

**Kingston Business College**

Is recommended by the Bishop and Clergy. Send for Catalogue. J. B. MACKAY, K.B.C., Kingston, Ont.

# The Catholic Register.

**SMOKERS**

Buy **FRANZON** Smoking Mixture, positively cool and fragrant, 10 cents per ounce. **ALIVE BOLLARD**, 199 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

VOL. IX.—NO. 46.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Quebec Ursulines' Chapel

Quebec, Nov. 9. — The recent demolition of the old chapel of the Ursuline Convent has removed another of Quebec's ancient landmarks. In this case, however, vandalism is not responsible for the change. The necessity for enlarging the building and repairing some of the walls having become pressing, the work was undertaken with the result that it became necessary to raze the old walls to their foundations. A new and more imposing structure to replace the historic chapel is now in course of erection, and will probably be roofed in before the end of the year. The ruins of the old building have been visited and inspected by thousands of pilgrims, for here is the tomb excavated by a British shell, which contains the headless body of the gallant Montcalm. His skull is in possession of the Chaplain of the institution, who keeps it under a glass case. For nearly three quarters of a century, however, it lay entombed with the rest of the body. Montcalm's interment took place at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day following the battle of the Plains, the cortege having wended its way directly from the castle of the Governor to the Ursuline's Chapel. With the heavy tread of the coffin bearers, kept time the measured footsteps of the military escort — of de Ramsay and the officers of the garrison — following to their resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

"No burial rite," says the analyst of the Convent, "could be more solemn than that hurried evening service, performed by torchlight, under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had first been laid bare by one of the rude engines of war; the grave tones of the priest murmuring the Libera me, Domine, were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for the inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honor some proud mausoleum."

When in 1883, it was found necessary to repair the north wall of the chapel, against which the tomb of Montcalm rested, his grave was pointed out by Mother Dube, of St. Ignatius, who died in 1839, at the age of 89. As a child of nine years old, her father had led her by the hand to the interment of the French Commander, and looking again into his open grave, nearly three-fourths of a century later, she saw and recognized the rough wooden box, which in 1759 was all that the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender. The skeleton was found to be intact, and the skull was then placed for preservation in custody of the Chaplain. From one of its openings, dropped out a British bullet. The monumental slabs containing the splendid epitaph to his memory, prepared by the French Academy, and erected over his tomb in 1859, as well as that inscribed in the same chapel by Lord Aylmer in 1832, have been carefully preserved from the ruins of the

old chapel and will be replaced in proper positions in the new edifice.

It is not generally known that a few days after the capitulation of Quebec, the partially demolished chapel was temporarily repaired by the British Commander, and divine service, according to the rites of the Church of England, was held there by the Chaplains of the army, after the services of the community.

General Murray protected the convent and its inmates from injury; but so many of the buildings in the town had been destroyed by the cannonading of the British and there was such an absence of accommodation, though winter was about to set in, that it was found necessary to employ part of the convent as a hospital, and the Highlanders were quartered in another part. The good sisters nursed, with devotion, the sick and wounded English and French alike, and General Murray supplied them with provisions.

This convent was founded in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie, and its first building erected in 1641. It was destroyed by fire in 1650 and rebuilt, only to meet with a similar fate in 1686. One of the old buildings, still in existence, is on the foundations of 1641, and contains the materials from the walls erected in 1650. The order is a strictly cloistered one, no man, not even the Chaplain, being allowed to enter the cloister, save the Governor of the country and members of the Royal Family.

The magnificent pictures and other works of art that are the pride of the historic chapel are all to be replaced in the new edifice. Dr. George Stewart, once briefly described them as follows:

"In fine carvings on ivory, it may be questioned, whether in Rome itself or in Florence, two such glorious Crucifixes as may be found in the little Ursuline Chapel can be seen. These Christs are wonderful pieces of work. They are probably five hundred years old, and the artist who carved them is unknown, but his splendid work stands out, and attests his genius. Some one in the Ursuline Convent will show these masterpieces with true French-Canadian politeness, and he will be careful to draw your attention to the life-like character of the Christ's head, the magnificent correctness of the anatomy and the remarkable study of the veins which are disclosed. One never tires of looking at these two beautiful ivories, and it is almost worth a visit to Quebec to see them alone. But in this same Ursuline Chapel, which Howells has so cleverly limned in his delightful story of the Saguenay and of Quebec, are many paintings in oil, which may be seen for the asking. In the chapel there is that masterpiece of the French School, "Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house," by Philippe De Champagne. The coloring is striking, fresh and nobly done. When Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago and saw this picture, he offered the holders any price that they might name for it. But the wise churchmen declined all offers. This De Champagne belonged to the set which was sent to Quebec a hundred years ago from Paris, among a lot of paintings rescued from the French mob of the old time communists, and sent here by a good priest who once resided in Quebec, and knew that her people would appreciate treasures of that sort."

### St. Mary's C. I. & A. A.

The regular meeting was held in the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon, the President, Mr. C. J. Read, in the chair.

The Entertainment Committee is composed of the following members: Herb. A. Johnston, J. J. Landy, C. Nick, J. G. O'Donoghue, C. Finnegan, J. O'Halloran, J. J. Henry.

The Auditors elected are: W. F. Coyle, G. J. Foy, W. Read. The names of P. Hayes and E. Hartnett were added to the Athletic Committee.

After the transaction of regular business, some time was spent in the revision of the constitution.

At the meeting next Sunday a paper will be read by Mr. D. A. Carey on "The Best Method of Settling Strikes."

A mission to the young men of the parish by the Redemptorist Fathers was commenced on Wednesday evening at 7.30, and will continue throughout the week. The Masses are at 5 a. m.

As the scent of new-ploughed ground, the odor of woodlands, the fragrance of flowers have power to recall the vanished years of childhood, so grateful memory breathes a perfumed air which sweetens and keeps fresh the thought of those we love, even though they be dead.



MR. J. W. MALLON HONORED.

Mr. J. W. Mallon, barrister, chairman of the High School Board, has recently been elected president of the Cartwright Club, which, with the exception of the Young Liberals, is the oldest Liberal organization in the city.

### The "Red" Mass

The London Telegraph of the 23rd of October, we find the following:

At half-past ten yesterday morning, and for a short time afterwards, the most remarkable scene in London, everything considered, must have been the Red Mass, celebrated for Catholic lawyers and ancient and impressive custom upon the opening of Term. In the presence of the Cardinal, kneeling in scarlet and ermine upon the altar, and of Lord Justice Mathew and Justice Walton, sitting in front of a congregation of wigs and robes, a ceremony which is always striking in itself took place under circumstances of altogether exceptional interest. Before the next Michaelmas sittings there will be a removal of the service from the historic little chapel in Sardinia street to the great basilica so rapidly approaching completion that may already be seen from Piccadilly looming up over Westminster.

In the new Cathedral the lawyer's Mass will of course be a more grandiose function in future years than it has ever been before. If the legal congregation cannot enter except with pride next autumn into the most stately edifice their faith has possessed in this country since the Reformation deprived it of its ancient shrines, they can scarcely have quitted yesterday without a touch of regret the traditional scene of their worship. For in the meantime the Church of St. Anselm and Cecilia will not only be abandoned for the purpose of the Red Mass, but will disappear altogether, like so many other notable buildings on that side of Lincoln's Innfields.

The ploughshare of progress can hardly avoid going over it in the work of driving the new avenue from the Strand to Holborne; and the Red Mass, which has been for so long a period an annual gleam upon the otherwise unpretending existence of the chapel in law-land, formed yesterday the last important event in closing annals of a building which has its permanent place upon more than one page of our history and our literature. The "Sardinia street" Chapel takes its familiar name from the fact that it was founded in connection with the Sardinian Embassy in the middle of the seventeenth century — in the period when the world of fashion lay between Lincoln's Innfields and Soho square, and Ambassadors' progresses were for several reasons better than a Lord Mayor's show for the London multitude of that day. The French and Spanish Ambassadors, for instance, sometimes fought for precedence when their carriages met in the crooked streets; and neither being able to go on unless one gave way, crowds gathered in a twinkling around the diplomatic deadlock, and capricious popular favor backed the Monsieur sometimes, and sometimes the Don.

In any case, the chapel of the Sardinian Minister was the first after the Reformation in which the regular service of a Catholic congregation could be resumed, and there mass has been continuously said for two centuries and a half. It was, strongly enough, to its connection with the Sardinian Embassy that the Church of St. Anselm owed the terrible experience which has made its memory secure. In the Gordon riots, when the mob spread through London, attacking all the Ambassadors' chapels, the one at Lincoln's Innfields was sacked, and no one who has ever read "Barnaby Rudge" is likely to forget the lurid and tumultuous page which seems to throw the light of

the torches and the burning church upon the wild surge of the rabble, waving its spoil of vestments and its weapons of broken woodwork.

Yesterday's Red Mass was therefore, in one sense, a stately and fit farewell to a building of some note. Not outwardly, indeed. To drive out of Lincoln's Innfields through the well-known archway is to come at once in sight of an exterior which might be passed without regard. Within there is a very plain Italian interior, lighted from an octagonal dome, and with two tiers of galleries. Above the guided pipes of the organ hang still the Sardinian arms, and at the other end the six candles upon the altar are wreathed in geraniums for the Red Mass. It is properly called the Mass of the Holy Ghost, for in the majestic rites of Rome red is the Pentecostal color — the emblem of the ineffable Wisdom, as well as of the apostolic gift of tongues.

Nothing in the rich change of dyes with which the Latin Church marks her seasons could therefore be more aptly symbolical of the powers of thought and utterance which meet in the nobility of law. But the "Red Mass" justified its name even to the eye. The greater part of the congregation was, indeed, in sable, and Lord Justice Mathew was enveloped in the black and gold of his new robes as a Lord of Appeal. Beside him, in the nearest seat to the altar-rails, and, of course, in more flamboyant robes, was Judge Walton, than whose elevation to the Bench nothing was ever more popular among his co-religionists. The double galleries round three sides of the church were densely crowded, showing a few of the curious obviously among the press of the devout, but presenting on the whole that unmistakable proof of the hold of their church upon the hearts of the poor. As they looked down upon the spectacle below the sense of that contrast was fine and deep.

But the central figure of the Red Mass was Cardinal Vaughan himself, who entered by the west door, and rustled down the aisle with that characteristic carriage of swift and imperious composure which gives him the presence of a King of the Church upon whose model the whole College of Cardinals might frame themselves. He passed within the altar rails an authoritative figure, with brette and soutane of brilliant crimson, but capped with ermine. There he remained kneeling at the foot of the altar steps, bending low when all the church was bowed and hushed at the gentle ringing of the bell for the approach of the supreme moment of the mass, while the chalice was raised with the solemn gesture of the ministering priest in vestments of rose and gold.

At other times the little acolyte, another scarlet figure, fitted from side to side in the offices of the altar around the kneeling Cardinal. The latter rose towards the end and closed the Red Mass by a benediction, pronounced with uplifted hand, moving with the sonorous formula towards each portion of the congregation in turn. The music, unusually softened for the soprano and the strings, stole very gently from time to time over the great dignity and quietness of this ritual. Between the foundation of the Sardinia Street Chapel and the building of the Westminster basilica all the fortunes of Catholicism in London are embraced, and it is remarkable that the Red Mass should pass directly from the very scene of the small beginnings of revival to the vast cathedral which, by comparison for those who worship within its walls, will symbolize the climax.

### PATRICK BOYLE TESTIMONIAL.

The following additional subscriptions to the Patrick Boyle Testimonial are acknowledged:

Dr. Walter McKeown	.....\$10
Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B.	..... 10
Mr. G. J. Foy	..... 10
Mr. W. T. Kernahan	..... 5
Rev. M. J. Jeffcott	..... 5
Mr. Arthur Anglin	..... 5
Mr. Neil Harkin	..... 5
Mr. Patrick Flanagan	..... 2

### THE LATE MRS. MEAGHER.

The death notice appears elsewhere of Mrs. Honora Meagher, wife of Thomas Meagher, proprietor of the Imperial Hotel. Many sympathizing friends attended the funeral yesterday. The Solemn Mass was said by Father Ryan, in St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 o'clock. The interment took place in St. Michael's Cemetery.

**BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS,** coughs and colds, all quickly cured by Pny-Balsam. It has no equal. Acts promptly, soothes, heals, and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

## The Prospects of Catholicism

Rev. Dr. Barry, in the course of an article in the current number of The National Review says:

Any power that aims at the revival of Christian faith under modern conditions must be independent, world-wide, supernatural, and in its general effect miraculous. From a merely human level it cannot raise mankind out of the slough of despond into which Atheism has betrayed it. No department of State will be equal to such a task, for the State is this fallen society and itself needs redemption. Private effort is laudable at all times; any association which has retained even a fragment of true Christianity will, thus far, be telling in the good cause; and there is only one church in contact with European and American society which fulfills the conditions required. Independent, supernatural, miraculous—these high epithets have belonged from of old to the Catholic Church and are hers to-day. She does not preach an abstract or merely historical Saviour; she has never simply relied on a written record; and while she treats with kingdoms and republics as a power of the world, she deals directly with the individual as an ambassador from the next. In one point of view she is accessible to touch and sight; in another she is ideal, spiritual, transcendental. And she fills every period of Christian history with her achievements, her sufferings, and her victorious resistance to hostile powers.

I am endeavoring to get at the facts, not to palm off on ridiculous readers (if any such were in the twentieth century) a partisan argument. To clear the ground, I should be prepared, at this stage, to distinguish between Catholicism as a creed and Catholicism as a system, unreal as the distinction seems to me. I will not take into account Rome or the Pope; and I will eschew ecclesiastical politics. For reasons which lie on the surface it is natural, but singularly misleading, in this country, to look at the Catholic movement as an assault on English freedom, and we are treated to quotations from "King John" or references to the Armada, when we should be considering far deeper problems. In our modern world, religion is not, as it was in the sixteenth century, an affair of State so much as an affair of the heart. Men follow their taste, or liking, or conscience, when they worship, their beliefs are akin not to party politics, but to their preferences in literature, in friendship, in that portion of their lives which is most under their control and is a matter of choice. Religion is, therefore, something intimate and deeply personal to each; and while politicians stand on their guard against Rome, or statisticians are showing from figures that Catholicism makes no headway, a silent revolution might be moving onward to results no less unexpected than momentous.

Let me give my conclusion in a nutshell. Cardinal Newman, reading history on evidence without straining it, has written that the Pope must, at all events, be recognized as "heir by default" of antiquity. The expression gave some little offence to certain of his critics, who did not perceive that he took the lowest ground because it was unassailable. In a like spirit, and that I may come to close quarters with my argument, I will say that Catholicism is "heir by default" of primitive Christianity. Though it were true that, on paper, we could trace a system more resembling the organization of which we enjoy glimpses up and down the New Testament than the existing Roman Church, as a matter of fact, no such scheme is anywhere visible, or ever was. Strike out Catholic dogma from the ages; imagine the Catholic hierarchy a fiction and what is left? Next answers West and nothing is left. In the concrete, as a religion accepted, acted upon, by nations, and larger than a mere sect or school, the Christian religion has always been Catholic and is so at the present day. All modern churches are fragments hurled forth, or broken off, from a centre at which the ancient faith is still as reluctant as ever. And they remain Christian simply in so far as they keep what they have inherited. Survey them all, from the Anglican on the extreme right to the Unitarian or Universalist on the extreme left; what have they to call Christian which they have not received from Rome? Christ Himself, the Bible, the sacred ordinances, the creeds—all were brought to Western Europe and taken thence to America from this single source. Historically, creed and system are not to be

divided. Rome is the mother, as she was during centuries the mistress of all the churches with which we have any concern.

But this, it may be retorted, was an accident; it is ancient history; and now the churches are independent of Rome. Then, I ask, do they keep the creeds intact? Is the certified Christian dogma which alone, in history, can be deemed genuine and authentic, safe with them? Are they, or are they not, everywhere breaking down into a Unitarian distrust of the miraculous, and tending to substitute a purely human Christ for the Only Begotten Son of God? The suggestion I make, in no mood of controversy but the opposite, is that in all religious bodies outside Rome great changes are taking place which may rend them asunder, dividing between orthodox and heterodox, and at last between spiritual and secular, in obedience to forces that cannot be recoiled. If they hold by the faith once delivered, they will approach nearer and nearer to the Roman spirit, and in time to the Roman system. If they suffer the faith to be resolved and melted down, through stages of what we have termed "Naturalism" until it becomes a form of inostic self-contemplation, they will move in the clearest way that Rome is, and has never ceased to be, the corner-stone of Christian beliefs. I do not know a more serious argument for all who wish to be orthodox than this appeal to the course of history. Is there, I repeat, any solid ground between Rome and Secularism on which disciples of the New Testament can take their stand?

There was, so millions were taught, before the widespread movement of the last century, which has dealt such fatal blows to Protestant Christians. But now we are seeing, ever more distinctly, that the Reformation, as a constructive effort, has failed. Take its three great forms, personified in Luther the mystic, Calvin the legislator, and Socinus the rationalist. Of Lutheranism not a shred is left; the man towers up yet as a revolting Titan, the rocks which he flung against Olympus have fallen back on the soil, and are dead ashes, vitrified lava. Calvin has been pictured by his own descendants as a "ghost gone shrieking down the wind"; his writings are creditable now to none of us, and his dark theology is made an excuse for believing in no Deity at all. Socinus, where is he? In a sense, everywhere; but logic, working out his principles to their legitimate conclusion, shows them to be the sum of all heresies and the end of dogma. Thus, if we still desire to believe after any intelligible fashion in the Christ whom our fathers worshiped, we must come back to Revelation as untouched by the reformers. They have played their part and gone their way.

**A BUILDER — ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT? — "THE D. & L." Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.**



**Good Form**

Our Calling Cards are the best known forms.

The BEST STYLE of script-lettered copperplate costs only 1.00—good for a lifetime—cards may be printed from this as required at 1.00 per hundred.

**Ryrie Bros.,** Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

## DINERS' STYLE IN THEM

Quality also. Do you know that you almost need to be an expert in the business to love a good Persian Lamb. You have to depend on your furrer, if we're not yours, why we



was to be. Our record since "14" is our recommendation to you. We are experts. We don't put one inch of fur into our jackets that is not perfect.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS 875 to 9125

Write for Style Book. **THE W. & D. DINNEN COY Limited** NONCE AND TEMPERANCE TORONTO



The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME HEALTH OF THE POPE.

The Home correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal writes: The Holy Father continues to enjoy perfect health. Until recently it was becoming more and more difficult for strangers to be admitted to his presence, but ever since the beginning of October he has been more lavish of audiences than even during the Jubilee year.

It will seem difficult to believe that the Leo XIII. of ninety-three is substantially the same worker and thinker as the Leo XIII. of seventy, but it is literally true. Every morning he goes over with Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State, all the important matters which have been developed during the last twenty-four hours.

UNITED STATES PRODUCT OF THEFT.

The New York Sun of Oct. 27 says: One of the most disgraceful incidents in the recent occupation of Peking was the robbery by the German contingent of the interesting and valuable astronomical instruments which were constructed many years ago by Jesuit fathers for an Emperor of the reigning dynasty.

THE INSTRUMENTS NOT LAWFUL SPOIL.

That the instruments, which are now in Germany, are the product of a theft performed by violence, there is no longer any doubt. It is true that about the middle of September The Cologne Gazette, in a telegram from Berlin which was understood to be semi-official, asserted that the astronomical instruments had not been brought to Germany as spoil taken from the Chinese, but had been acquired by purchase.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS TAKE A VERY CREDITABLE STAND.

Such being the undisputed facts, the question naturally arises. What does Germany intend to do in the premises? The semi-official North-German Gazette has announced that, after the recent

signing of the first protocol at Peking, the Berlin Government "placed at the disposal" of the Chinese Government the astronomical instruments which had been removed from Peking by the German contingent.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN ON SOCIALISM.

Archbishop Corrigan in St. Patrick's Cathedral last Sunday morning preached the second of the series of sermons he is delivering upon the conflict between socialistic theories and Christian teachings.

"Every living man in this country is entitled according to the Declaration of Independence, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He has a right, moreover, to self-improvement, to the developing and perfecting of his faculties whether in the department of knowledge or of virtue.

"The theories of the Socialists were carried out the workingman would be the first to suffer. Without property he cannot exercise his innate rights to personal comforts, to the pursuits of happiness and to the development of his faculties.

"Now, suppose that a man receives enough not only to provide for to-day, but, by frugality and economy, to lay aside a sufficient amount of money to buy a small piece of ground. What is the ground? It represents what he has earned by the sweat of his brow; it is a part of his salary, a part of the money he has worked hard to gain.

"The great shibboleth of the Socialists for more than a hundred years has been liberty, equality and fraternity. Their theories would destroy all three in the only sense in which there is any possibility for them to exist. Liberty is the right to enjoy what belongs to one's self without infringing on the rights of others.

the rights of the individual. True equality, of course, means equality before the law and then the equality of opportunity and of reward in proportion to the value of labor.

"If socialism prevailed a man would not even have the right to choose his own employer. Usually the individual seeks to better himself, but there is always inequality of ability. Take for instance the professor of a university and the man who lights the fires and cleans the rooms.

"Nor is socialism a Christian principle, and is founded upon the declaration that 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The law, or system of laws, which would take the fruit of one man's labor and give it to another, is a direct contradiction of the idea contained in real fraternity.

"There is essential opposition to Christianity in the socialistic ideas, so much so that when last year a certain number of Catholics, desiring to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, began a movement which they called Social Christians, in opposition to social democracy, the Holy Father in an encyclical said there was nothing in common between the two and that there was as much difference between them as between light and darkness.

"When these Socialists say that it is not necessary to own land because the State will provide for one's wants, they are simply begging the question. Private property is always recognized as legitimate possession and individual rights are always prior to those of the State.

The Archbishop added that the contention of the Socialists that the marriage bond should be broken by mutual consent was also directly opposed to Christianity.

\$2.50 SENT FREE.

The Well-Known Chicago Specialist, Franklin Miles, M.D., LL.B., will send \$2.50 Worth of His Treatment Free.

There never was a better opportunity for persons suffering from diseases of the heart, nerves, liver, stomach or drowsy to test, free, a New and Complete treatment for these disorders.

This new system of special treatment is thoroughly scientific and immensely superior to the ordinary methods. It includes several remedies carefully selected to suit each individual case and is the final result of twenty-five years of very extensive research and experience in treating this class of diseases.

Mr. Julius Keister, of 350 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, testifies that Dr. Miles cured him after ten able physicians had failed. Mrs. R. Trimmer, of Greenspring, Pa., was cured after many physicians had pronounced her case "hopeless."

Col. E. B. Spileman, of the 9th United States Regulars, located at San Diego, Cal., says: Dr. Miles' Special treatment has worked wonders in my son's case when all else failed. I had employed the best medical talent and had spent \$2,000 in so doing. I believe he is a wonderful specialist. I consider it my duty to recommend him.

As all afflicted readers may have \$2.50 worth of treatment FREE, we would advise them to send for it at once. Address DR. FRANKLIN MILES, 201 to 209 State St., Chicago, U.S.A. He pays all duties. Mention this paper.

AN AMERICAN POPE?

The question in what sense the Papacy is united to the Bishopric of the local Roman Church is discussed in the pages of The Irish Ecclesiastical Record by Father Pope, of Rugeley. The following comprise the bulk of his argument:

"Such a change, startling as it is, is not inconceivable. We may not always be blessed with Pontiffs of the stamp of Leo XIII.; without a recurrence of the dark periods of the Papacy, we may yet have Pontiffs whose ken is not so far-reaching, whose sympathies are not so all-embracing as we could desire; it may be well that the New World, through no fault of its own, finds itself out of touch with the spiritual head of Christendom.

"The question really depends for its answer upon another much disputed point. By what right is the Bishop of Rome the successor of St. Peter? Was it merely because St. Peter's sagacity led him to choose Rome for his See as being the future mistress of the world? or are we to say that he was divinely led to do so? We certainly have no New Testament authority for claiming a Divine command to St. Peter on the subject, not even a Divine ratification of his choice, and yet if we concede that it was merely a choice based on human perspicacity, on what grounds can we deny the possibility of New York becoming the See of Peter's successor.

"This was a question which naturally attracted a good deal of attention during the Papal residence of Avignon. The Roman people clamored for the return of the Popes, and they urged the prescriptive rights of their city. Yet many of these Pontiffs would have been glad to be able to call Avignon the Papal See had it been possible. The truth is that they never seemed to conceive of such a change as possible. The idea that Rome was divinely chosen, and therefore inalienably, as the See of the Fisherman and his successors, appears, repeatedly in Papal documents.

"The sentiment is everywhere the same, but the grounds assigned for it vary. Gelasius, Boniface VIII. and Nicholas I. simply declare that it was a Divine act; Innocent III. says that it is not due to St. Peter's initiative, but that he was led by a Divine revelation to remove from Antioch, while the tradition given us by St. Ambrose might imply that the choice was St. Peter's, ratified by the Divine admonition he received to go back to Rome and die. Hence theologians differ much when discussing the question of the alienability of the primacy of the Church from the Bishopric.

"Still, when all is said, we have not got beyond the realm of tradition and opinion. Have we any grounds a priori as well as a posteriori for maintaining that, if the world were to last ten thousand years longer, it would still see the successor of the Fisherman enthroned at Rome?

"When we reflect upon the vicissitudes through which Rome has passed, when we recall the low ebb to which it has sunk, and that not merely morally but physically, it is hard to shut our eyes to the clear designs of Providence, which willed that the City of the Seven Hills should be called and should be 'The Eternal City.'

"One day, perhaps, a son of America's soil will fill Peter's Chair, but we think it impossible that a successor of St. Peter will ever set up his See on America's soil." - London Tablet.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW. - It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be a slight cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious complications. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POND'S EXTRACT. FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN. Use Internally and Externally. CAUTION! Avoid the weak waters which are so often sold as "Pond's Extract," which only cause more pain.

St. Michael's College. (IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY). Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL. An English Classical College. Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior boys and a Special English Course for such as may not wish to follow the ordinary curriculum.

Loretto Wellington Place, Abbey... Toronto, Ont... This fine Institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to study.

School of Practical Science Toronto. This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments:

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY ST. ALBAN ST., TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the Education of Young Ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA. Thorough instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. Special attention given to the German and Polish Languages.

Loretto Academy BOND STREET. Book-keeping, Business Correspondence, Short-hand, Typewriting form a Special Course for those who are preparing for office work.

Dr. R. J. McCahey Honor Graduate of Toronto University DENTIST 278 YONGE STREET, opposite Wilton Avenue. Tel. Main 309.

ARTHUR W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT. 170 Spadina Ave. Telephone Main 2216. TORONTO

E. J. LENNOX, ARCHITECT. Office: Rooms 8, 9 and 10, S. E. Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Residence: 487 Sherbourne St. Office Phone: Main 1180. Residence Phone: North 605.

Financial MONEY TO LOAN on City and Farm Properties; builders' loans, lowest rates. R. W. WHITEMAN, Manager Arcade, Toronto

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Office and Safe Deposit Vaults 60 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. CAPITAL - \$1,000,000 RESERVE - \$250,000. President: JOHN MERRITT, K.C., LL.D. Vice-Presidents: HON. A. C. WOOD, W. H. SHAW, Esq. J. W. LANGMUIR, A. D. LANGMUIR, Managing Director, Asst. Manager James Davy, Secretary.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO OF ONTARIO LIMITED HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO Incorporated 1869. Our Annual Report for 1899 shows as the result of the year's operations the following Substantial Increases in the important items shown below:

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Has the... BEST SYSTEM for accumulating money. Head Office - Confederation Life Building Toronto.....

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1881 CAPITAL - 2,000,000 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 393. Phone: Residence Main 2075.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN CO. LIMITED. CAPITAL-AUTHORIZED - \$2,500,000 CAPITAL-SUBSCRIBED - 2,000,000 EUGENE O'KEEFE - President JOHN FAY - Vice-President DEPOSITS RECEIVED from 20 cts. upwards; interest at current rates allowed thereon.

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation Invites investors of large or small amounts to investigate its FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURES with half-yearly interest coupons attached. They are issued for fixed terms of not less than one year and are secured by assets amounting to \$23,000,000 OFFICES TORONTO STREET - Toronto.



**CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.**

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost  
Gospel, St. Matt. xiii. 31-35

S. 17 St. Gregory Thaumaturgus  
M. 18 St. Hilda, Ab.  
T. 19 St. Elizabeth of Hungary  
W. 20 St. Felix of Valois  
Th. 21 Presentation of the B.V.M.  
F. 22 St. Cecilia, V.M.  
S. 23 St. Clement, P.M.

**OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE MGR. LAURENT.**

The Lindsay Post, of Nov. 6, has the following report of the obsequies of the late Mgr. Laurent:

Not since the obsequies of the lamented Father Stafford has such a strikingly solemn and impressive religious function been witnessed in Lindsay as was presented yesterday, when prelates, priests and people assembled with heavy hearts — around the catafalque in St. Mary's Church, on which rested the black-draped casket containing all that was mortal of one beloved by so many, and esteemed and respected by all — Monsignor Laurent, Rector of St. Mary's, Lindsay, for a period of over 17 years. On all sides evidences of grief were visible; strong men wiped away the tears that blurred their sight, and were not ashamed, and women and children wept unreservedly.

The interior of the sacred edifice was appropriately and tastefully draped, the altar being done in purple to signify that the deceased was a dignitary of the Catholic Church. The day being somewhat dark and dreary, as if in sympathy with the sad occasion, it was found necessary to have the electric lights turned on, and this heightened the impressiveness of the scene.

At 10 o'clock — the hour set for the commencement of the Solemn Requiem High Mass — the church was crowded to the doors, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. Seats had been reserved for Protestant friends, and very many of the leading members of the several congregations were present as well as the following ministers: Rev. J. W. Macmillan, Presbyterian; Rev. L. S. Hughson, Baptist; Rev. T. Manning, B. A., Cambridge Street Methodist; Rev. A. J. H. Strike, Queen Street Methodist; Mayor Ingle and Aldermen Jackson, Hore, Robson and O'Reilly, with Clerk Knowlson, represented the town council. Victoria County Council was represented by Warden Graham, Mr. R. Bryans, and Mr. J. R. McNellie, Clerk and Treasurer. Among the leading citizens present were Judge Dean, Judge Harding, Sheriff McLennan, Messrs. J. D. Flavell, W. Flavell, R. Ross, H. J. Lyttle, T. Stewart, D. R. Anderson, E. Bowes, J. B. Knowlson, Col. Deacon, A. Campbell, F. W. Sutcliffe, J. McSweeney, J. C. Hartsone, E. A. Hardy and many others whose names cannot be recalled.

**PRELATES AND CLERGY PRESENT.**

The following bishops and clergy were present from the various dioceses. Many who were prevented from attending by important engagements or duties forwarded letters of regret and condolence:

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston.  
Bishop O'Connor, Peterborough.  
Monsignor Farrelly, Belleville.  
Vicar-General McCann (representing the Archbishop of Toronto).

Rev. Fr. L. Claire (representing the Archbishop of Montreal).  
Rev. Father Mahon (representing the Bishop of Hamilton).

Visiting Clergy—Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough; Fr. Murray, Cobourg; Fr. Lynch, Port Hope; Fr. Collins, Bracebridge; Fr. Primeau, Sault Ste. Marie; Fr. Labouriau, Penetang; Fr. Aboulin, Toronto; Dr. O'Boyle, Ottawa; Fr. Kennedy, Toronto; Fr. McGuire, Hastings; Fr. M. Spratt, Eldon; Fr. T. Spratt, Holy Island; Dr. O'Brien, Fr. O'Sullivan, Peterborough; Fr. Conway, Norwood; Rohleder, Toronto; Fr. McGuire, Wooler; Fr. Scollard, North Bay; Fr. Twohey, Picton; Fr. McCloskey, Campbellford; Fr. Kelly, Trout Creek; Fr. Bretherton, Downeyville; Fr. Jeffcott, Stayner; Fr. O'Connell, Burnley; Fr. DuMouchel, Toronto; Fr. Scanlon, Grafton; Fr. McCall, Bismore; Fr. Cotey, Hamilton; Fr. Aylward, London; Fr. O'Malley, Oshawa; Fr. Cline, Brock; Frs. Phelan and O'Sullivan, Peterborough; Frs. Nolan, Thrumme, Toronto.

**THE REQUIEM MASS.**

The grand Requiem High Mass offered for the repose of the soul of the departed pastor was celebrated with all the wealth of ceremonial prescribed by the Roman Catholic ritual for such occasions, and impressed even those not familiar with Catholic tenets respecting the dead.

The celebrant of the Mass was Rt. Rev. E. A. O'Connor, D. D.; Assistant Priest, Vicar-General McCann; Deacon, Rev. Fr. Spratt; Sub-Deacon, Rev. A. P. DuMouchel; Masters of Ceremonies, Frs. J. O'Sullivan and Dr. O'Brien, Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, assisted by Venerable Archdeacon Casey, Bishop McEvay, of London, assisted by Rev. H. Cotey.

The Mass of the dead was well chanted by the choir of the church. Fr. Rohleder, organist of St. Mil-

nel's Cathedral, Toronto, presided at the organ. At the Offertory Fr. Phelan rendered a beautiful "O Salutaris" with pleasing effect.

**THE FUNERAL SERMON.**

Bishop McEvay delivered the funeral sermon, and his discourse was eloquent, earnest and practical. Allusion was made to the virtues of the deceased, but there was no undue eulogy. The following is a synopsis of his remarks:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—St. Matthew, 5th Chap., 5th verse. Your Grace, Right Rev. Bishops, Rev. Clergy and Dear Brethren—On a sad occasion like the present we are brought face to face with the fact that there is a three-fold Church of Christ, the church militant, whose members are engaged in constant strife and warfare with evil powers and influences for the supremacy of that which is good; the church suffering, whose members have died in grace, but explaining certain offences which render them unworthy to dwell with God; and the church triumphant, wherein the souls of all those who have fought the good fight are receiving their reward by being allowed to share in the delights prepared for those who do God's holy will. The three-fold church connected makes the communion of souls and binds us on earth with those in heaven and in purgatory. As Catholics we are obliged to pray for the souls of the suffering; "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." It is a very old practice — we are told that Jesus descended into Limbo to pray with and encourage the suffering souls there confined.

"It is belief in Purgatory has always existed in the Catholic Church — it is a pillar of the faith — and for that reason, in great part, the bishops and priests of the church are here to-day to assist in offering up the solemn sacrifice of the holy mass and ask God to have mercy on the soul of the departed pastor of St. Mary's. He (Bishop McEvay) could not forget the last official occasion on which he had visited Lindsay — when the good bishop of the diocese had, on his return from a visit to Pope Leo XIII., invested Fr. Laurent with the insignia of his rank as Appellate to His Holiness as a proof of the regard and affection entertained for him by the Holy Father, who had heard of his abundant labors and sacrificing life. It would be interesting to recall that while the good priest appreciated in a proper manner the honor conferred upon him he prized much more highly the satisfaction, joy and good feeling manifested by his people and other friends because of that deserved preferment. These expressions went to his heart.

To-day all things are changed — around us we see no signs of joy, but instead the emblems of sadness while we chant the De Profundis and misereres. All over St. Mary's parish there is the sound of weeping because of the death of a good priest and a loved friend and counselor. Born in Nantes, France, in 1835, young Peter Dominic Laurent became the joy of his parents. He received a good Catholic education, and at an early age gave proof of being gifted with many

he listened to the voice of God calling him to His service, and felt that it would be a very great honor to become a priest of God — an ambassador of Jesus Christ. It is a great and valued dignity to be the representative of a King or State, and people vie with each other in honoring the individual holding that office, but how much greater and more to be desired is the honor of being the chosen ambassador of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords?

Some people imagine a young man selects a vocation as one does a profession. There is a tremendous difference — man chooses his profession, but God selects His priests, as is told us in divers passages in the holy scriptures. Even our blessed Lord Himself waited for the call from the Father to assume the dignity of the priesthood, and He selected others in good time to continue His work for ever. "As the Father sent me, I also send you." Oh, friends, surely it is a great and a high office to be chosen of God and to be given power over heaven and hell. "Whose sins thou shalt forgive will be forgiven; whose sins thou shalt retain, will be retained." In the service of God, and for the honor of His priesthood, it is well known that Catholic priests the world over are ever ready to offer up their lives to save others. This was the call extended to young Peter Dominic Laurent. He was told that he would have to leave his home and loved parents, go to a new land, learn a new language and become a missionary, yet he flinched not, but mastered every difficulty, supported by the grace of God. He loved this land and its institutions. From the very outset he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the priests and bishops with whom he labored. He believed that the bishops were divinely appointed to govern God's Church, and his obedience to the call of duty was always prompt and ungrudging. It mattered not to him where he was sent — whether to a rich parish, to a struggling mission, or to the wilds of Algoma his cry was "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" Whether in the midst of Irish, English, German or French communities, or with the untutored Indians, his service was always faithful, his work always thorough, betokening as he advanced in years cause he had the true heart of a priest of the Catholic Church, whose sole aim is to serve God in the position in which he has been placed, and to continue so to do until removed elsewhere — whether he knows not until the summons comes.

His Lordship next referred briefly to Mgr. Laurent's great work in the parish of Lindsay, and referred particularly to the deep interest in the cause of Catholic education — his heart had always been with the little ones in the schools, because he realized that they must be trained for heaven as well as for the things of this world. You all know how he hated shams of all kinds; how he abhorred vice, and reasoned with and encouraged sinners to amend their lives; and how he unceasingly preached against intemperance and prayed for its victims. Such, my friends is the mission of a good priest — he advises and comforts the living, and

even after death he ceases not to labor for the salvation of their immortal souls. No wonder you, the people of St. Mary's, gather in sorrowful concourse to pay the last tokens of respect to the body of your good priest, but you can best honor his memory by remembering his good advice and spiritual admonitions, and by never failing to pray that the Eternal Light may shine upon him. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

**THE ROUTE TO THE TOMB.**

After the solemn asperges and final prayers, at which His Grace Archbishop Gauthier officiated, the casket was carried down the main aisle to the hearse in waiting, escorted by His Grace, Bishop O'Connor and McEvay, and the reverend clergy in solemn procession. A few minutes later the funeral cortege formed and started for the cemetery.

Thousands of people, in reverent attitude, lined Russell and Lindsay streets, while the long procession travelled slowly past. Following the hearse came the Right Rev. Clergy and priests, ministers of other congregations and members of the Town Council, in carriages; next the members of Lindsay and Downeyville C. M. B. A. Societies, on foot; the boys of Lindsay Separate School, led by Headmaster Cain; parishioners and citizens in vehicles; parishioners and citizens on foot. Probably three thousand persons in all followed the remains to their temporary resting place in the mortuary chapel at St. Mary's Cemetery, where the final prayers were recited over the body of one whose memory will long endure in the hearts of the Catholics of this community.

**FUNERAL NOTES.**

Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works, Toronto, was among the visitors from a distance.

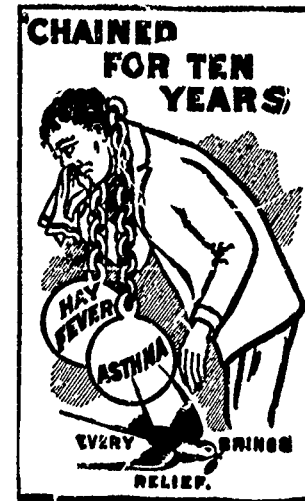
His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, Bishops O'Connor and McEvay, and the visiting clergy and priests have returned to their dioceses and parishes. Several were called away last evening, but the majority left by this morning's train.

Fr. Thrumme and Fr. Nolan, Redemptorist Order, who conducted the recent mission at St. Mary's were among the visiting clergy. It is just a month since they took their departure, leaving Mgr. Laurent in excellent health and spirits, and the news of his death came as a startling proof of the uncertainty of life.

"If Mgr. Laurent had not been called to the church he would have been either a prime minister or a merchant prince," remarked a prominent citizen yesterday. All who knew him will admit that the deceased was possessed of remarkable talents as an administrator and financier.

**SORE FEET.** — Mrs. F. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

**ASTHMA CURE FREE!**



**Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases**

**SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL**

Write Your Name and Address Plainly

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

**Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,**

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel, New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its success in alleviating all troubles which combine with Asthma. After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other very truly yours,

**REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.**

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,  
**O. D. PHELPS, M.D.**

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington street, S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th St., New York City.

**TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL**

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing **DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.**

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS**

**Toronto Furnace & Crematory Co's**

Headquarters for **Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air and Combination Heating and Sanitary Plumbing**

Heating and ventilation of Churches, Schools, Convents, etc., a specialty. Ask for information and prices.

**THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.**

"When shall I come and appear before the face of God? My tears have been my bread, day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God?" Psalms.

Though the Catholic Church never ceases to lift up her hands to God in supplication for the souls in Purgatory, during the month of November she makes these suffering members of her communion the object of her special devotion. We should imitate her at this season, remembering with her the souls of them who are yet undergoing the torments of the "purging fire." We owe it to them as fellow-beings, as fellow-citizens, as children of the Church. Amongst those unhappy souls may be a father, or a mother; shall their voices fall upon our ears in vain? Where are the memories of our childhood-days, that we can forget our dead? Perhaps a brother, or a sister, or a friend is being detained in this dreadful baptizing fire; shall we make no effort to assist them?

It may be that one day we shall cry out like them from the flames of Purgatory, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friends!" — and we shall then receive as we gave upon earth. Pray for the souls departed. Add new glory to that which already encircles the throne of God. Masses, prayers, and alms, fasting and other good works are the suffrages we may offer. Let no day of this blessed season pass without something done for love of the Church suffering. Their hour of release will come; they will begin their long, long day of bliss; they will stand in the friendly presence of the most High, and before His throne will they remember and protect us, as we remembered and succeeded them in their time of need. — A. T. in Holy Name Calendar.

**AT ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR**

Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. Cures cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

The great renewals take effect as imperceptibly as the first workings of the spring.

**ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS.** Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal where they have used it for years, for his opinion of "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

**LAUGHLIN'S FOUNTAIN PEN**

The Best at Any Price.

Send an approval to responsible people.

A Pocket Companion of never ending usefulness, a source of constant pleasure and comfort.

To test the merits of Laughlin's Register as an advertising medium, we offer you a fountain pen, one of these popular styles of pens for the

**\$3.00** grade of other makes for only **\$1.00**

Unconditionally Guaranteed. Pre-eminently Satisfactory. Try it, if you do not, we will refund the money. We will not refund the money if you do not like it. We will not refund the money if you do not like it. We will not refund the money if you do not like it.

Remember—There is No Pen so good as the Laughlin's. It is the only pen that is guaranteed to be perfect. It is the only pen that is guaranteed to be perfect. It is the only pen that is guaranteed to be perfect.

Laughlin Mfg. Co., 342 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

**Typewriters**

All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month.

**CREEKMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.** Toronto.

**SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE**

Keeps delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all grocers.

**GUARANTEED PURE.**

**Children Love to Take It.**

**And it Cures Them of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Sore Throat and Whooping Cough.**

Because it contains turpentine some people imagine that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is disagreeable to the taste. On the contrary it is sweet and palatable, and children love to take it. They soon learn that, besides being pleasant to take, it brings immediate relief to soreness, irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. At this season of the year all mothers desire to have in the house some reliable medicine to give when the children catch colds, or awake in the night with the hollow, croupy cough which strikes a chill to every mother's heart. You can rely absolutely on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It has stood the test.



**Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.**

There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**A HACKING COUGH.**

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 87 Beaton street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it "honey" and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

**A NASTY CROUPY COUGH.**

Mr. J. Gilroy of High Park avenue, Toronto, states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my two-year-old boy of a nasty croupy cough which he could not seem to get rid of. After this experience with this remedy we intend to keep some in the house for emergencies."

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK R. CRONIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Telephone. Main 489

THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1901.

AN IGNORANT CRITIC.

Newspapermen have been laughing over a "criticism" (save the mark) of Mr. Willard in "The Cardinal," which has appeared in Saturday Night.

After criticizing the critics, Saturday Night turns the vial of its outraged irreligiosity upon Mr. Willard. He "deceives himself, but he cannot deceive the audience."

Now, what sort of an ignoramus wrote all this? If a smart boy in an Ontario village who has learned the rudiments of a professional training-by-beating a drum in the P. P. A. band should get a job on a Toronto paper, he is let loose upon the drama without other credentials.

LORD SALISBURY IN A SAD MOOD.

Lord Salisbury's sad speech on the war, delivered at the Mansion House banquet is the leading topic of the week. The most depressing part of the address upon the assembled guests was that in which he declared it impossible for the Government to take the public into their confidence.

These words fully justify the suspicion now expressed in many quarters that the Government has been deliberately deceiving the public. There can be no doubt at all that such deception was practised when, on the eve of the dissolution of Parliament, the war was declared over and the recall of the army imminent.

place in South Africa that the Government dare not let the public know. One of these suppressed occurrences is alleged to have been the capture by the Boers of the principal British remount station within four hours journey of Cape Town.

FRANCE FRIGHTENS THE SULTAN.

The signal triumph of France in the diplomatic rupture with Turkey, which has been developing since before the visit of the Czar, has annoyed some leading British journalists, because it has been represented by the lesser sheets of Paris as a revenge for the Fashoda incident.

CARDINAL SVAMPA.

The Associated Press brings the news that Cardinal Svampa is dying. Cardinal Svampa is Archbishop of Bologna. His name has come up in every latter day forecast of the next conclave.

Leo XIII, while 'Ignis Ardens' stands for the next Pontiff. The explanation of these mottoes are most wildly extravagant in many cases. 'Ignis Ardens' is said to refer to the Archbishop of Bologna, because he is named Svampa (Extinction) and his arms are a burning torch; but this motto might also be applied to Cardinal-Vannutelli, whose name is Serafino, which means "inflamed by divine zeal."

MORE AMALGAMATION TALK.

Once again the Collegiate Institute Board has thrown out a resolution favoring amalgamation with the Public School Board. This matter has become a hardy annual in Toronto. Members of the High School Board doubtful of re-election are prone to place all their dependence upon it.

There can be no sense in any attempt to rush amalgamation through, and in the absence of a satisfactory plan safeguarding all interests the annual up-cropping of the theme must be regarded simply as election talk.

MAGISTRATE DENISON TALKS

In the course of a police investigation into the alleged gambling scandal overshadowing Toronto, Magistrate Denison, on Tuesday laid down this dictum, as reported in The Toronto World:

We often hear from individual judges of this legal theory that confession to a priest is not privileged, and may be forced from the confessor. But if the law be such a coach-and-four is driven through it by every level-headed judge throughout Christendom.

Apparently, however, Magistrate Denison goes beyond ordinary lengths in challenging the secrecy of the confessional. He is conducting what is called a fishing investigation into a charge which is not made, except in a newspaper, which is irresponsible.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE "DEMONSTRATORS."

The Toronto Grand Jury last Saturday made the following reference to the Christian Science case before the Assize judge:

held liable, therefore a change seems desirable which would prevent any one not a legally qualified physician acting as a substitute for such aid; the prescribing of medicine or other physical treatment should not be necessary to render the demonstrator liable to action.

While the Grand Jury's presentment may be well intended, it can hardly be called practical. Perhaps Goldwin Smith is right when he says the law cannot do much in rescuing people from their own delusions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Rev. J. R. McKee, M. A., formerly curate of St. Agnes and St. John the Baptist, Tuebrook, Liverpool, has, announces The Tablet, been received into the Catholic Church.

Some Canadian papers would have their readers believe that only the anti-British sentiment of the United States supports Mr. John Redmond and the Home Rule delegation now visiting the Republic.

This devoted Empire is waiting to hear from Mr. Chamberlain in regard to Canon Gore's appointment to the Bishopric of Worcester. Canon Gore is a pro-Boer - a crime in Irish members for which Mr. Chamberlain proposes to cut down the representation of Ireland in Westminster.

The report that the Duke of Norfolk is to marry Lady Alice Fitzwilliam is repeated in face of recent denials. The intended bride of the Duke of Norfolk is the oldest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam. She recently became a Catholic, to the great indignation of her family, and it is since then that the Duke met her.

The proposal to erect, in the Catholic Church at Maidstone, a memorial to the memory of Father O'Coigley, who was hanged on Pennington Heath, near Maidstone, England, in May, 1798, on a charge which is now known to be false, of being a French emissary of sedition, recalls the fact that to his presence as a witness in this trial Henry Grattan owed his life.

In the Life of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, which Lord Justice Mathew has contributed to the supplementary volume of the Dictionary of National Biography, some interesting figures are given of the enormous sums earned by the late Lord Chief Justice during his career at the Bar.

Elder and Co. In addition to the narrative of Lord Russell's career which Mr. O'Brien has compiled, the book will also contain an appreciation of the late Lord Chief Justice as an advocate, contributed by Lord James of Hereford, while there will be an estimate of his judicial career by the eminent lawyer who is now Mr. Justice Jelf.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in the quiet little town of Slough, Buckinghamshire, where a Catholic social club was formally opened. From the Reformation until a few years ago no Catholic service had been held in the town, but with the arrival of Father Clemente, a zealous Italian priest, a marked change took place, and Slough has now a Catholic Church, Catholic schools, and lastly a Catholic club.

THEY HAVE A NEW LEAD.

The noble women of Toronto having wearied of doing good on the golf links; and on sundry patriotic committees, have hit upon a new idea for settling all the outstanding difficulties of society. They are going to import negro servants from Barbadoes; and as far as we can judge from the reports in the newspapers, they intend to make the new industry a department of the civic administration. Their initial meeting was held in the City Hall. It is quite a remarkable thing that no matter what object attracts for the moment the merry women of Toronto they always call their meetings in the City Hall.

MR. REDMOND TO VISIT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 11.—A large gathering, composed of the officers and members of the several Irish societies took place at St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street, last week, under the presidency of Mr. W. E. Doran, president of St. Patrick's Society, under whose auspices the meeting was called. The object of the meeting was to prepare a reception to Mr. John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader in the British House of Commons, and his two colleagues, Messrs. McHugh and O'Donnell.

AN ALLEGED SYRIAN PRIEST IN MONTREAL.

A Montreal despatch says: Philip Giraud, the alleged Syrian priest, who claims by his notices to be a miracle worker, has by his conduct in some of the west end parishes, made it necessary for His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, to warn the faithful of the diocese against having any intercourse whatever with him.

The letter prohibiting Giraud from saying mass in the diocese, warning the faithful not to receive him into their homes and forbidding them to read a pamphlet supposed to be issued by Giraud and known as the "Catholic Review," was read in all the Catholic churches in the city at the different masses Sunday.

In the letter His Grace explains that in August last he summoned Giraud to the palace to show the papers proving that he was a Syrian priest and had a right to say mass. This Giraud refused to do. As no priest has a right to celebrate mass without first obtaining permission from the Archbishop, the latter has, therefore, formally forbidden him to celebrate mass, and the faithful to attend any service at which he may officiate.

The letter goes on to state that Giraud has been asking for money for masses. This is a thing that is never allowed by any priest, as more masses are asked for than can possibly be said by the number of priests.

In conclusion the letter refers to the pamphlet The Catholic Review, as unfit to be read by the faithful and warning them that they are not to read it nor to allow any of their children to do so. At the end of the pamphlet the announcement made that mass is said in Father Giraud's Chapel every morning, during the week at eight o'clock, and on Sunday at ten o'clock. As the Catholic Church does not recognize any such chapel, the Archbishop closes by forbidding the faithful to visit its place.

After a Struggle

"Georgie," said a fond mother to a little four-year-old, "you must take the umbrella to school with you, or you will get wet. It rains hard."

"I want the little one," he said, meaning the parasol. "No, my dear, that is for dry weather. You must take this and go like a good boy."

Georgie did as he was bid and got to school comfortably.

After school hours it had stopped raining, and Georgie trudged home with the remnants of the umbrella under his arm.

"Oh, Georgie, what have you been doing with my umbrella?" said his mother, when she saw the state it was in.

"You should have let me have the little one," said he. "This was such a great one, it took four of us to pull it through the door."—Leslie's Weekly.

THE CROWN OF OLD ENGLAND.

Goldwin Smith, in The Weekly Sun: "The Crown of Old England has been a glorious crown, but old-fashioned people would have preferred letting it be as it was to bedizen it with any Chamberlainian additions. It is the remark of a historian that increase of titles is not increase of strength, but rather an indication of the reverse. No monarch probably is stronger in titles than the King of Siam. One alteration there was which might have been profitably made in the Royal title. 'Defender of the Faith' is a piece of political lacquer. The title notorious was bestowed by the Pope on Henry VII, in consideration of that King's defence of the faith which the present King or his successor to the throne abjures as false and idolatrous. It ought to have been returned to the owner."

IN BLACK PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS



Our prices for first quality No. 1 Persian Lamb Jackets are: 22 inch length..... \$ 85.00 24-inch length..... 100.00 26 inch length..... 110.00 We give you references as to fast dealing. We have one of the best fur cutters in the world in our employ. F. MacNab & Co. 274 Yonge Street. Toronto Telephone Main 3205.



Bishop Favier on Loat

Pekin's famous Bishop, Monsignor Favier, has been repeatedly accused of looting and other misdeeds after the siege of Peking.

I answered that on my arrival at Peking I would place myself at the disposal of the allied powers, and if in spite of my positive orders any injustice had been done, it would be promptly repaired.

I desired to clear up the matter, so, shortly after arriving at Peking, I called on Marshal Count Waldersee, on the French Minister and the delegates of the Chinese Government.

After many inquiries I found that Lou-Sen was the son of a certain Ly-Chan, a Mandarin murdered by the Boxers because of his friendly dispositions towards Europeans.

Finally I had a large poster placed at the gates of our residence inviting all pagans who suffered some

wrong at the hands of Christians to come and receive compensation. Several presented themselves and received immediately what was promised.

Such is my answer to the questions of your letter, and I trust that now you will share my hopes for the future.

CIRCULAR LETTER OF BISHOP FAVIER, OF PEKIN, TO THE CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

You suffered much for the sake of your religion during the past year. That persecution was unjust.

The Christian religion has been propagated in China for many years. Its missionaries have only one end in view — to exhort men to do good.

Deprived of everything, separated forever here below from the dearest members of your families, your wives and children, it is not surprising that at first bitter feelings against the assassins and incendiaries should fill your hearts.

To-day I come to remind you of a precept of our holy religion—forgiveness of injuries. Show, therefore, that you are worthy children of the Catholic Church.

The Emperor, through his Mandarins, orders his pagan subjects to be at peace with you and not give way to hatred and revenge.



"Incline Thine Ear Unto Wisdom"

Solomon probably never had in view the inestimable benefits of insurance, when he exhorted men to be wise and look beyond the present.

Lesson—Evidence your wisdom by insuring NOW, and by selecting a strong, progressive company, like the North American Life.

For information about any up-to-date and approved plan, see an agent, or drop a card to the Head Office.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE 112-118 King St. W., TORONTO L. Goldman, Secretary. Wm. McCabe, Managing Director.

meat of the Emperor, the father of all.

Justice demands a compensation for the losses you suffered; it will be given. We have come to an understanding on this point with the Mandarins.

The Viceroy promised me in the name of the Emperor not to listen to any complaint made against you in connection with the past events.

Suffer with patience and resignation. The persecution was like a terrible storm. Now the wind is stilled and calm has returned.

Your good examples will cause many to reverence and appreciate our holy religion. Your patience and charity will bring worshippers to the true God, for charity draws all things to itself.

FRIGHTFUL MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES. Some time ago a telegram was received in Genoa announcing that missionaries and Genoese Sisters had been massacred by Indians at Alto Alegre, in Brazil.

A little girl of ten years, who escaped the Indians almost miraculously, told the sad story as well as she could.

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg and Orillia, the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto, the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1902

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon on MONDAY, 25th INST., for supplies of butcher's meat, creamery butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, codfish, etc., etc.

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg and Orillia, the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto, the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract payable to the order of the Honourable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON, Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 11th, 1901.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 27th, 1901, for the erection of an Observatory building at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the amount of tender, must accompany each bid. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, H. E. CARDINAL, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Ont. Nov. 11, 1901.

IN COMMON THINGS.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows In dew wet grasses all about thy feet;

In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet, In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see! It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.

Bring love and justice home; and then no more Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought, The simple duty that awaits thy land

Is God's voice uttering a divine command; Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder workings, or some bush aslone, Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;

But in earth's common things He stands revealed, While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

The paradise men seek the city bright That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes, Is only human goodness in the skies.

Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light. Minot J. Savage.

NEW NEWFOUNDLAND KNIGHT

St. Johns, Nfld., Nov. 12.—Chief Justice Little's knighthood is looked upon as a special recognition of the loyalty of the Roman Catholics in Newfoundland.

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg and Orillia, the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto, the Reformatory for Boys, Penitentiary, the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract payable to the order of the Honourable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

J. R. STRATTON, Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 11th, 1901.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 27th, 1901, for the erection of an Observatory building at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the amount of tender, must accompany each bid. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, H. E. CARDINAL, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Ont. Nov. 11, 1901.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 27th, 1901, for the erection of an Observatory building at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Next Week, Nov. 18th to Nov. 23rd Matinees WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

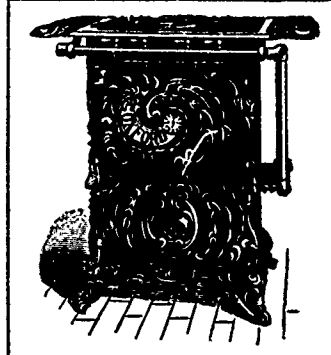
MR. JOSEPH MURPHY

THE LEGITIMATE IRISH COMEDIAN In Two of the Best Irish Dramas Ever Written

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wed. Mat. "SHAUN RHUE" Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sat. Mat. "KERRY GOW"

POPULAR PRICES EVENINGS 1st 12 Rows, 75c.; 2nd 12 Rows, 50c.; Balcony, 50c. and 25c. MATINEES 1st 12 Rows, 50c.; Balance of House, 25c. At all Holiday Matinees night prices prevail. Holiday Enclosings only, the entire Lower Floor is 75c.

"The Tendency of the Age is Combination!"



Did it ever strike you what a happy combination a GURNEY FURNACE and an OXFORD GAS RANGE is? One does the heating and the other the cooking. In Combination Heating and Sanitary Plumbing we are experts.

POWER BROS. 212 QUEEN W., TORONTO TINSMITHING Phone Main 1820 GENERAL ROOFING

CITY HALL DRUG STORE

84 QUEEN ST., WEST Phone Main 644 CAREFUL DISPENSING is a hobby with us Competent graduates see to it that in the compounding of medicines in our dispensary none but the purest and freshest drugs are employed—and the directions of each prescription are carefully checked

Bring Your Prescriptions to us Prices Easy THE NATIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA is offering special inducements to bright young men of energy who can produce personal business and anxious to make a good future for themselves.

4146 TORONTO

Wax Candles and Sanctuary Oils

Write for our prices on Candles and Oils. We save you all customs duties and annoyances. OUR GOODS ARE GUARANTEED.

BLAKE'S Catholic Book Store 602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO Phone Park 332

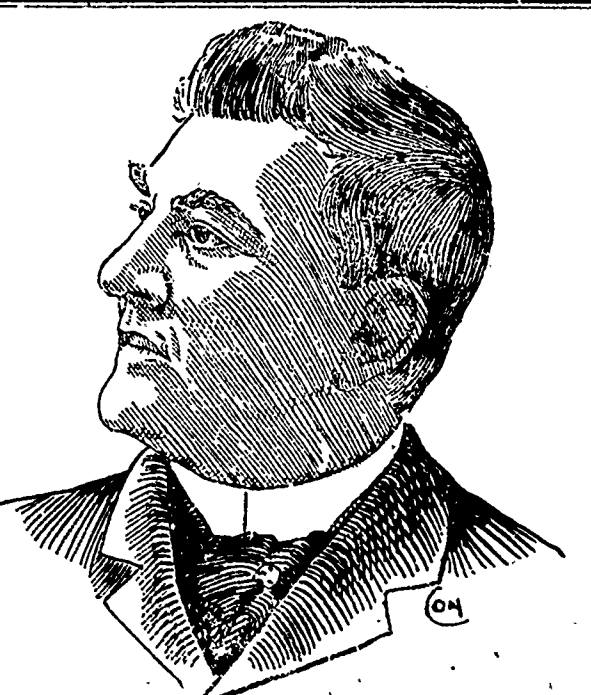
There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy, but if we had a cough, a cold, or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in

BELL ART PIANOS and ORGANS Every facility for investigating the merits of these High-Grade Instruments is offered by the BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. LIMITED QUELPH, ONTARIO Toronto Warerooms: 145 Yonge Street Catalog No. 104 for the asking.

FURNITURE FOR PRESENTS

If you are looking for something to give a friend, let us show you what we can do in the Furniture line. Easy Chairs, Lounges, Book Cases, China Closets, Fancy Chairs, Fancy Rockers, &c. Are here in endless variety, and at prices that will prove very tempting. The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co. Limited 97 YONGE ST.



JOSEPH MURPHY.

Joseph Murphy, the popular Irish comedy actor, will begin next Monday evening his annual engagement in this city at the Grand Opera House, presenting his favorite Irish dramas, "Shaun Rhue" and "Kerry Gow."

"Shaun Rhue" (Rev. John) Mr. Murphy is able to keep his audience in almost alternate laughter and tears. Laughter follows his droll Irish wit, and tears the moment of pathos, particularly when driven from home he visits the grave of his mother, and picking up some of the earth, sings that pathetic ballad, "A Handful of Earth," which never fails to make a splendid impression.

# Elizabeth's Rosary...



Lida L. Coghlan

"It cannot be, Arthur. You are my own cousin."

"But I love you, Elizabeth. Love like mine is a sacred thing — too sacred to be lightly thrown aside. The law which forbids the marriage of cousins is only a law of the Church, not one made by Christ."

"To a Catholic, the laws of the Church are just as binding. Then, too, it is a wise law. Cousins should not marry."

"Never mind the law, Elizabeth. Tell me, do you love me?"  
"A shadow crept over the girl's face, and she looked at him wistfully."

"I don't know, Arthur. I love you as a friend, a companion, a cousin, or even as I should love a brother, had I one, but I hardly think I love you as I should love the man I shall marry. Perhaps, if you were not my cousin, I might love you as you wish."

"I am answered, dear. If you really loved me there would be no question of relationship, and you would have no doubts on the subject. I must have your whole heart."

"Arthur, dear, it grieves me to refuse what you ask. You have always been so good to me!" Then in a lighter tone: "Have you forgotten that this is our last evening together — that I start for home to-morrow?"

"Forgotten? That is why I was determined to know my fate to-night. I wish I could forget that I am losing you, not for a few months as I had hoped, but for all time. I was a careless fellow, caring little for my profession, when you came to us a year ago. I grew to love you, Elizabeth, and the hope of winning you has been a spur to my ambition. Now I have a fair chance of success, and you rob me of it all. He turned upon her with sudden anger. "How can you be so cruel?"

"I did not know, Arthur, did not dream of such a thing. To me you are a cousin — the dearest of cousins. How should I know that you thought differently of me?"

"How should you know? Are you really such a simpleton, or are you flirting with me? Great Heavens! girl, have you never had a lover?"

"Not that I know of."  
"How old are you—eighteen?"  
"I shall be twenty my next birthday."

They were on the upper gallery of the old house — Elizabeth seated in a rustic chair, Arthur leaning against the pillar, his arms folded across his breast, his dark face drawn with suppressed passion. His lips curled scornfully as he looked down upon the shrinking figure in the chair. He spoke clearly and distinctly, each word falling upon the girl's heart like a blow.

"Nearly twenty, and you have never had a lover. You have gone among men with your calm eyes and angelic face, have talked to them, sung for them, let them touch your hand, and no man has ever loved you? Do you expect me to believe that? I thought you an innocent child — and I find you a heartless flirt."

She rose and faced him. Her face was like marble — save for a spot of crimson on each cheek — and the usually calm eyes flashed angrily.

"And I thought my cousin a gentleman. I am equally sorry to see you disillusioned. I have answered your questions honestly. That you doubt my word does not alter the fact that I speak the truth. Good-night," and she swept into the house.

When Elizabeth returned from early mass next morning Arthur met her at the gate.

"Will you come into the rose garden, my cousin?"  
She looked up, half frightened, but the old kindly light shone in his eyes; all trace of last night's passion had vanished. He was again her dear cousin Arthur. With a silent prayer of thanksgiving she followed him.

"I want to ask your pardon, dear, for my conduct last night. I was mad, I think. Can you forgive me?"

"Fully and freely, my dear cousin. Will you forgive my angry words?"

"You had every right to be angry. After you left me last night I came out here; the cool night air and the perfume of the roses quieted me. As I thought more calmly I realized how unjust I had been. Remember, Elizabeth, that I am unused to girls so innocent and free from vanity as you are."

"I suppose I am innocent—most of my life has been spent in the dear old convent. I had no thought of wounding you, for I never dreamed that you thought of me other than a cousin. I wish you could believe me, Arthur."

"Do believe you, dear—forgive my momentary doubt. Forget my rash words and be again my gentle, loving little cousin. Before you go I want you to give me something that I can always keep with

me as a kind of talisman. Something you have used often so often as to be a part of yourself."

Elizabeth looked at him thoughtfully.

"I have but one thing which answers your description, and that you would not care to have. It is—she hesitated—"my rosary."

"Your rosary?"  
"Yes, Father Desmond gave it to me when I was confirmed. I have used it every day and kept it under my pillow every night since then. I have nothing which comes so near being a part of me."

"Will you give it to me, dear? I cannot promise to say the prayers, for I do not believe in that, but I will keep it because it was yours. It shall be my talisman, and the thought of my pure-hearted cousin will keep me from going very far astray."

Elizabeth laid her rosary in his outstretched hand. He looked at it reverently, not because of its religious meaning, but for the fact that she loved it, had told its beads daily since her childhood and kept it always about her.

It was a simple little rosary. The beads of white bone, were perfect carved roses, strung upon a slender steel chain. The medal which joined the decades was of bone, with the Ecce Homo thrown up in bold relief on one side, and the Mater Dolorosa on the other. The crucifix had the figure of the Redeemer carved into it. Every detail was perfect—the noble beauty of the face, the chaste symmetry of the limbs, even the nails which fastened the hands and feet to the cross.

"I could not give you anything I prize as much. Will you keep it always about you?"

"Always. It is to be my talisman, you know," he smiled softly into her earnest eyes, "and I promise never to do anything to grieve your tender heart, or to make your rosary ashamed of being with me. You shall have the prettiest rosary in Mobile in exchange."

"And I will say it every day for you, Arthur."

On Trinity Sunday the Bishop had administered confirmation at Saint Margaret's. The music had been very beautiful, the pipe organ, which had replaced the cabinet organ, having been used for the first time. Mrs. Tremont, Dr. Tremont's widow, had trained the choir, and both the pastor and people were justly proud of the music rendered. Mrs. Tremont's only child had been confirmed, and Father Meister had called to congratulate the widow upon the success of her teaching, as well as to bring the child a little present in remembrance of the occasion.

"I am sorry, father, but Elizabeth is not at home," Mrs. Tremont said, as she shook hands with her pastor. "She has gone for a little visit to her grandmother Tremont in Springfield. She has studied faithfully and I thought she needed a little rest."

"You were quite right, my child. I brought a small present for her which I will leave with you. It is only a little Rosary, but it came into my possession in rather a curious way. I will tell you about it, Mrs. Tremont, and you can tell Elizabeth as much of the story as you think best."

"Very well, father."

"Some ten years ago, I was chaplain at the Hotel Dieu, in Havana. Typhoid was raging, and we made a special study of such cases. One day a well-dressed man suffering from the fever was sent ashore from a vessel bound for New Orleans. There was no clue to his identity save the initials A. T. W., which marked his trunk and all his clothing. The same initials appeared on his wallet, which contained, besides a roll of money, this little Rosary. From this we judged him to be a Catholic, and as it was a hopeless case, we watched closely for a sign of consciousness, that he might receive the sacraments before he died."

"I was coming in from Mass one morning, when a nurse stopped me in the hall. The patient in 27 is awake, father, and quite rational. Will you see him?"

"What was my surprise to find that he was not, nor had ever been, a Catholic. But I think I should like to be one, father. Will you baptize me?"

"Certainly, if you really desire it. But you seem to know something of the faith, my son, else why the Rosary which we found in your wallet?"

"That is my talisman, father. It was given me by the woman I loved. She could not give me her heart, so—she looked up with a faint smile—she gave me her Rosary. Elizabeth loved it very dearly. It was given her the day she was confirmed, and she kept it always about her. Where is my Rosary, father? I want it."

"You shall have it. Do you really wish to be baptized? I wish you would think seriously about it,

my son. You know typhoid is treacherous."

"You think I am likely to die?" he interrupted.  
"I fear the chances are about even."

"You were right, Father, I do know something of the Faith, and I should like to die a Catholic."

"But should you recover?"  
"He smiled faintly. "Then I shall try to live a Catholic. I gave Elizabeth a rosary in exchange for this. She said she would say it every day for me. She must have kept her word. What think you, Father?"

"Some one has been praying for you, my son. Rest now, you have been talking too much. I will see you again this afternoon."

"After Vespers I baptized him. He was very weak, but seemed quite happy. After the ceremony, he said, 'When I am gone, father, I want you to send this back to Elizabeth. Tell her that her rosary was not only a talisman to keep me from evil, but that it and her prayers have brought me into the Church she loved so well. I will tell you all about it to-morrow, father, I am tired now,' and he closed his eyes wearily."

"When I called to see him next morning he was dead. The nurse, going her rounds at five o'clock, found that he had passed away in his sleep, his hands clasped, as if in prayer, over his beloved Rosary. Of course I did not know where to send the Rosary, so I kept it. I thought I would give it to your little daughter as a confirmation gift, she is such a pure-hearted child, and her name is Elizabeth. I'll leave it with you, Mrs. Tremont, and as I said before, you may tell her as much of the story now as you think best."

"O, my God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee," cried the widow, fervently. With grateful tears Elizabeth Tremont pressed to her lips the little Rosary which she had given to her cousin, Arthur Winston, in the rose garden, fifteen years before.—Our Lady of Good Counsel.

**ONE OF MANY.**  
He was the newest recruit of them all, a clean, well-set-up country boy—not long, loosed from his mother's apron strings, for he blushed like a girl and neither swore nor used tobacco.

The captain's eyes rested kindly upon his latest acquisition, the blue-eyed, hair-haired "Rookie" of "K" Company.

"He'll do," was the captain's brief comment, as he watched the boy's eagerness to acquire every soldierly detail.

The "Stentch Regulars" sailed with the Fifth Army Corps for Cuba, and all during the long, hot journey from Port Tampa to Siboney the "Rookie" proved to be a splendid nurse, capable and tender.

"He'll do," remarked the young surgeon, emphatically.

Always ready and willing for any extra bit of duty, rifle and belt always in first-class order, the "Rookie" even won a word of praise from the gruff old "top sergeant."

The day before the fight for Santiago the "Stentch" met their first man from home. A curiously directed, illiterate letter reached the captain of Company "K." It was from the "Rookie's" father.

"Honored sir," it read, "our boy, the last of six children, has listed with you, and his mother's heart is broke. We will pay you any price of you see he stays out of all fights. Our farm is worth \$2,000. Your humble servant," etc., etc.

That night the orders came for the advance on San Juan. During the thick of the fight next day the captain of "K" Company kept his eyes on his "Rookie." He was one of the first of that thin blue line to reach the blockhouse; he helped tear down the yellow and red of Spain; his left hand sent up the Stars and Stripes, the right helping with a bad flesh wound. That same left arm brought in the second lieutenant from a murderous fire.

"Private Blank," wrote the captain in his notebook, "medal of honor."

The captain wrote the boy's father from the line of entrenchments: "Your boy is a man. There isn't enough money in the United States Treasury to pay me to keep him out of a fight."

The "Rookie" bore a charmed life; never a bullet touched him; the fever passed him by. But the fifth day out, on their homeward way, the lad sickened, died and was buried at sea.

"A true hero," murmured the captain, as he stood with bared head watching the committal of the body to the deep, "but the world will never hear of him."—Catholic Home Annual.

**A PLEASANT MEDICINE.**—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One night as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take and are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

## Derry-Na-Mona

(By Victor Power.)

The November storm was raging around the old house of Derry-na-mona, and in a small room on the ground floor—the "school room," as it was called—a girl sat, all alone in the hreilight, her slender form convulsed with passionate sobs.

"Miss Eily, are you widdin, Miss?"  
The girl started, then rose, stole to the door, and unlocked it.

"Come in, Nora—come in," she said hurriedly, as the old servant entered. "I'm in trouble, Nora—terrible trouble—and I've locked myself in here to have a good cry."

"Ach! for shame, Miss Eily! See, now! I can guess what it is, and maybe things'll turn out all right in the end. God is good. And the master won't force you to do this, when it comes to the point. Just you wait and see."

Nora Brien was holding Eily Quinlan's hand in hers. The old woman had lived with the Quinlans for the previous forty years—had shared in the heyday of the family, and of late years, in their bitter reverses. She knew that James Quinlan—Eily's father—was tottering on the verge of ruin—that the old homestead of Derry-na-mona was mortgaged to its very chimneys—that the sole prospect of rescue from the abyss lay in the chances of Eily's making a wealthy marriage. She knew that James Quinlan had spent a good deal of his time for the previous weeks over at Shula Castle, with Walter Hamilton, the owner of the estate, who had only recently come to reside there from abroad, and that a rumor was afloat in the neighborhood that Hamilton had fallen in love, "as first sight," with Eily Quinlan, and was negotiating with the girl's father to pay off the incumbrances on the Derry-na-mona property, in exchange for the privilege of receiving the beautiful girl for his wife, and as mistress of the ancient castle.

But Nora Brien had heard these whisperings from outsiders only. She had yet to learn that they were actual facts; and that there was also another fact which was breaking Eily's heart, day by day.

Between her sobs, Eily now poured her story into the old servant's sympathetic ears. That very evening Eily's father had introduced to his daughter the subject of Walter Hamilton, and had told her, in so many words, that he had as good as promised Hamilton that Eily would be his wife.

"And it is killing me to think of it, Nora!" the girl sobbed. "I could not remain in the dining-room; and I have come here to try to realize what it means."

"But why are you so upset over it, Miss Eily?" Nora Brien asked, after a pause. "Sure, isn't Mr. Walker a fine, handsome young gentleman, and very rich, too, by all accounts? And what betthen could you do then?"

"Oh, hush, hush, Nora! You don't know what you are saying!" The firelight flashed on the girl's face as she thus spoke; and Nora, as she gazed earnestly at her young mistress, saw that Eily's blue eyes were strangely haggard, and that the withered bloom of her cheeks gave place to a sickly pallor. Her russet-gold hair was dishevelled, and her full lips were quivering.

"You don't know what you are saying, Nora!" she repeated, in a choking whisper. "Are you forgetting—forgetting Master Frank?"

And she suddenly burst into bitter weeping.

When she had grown somewhat calmer, Nora ventured to take up the subject of Eily's last words.

"Why, I thought, child, that you never heard from Master Frank Carrighan since I thought it was all over forever, since he left home, and went away to Dublin to attend to his profession last year?"

"He asked me to keep our secret to myself, Nora. But I feel I must tell you the truth now. I promised, a year ago, to be his wife some day—and I expect him this evening or to-morrow, to arrange further particulars as to our future."

"Expect him, Miss Eily? Not here, surely?"

"No; how could he come here, Nora? You know well enough that papa detests the Carrolls—ever since that wretched law-suit between our family and theirs."

"This was true, and Nora could only sigh and shake her head despondently—and a long silence followed."

"And when did Master Frank come home, Miss Eily?" Nora asked, at last.

"I do not know yet whether he has come or not. I had a letter from him to-day, from Dublin—sent under cover to Julia Neill." (Julia Neill was a farmer's wife, living near; she had been Eily's playmate once upon a time, and was a tenant of the Quinlans.) "He said he intended running down to Clonea for a couple of days, and starting from Dublin either to-day or to-morrow. And he promised to send a message to me whatever evening he should arrive."

"Poor dear Master Frank! Now I understand things better, Miss Eily," Nora returned, her kindly face full of compassionate tenderness. "But it is no use to be building on that, Miss Eily," she continues, very gravely. "The master will never consent to it. He hates the Carrolls like poison, and, besides, you see, Miss Eily, he needs Mr. Walter's money! I'm sorry to the heart for you, my poor dear; but it's as good for you to try and make the best of it now."

### Time to Think of Your Winter

# COAL

YOUR GRANDFATHER BURNED OILS WHY? TRY A TON AND SEE.

## P. BURNS & CO.

38 KING ST. EAST TELEPHONE 131 MAIN

### KITCHEN FURNISHINGS

We carry a full line of Sundries including

Coffee Grinders	Meat Choppers	Knife Cleaners
-----------------	---------------	----------------

## Gurney's Scales

all kinds.

## Rice Lewis & Son,

LIMITED

62 and 64 King St. East, Toronto.

## TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessors. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unequalled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against dis-appointment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces.

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited

WARRIOR, PIANO, RENO ORGANS AND PIPE ORGANS

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

## EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cacao, and distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior quality, and highly Nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng., and

## EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER

"VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE."

Would you think it possible for us to have fifty-six varieties of bread?

A sample loaf only costs you five cents.

Phone Park 553 and have a wagon call.

## THE TORONTO BAKERY

420-422 Bathurst Street

H. O. TOMLIN

## Soft Harness

# EUREKA

Harness Oil

Try one bottle and you will see the difference. It is the only harness oil that is pure and does not contain any kerosene or other harmful substances. It is the only harness oil that is made in Canada.

"Poor dear Master Frank! Now I understand things better, Miss Eily," Nora returned, her kindly face full of compassionate tenderness. "But it is no use to be building on that, Miss Eily," she continues, very gravely. "The master will never consent to it. He hates the Carrolls like poison, and, besides, you see, Miss Eily, he needs Mr. Walter's money! I'm sorry to the heart for you, my poor dear; but it's as good for you to try and make the best of it now."

(To be Continued.)

### Legal

## ANGLIN & MALLON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

Office: Land Security Chambers, 2, W. cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

F. A. ANGLIN, JAS. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone Main 283.

## FOY & KELLY,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Offices: Home Savings and Loan Company's Building, 83 Church Street, Toronto.

J. J. FOY, M.C. Telephone Main 793. H. T. KELLY,

## HEARN & SLATTERY,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Proctors in Admiralty. Office: Canada Life Building, 45 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 3040.

T. PHANE SLATTERY, Residence, 285 Stacey St., Ont. Phone Main 974.

EDWARD J. HEARN, Res. 21 Orange Ave. Res. Phone 1002.

## LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents.

OTTAWA, ONT.

F. R. Latchford, M.C. J. Lorne McDougall, J. Edward J. Daly.

## LEE & O'DONOGHUE,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Land Security Chambers, 25 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont. Offices—Boltin, Ont.

Phone, Main 1288. Residence Phone, Main 2076.

W. T. J. LEE, B.C.L. JOHN G. O'DONOGHUE, LL.B.

## MCBRADY & O'CONNOR,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 22 and 23, Canada Life Building, 44 King St. West, Toronto.

L. V. MCBRADY, T. W. O'CONNOR

Telephone Main 2825.

## MACDONELL BOLAND & THOMPSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

Proctors in Admiralty. 7 Toronto St., Toronto.

A. C. MACDONELL, JOHN N. C. THOMPSON.

Telephone Main 1072.

## SCOTT, SCOTT & CURLEE,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Supreme and Exchequer Courts Agents.

CARLETON CHAMBERS, OTTAWA, ONT.

Hon. N. W. Scott, M.C. L. D. D. Darcy Scott.

W. H. Curlee, M.A.

D'Arcy Scott, Departmental Agent and Parliamentary Solicitor authorized under the Rules of the House of Commons of Canada.

## ROOFING.

JORBES ROOFING CO.—SLATE AND GRAVEL roofing—established forty years. 128 Bay Street. Telephone Main 12.

## Photographers

Gold Medals for the World, Paris Exposition, 1900

## E. J. ROWLEY

PHOTOGRAPHER

436 Spadina Ave. (4 doors S. Colborne St.) Toronto. Telephone Main 3724.

## E. McCORMACK

MERCHANT TAILOR.

31 JORDAN ST. 1 DOOR SOUTH OF KING.

## King & Yorston

Manufacturers and dealers in

Office Furniture, Chairs, Settees, etc. Churches, Halls and Public Buildings supplied on short notice.

31 to 35 Elizabeth St., Cor. Albert, Toronto.

## "My Valet"

FOUNTAIN TAILOR.

36 Adelaide St. W. Phone: Main 3074

Dress Suits to Rent

Pressing, Remodelling, Cleaning and Dyeing. Goods called for and returned to any part of the city.

Single in 100's and 50's

## PARLOR EDDY'S MATCHES

"Victoria"

are put up in most pleasing and convenient to handle. No sulphur. No dangerous fumes. Every box a match. Every match a lighter.

For Sale by ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

NOTHING SO VALUABLE AS GOOD HEALTH—Then why not preserve it by using pure food and drink

## COWAN'S

PERFECTION

# COCOA

QUEEN DESSERT CHOCOLATE CHOCOLATE WAFERS, ETC.



**WHEN BABY WRITES A LETTER.**

When baby writes a letter to her Daddy far away, The occasion's most important, for she has so much to say. She sits up to the table, as grown-up folks all do, And then a pile of paper all around her we must strow. With Grandma's golden spectacles safely perched upon her nose She dips her pen into the ink, then straight to work she goes, And the onslaught fierce that follows would fill you with dismay.

When baby writes a letter to her Daddy far away, Baby sends her love to Daddy, and hopes that he is well, In the sentence Baby first indites—her methods I must tell— For the sweet and simple message that expresses Baby's love Is a dot and dash and big ink-splash below and just above. She perforates the paper with many tiny pricks, And plays a tattoo on her chair with sundry little kicks, And all the floor is scattered o'er with fragments of the fray To tell us Baby's writing to her Daddy far away.

The letter is a long one, for scores of sheets are used, A page for every word she takes, she quite ignores the lines, While each one as it's written to oblivion she consigns; Then proudly from an envelope Miss Baby now will call, And she fills it full of paper, with no writing on at all. The address is so illegible, I much regret to say, It's doubtful if 'twill ever reach dear Daddy far away. —Charles Noel Douglas in The November Woman's Home Companion.

**A Business Boy**

(By Edwin Arnold.)

"I should like to leave school, father, and go to work." Mr. Thetford looked up from his evening paper as Frank spoke. "Leave school and go to work!" he echoed. "What nonsense! Haven't I told you repeatedly that I wish you to prepare for college to take a law course?"

"I know it, sir, but I feel that I should make more of a success in a business field." "Tut! tut! You have been reading some foolish book. There are hundreds of business boys who would be delighted to have your chance of a profession. Mercantile life is full of hard knocks, as many an experienced boy can tell you."

"Perhaps Frank would be happier if permitted to follow his choice," suggested Mrs. Thetford, looking up from a bonnet she was trimming. "There is no profession that has the least attraction for me," said Frank, "while business has a great attraction for me."

"What kind of business?" "I don't exactly know. There are a thousand or more that would please me."

"Well, then, go ahead," consented his father. "Have your own way in the matter. But remember, if you ever regret the step you are about to take, there will be no one but yourself to blame." Frank was highly pleased to think that his school days were over. He had never disliked study, nor been dilatory in attendance at class, but the time had come now when he felt he should strike out in the world to plow his own way. He was just fifteen, and it was an idea of his that boys intending to enter business should start early, so as to receive a thorough training.

It was summer, and although Frank could have spent the season in the country, he preferred to remain at home and answer advertisements in the daily papers.

One in particular caught his eye. It ran: **WANTED** — A bright, energetic boy between 15 and 18; must come well recommended; one just from school preferred. Salary \$150 first year. Address in own handwriting, Hardware, 202 1/2 Sun office.

Frank answered this together with several other advertisements, and while awaiting results, called at numerous commercial houses down town.

He met with no encouragement whatever in his visits to the various offices, and in some of them he was even treated with discourtesy, especially by pompous young clerks.

Frank received many letters in response to his own. In calling at the places he was summoned to he was received well, but was left in doubt as to whether he would be chosen from the numerous applicants who had also received letters. "We shall let you know if we decide on you," was the general word given him after the interview.

One morning he received a letter from the "Hardware" advertiser. Also one from a place in Franklin street. And another from Duane street.

He determined to visit the "Hardware" place first. It was in Reade street. C. B. Stokes was the name signed to the letter, and the number and street were written below it.

Mr. Stokes was a man of thirty, and very precise.

He questioned Frank closely, and Frank almost believed he would be engaged. The hours would be eight to six.

"I am well pleased with you, so far as this interview has convinced me," said Mr. Stokes; "but you may have noticed a dozen other applicants in the outer office as you came in. I have yet to see them before making a positive choice."

Frank came away full of hope. Something told him he would be engaged, yet he would not be too sure.

He called at the Franklin street place next. It was the wholesale woolen business.

"We have already selected a boy, just an hour ago," said the man in charge. In case he proves unsatisfactory, we shall give you a trial. We shall hold your address."

Place number three was a large confectionery house. The hours were from half after seven in the morning till six in the evening, with the exception of Saturday, when three o'clock was the closing hour.

They wanted a young clerk to make out bills and mark wooden packages of goods before put on the wagons for delivery.

The head man in this place was quite impressed with Frank, and he almost told him he would be engaged. But, as in the other instances, the other applicants had to be seen out of courtesy before a decision was made.

"I should have to leave home at half-past six," thought Frank, as he left the confectionery office. It would take me fully an hour to get this far. I seem to like the nail place better. I could leave home at quarter past seven."

Frank kept thinking of the nail business all the way home and all day long. He wondered anxiously would he receive a card next day to call again.

So eager did he become to secure the position, that he had recourse to his Rosary, believing faithfully that whatever one prays for one will get, be it for one's good.

Next morning a postal summoned him again to Reade street, and he was overjoyed.

Mr. Stokes greeted him cordially. "Just excuse me a few moments," said the nail merchant. "I will see you after I leave that lady."

The lady in question was gowned in deep mourning, with a long, heavy veil hanging from the back of her head. She was accompanied by a not-over-bright youth of sixteen.

She spoke in a loud voice as she addressed Mr. Stokes, and Frank could not help over-hearing what she said.

Frank was under the belief that it was an unwise act for a boy to have a parent accompany him and speak for him. He thought a business man would prefer a boy that did his own talking.

But Mr. Stokes seemed to be an exception, for the lady appeared to be making a success of matters, just as a persistent saleswoman wins her way over an article of goods. Her son had nothing to say.

Finally, Mr. Stokes paused in the interview and crossed over to Frank with a book containing some columns of figures.

"You may add these up, while I am engaged," said he, pleasantly. "Have you a pencil?" "Yes, sir."

"Skip the figures that are in red ink. Also those that have a line drawn through them." "Very well, sir," said Frank, taking the book, and beginning with his pencil.

The book was an old one, having been used by a shipping clerk, and the numbers were confusing, while the columns were very irregular.

Frank went over them cautiously, and then marked down the amount. "Very good," said Mr. Stokes, examining the result. Then, in a friendly way he told Frank how he was deliberating between him and the boy opposite.

said his beads, while kegs of nails, such as he had seen in Mr. Stokes's lofts, kept running before his mind. "I'm beginning to get tired of these advertisements," he said, two days later, as the postman handed him another card reading: "Kindly call at — Broadway in answer to O. D. F."

"I remember this ad. I wasn't going to answer it at first. Well, I will call over there and have matters over and done with. I suppose it will be the same old way—We'll let you know by letter if we want you."

"O. D. F." proved to be a man named Oliver D. Fisher. He was an art stationer. After an interview with Frank he was quite pleased.

"I'll engage you at three dollars a week." "Thank you, sir." "Please come next Monday to commence."

Frank was in the art stationer's but a month when Mr. Fisher died. His son, a haughty man with a reddish beard, then took charge. He had never liked Frank, and was not long in politely informing him that he intended to make a change.

"I have a nephew who is coming here," he said. "Everything is against me," thought Frank, discouraged. "I wonder if this all means that I should take father's advice and go to college when class begins. I think I'll do as he suggested, if something doesn't turn up soon."

Frank grew heartily sick of answering advertisements. He was about giving up when one day he was summoned by mail to a transportation office on Broadway, below Wall street.

He had no hope of being engaged, but he was happily surprised, for they selected him at first sight. "Just the kind of a boy we want," said the director to himself. "And I think he'll like his duties."

Frank did like the transportation business. It took him in doors and out, and sent him among the ships and wharves.

It is a wealthy concern that he works for, and he has as good chances as any boy could desire in the way of progress.

"I am sure no business could ever please me so well as the one I'm in," he often says to his father, as they chat over the evening meal.

"Since you are putting all your energy into your work," Mr. Thetford remarks, "I'm quite satisfied, although it isn't a profession."

"I firmly believe my beads led me to my position," says Frank, much to his mother's surprise, for she had always noticed him to be shy of "devotional" talk. "I'm glad now that I was disappointed of what I wanted at first. I feel I'm on the right road now."

Mr. Thetford smiled. He was not a church member and Frank's reference to the beads amused him. "Very well, believe that way, since it pleases you."

"I know it to be so," said Frank, raising his spoon of berries to his mouth. "And, with a playful wink, 'you, father, will find it out some day.'"

"If I do, I shall give due credit to our business boy."

**CATARH CAN BE CURED.** Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**A HAPPY FAMILY.** I know a happy family of cunning boys and girls, Who have such round and rosy cheeks and pretty golden curls. In all that they may have to do they pleasantly agree, And every one of them is kind and good as good can be. They never call each other names nor pull each other's hair, Nor find the slightest bit of fault with what they have to wear. They never cry at night because they have to go to bed, Nor ever frown at any one no matter what is said; Not one of them was ever known to try to tease the cat, Or even have a wish to do a naughty deed like that. When they are asked to do a thing they never say "I shan't!" Because they're dolls, these boys and girls, and so, you see, they can't. Nixon Waterman.

**TRY IT.** — It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent — Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing. It is applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

**KILLARNEY.**

Translated from the Gaelic of Daniel Lynch, M. R. S. A., by James B. Doland and J. P. O'Neill, Toronto. This translation is very literal — almost word for word — and the original metre preserved.

Of pleasant towns I have seen full many In beauteous countries beyond the main — Through Scotland's valleys and soaring mountains And many too in our Isle's domain. I said: they're charming — I am not destined Such glad some prospects again to see — Such art and nature — but oh! Killarney! Oro, Cill-airne's thu gra mo chree!

They nobles travel from lands far distant Long while to linger and feast their eyes, On this peerless pearl of God's creation, Thine equal almost, fair Paradise! The lake's breast spangled with fairy islets, Rich gems in a Royal shield wrought free The ivied castles, erect and hoary — Oro, Cill-airne's thu gra mo chree.

The echoes' music the horn-call — Fr m'glen to glen and the cliffs' steep side. What views entrancing from every rock peak! O'er deep ravines where swift rivers glide; The playful streams over smooth stones gambol, In winding courses by tower and tree, Oh, 'tis there go lear sparke Nature's treasures Oro, Cill-airne's thu gra mo chree.

Disease there seldom or bodies weakly, E'en men and women some few I know Of five score winters to Mass go weekly Hearts burning fervent, unto Aghadac. Happy their converse in sweetest Gaelic, 'T'would soothe my sorrow were I there to-morrow Oro, Cill-airne's thu gra mo chree. —Boston Pilot.

"Oh, Killarney thou art the love of my heart."

**MR. DOOLEY AND SINGLE TAX.** (Not by F. P. Dunne.) "What d'ye think iv this new fangled scheme iv payin' taxes that ye r-read about in the papers?" said Mr. Hennessy, seeing that Mr. Dooley was in a communicative mood.

"Well, I dunno," said Mr. Dooley, "but they do say it's the greatest thing for th' benefit iv poor-down-throdden humanity that was iver invented — the greatest discovery iv the cintury. Why, only a few short years ago we thought it was St. Jacob's Ile, but no, it's Single Tacks, thrue's you live, Single Tacks. I knowed a man named Clancy, right here in the Sixth Ward, as healthy a lookin' bosthoun as ever came from County Clare. Well, when day he was feelin' kind iv blue and low-spirited, an' he felt so bad he couldn't sleep at nights. Some iv his frinds persuaded him to thry St. Jacob's Ile. Well, would ye believe it, Hennessy, if he d'nt read thim directions for a whole day an' night, thryin' to find out what was th' matter with him, whether 'twas constipation, sour stomach, convulsions, appendicetis, or insomnia, an' he got so mortally tired readin' thim ready-made testimonials, that he tuk to his bed an' slept for ten hours; but he got up a new man — 'twas slape he wanted. But what was I sayin' about th' Single Tacks, is it? I was just goin' to say this whin ye interrupted me, Hennessy. It's the Greatest Discovery iver made since a man be th' name of Christopher Columbus, an' Eye-talyun, be th' way, put his fut down on the silc — that was before there was iver such a place as Chicaweo or Archey Road — and said, 'This is America.' (All copyrights reserved). How do I make that out, d'ye say? Well, 'twas this way: 'Thy was want a fellow over in New York there be the name iv Henry George, who quit workin' and started to write books. Says he to himself wan day, 'I've got an Idea. Here's all these blasted idiots, says he, 'been goin' on livin' for thousands iv years, an' they n'er thought iv it before,' says he. What was his idea? His idea was that we're all livin' on the land. Here we've been goin' on thinkin' that we've been livin' on three squares a day (barrin' lint), an' some iv us on bread an' water, when it's plentyful; but, no, says Mr. George — it's Land — ye can't get off it — ye can't live without land."

"What d'ye think iv that, Hennessy, for a discovery? Simple, too, like all thim great inventions." "Mebbe so," said Mr. Hennessy, "but what did they do with th' man, Henry George?" "Do with him? Well, the poor

ASK FOR **Labatt's** (LONDON) **Ales and Stout** Have no equal. Excel in flavor. At Grocers, Clubs and Restaurants.

**J. E. SEAGRAM** DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF **WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.** ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHAT" Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market. **J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.**

**OUR BRANDS**  **The O'Keefe Brewery Co. TORONTO.**

**MONUMENTS** Finest work and best designs at low prices in Granite and Marble. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1118 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1248. TORONTO.

The Best Equipped Establishment in the Finest Building in Canada **The Hunter Rose Company** (LIMITED) Printers and Bookbinders Temple Building, cor. Bay and Richmond Sts. Telephone Main 243. TORONTO.

**HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS MADE INTO Good Serviceable Rugs** Thick in pile, soft in texture, oriental in appearance. Silk curtains woven to order. **TORONTO RUG WORKS** Orono Bros, Proprietors. 92 QUEEN ST. EAST

**Get What You Want...** Ordered Clothing, Dry-Goods, Etc., and pay later. Terms to suit. **W. H. GARDINER** 474 Queen Street, West

**McCabe & Co.** Undertakers & Embalmers 222 Queen St. E., Toronto. Telephone Main 2838. Open night and day.

**F. ROSAR, Undertaker.** 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1022.

Late J. Young **ALEX. MILLARD** UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER Telephone Main 679 358 YONGE STREET TORONTO

man got so fond iv the land he couldn't kape out iv it; but, after all, he on'y got his six feet, same as the rist iv us, an' betwixt me an' you, Hennessy, the country ud be better off iv some iv thim other poor wan Idea crayturers got their just share iv the land in the same way, an' let us injy ourselves in peace."

**You May Need Pain-Killer** For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints It is a sure, safe and quick remedy. **THE ONLY ONE PAIN-KILLER** FRANK DAVIS' Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

**THE... DOMINION BREWERY CO.** Limited. **Brewers and Malsters** Toronto. Manufacturers of the celebrated **WHITE LABEL ALE** Ask for it and see that our Brand is on every Cork. Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Detrimental Ingredients. **Wm. ROSS, Manager.**

**THE... COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.** OF TORONTO, Limited. **Malsters, Brewers and Bottlers** TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior **ALES AND BROWN STOUTS** Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885. **Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.**

**In Lager Beer The Standard of Canada** —IS— **REINHARDT'S "SALVADOR"** Toronto and Montreal

**Hotels Empress Hotel** Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO —Terms: \$1.50 per day.— Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes. **RICHARD DISSETTE . . . PROPRIETOR**

**Rossin House Liquor Store** Cor. Oxford and Spadina Choice qualities of Wines, Suitable for Socramental purposes; also best brands of Ales, Porters, Wines and Liqueurs at reasonable prices. Telephone Orders promptly attended to. **Phone Main 74**

**REGAN BROS., MERCHANT TAILORS,** 102 1/2 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. Telephone North 1186.

**CHURCH BELLS** Chimes and Peals. Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get the price. **MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY** Baltimore, Md. To-day let us rise and go to our work. To-morrow we shall rise and go to our reward.

