creek, swam to the man, and grasping him by the coat, held him up and pulled him toward the shore until the man's feet were on solid ground, not letting go his hold until both were clear out of the water. Then the shaggy brute shook his coat dry, and walked off wagging his tail, amid the plaudits of a hundred odd men and boys who had been attracted by the shouts of the few people who witnessed the man's tumble. The man, as much dead as alive, waited until he had recovered his senses entirely and drained somewhat, and then walked off. Neither the man nor dog was known to any of the eye-witnesses.—National Humane Education.

A man isn't necessarily crooked because he follows his natural bent. Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

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December THE ADVENT OF CHRIST

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, 1906, and descriptions of feast days and saints.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1906.

THE WORK OF HILDEBRAND.

In accordance with our promise we take up Prof. Goldwin Smith's letter at greater length. There are several points about it which must have attracted the attention of the readers of a Catholic newspaper. The title "Catholicism vs. Theocracy," is to us difficult of explanation. The courtesy which we cheerfully extend to Prof. Smith we ask not on our own behalf so much as on behalf of all Catholics who would repudiate with scorn a distinction such as is implied in this title. Theocracy, according to its etymology, designates, as Brownson puts it, "only the government, or a government which holds from Him, makes His law the supreme law of the land, and governs under and in accordance with it." That definition or explanation fits Catholicism. If Catholicism is aught else than Christ's kingdom upon earth, holding from Him and making His law the supreme law, then Catholicism and not Theocracy, as represented by Pope St. Gregory VII., deserves the severest condemnation. No cleavage is possible. There is no opposition between them. Catholicism is theocratic. We pass on to a point which to so many others besides Prof. Goldwin Smith is a grave objection. We mean the character and work of St. Gregory VII., known in history as Hildebrand. Few of those who ever sat upon the papal throne, and many a saint and many a hero sat there, have occupied so much attention, and won such different estimates as Gregory VII., the leading character of the 11th century. To the Catholic he is a saint, pious monk, indomitable ruler, brave, fearless champion of the Church's freedom and the Papal rights—standing for the sanctity of the clergy and in his duty making for the welfare of the church and the liberty of growing nations. To many non-Catholics he is the usurper of Papal encroachment, deposing monarchs from their thrones and seeking to dominate all Europe and subject it to the Papacy. All even of non-Catholics do not hold this view. His biographer, Voigt, thus writes: "Gregory's has been the lot of all great men of history; there have been ascribed to him motives of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove the existence. Nevertheless, even the enemies of Gregory are obliged to admit that his dominating idea, the independence of the Church, was indispensable for the propagation of religion, for the reform of society, and that, to obtain this effect, it was necessary to sever all the ties which had bound the Church to the state, to the detriment of religion; the Church had to be an entity, one in herself and by herself a divine institution, whose salutary influence over all men was not to be checked by any prince of the earth. It is difficult to give Gregory exaggerated praise because he everywhere laid the foundations of a solid glory." The French translator of Voigt's work thus speaks in his introduction: "Gregory was the Hercules of the Middle Ages. He chained up their monsters; he destroyed the feudal hydra; he saved Europe from barbarism; and what is more praiseworthy, he illuminated Christendom by his virtues. The grateful Church has canonized him, and never was that homage more merited, for Gregory is covered with immortal glory, a glory without stain, which in spite of prejudice, has always found some to appreciate it, and which, it is said, caused the most illustrious soldier of modern times to exclaim, 'If I were not Napoleon, I would wish to be Gregory VII.'" Such was the man who ascended the Pontifical throne in 1073. It was a time pregnant with great events and crowded with great men—an age of transition. The Normans had just taken possession of England, France was not free from trouble, Germany was torn by civil wars, the south of Italy was revolutionized by Robert Guiscard, Spain was struggling with the Moors, and the imperial city of Constantinople was tottering to its fall. St. Anselm and St. Peter Damian, Lanfrance and St. Hugh of Cluni, and many others, shone out in a brilliant constellation to brighten the darkness of the horizon. St. Gre-

gory stood out amongst these, a leader by his character, training and position. As head of the Church he sustained a two-fold relation to the world; the one spiritual, to the Church, of which he was the visible head; the other temporal, to civil society, in the framework of which he was an important factor. With reference to the first Gregory's chief work was the reformation of the clergy by suppressing the scandals of incontinency and renewing the ancient celibacy and by punishing simony. His action in regard to investitures was of a mixed character, pertaining partially to the spiritual and partially to the temporal order. In taking a determined stand against these investitures which had been the cause of the most terrible abuses, Gregory was simply insisting upon the inherent and divinely accorded right of the Church to elect her own pastors. Not merely during the reign of St. Gregory II. did Rome fight this battle but for nearly half a century she waged it with the great ones of the earth, but chiefly with Germany. Finally Rome won and the victory was largely due to the courage of Hildebrand. The other acts of this great Pontiff were the demand of fealty from certain sovereigns, William the Conqueror of England amongst them, and his quarrel with, and deposition of, Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. In none of these can a case be made out against Hildebrand as an innovator and usurper. The Pontiff could not carry out his reform of the Church without the co-operation of the princes. He asked fealty from William the Conqueror, who refused, but who closed his letter thus: "We desire to sincerely love and obediently hear you, above all others." This refusal did not disturb the relations between the Holy See and England for nearly five hundred years. There remains the quarrel with Henry of Germany, the stream of whose existence had been tainted from its very source. He had early given way to the most criminal excesses, and rushed from debauch to debauch until he had become the most heartless and cruel of men. To obtain the objects of his criminal passions he stopped at nothing. For his shameful sale of bishoprics and abbacies he had been summoned before the Holy See by Alexander II. Gregory, who was Alexander's successor, could not escape a contest with this Nero of the Middle Ages. From the beginning he strove to win him. He wrote to Henry two letters full of prudence and sweetness. In both of these letters the Pontiff hinted to him that in accordance with the jurisprudence of the time, the right of the crown could be secured to him only on condition of his governing according to the law of God, and protecting the liberty of his holy Church. Then when Henry violated his treaty with the Saxons, they crushed and bleeding, appealed to the Pope—"the only tribunal which could set any limits to imperial despotism." Gregory threatened Henry with excommunication. And as it was a law of the German Empire that if a prince remained under excommunication for one year he forfeited his crown, then Henry went to Canossa. The subsequent troubles are due to Henry, who was continually breaking his oaths and who would not stand by his pledges to the Pontiff at Canossa. Throughout this long and terrible quarrel St. Gregory claimed and sought no more for the Church in Germany than mere freedom. The Pope did not interfere or propose to interfere with the emperor in the exercise of his authority in temporals. He never pretended to have any authority in the fields of the empire, or to subject to his will matters not within his jurisdiction. Henry was a bad man and his cause was bad. The Pope was in the right; he was on the side of God and humanity, truth and justice, pure morals and fair liberty. What effect did this policy of St. Gregory VII. have upon either Christendom or the Papacy? For here is the objection which Prof. Goldwin Smith mentions particularly. It saved both Christendom and the Papacy. It swept away the terrible abuses against which Gregory had fought so bravely and won out so truly, though he did not live to see his victory. It paved the way for some of the most illustrious orders of the Church. Had the Pontiff adopted any other policy; had he settled quietly in the Vatican, saying his prayers as had been his wont in his monastery at Cluny; had he compromised with evil deeds and evil-doers; had he been silent amid the scandals of churchmen and the broken oaths of an Emperor, he might have been saved the storms of his pontificate and the humiliation of dying in exile, but the loss to Christianity would have been irreparable, the Papacy would have swept away, and he himself be buried in oblivion whose name is held in benediction by the Church which he defended so bravely and loved so well. Let us close with two quotations, the first from Guizot: "We are accustomed to represent to ourselves Gregory VII., as a man who wished to render all things immovable," observes M. Guizot, "as an adversary to intellectual development and social progress, and as a man who strove to maintain the world in a station-

ary or retrograding system. Nothing can be so false. Gregory VII. was a reformer upon the plan of despotism, as were Charlemagne and Peter the Great. He wished to reform the Church, and through the Church to reform society, to introduce therein more morality, more justice, more law—he wished to effect this through the Holy See and to its profit." Our second quotation is from Cardinal Newman. Speaking upon the papal Supremacy the Cardinal writes: "On this rock I will build My Church, 'I give unto thee the keys,' 'Feed my sheep,' are not precepts merely, but prophecies and promises, to be accomplished by Him who made them, prophecies to be fulfilled according to the need and to be interpreted by the event—by the history, that is, of the fourth and fifth centuries, though they had a partial fulfillment even in the preceding period, and a still more noble development in the middle ages."

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

That the housing problem is a question of burning import to the citizens of Toronto could not be doubted by anyone present at the annual meeting of Associated Charities, which took place at the city hall on Monday afternoon last. About one hundred of Toronto's representative and most intelligent men and women were present representing their various societies, philanthropic organizations and religious opinions, and while other things were touched upon, it was the question of more houses and better living accommodation to which the consensus of thought inevitably turned. Mr. Frank Walsh, late working secretary and present corresponding secretary of the Association, stated in his report that though the matter had been before their organization for the past three years, during which time visits had been made to England and the United States for the purpose of noting conditions there, yet nothing had been done in Toronto in the direction of improvement, but that on the contrary matters were growing gradually worse. Mr. E. J. Hearn, lately appointed to the new city commission, drew attention to the fact that the erection of the new General Hospital and the new railway, together with the coming of many new factories, meant the destruction of several hundred houses and a consequent dispersion of their tenants without any prospect of new homes to replace the old ones. One speaker pointed out that taxes, exorbitant prices for land and needless prohibitive restrictions, accounted for the dearth of houses. Unsanitary, indecent and comfortless living grows apace—and Toronto the Good bids fair to become a city of slums where heretofore poverty in its extreme sense was almost unknown and where our smiling homes gave us a continental reputation. Rev. Mr. Johnston and others asserted that the landlords were taking advantage of the situation and refused to make their houses habitable, while tenants are debarred from complaint from fear of being turned out with no refuge in sight but the street. It was finally moved that the city be asked to appoint a special commission to act upon the matter. As was shown, however, this is a subject that concerns not the city alone, but the citizens, and one towards which the intelligent thought of the community should be directed. And at the very beginning it seems to us a slight mistake is being made. "Housing for the poor" is the term generally used to express the movement in progress. Yet the people who are the contemplated tenants of the prospective houses are probably those of the artisan class or generally speaking, wage-earners. To call such "poor" is undoubtedly a misnomer and houses erected under such appellation would to many be altogether unacceptable. Why not speak of the necessity for houses at a moderate rental? This is really what is wanted and the financial standing of the tenant is immaterial provided the rent suits his income. The proposition that companies should take the matter in hand as did the Rothchilds in London and others in Boston, seemed a good one, and the call for concerted action for the betterment of present conditions is one that should meet with general and sympathetic response. Books make the best Christmas presents. The gift of a book carries no obligation nor does its acceptance. In most cases it is a gentle compliment to the literary tastes of both giver and receiver. When one sends a clever book to another it carries a sort of implication—"I have read this book and I think your own bright mind will appreciate it." (Perhaps there is a little egotism in that, but not enough to be offensive.) While there are many books every one has not the facility of procuring them. A package of books to your friend in the country is surely a great treat. Blake's Catholic Church Goods House, 123 Church street, Toronto, Canada, have over 3,000 titles of books on its shelves. Mrs. C. Templer Davies, mother of E. Wyatt Davies, the well-known English Catholic historian, was received into the Church on November 20th by Very Rev. Prior O'Gorman, O.S.A., in the Church of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, Hythe, Kent.

Diocese of Hamilton

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception (the Patron Feast of the Cathedral), the Bishop conferred on the Rector, Very Rev. Father Mahony, the title of Dean. Dean Mahony has been rector of St. Mary's Cathedral for the last seven years, and by his zeal in paying off the parochial debt, prepared the road for the consecration of the Cathedral, which took place last May. The following letter from the Bishop's secretary was read last Sunday in all the churches of the diocese: To the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese: Very Reverend and dear Fathers.—In obedience to instructions from His Lordship the Bishop, I hasten to send you official notification of the death of one of our beloved priests. The Rev. Stephen Wadel, after a long and painful illness, which he bore most patiently and with resignation to the Divine Will, died a most happy death after being consoled and fortified by the reception of the last sacraments, on Monday last, the 3rd inst., at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph. May his soul rest in peace! You will, therefore, please ask your respective congregations and the Religious Communities (if any) in your parishes to remember him in their prayers. You are also reminded of the decree of the Diocesan Synod, requiring every priest on the death of a confrere to say quam primum, one Mass for the eternal repose of his soul. The Bishop celebrated the prescribed Mass in his own chapel on Tuesday morning last, and would also have been pleased to attend the funeral had the state of his health permitted. He was, however, much edified on hearing of the piety and charity of so many of the Reverend Clergy who attended the obsequies of the good priest. At the close of the year of the celebration of the 50th Diocesan Anniversary His Lordship cordially invites his clergy and their respective flocks to unite with him in returning thanks to Almighty God for the abundant graces and blessings bestowed, in the interval, on all the children of the diocese, bishops, priests and people. For this pious purpose the Bishop directs that after the Parochial or Community Mass, on Sunday, the 30th inst. (the last Sunday of the present year), a solemn Te Deum or Hymn of Thanksgiving be sung or recited in all the churches and chapels of the diocese. His Lordship desires also to take this occasion to tender his most sincere and heartfelt thanks to all his devoted priests and people who have so generously co-operated in performing the several good works prescribed for the current year, and especially for their generosity in contributing to the Jubilee Offering in aid of St. Ann's. A copy of the pamphlet containing a full account of the memorable diocesan festivities will be soon forwarded to each parish for preservation in the parochial archives, serving as a souvenir of the happy celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the diocese. The Bishop directs that this Circular, and the accompanying list of the names of the priests and parishes contributing to the Jubilee Offering, shall be read at the principal Mass in all the churches of the diocese on the first Sunday after its reception. I am directed to add that His Lordship is most thankful for all the prayers offered for his recovery, and that from his heart he wishes all the children of the diocese an abundant share of the joys, graces and blessings of a most happy Christmas. By order of the Bishop, A. J. SAVAGE, P.T., Secretary.

JUBILEE OFFERING IN AID OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

Table listing names and amounts for the Jubilee offering in aid of St. Ann's Church. Includes entries for Rev. J. M. Mahoney (Cath'l.), Rev. J. H. Coty (St. Pat's), Jesuit Fathers (Guelph), Very Rev. Fr. Conolly, Resurrectionist Fathers, Rev. Fr. Kloepper, Berlin, Resurrectionist Fathers, Waterloo, Resurrectionist Fathers, Rev. Fr. Spetz, Resurrectionist Fathers, Rev. Fr. Agatha, Resurrectionist Fathers, Rev. Fr. Wechter, Hamburg, Rev. Father Brady, St. Lawrence's Church, Rev. Father Doherty (Arthur), Ven. Archdeacon Lausie, Cayuga, Rev. Father Forster, New Germany, Rev. Father Gehl, Formosa, Rev. Father Halm, St. Clements, Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest, Basilian Fathers, Owen Sound, Rev. Fr. Collins, Rev. Fr. Murphy, Dundalk, Rev. Fr. Kehoe, Kenilworth, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Heenan, V.G., Dundas, Rev. Father Owens, Aytoun, Rev. Father Crinno, Paris, Rev. Fr. Kelly, Walkerton, Rev. Fr. Lehmann, Midway, Rev. Father Wey, Carluke, Rev. Fr. Cleary, Caledonia, Rev. Dr. Walter, Markdale, Rev. Fr. Holden, St. Joseph's, Rev. Fr. Wadel, Rev. Fr. Brok, Mann, Macton, Rev. Fr. Zetter, Chestport, Rev. Father Montag, Curate, New Germany, Rev. Fr. Craven, Gait, Rev. Fr. Wey, Amerton, Rev. J. Corcoran, Teeswater, Rev. J. Englert, Dunnville, Rev. P. Lennon, St. Basil's, Brantford, Rev. J. Cummings, St. Mary's, Brantford, Rev. J. Freeny, Acton, Rev. W. Gehl, Preston, Rev. P. Cosgrove, Elora, Mr. J. Kelliher, Elora, Rev. E. O'Reilly, Oakville, Rev. E. Doyle, Freeton, Rev. F. Haydon, Drayton, Rev. J. Crofton, Hespeler, Cathedral Curates.

CATHOLIC COLONIES

They Were in America Before the Jamestown Settlement and Before the Puritans Landed at Cape Cod. (Written for the Catholic Register by John Hurley, Litchfield, Conn.) It is well to remind Catholics that there were numerous Catholic colonies in America before the Jamestown settlement in Virginia and before the Puritans landed at Cape Cod. Many of the school histories are written by persons unfriendly to our religion and who would even deny to Columbus the honor of discovering America, when they teach the children that he only discovered an island. They cluster all their history about Captain John Smith or about the Puritans, which of course is a falsification of history by omission. The following are a few of the general historical facts that I want to lay before your readers in proof of my assertion: 1. The festival of Egressio was instituted by the Church in Ireland and must have been sanctioned by the Pope to commemorate the setting sail to and discovery of America by St. Brendan. 2. St. Aengus Cele De in his book of the Litanies, says: "Sexaginta qui comitate sunt Sanctum Brendannu exquirenda terra promissionis invocato in auxilium meum." (I invoke unto my aid the sixty who accompanied St. Brendan in his quest of the land of promise.) 3. Several contemporary saints make allusions to St. Brendan's voyage of discovery as follows: "Life of St. Menna," chapter 25; "Life of St. Ita," chapter 31; "Life of St. Flannan," chapter 5; and later writers, such as Winken de Worde, Capgrave, John of Tynmouth, Bishop Voraginius, Otway, Justin Winsor, and many others. 4. The Norsemen, in their Landnamabok, give very positive proof of the Irish colony which extended from New England to Florida and west to the Ohio river, and was variously called Miklain Eri or Ireland at Mikila (great Ireland), Albania, Hy-Brassil, Hutttramannaland, or Whitmansland. North of this was Vinland, Markland, Scaelaing and Greenland. 5. Ari Marson (Irish) was driven on the coast of Ireland at Miklan, by a tempest, A.D., 893. Bjorn, son of Astrand, landed there; also Guideaf, whose crew were taken prisoners by people who spoke the Irish (Gaelic) language. 6. Thlotilda, wife of Lief Ericson, built the first Catholic church in Greenland, A.D., 1002. Bishop Eric was the first bishop. He was consecrated A.D. 1120, and reached his diocese A.D. 1121. Its capital was Ericshof. It became a bishopric A.D. 1220. Bishop Andreas was the seventeenth and last bishop of Greenland. He perished with his people at the time of the Scaelaing massacre A.D. 1409, or 83 years before the landing of Columbus. Some of those bishops also preached in the other colonies to the south. At that time there were 196 townships under cultivation in Greenland. 7. Paulo Tosconelli, who drew the chart that Columbus used in his voyage, plainly laid down "St. Brendan's Land," for St. Brendan's voyages were known and written about in every language in Europe. St. Brendan before his voyage was for years seeking information of former voyagers, and when he discovered land in the southern part of the States he found that the people there spoke Irish, so that they must have been in America 1,000 years before Columbus. 8. Many words in the Indian and Gaelic languages are the same, particularly the Shawnee and other southern tribes. Many of the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch settlers who could speak Gaelic claimed that they could understand some of their language. The tribes who then occupied the Eastern States, were called Toltecs, probably from the Gaelic words Tuathalacs, "plebeian tribes." It is very probable that those people were driven south and west to Mexico and a part of them down through Florida by the North American Indians, which agrees with their own history.

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A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND. Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission. But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. "ARTHUR, "Bishop of Northampton." Address— FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgements a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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JOTTINGS

In a recent address on Australian conditions Cardinal Moran asserted that New South Wales is almost the only part of the whole civilized world where charitable institutions receive no aid from the government.

Mr. M. J. O'Connor, barrister, formerly of Kingston, is one of the Ottawa men who have struck it rich in the Cobalt. Kingston people hope it will at least reach the \$50,000 mark.—Kingston Freeman.

Rev. Father Kehoe, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, recently transferred to Gananoque, was waited upon by his parishioners before leaving and presented with a purse of \$600.

One-fifth of the bishops in the Church now belong to religious orders, that of St. Francis heading the list with thirty-seven. The society of Foreign Missions comes next with thirty-five. The total number of bishops is about 1,500.

The Rev. Father Keeley, son of Mr. Jas. Keeley of Raitton, will be ordained to the priesthood in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Gauthier during Christmas week, and will afterwards be attached to the Cathedral.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was entertained at a banquet by his colleagues of the Irish Party of the House of Commons, on Nov. 15, in recognition of the triumphant success of his visit to America on behalf of the Party.

A meeting was held at Columbus, Ohio, last week, to complete the organization of the "Bishop's Council of Laymen." The society will consist of two delegates from each diocese, who will co-operate with the bishop in his efforts to advance the affairs of the diocese.

Hereafter the history of Ireland will be taught in the parochial schools of Sioux City, Ia. Seventy-five copies of the text book on the subject have been paid for by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Ladies' Auxiliary of that city, and donated to the pupils free of cost.

The funeral of Mr. Ed. T. Connolly, well known in Montreal and one of Perth's most esteemed Catholics, was one of the largest ever seen in Perth. The firemen and C.M.B.A. walked in a body. Messages of condolence were received from the Archbishop of Kingston and friends from many quarters.

The Catholics of Yorkshire, England, made an overwhelming demonstration against the anti-Christian Birrell Educational Bill last week. Twenty railroad trains were found necessary to bring the outpouring of ardent demonstrators to the city of Leeds. Nearly 40,000 paraded before the meeting.

A note in the Osservatore Romano chronicles the organization at Rome, Italy, at the suggestion of the Holy Father, of a Priests' Eucharistic League, which will endeavor to spread the practice among the faithful of daily communion, last year recommended by Pius X.

Particulars of the will of the late Mrs. Lewis-Hill, widow of Sam Lewis, the famous Hebrew money-lender, of London, have now been published. Amongst the bequests for charitable purposes are £10,000 to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to found an "Ada Lewis" Winter Distress Fund for Dublin, and £5,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, London.

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BANK of MONTREAL

Proceedings of the Eighty-ninth Annual Meeting of Shareholders

VERY SATISFACTORY REPORT

President Reviews General Trade of Country, Which Shows Advance Over Last Year

THE GENERAL STATEMENT

The General Statement on 31st October, 1906, is as follows:

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$ 14,400,000.00
Rest	\$11,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	159,831.84
	\$11,159,831.84
Unclaimed Dividends	2,228.01
Quarterly Dividends, payable 1st December, 1906	360,000.00
	\$ 11,522,059.85
	\$ 25,922,059.85
ASSETS.	
Gold and Silver coin current	\$ 6,232,607.19
Government demand notes	5,374,510.25
Deposit with Dominion Government required by act of Parliament for security for general bank note circulation	520,000.00
Due by agencies of this bank and other banks of Great Britain	\$ 5,597,767.93
Due by agencies of this bank and other banks in foreign countries	3,027,768.24
Call and short loans in Great Britain and United States.....	29,784,212.00
	38,409,778.17
Dominion and Provincial Government securities	1,346,087.68
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and stocks	8,999,865.20
Notes and cheques of other banks	4,418,994.19
	\$ 65,301,824.98
Bank Premises at Montreal and Branches	600,000.00
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada and elsewhere (rebate interest reserved) and other assets	\$101,814,453.38
Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise.....	183,955.04
Overdue debts not specially secured (loss provided for)	100,921.72
	102,099,330.14
	\$168,001,173.12
Bank of Montreal, Montreal, 31st October, 1906.	E. S. CLOUSTON, General Manager.

To One Afflicted

(From the French.)
If happiness of heart and mind grow less with every day;
If all thy life more bitter is with every hour to thee;
If memory fill thy heart with dread of days still yet to be,
So thou dost wish that, ere they come, thou wilt have passed away;
If even thou art sure—as in thy childhood's days—that thou
Hast nothing done these pains of heart to merit from above,
Blame not, oh Christian soul, thy God who in his infinite love
Has thought thee fit to wear the crown He placed on Jesus' brow.

Our nature frail most often knows not what for us is best;
Thus earthly, with human judgment, wish kindly joys for thee,
But God, who knows thy soul's true depths, has found it meet to be
A martyr's soul! Live on, thy sufferings here will gain eternal rest,
How strange is life! We're born, we live, we die,
And scarce a thought have given to those to whom,
Perchance, we've brought unhappiness of heart;
Whose minds are greatly troubled and whose poor
And misery-woven hearts had brighter been,
Had not we been led across their way!
Where breathes the man who to himself can say,
When death—kind, cruel death—to him is come,
"I happy am, that I no heart have pained,
No maiden pure for me has longed in vain!"
Who knows what latent force within him lies
To stir the very soul of those he meets?
Who knows the heart whose love to him is gone,
If he love not the one who bears that love?
Oh! Let us, then, be kind to all we know,
Respect and cherish those whom we call friends;
Act gently with them, and withhold the word
Which to their hearts a cruel pain would bring.
If they us loved. Perhaps they do—who knows?

SISTERS OF LORETTO, Stratford.

JOHN JOSEPH McKEOUGH.

There died at Rock Springs, Wyoming, on Oct. 16, 1906, John Joseph McKeough, eldest son of Mrs. McKeough of Stratford, Ont., and formerly a well known and respected resident of St. Mary's, Ont.
Deceased came to his death by heart failure after a two weeks' illness. He was a good practical Catholic and was much beloved and respected among his fellow workers.
Besides his mother, he leaves to mourn his loss two brothers, Mr. Soph. McKeough of Chicago and Mr. Chris. McKeough of Stratford, and two sisters, Mother M. Angela of London, and Miss Katherine of Stratford.

Requiem High Mass was sung at the Church of Immaculate Conception, Stratford, and the remains then taken to St. Mary's for interment.
Deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family in this their time of affliction. Requiescat in pace.

The giving of gifts that are essentially Catholic is becoming more and more the custom amongst Catholic people, therefore, the Register begs to state to its readers that a magnificent stock of all classes of Devotional articles, such as Rosaries, in gold and silver, or precious stones (which are contained in satin lined boxes at a very low figure) as well as Prayer Books, and Sacred Pictures, Statues, and Statuettes, in endless varieties, can now be had in Toronto. A visit to the show rooms of W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto, will easily prove a very profitable one. Open evenings during December.

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Boston Philanthropist Honored by Pius X.

(Union and Times.)
With high honors conferred on her by Pope Pius X., Miss Eleanor M. Colleton, a Boston young woman, returned recently from a trip abroad. Miss Colleton's work among the Italian colony of Boston is what excited His Holiness' interest. Her chief effort has been to provide some occupation for the people among whom she works during the idle winter months, and to this end she has established libraries in the North End, her efforts in this line so pleased the Pope that he bestowed upon her two of his pictures, personally inscribed, and three medals of honor, one of gold, one of silver and one of bronze.
Miss Colleton has been working for years unostentatiously in the crowded Italian district of Boston. She has been in Italy since June 30th, making a comparative study of living in that country and this. She is highly proficient in the Italian language and is secretary of the St. Raphael Society. She had a most enjoyable audience with the Pope, who was highly interested in her account of her work among his people in Boston.

The Place to do Christmas Shopping

The place to do Christmas shopping is at the store of the J. F. Brown Co., Ltd. Here everything necessary or desirable for the furnishing of mansion or cottage is to be found. The courtesy of the staff makes shopping pleasant. All purchasers should send their way direct to Toronto's great furnishing store.

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Chatham, Ont.

TOLD BY THE CLOCK

(By Jerome Hart.)

Gentle reader, I am an old clock, and I have a story to tell, as old people sometimes have a way of doing. Unfortunately, I am not one of those great, tall grandfather effects that have stood in the corner for ages. Would that I were! I have been singularly observing in my life. What tales of the gallant, knee-buckle knights of old, and the shrinking, picturesque maids of the misty past might I not tell you, if I were a more ancient timepiece!

As it is, however, I have seen and observed, and I have a tale to tell you. Then, too, I am old enough! I am twice as high as I am broad and I have rounded peaks upon my head, like the spires of an old church. You see my architecture belongs to quite a past day in clocks. There is a crack across the lower part of my face, where a few trees of grotesque and hideous green hue stand out in stiff adornment, and I have stood upon this mantle above the fireplace niche on to thirty years, now—ever since her grandfather bought me from a peddler and set me here.

The fireplace is boarded up now, for the house is heated by a furnace. You see, when she grew up, they fixed up the old house in modern style. But they never touched me. I am an heirloom, a curio, and they are proud of me. I have been standing here all this time, ticking away the years. The dining room, my home, is small and cozy. All day the table is set with dainty taste; at night, they clear away the dishes, and a low lamp with a broad puffy shade is set upon it, in the middle of a bright sitting room. And it was here that he and she used to sit together and read and study through the long winter evenings while she was young. I know more about it than anybody else. That is why I am going to tell you her story.

Who is she? Well! Well! Is it possible that the whole world does not know her? Why, she is the little girl who grew up in the house and who laughed and sang and romped all the live-long day. She made everybody happy. She was a plump little thing with bright brown eyes and dark curls that were always tumbling into her face. I used to think that she was the sweetest, happiest, sunniest girl in the world, and I guess she was. She had no mother or older sister to talk to and advise her. Her young father came to the old house only once or twice a year. So, the little girl was pretty much alone with the old folks. When she began to grow headstrong and disobeyed them, they, the old grandfather and the grandmother and the prim maiden aunt, sighed about it in my hearing, and said that things might have been different if she had some one to whom she might have told her little love affairs. I am afraid she had been blossoming into womanhood.

He was small, too, not quite as tall as she, and his face was fair and girlish. His eyes were dreamy and his hands thin and delicate. I used to wonder how she could love so effeminate a man. But she did love him. She would listen every night for his step on the porch and then, when the old bell tinkled through the house her cheeks would burn and her eyes would shine with pleasure.

The prudent aunt and the dotting old grandparents did not like him and it showed in their frigid greetings. And do you know why they did not like him? Ah! it's such an old story, and yet, each time it is almost new. She was a Roman Catholic and she was a staunchest up-bringing and she was a Protestant of Puritan type. Of course, if they loved each other they would marry and how often, say you, is the mixed marriage a nappy one? The old folks were greatly troubled, for the happiness of their little one lay close to their hearts.

That they did not like the boy grieved the girl very much. It showed in her face while the old people were near, but when they were gone she would ripple out into laughter and he would kiss her tenderly on either rosy cheek. Then she blushed a deeper red and hid her pretty face in her hands. I used to chuckle behind my cracked face. What fond, foolish things young lovers be!

Then she would get out her books and they would pore over them together. He thought he was helping her, but bless you, he was not! And when they read together I am sure that neither knew what the story was about.

Sometimes they played cards, and the maiden aunt and the stern, kindly old man took a hand. That was not pleasant, for not one of them forgot that the boy was unwelcome to her guardians. More often they went away, and I could hear their gay young voices singing in the big old parlor. Then, too, they often danced and made candy in the great kitchen. How happy they were! It made me wish that I had not been born a chematic old clock.

Of course, they talked to the girl, and she told the boy, through tears, what they had to say. She could never marry a Protestant. She was a Roman Catholic and those were never happy marriages. She was very young and so was he. Let them wait a while before deciding. She was to tell him that he must not come to see her for a year, and she must not see him nor hear from him in all that time. It might be hard, but the old folks were sure it was for the best.

The boy put his arms about her and comforted her, with heated words. They should not be separated! It was cruel and they had no right to do it! He was a man and he could keep her and they would be married at once. "Not see each other again? Nonsense! They would see each other every day!" Strangely enough, the boy had no compromise to offer on the question of religion. He was a Puritan of the Puritans. "They have no right to object to my religion," he said. "They are bigoted and superstitious!"

"But, Donald," said the girl, "you could change. It's such a beautiful religion and I'm sure you would love it!"

The boy laughed at her. "Come with me, and you will not be bothered with religion! What does it amount to? I could never be bother-

ed with your mumbled prayers and your candle-lights!"

I think that staggered the girl. She would not go with him, but she promised that she would meet him every evening. She was very young and she loved him dearly. I think she did not realize what her disobedience might lead her to.

Those were troublous times after that night. The little girl did not laugh and sing about the house as she had been wont to do and her eyes were fever bright. In the evening, she did not often sit in the dining-room with the old folks. Instead, she would plead a headache and go upstairs to bed. Only I knew that it was not really to bed she had gone. Only I knew that she went away that she might creep out and see the boy. Poor little girl! After all, she was a lonely, heartsick child.

The old folks shook their heads in sorrow and worried much about her. Once, the old grandfather patted her curly head and said: "Brave little girl! It's all for the best. You may see him soon again, for the year is almost up, and then, who knows? He may fervently wish to embrace our faith that he may win this little woman! It's the only way!" He pinched her ear. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, little girl," he said, and chuckled.

And then, she burst into tears and ran weeping from the room. They thought it was nerves, and who but I knew that she wept because she had deceived them all, and had only that hour come from the boy's loving arms? For he was loving!

Put not even I knew that the die was well-nigh cast, and that the little girl had given the boy her word to flee with him in another day and that, too, to give up the faith of her fathers and to enter the church of his Puritan ancestors. She was only a very young girl and she had learned to love the boy quite madly.

I do not know how they found it out. They did not talk it over in my hearing. But the maiden aunt discovered the little girl's absence before she had well got away. The old man rushed after them. It was winter and he did not stop for his great-coat. They say he rode his old horse without saddling her, and he caught them at the minister's door. They had not had time to be married.

It was the only time I ever saw the old man in a temper. The maiden aunt and the hired man had followed him with a horse and buggy and his great-coat and he came back with them and the little girl. They said that he would not let her go from him long enough to put on his coat. He strode into the house with her still in his arms, and she was sobbing like a frightened child. He raved and stormed as though he were mad, and the grandmother and the maiden aunt put the girl into bed, just as they had done many a time, in her childhood, when she had wet her feet or fallen in the snow. And all the time they wept, and the old man, downstairs, raved in his anger. The little girl cried herself to sleep, as a child will.

She did not disobey them again. In the dining room I heard the old man tell the boy that he would shoot him on sight if he ever again came to the old house. And for many and many a day the boy did not come.

The little girl became a woman in a brief space of time. She became, not the merry woman I had always expected to see, but a quiet-voiced woman who smiled but with a world of sadness in the smile. And she was very kind and gentle to everybody. Do you know how I found out that much of her time was spent in prayer? Every time my hoarse old bell beat out the hour, she looked to heaven and her lips moved. And you must know that I struck each quarter hour and that, strangely enough, she spent most of her time in the dining-room. Perhaps she was training herself to forgetfulness; or did she linger there for memory's sake? You can tell so little about a woman!

And then, the other man came. How well I remember! He was tall and erect and stalwart, and his was a clear, strong eye. The grandfather met him with ill-concealed joy when he came each night. I knew that they all approved of him and why. I did not blame them. I knew by his mouth that he was worth a hundred such as the boy; and then, too, he belonged to the Faith.

I watched the girl receive him. She did it quietly, sweetly, as she did everything now, and she never would speak about him when he was gone. He gave her his ring in the dining room one night. I saw it all. He looked so brave and handsome as he sat at the table beside her and held her hand in both his own. I knew why her lips were so white and why her cheeks burned dull red, but I blamed her, too. Could she not see how fine a fellow loved her?

It was a beautiful ring he had given her. She uttered a little low gasping cry and held it up to the light. It gleamed with a thousand sparkles. The spinster aunt and the grandparents came in, and how they laughed and talked! Their delight was genuine. The girl held her hands so tightly. I wonder no one noted it. I knew the new ring was cutting into the flesh.

When he had gone, she stole back into the dining room. Only I was there. I could hear all the family upstairs, and everything, save the dim lamp above the scarlet throw, was fixed for the night.

The girl stood beside the lamp, under my very shelf. She held up her new ring and stared at it with dry eyes. Then she loosened the neck of her gown and drew forth a ribbon that was tied about her throat. On

it was a tiny gold ring, guileless of sparkle. She pressed it to her lips again and again, and the tears came. Ah, me, the dear little fool kept the boy's betrothal ring about her neck! Could she not see how unworthy he had been?

After that the house was very busy, for they were making her wedding clothes. Everybody petted and humored her and the man was the happiest man in the world. The girl flitted like a bird, hither and thither, and she was merrier than I had seen her since the old days. They were all sure that she was happy.

It was a wild night, raining and blowing outside, and she sat alone in the dining room. The man had just gone and the family was asleep. She had her sewing on the table, and she sat down to take a few extra stitches.

The boy came and put his fair face against the wet window pane. She looked up and saw him staring there. I thought she would scream, but she did not. She got up, quietly, and let him in through the long window.

His face was haggard and white and his hair-rain-wet lay dark against his blue-veined forehead. Neither said much, for the old man had promised to shoot the boy on sight.

He could scarcely speak, this lover-hurt lad. His white lips framed whispered hot words of censure and his tears flowed, weak man that he was.

She was the brave one. She talked in whispers to him, as I had never thought the lass could talk, and she smoothed his damp hair with her trembling fingers. Too well I knew what the other worthy one would have given for that little caress from her! She even tried to smile, poor heart-sick girl-woman!

He asked her to flee with him, but she shook her head sadly. He sneered and wished her much joy with "the parrot dog whom she would wed!" He cursed her and called her false and threw her from him against the wall. Then he rushed out into the night.

She did not fall. She stood panting against the wall, her wild eyes in the darkness into which the boy had gone.

I saw it all! Only I knew all about it. In a few minutes she straightened up and took her engagement ring from her finger. Very deliberately, she hurled it into a far corner of the room. Then she went out into the stormy night.

I know why she did not follow the boy. God and faintness overcame her a few feet beyond the window and they found her next morning, lying white and still in the soaked grass beneath the trees.

She was terribly ill after that. They thought she would die. The man came into the dining room that second day, and searched about. He found the ring in the corner, where she had cast it. I wished that I might talk to him, but I knew from his white face that he understood a great deal.

Her convalescent days were spent in the sunny window of the dining-room. The man seldom came to the house and he never saw her, but his flowers were always fresh upon the table. Beautiful flowers they were and they spoke his heart to her.

He came in one day when she was getting well, quite well. There was a little red in her thin cheek and she had been playing with the canary bird. Since her illness, she had grown rather like the little girl she had once been. She was like a child and she had many merry moments, as a child will.

He said very little to her at first, but she rattled on in a childish way that was, in her, altogether new to him. Then he came to the point of his visit.

They had put on her engagement ring during her illness and it shone brilliantly. Sometimes it turned half way round on her thin finger. He told her that he understood, and she need not wear the ring if she was unhappy. He said it so quietly, his eyes on the floor, that I wondered if she guessed how heavy his heart was.

And she laughed, a merry tinkling laugh, such as I had not heard since she and the boy romped together. I did not know what to make of it, and the man lifted his hurt eyes with a start. Her face dimpled with laughter.

"Listen," she said, after a moment, "I want to tell you a story. Once a silly girl loved a silly boy. She had no one young to love and she was cruelly lonely. The boy told her that the religion in which she had been raised, the dear simple faith that she loved, was a bundle of superstition and ignorance, and that she was too lovely to join in its incantations. She did not believe him, but she was very lonely, and she wished to be with the boy. So she promised to give up her God and go with him, and she tried to do it, but her guardian angel protected her until she was caught and brought back. I know that you have heard the story. I wonder if you know, too, that the girl thought she did not love Prince Charming when he came, and I wonder if you know, too, that she followed the boy out into the storm to go with him—to hell, if need be, and that only a God-sent swoon prevented her overtaking him!" She paused for breath and the man half turned from her. I knew he could not speak.

"After this, the girl was very ill," she went on, in a moment. "You know that, but you do not know what happened to her while you all thought that she slept. Let me tell you. One night, a tall shining Man came and stood beside her bed. In His hands there were bleeding, ragged wounds, and blood flowed from His side. He asked the girl to go with him and she went. They went a long way, to a strange city. There was much excitement. He led her to a vast arena, the spectators' seats of which were choked with a howling festive multitude. In the dust of the arena hundreds of men, women and children were dying. They were led out, sewed in animal skins and smeared with blood. Then, huge, hungry wild beasts were set upon them and they were devoured. They died with their hands clasped, raised to heaven, and the littlest and weakest of them called the name of Jesus. Around the edge of the arena, men hung, nailed to crosses, and every now and then one lifted his dying head and called in tones of love to Jesus. It was night, and between the crosses, al-

ternating with them, were biers raised to the heavens, and, tied to the stakes upon them, men armed with tar. Regularly, the soldiers were about, lighting fresh piles; and as the flames leaped up each human body, the burning victim cried and sang the name of Jesus."

Again the girl paused, and I had never seen her so beautiful as she was that moment. She smiled brightly at the man's straining eyes.

"I knew much in a moment," she said. "There were all Christians, and they had died for the faith of our fathers. I had read it all many a time. And what was I that had dared listen to any criticism of the precepts of that religion that drew willing martyrs in Saint Peter's own day? How long after all this wonderful thing had Puritans been born to protest against the True? I saw the shining Man beside me and noted again his wounds. I bent my ear again to the cries of love that rose with the dying groans of God's chosen people, and I knew that I had been permitted to see a glorious sight. I closed my eyes upon the horror, and thus floated back gain to my bed. And then, the shining Man faded away. But he left a true Catholic upon a bed of pain. You understand? If you do not wish me to wear your ring, I will give it to you with a smile. If—if you love me and wish—"

For answer the man snatched both her hands and laid his hot face against them. The girl laughed, that rich, rippling laugh I had once known so well. She bent her curly head above the man's and lightly touched his hair. Then she blushed and jumped away and would have run from him, but he was too quick for her. He snatched her in his arms, as she had never tempted him to do, and they both laughed and cried together, like children who had long lost one another.

She has many a finer clock than I in her own house now. She is the happiest, sunniest woman I have ever seen, and the truest Christian. When she comes fluttering into this dining room, all loveliness and smiles, she laughs up at my cracked face and cries: "Oh, grandpa, what awful time this old clock keeps!"

Ha! ha! If she only knew what I know, I know! If she could only guess that I have told you her story! —Donohoe's Magazine.

Priests at the Wreck

On Sunday night, November 11, says a correspondent of the "Catholic Columbian," two sections of an emigrant train on the Baltimore and Ohio road were rushing westward through Northern Indiana bearing 167 passengers. The night was dark, and a terrible snowstorm was raging. In the coaches were emigrants from the far-off banks of the Rhine and from the mountains of Bohemia and a large number of Lithuanians and refugees from Russia, all seeking homes in the land of the free. Their destination was Chicago, and they were buoyed up with hope and looking forward to Christmas, when they would be settled in their new homes.

The train was divided at Garrett, Ind., and 167 men, women and children were known to be in the second section. Both sections were to run as one train, and were given the right of way to Chicago. Little did the passengers in the second section dream of the fate in store for them sixty miles westward, at the little station of Woodville, in Porter County, Indiana. About two miles west of Woodville a heavy freight, east-bound, was side-tracked to clear the way. The first division rushed past. The conductor of the freight saw no danger signals to indicate that another section was following, and immediately pulled out on the main track and proceeded on his way eastward. At Woodville, two miles east, on a high embankment, where the road curves south, the second section came on, unconscious of danger, at fifty miles an hour. There was a crash as the trains came together, and the engine of the freight plowed its way through the passenger coaches, setting them on fire. Then ensued a terrible scene.

It was 4:30 in the morning, and murky dark; the storm still raged, and the snow fell in blinding sheets. At Chesterton, two miles north, lives Father Herman Jeraschek, at whose church the Forty Hours' devotion was in progress, and he was being assisted by a number of priests, among whom was Father John Berg, of Whiting, Ind. The first glare of the holocaust lighted up the spires of Chesterton Church and fell upon the windows of the rectory. Father Jeraschek awoke, and, seeing the light, thought it came from the farm-house of one of his parishioners who lives near the scene of the accident. He rushed to the telephone, and was informed of the terrible wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio and that the cars were burning and human beings perishing. His duty was there. He called Father Berg, ordered his horse, secured the Holy Eucharist, sprang into his buggy, lashed his horse into

a mad gallop and rushed through the blinding storm to the scene of the wreck, arriving there twenty-five minutes after the crash.

When the two priests arrived the air was filled with the screams and groans of the wounded and dying, and the murky sky was lighted up by the glare of the burning cars. The four emigrant coaches were a mass of tangled wreckage, from which human beings were being taken; but the fire was gaining upon the heroic crew that were working with axe and lever to liberate the imprisoned passengers.

Father Jeraschek is an accomplished linguist. He called out in a clear, loud tone in the German language that he was a Catholic priest, and was immediately answered by a young girl who was pinned down by a beam which crushed and broke her lower limbs. The fire was creeping up to her. She reached into the bosom of her gown, displayed a medal of the Blessed Virgin and said: "I am a Catholic." Father Jeraschek was immediately at her side and administered the rites to the dying. He called out again in Polish that he was a Catholic priest, and was answered by a poor fellow who drew from his bosom a scapular. He left him in charge of Father Berg and rushed on, announcing in Lithuanian and in Polish who and what he was, and was answered by scores of suffering men and women, who handed out their prayer-books and rosaries. He was instantly among them, giving absolution and the last rites of the Church.

The fire gained on the crew and the heroic farmers, who rushed to the scene from the neighboring farm-houses and did everything that could be done to aid the emigrants, and one hundred were saved. As the fire crept onward those upon the scene knew that the remaining sixty-seven men, women and children were doomed. Father Jeraschek's hands were blistered and he was drenched to the skin, and as the fire reached the last car his tall form stood out against the inky sky as with impassive face and eyes turned to heaven he raised his hands and gave conditional absolution to the dying. Death had silenced the imprisoned passengers, and no sound came from the cars but the roar of the flames. The injured, the wounded and the dying lay around in heaps. It was still dark and raining but through the darkness of the night Father Jeraschek and his assistant, Father Berg, labored among the wounded and the dying until the gloom lifted and the gray dawn settled slowly upon the dreadful scene; they had done all that man and priest could do.

Father Jeraschek is a native of Germany, and little thought the poor emigrants from the Rhine and the far-off countries of Europe that in their dying hour and dire distress God would send a priest to their religion and of their race to minister to them in this lonely and desolate outpost of a strange land. What must have been their thoughts when they heard the dear language of their fatherland and the comforting voice of the Church? A spectator who witnessed the terrible scene informed the writer that when the priest called out in German and made known who he was, the answer was a great cry of joy, and the composure, fortitude and patience of the victims was wonderful, causing an onlooker to say, "My God! What faith is theirs! It is supernatural."

May God give them rest. And may He eternally reward His two worthy ministers who showed themselves so filled with the charity and zeal of their holy office.

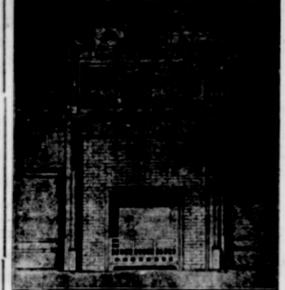
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Free Libraries

Free libraries, in the eyes of Cardinal Logue, are, to put it mildly, not altogether without pernicious effect. In a recent letter on the subject he says:

"I have always regarded them (free libraries), either in town or country, as a very great danger if not kept under the strictest supervision. Everyone who keeps his eyes open must see that at the present day the press is sending forth masses of anti-Christian and immoral literature, or, at best, literature of a doubtful morality. If these productions are allowed to get into free libraries, and fall into the hands of ignorant or half-educated people, we shall soon have the conditions as to faith and morality which now exist in France, or perhaps nearer home. Speaking generally, I think the utility of these free libraries is very questionable. No doubt, in cities and large towns, where there are many who wish to continue and complete their education, a library containing books of reference on technical, philosophic and scientific subjects would be a most useful institution; but from all the inquiries I have been able to make, I find that those who use the libraries for this most useful purpose are rare exceptions. The great run is on works of fiction, which are neither educating nor improving, if not positively injurious and corrupting, as most of them are. As to free libraries in country places, I think they will serve no good purpose. There are so very few who would use them for any purpose of any practical value, and so many who would glut themselves with the worthless stuff which is to be found in modern works of fiction."

THE BOY FROM CAPE TOWN. He came from Cape Town, Did little Joe Brown; And what do you think he asserted? That last New Year's Day He harvested hay! Was ever a boy so perverted? I thought I should die When of snow in July He talked just as if it were true! Do folks in Cape Town Have heads upside down? I can't understand it. Can you? —St. Nicholas.



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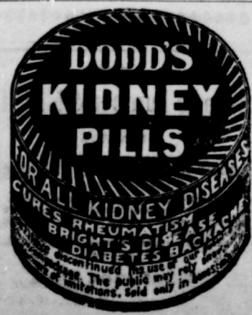
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The annual meeting of the Trustees of the Catholic University of America took place on November 20, in Washington, D.C. The board is composed of Cardinal Gibbons, president; Archbishops Williams, of Boston, vice-president; Ryan, of Philadelphia; Ireland, of St. Paul; Riordan, of San Francisco; Keane, of Dubuque; Farley, of New York; Messner, of Milwaukee; Glennon, of St. Louis; Quigley, of Chicago; Bishops Spalding, of Peoria; Maes, of Covington, secretary; Foley, of Detroit; Hortsmann, of Cleveland; Harkins, of Providence; Monsignor Dennis Joseph O'Connell, rector; Michael Jenkins, Baltimore; treasurer; Michael Cudahy, Chicago; Charles Joseph Bonaparte, Baltimore. With this board of trustees are associated ex-officio all the Archbishops of the United States, as an advisory board.

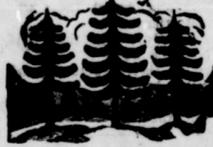
Many of the most distinguished Catholic prelates of the United States were present at the dedicating ceremonies of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, at Richmond, Va., the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan. It is one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the United States and a monument of the Church in the South. Cardinal Gibbons, Apostolic Delegate Falconio and many Archbishops and Bishops from all parts of the United States were conspicuous figures in the services.

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The Offerings of the Poor
(From a sermon by Rev. S. M. Lyons.)

God judges a gift, first, by the motive that prompts the giver, and rewards him accordingly. If a man gives a thousand dollars, nominally to the Church or to the destitute, but really to secure the praise of the world, he receives the reward he sought, but he cannot expect a supernatural reward from God, who renders to every one according to his works. God measures the motive, the sacrifice and the intention, and He cannot be deceived.

God judges, secondly, by the sacrifice the giver makes. The real measure of love is the sacrifice the person is willing to make. The man who will make the greatest sacrifice has the greatest love.

It is the constant encouragement of the poor to know that they serve a just Rewarder who measures their offerings according to their sacrifices and intentions. He cannot be deceived by outward appearances, as the world is often deceived. He looks away from vain show and worldly pomp, and looks into the soul and judges the motives and the sacrifices. He sees the pure, honest, sincere soul through the poor widow's garments, and costly dress cannot hide pride and vanity in the homes of the wealthy from His all-seeing eye. Hence the poor widow's mites were rewarded by Him with a greater reward than the large sums given by all the rich. Reflect on this, you sons and daughters of honest labor, you who earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, you who are specially dear to our Lord.

How consoling to the poor are those great truths taught by our Lord. We know that He sees our offerings, and observes the sacrifices we make and the motives that prompt us. We know that His judgments, unlike those of the world, are just. The world lauds the rich when they give of their abundance, but ignores the offerings made by the poor from their limited resources. The poor know that even though the world sees when they give cheerfully, according to their means, and with a pure intention to His Church and His destitute people. Yes, our Lord to-day even as nineteen hundred years ago, sees and notes those self-sacrificing, noble souls who like the widow of the Gospel, give of their heart.

He observes their sacrifices, self-denials and economy that they may be able to give for the support of His Church, His destitute and His orphans. How good it is to know that with God no unworthiness is ever rewarded and no worthiness unrewarded; that with Him there is a final grand readjustment of things, and the world's great wrongs are all set right! If we are poor and the world thrusts us rudely aside, it is our consolation to know that God has care of us.

The poor working men and women, who live economically, keep God's commandments and deny themselves certain things in order that they can pay their lawful debts, contribute to the Church and assist the needy, possess the respect of all right-thinking people. These faithful and generous-hearted sons and daughters of honest labor are the pride and the glory of God's Church in our country to-day. They are the encouragement, the support, the inspiration and the joy of their pastors and an example of righteousness to their neighbors. By their honest, upright lives they help to remove the wall of prejudice that stands between the Church and the well-meaning non-Catholics. In all seasons, in all kinds of weather, they attend Mass and approach the sacraments. Appeals for the Church, for the orphans, for the destitute, are met with generosity and with a cheerful heart. Their countless self-denials, daily sacrifices, honest labors, constant and sincere love for the Church are observed and noted by the Divine Occupant of the tabernacle, and will be amply rewarded.

St. Paul in the Editorial Chair

Father Bernard Vaughan, the London priest, who recently created a stir in England by his scathing denunciations of vice in high life, was one of the principal speakers at the annual dinner of the Press Club in London. In proposing the toast of "The Club," he said the Press was charged with a good mission, which was attended with great responsibilities, and with great dangers. Its duty was not merely to please or to gratify the bulk of its readers; there was a nobler and loftier mission. It had to turn the searchlights of truth upon dark and hidden deeds of cruelty and iniquity, of impurity and misery. It was for the Press to search out cases which eluded the vigilance of the law, and to bring the offenders before the dreaded tribunal of public opinion. "For God's sake, keep it out of the papers," said the "vil-doer, and thus the Press became a potent deterrent, and the fear of it a positive tonic to strengthen the morality of the nation. Tyrannical rulers, if they could, would muzzle the newspapers. It was difficult to

Lady Amabel Kerr

Still another distinguished author and devoted daughter of the Church has passed away in the person of Lady Amabel Kerr, and with a suddenness which recalls the lamented death of Mrs. Craigie.

We take appended sketch of Lady Amabel Kerr from the London Tablet. In Lady Amabel Kerr we have lost a rare example of strenuous devotion to the service of God and His Church, rendered all the more forcible by reason of the obscurity in which she endeavored to shroud her work. It will not be out of place to gather up a few particulars of what she did, and put them on record for the benefit of others.

Of her spiritual life it would be an impertinence to attempt to speak though in it is doubtless to be found the true secret of her unwearied activity. Nor shall we attempt any account of her constant exercises of charity, for it would be impossible to give any true sketch of what she so sedulously and successfully strove to keep in the dark.

We can attempt a slight sketch of the literary labors along which were inspired solely by a genuine and unflinching desire to do good to those for whom she wrote, and to which she devoted her time and toil with a self-sacrificing determination which it would be well if more would emulate.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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imagine a free Press-made hero under Napoleon, or even in the Russia of to-day. He did not say that the Press, any more than any other power, should have license, but it was a power having its position and its rights, and in England he rejoiced to say those rights were in the main soberly and justly exercised.

There was not much conscious or deliberate unfairness, but a general wish to tell the truth. In attempts to tell the whole truth it sometimes failed—(laughter)—but some allowance must be made for the stress of modern methods, and, on the whole, it had a high sense of its responsibilities. The Press not only reported, but it also created, public opinion, and he should like to see the newspapers combine to create a strong national feeling against racial suicide, against reckless betting, and against incessant pleasure seeking.

The nation was passing through a very critical stage in the history of its life, and it was for the Press, with its hand upon the moral pulse, to prescribe for, and if they could, to save, the nation. There was another danger, but it concerned the reader rather than the writer. The reading of newspapers encouraged superficiality, and there was a growing tendency on the part of the people to think they could understand deep subjects because they read what the newspapers said about them. That was a mistake, because what the newspapers supplied was not knowledge, but information, which was but the materials for knowledge. The writer could only supply the engine of thought; he could not convert the mental fuel into the steam of action.

It had often occurred to him to think what would be St. Paul's attitude towards the Press, supposing he were to come back to life in the twentieth century. He would certainly have recognized that it was a power to be reckoned with, and an instrument above all others for influencing the minds, the beliefs, and the affections of men. The Press would have had his sympathy and support, and though perhaps too busy a man to become the editor of a London daily, he would have deputized that task, perhaps, to the gentle Timothy or to dear Titus, and would himself have been at their back to inspire such leading articles as would have given his paper a circulation far beyond present ideas. Who would not be a subscriber to the Pauline Press? He could imagine St. Paul putting up in a prominent place in the editor's room some such words as these which he had used elsewhere: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." That, he conceived to be the mission of the Press, and he hoped they would preach the gospel of peace to all the world.

Minister Who Took Pledge From Father Mathew

It is rare, says the New York Catholic News, to hear of a Protestant minister taking the pledge from a Catholic priest, yet this forms a boast with the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, N.Y., now in his eighty-fourth year, and who has been fifty-eight years a minister, thirty years of which was spent as pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church, and for the past sixteen years its pastor emeritus. Perhaps there is no Protestant clergyman in America who has rendered longer or more effective service in the cause of temperance than Dr. Cuyler, who attributes his "ordination to the ministry of preaching the gospel of total abstinence" to Father Mathew. Several years ago Dr. Cuyler published a work entitled "Recollections of a Long Life," and in it he records his first meeting with Father Mathew, and his appreciation of his work in behalf of temperance. Dr. Cuyler writes:

"When I made my first visit to Edinburgh in 1842 I learned that a temperance society of that city was about to go over to Glasgow to greet the celebrated Father Mathew, who was making his first trip to Scotland. I joined my Edinburgh friends, and on arriving in Glasgow, we found a multitude of 50,000 people assembled on the green. In an open park, drawn by four horses, stood a short, stout Irishman, with a handsome benevolent countenance, and attired in a long coat with a silver medal hanging upon his breast. After the procession, headed by his carriage, had forced its way through the densely thronged street, it halted in a small open square. Father Mathew dismounted and began to administer the pledge of abstinence to those who were willing to receive it. They knelt on the ground in platoons; the pledge was read aloud to them. Father Mathew laid hands upon them and pronounced a benediction. From the necks of many a small medal attached to a cord was suspended. In this rapid manner the pledge was administered to many hundreds of persons within an hour, and fresh crowds continually came forward.

"When I was introduced to the good man as an American, he spoke a few kind words and gave me an 'apostolic kiss' upon my cheek. As I was about to make the first speech of my life, I suppose I may regard that act of the great Irish apostle as a sort of ordination to the ministry of preaching the gospel of total abstinence. The administration of the pledge was followed by a grand meeting of well-meaning in the (St. Hall) Father Mathew's departure from the ancient and universal law.

The first typewriter patent was taken out in 1714.

and 4-5 emotion, attributing all his wonderful success to the direct blessing of God on his efforts to persuade his fellow-men to throw off the despotism of the bottle. After delivering my maiden speech I hastened back to Edinburgh with the deputation from 'Auld Reekie,' and I never saw Father Mathew again. He was, unquestionably, the most remarkable temperance reformer who has yet appeared. While a Catholic priest in Cork, a Quaker friend, Mr. Martin, who met him in an almshouse, said to him: 'Father Theobald, why not give thyself to the work of saving men from drink?' Father Mathew immediately commenced his enterprise. It spread over Ireland like wildfire. It is computed that no less than five million of people took the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating poisons by his influence. The revolution wrought in his day, in his own time and country, was marvellous, and to this day his influence is perpetuated in the vast number of Father Mathew Benevolent Temperance Societies."

Clerical Celibacy
(Sacred Heart Review.)

The consideration of celibacy in the Christian Church suggests three questions:

1. Is clerical celibacy founded on any Christian principle? 2. Are there any practical advantages resulting from clerical celibacy? 3. Was clerical celibacy introduced first by any ecclesiastical law?

Briefly replying to our first question, we say it appears to be obvious that Jesus Christ, born of a Virgin, Himself a virgin High Priest, might be expected to desire at least a celibate life of those men whom he should clothe with some of the powers and prerogatives of his own priesthood. None can doubt that the Apostles understood their Divine Master's teaching; and so Peter says: "Behold we have left all things and have followed Thee." To this Christ answers: "Every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, shall receive a hundred fold and shall possess life everlasting." Christ gave up everything, so must His apostles, and their successors, the Bishops and priests of His Church. The priest, in the words of St. Chrysostom, is another Christ. Christ has appointed him to be His visible representative, has empowered him to offer the Holy Sacrifice of His own Body and Blood in the Mass, to pardon sin, to preach His Gospel, to apply, in a word, the merits of Calvary to men's souls. These "other Christs" must be, like their Master and archetype, chaste. Christ Himself, in St. Matthew xix, indicates unmistakably the superiority of celibacy to the married state, when practiced voluntarily for the kingdom of God. "If the case of a man with his wife be so," say the Apostles on one occasion, "it is not expedient to marry." "All men," replied the Saviour, "take not this word, but they to whom it is given." One is free to take upon himself the onerous obligations of the priesthood, but, if he takes it, he must remember that he is to share in the priesthood of the Virgin Christ, and that virginity belongs to the nature of this priesthood. Hence the Apostles gave up everything, and those of them who were married gave up their wives. So much in reply to our first question.

To our second question St. Paul (1 Cor. chap. vii, 32, 33) answers: "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided." St. Paul here covers the whole case. Nothing earthly should have a claim on a priest, neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister, nor wife, nor children, may claim him. The priest, body and soul, belongs to the Church of Christ. To promote and protect its interests, to live for its people, to work for them, to die for them, if necessary; to think of them, to provide for their every want, and pray for them night and day—this is the mission of the Catholic priest. If he has a wife and children to work for he cannot give his whole time and thought and work and the fruit of his labors to his people. In the words of the Apostles, "he is divided." The gospel of self-denial must have a self-denying priesthood to preach it. It is impossible, it is absurd, to think of a priest being a married man. This is the obvious answer to our second question.

The answer to our third question was clerical celibacy first introduced into the Church by any ecclesiastical law—must be an emphatic NO. Our Divine Saviour was content to indicate unmistakably the celibate character of his priests; the apostles acting on this intimation led a celibate life. The Apostles Peter and Paul, according to the ancients, introduced celibacy into Rome. Married men become priests; indeed, under all the circumstances in which the infant Church found itself, married men often probably were the only men available. After their ordination, however, according to the general belief, they abstained from marital intercourse with their wives, who also consecrated themselves to the service of the Church. The first disciples and the Fathers of the Church needed no law to enforce this Gospel and Apostolic discipline. When, however, faith lost a portion of its manly, robust character, when piety lost its first fervor; when men began to forget the celibate character of the Christian priesthood the Church deemed it wise to aid human weakness by the support of law. It is impossible to say when this first law was enacted. The ancient laws that remain to us all refer to celibacy as an ancient custom of Gospel or Apostolic origin.

During the stormy periods when Europe was overrun by the northern barbarians, ecclesiastical discipline regarding celibacy was weakened still more and abuses multiplying occasioned much remedial legislation. This legislation was simply penal, is intended essentially to correct an abuse, a departure from the ancient and universal law.

In and Around Toronto

PERSONAL. Rev. Father Curtin of Pittsburg is visiting old friends in Toronto.

RECEPTIONS TOOK PLACE. Receptions into the Blessed Virgin's Sodality took place in St. Mary's, St. Patrick's and St. Francis' churches on Sunday last, the Sunday following the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

ST. BASIL'S C.O.F. St. Basil's Court, C.O.F., have elected their officers for the ensuing year, as follows: Chief Ranger, Will. M. Moylan (re-elected); Vice-Chief Ranger, John R. O'Connor (re-elected); Recording Secretary, H. V. Ferguson; Financial Secretary, A. J. Klein; Treasurer, P. J. Dwan; Trustees, Messrs. Bennett, Dwan and McNally. Delegate to the Provincial Convention at Chatham in June, Mr. John M. Ferguson.

DAINTY CHINA EXHIBIT. Miss Dymna Byrne of 127 Winchester street, is taking advantage of the near approach of the Christmas season to give her friends a treat in the way of an exhibit of her dainty hand-painted china. Many suitable articles for Christmas gifts are found amongst the collection and prospective purchasers cannot make a mistake in visiting the studio of the artist. The exhibition will continue throughout the week.

FATHER DODSWORTH IMPROVED. Rev. Father Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., who had the misfortune to fall and sustain a severely broken leg while returning from St. John's church on Monday last week, is now in St. Michael's Hospital and is reported as progressing as favorably as possible. The cheery disposition of the patient and the visits of his many friends help to pass the time which would otherwise prove very irksome. It is hoped that it will not be long before Father Dodsworth is round as usual.

DEATH OF MRS. M. POWER. The death of Mrs. Mary Power, wife of Mr. Michael Power, master car builder of the Toronto Street Railway, and a member of the Separate School Board, took place at her home at 73 Victor avenue, on Saturday night last. The deceased lady had been delicate for a number of years, but the end came altogether without warning. In addition to the husband eight children are left to mourn the loss of their mother. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning when Requiem High Mass was sung at St. Joseph's church, after which the cortege proceeded to St. Michael's cemetery, where interment took place. R. I. P.

THE PRAYERS OF THE LITTLE ONES. In response to enquiries about the little ones at Sunnyside, the Catholic Register was informed that every day the children of the Orphanage remember their benefactors and that from their grateful and innocent hearts prayers go forth unceasingly for all who have done them service. That these prayers are answered is without doubt, and that they are appreciated by those for whom they ascend is also a recognized fact. The near approach of the beneficent Christmas season gives ample opportunity for all to number themselves amongst the benefactors for whom prayers ascend without ceasing.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER KEANE. The death of Rev. Father P. J. Keane, which occurred at the House of Providence on Tuesday morning, the 4th inst., removed from the diocese her oldest son in the ranks of the priesthood. Father Keane was eighty-four years of age, the last ten years of his life having been passed in retirement in the institution where he died. An illness of about twenty-four hours preceded the end, general debility and old age being the cause of death.

Rev. Patrick Joseph Keane was of Irish birth, and his theological training was received at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. His principal charges were at Newmarket, Toronto Gore and Uxbridge. The funeral took place on Thursday, December 6th, the Mass of Requiem being sung at St. Paul's church, the celebrant being Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann. Interment took place at St. Michael's Cemetery. Dr. Keane of Brantford is a nephew of the deceased, but there are no immediate relatives in the city. May he rest in peace.

DEATH OF MISS MULLINS. The death of Miss Lillian Mullins, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. C. Mullins of 245 Beverley street, brought great grief to a loving mother and to a large family of devoted brothers and sisters. Though delicate for some time, the end was somewhat sudden and the going out of the young life brought sorrow not alone to friends in Toronto, but to London, where the family were former residents, and to Strathford, where the last years of the school-days of the young girl were spent. The end came on Wednesday, the 5th inst., and the funeral took place on the Friday following. Requiem High Mass

Liquor and Tobacco Habits. A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. L. Redith, Chief Justice; Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College; Rev. Father Teely, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Wm. McLaren, D.D. Principal Knox College, Toronto. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or co. respondents invited.

was sung at 6.30 at St. Patrick's church, and interment took place at St. Peter's Cemetery, London. Besides the mother, Miss Mullins is survived by three sisters and five brothers, one of the latter being Mr. Wm. Mullins, now managing a railway in Central America. Mr. M. P. Mallon of the city, Mr. John Way of Stratford and Mr. Martin Cummings of Goderich, accompanied the family to London. R.I.P.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY. The members of the various conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the city attended, to the number of about two hundred, on Sunday at the 9 o'clock Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, and received Holy Communion. His Grace the Archbishop celebrated Mass and afterwards said a few words to the members. Breakfast was served at St. Nicholas' Institute, after which the members adjourned to St. Vincent's Hall, where the general meeting of the society took place. Mr. J. J. Seitz, President of the Society, was in the chair, and on the platform with him were Fathers Whelan and Murray and Messrs. M. O'Connor and P. Hynes, members of the Society for over 50 years. Before the meeting was concluded the Archbishop, accompanied by Father Rohleder, arrived and received the reports of the parish conferences and the Children's Aid Society. In speaking of the work of this branch, His Grace gave special credit to Mr. Denison, the Police Magistrate, for the sympathetic manner in which he dealt with cases where children in which the Society were interested were concerned.

TORONTO SEES CHAMPION TYPIST. On Friday evening last, despite the severe cold, Association Hall was crowded by Toronto's stenographers and typists, all anxious to see the greatest of their class, Miss Rose L. Fritz, the world's greatest typist. Mr. J. J. Seitz presided and his son, Master Ernest Seitz, opened a most enjoyable programme with a clever piano solo, which brought him a hearty round of applause. Miss Fritz was announced and a girlish figure in a white blouse and dark skirt appeared on the platform. Her hair was plainly parted in the middle and tied back under the inevitable bows of the present day style. A slight recognition to the audience, half bow and half courtesy, and Miss Fritz took her seat at her machine just like a girl getting at her work in class. She was then blindfolded and while Miss MacMahon of the United Typewriter Co., sat beside her and dictated, Miss Fritz wrote and demonstrated her as yet unparalleled speed on the typewriter. Perhaps the most striking thing about the work of Miss Fritz is her great power of concentration. Once started, nothing was capable of distracting her even for a moment. At certain points the audience clapped and during a twenty minutes work at the close of the evening some at the back of the hall grew audibly impatient, but Miss Fritz heard not, heeded not. Her whole being seemed centred on her task and never for even the fraction of a second was she diverted. During the evening she wrote 174 words in a minute. She took the entire address of the chairman direct on her machine and had time to pause at intervals, seeming almost to get ahead of the speaker if such a thing were possible. During her twenty minutes' copying from manuscript she wrote an average of 106 words a minute on business letters, and after deducting 5 words for every error in her twenty minute copying test she still had an average of 100 words a minute. Her whole programme was a singular and phenomenal exhibition of facile manipulation of the keys and extraordinary concentrative force both mental and physical. Miss Fritz is only eighteen years of age and looks younger. She is from New York, and as her name implies, she is of German descent, and it is among the probabilities that heredity may have something to do with her success and that the spirit of the scientific nation from which she springs may have had something to do in the evolution of this gifted daughter of the Fatherland.

TORONTO MARKETS. Grain:—Wheat, fall, bush\$0.72 \$0.73 Wheat, goose, bush 0.68 Wheat, red, bush 73 Barley, bush 0.54 0.55 Oats, bush, new 0.39 0.40 Rye, bush 0.76 Peas, bush 0.80 0.81 Seeds:—Alsike clover, fancy\$6.30 \$6.60 do., No. 1 6.00 6.20 do., No. 2 5.25 5.40 do., No. 3 4.50 4.80 Red clover, new 7.25 7.50 do., old 6.50 6.90 Timothy, No. 1 1.50 1.80 Timothy, No. 2 1.20 1.41 Hay and Straw:—Hay, per ton\$14 \$16.00 Hay, mixed, ton 9.00 11.00 Straw, bundled, ton 16.00 Straw, loose, ton 7.00 8.00 Fruit and Vegetables:—Potatoes, bag 0.75 0.80 Apples, barrel 1.50 3.50 Cabbage, per doz. 0.30 0.40 Onions, per bag 0.75 0.80 Poultry:—Turkeys, dressed, lb. 0.12 0.15 Geese, per lb. 0.10 0.11 Hens, per lb. 0.08 0.09 Spring chickens, lb. 0.10 0.12 Spring Ducks, lb. 0.10 0.12 Dairy Products:—Butter, lb. rolls 0.28 0.32 Eggs, strictly new laid, dozen 0.40 0.50 Fresh Meats:—Beef, forequarters, cwt. \$4.50 \$5.50 Beef, hindquarters, cwt. 7.00 8.00 Lambs, dressed, lb. 0.09 0.10 Mutton, light, cwt 8.00 9.00 Veals, prime, cwt 9.00 10.00 Veals, common, cwt 6.00 7.00 Dressed hogs, cwt 8.50 9.00

Winona and Other Tales. There has been lying on our table for review for some time, a little book of 220 pages, entitled "Winona and Other Tales," by William J. Fischer, author of "Songs by the Wayside." It is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. There are eight tales, all told, in the little volume, and they are Catholic, replete with incidents that are exemplary and very touching. The author is not unknown to readers of Catholic magazines and newspapers in the United States and Canada. Mr. Fischer is a physician by profession, a poet by gift, and a discriminating writer generally. The dedication which is to his father and mother, is dated Waterloo, Canada, showing that he is a Canadian. It is a pleasing circumstance for us to know that we have so felicitous an author amongst us; one so capable of touching the hearts and consciences of our young people, and whose pen is capable of doing so much for creative Catholic literature. "Winona," the principal story, is of Indian and missionary life, and depicts the influence of a devoted Jesuit priest on a savage people and the self-sacrifices that he and men of his kind always make. The other stories are: "The Professor's Secret," "One Easter at Highmore," "Shadow and Sunshine," "For Love's Own Sake," "A Voice in the Night-Winds," "Light Beyond the Stars," and "The Parting of the Ways." No better book could possibly be chosen as a Christmas present for boys and girls, and we hope to hear that thousands of copies have been sold. It is to be had of all Catholic booksellers. The price is 80 cents. Let no Catholic family be without a copy.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER (Continued from page 1.)

has any commendable characteristics or not, and cannot therefore criticise or commend him. When I was in San Francisco in the seventies of the last century, two noted Irish-American actors had possession of the California theatre on Bush street. These were John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett. They afterwards relinquished their lease and "starred it" throughout America. John McCullough was a native of Colrairie, near the Giant's Causeway, where "Peggy" spilled her pitcher of buttermilk that watered the plain. Both were great actors, Mac of the robust kind and Barrett of the more refined kind. Some considered Barrett a better actor than Booth. I remember an extraordinary occurrence that took place in McVicar's theatre in Chicago one night, when Booth was acting there. A man arose in the audience and fired a pistol shot at him. I think the play that night was Hamlet. When asked his reason for perpetrating such an outrage, he said he was dissatisfied with Mr. Booth's acting. Booth represented the part, but Barrett, when acting it, was the real character. Barrett was born in the city of Detroit of Irish parents. Alas, all those great stage characters, who won renown in their day, are dead, and have a place only in men's memories. They no longer tread the boards or win the applause of their admirers. Another California name that constantly evades the magazine writers is that of Col. John Hayes, better known as Colonel "Jack" Hayes. He went to California from the Mexican war and founded the city of Oakland, on the opposite side of the great Bay of San Francisco. In the Mexican war men travelled five hundred miles to join his regiment of Texas Rangers. I think he was born in the State of Tennessee of Irish parents. I knew him well in the city of Oakland, where he owned a ranch up in the foothills, which he farmed. He carried on many enterprises, however. He owned one of the islands in the Sacramento river, which he reclaimed from the watery waste. He was the first sheriff of San Francisco and was elected over all competitors. He rode up and down Montgomery street on his white charger and his soldiery bearing won the esteem of all beholders. He was not a large man, but he was a brave and generous man. His wife was an Irish woman, and his grown-up son looked much more Irish than himself. The story of California has a fascination for me and I believe it is interesting enough to occupy my space in another issue. But the adverse side of the story is seldom told, and compared with our wholesome and well-set ways, our respect for morality and religion, our freedom from gambling methods, Canadian life has its advantages over California life, with its sudden rises and falls, its ill-earned opulence, its big thieves and little ones. WILLIAM HALLEY.

Why not Catholic books for Christmas? When the Catholic Public, who ought to be the greatest readers in the world, get to ask one another this question, the result will be beneficial. Mr. W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto, has on his shelves some 3,000 different titles, and a visit to his book shelves ought to assist in answering the question asked.

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