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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## RIGHTS OF HOLY SEE

A Complete Translation of the Recent Allocation—Facts of the French Crisis.

The following is a translation of the complete text of the recent allocation of the Holy Father in which the rights of the Holy See are fully set forth with reference to the anti-religious movement in France.

"You are aware, Venerable Brothers, that we have gathered your College around us to-day for a two-fold object—to treat with you concerning the two Beati who are to be enrolled in the list of the saints, and at the same time to make provision for the creation of new bishops. But if these two objects are well calculated to produce gladness, not so are the conditions of the times. For, in addition to the most calamitous conflagration of war which has been raging now for many months past in the Far East, and which we, animated as we are and as we must be by paternal charity towards all men, earnestly implore God to bring to a speedy termination, there are other causes nearer at hand of a nature to fill us with distress. For, while we contemplate on the one hand the practice in an excellent degree of the Christian virtues, we are at the same time constrained to turn our thoughts to that immense multitude of men who have hardly preserved the name of Christians; and while our heart is consoled by being able to give new pastors to churches which have been widowed, we are greatly distressed that it is not in our power to remove the widowhood of not a few others.

"You will at once realize that we now refer to that most noble among Catholic nations, which has now and for a long time past become grievously disturbed and agitated owing to the anti-religious spirit of many of her sons. Their recklessness in wrong-doing has reached such a pass that they have publicly driven from the schools and the tribunals the image of Him who is the sole Master and the Eternal Judge of all men. But among the many evils which afflict the Church in that country, we are especially afflicted by the fact that obstacles of all kinds have been put in the way of the election of the bishops. For this marked hostility it would be idle to search for any reason other than that just referred to for the charge that the Holy See has not observed the conditions that have been agreed upon with France.

"The facts of the case are public property. At the beginning of the last century, when the horrible revolution that had broken loose upon France, after overthrowing the established order of government, had overwhelmed the Catholic religion, our predecessor, Pius VII. of glorious memory and the rulers of the republic, animated on one hand by the salvation of souls and the glory of God and on the other by that stability of civil government which is the fruit of religion, agreed upon a convention, the aim of which was to repair the harm that had been done to the Church and to serve as a future safeguard for the civil laws.

"To the Concordat thus stipulated the civil government of itself added what are known as the Organic Articles, but this addition was not only immediately rejected by Pius VII. but by the Roman Pontiffs who succeeded him when ever occasion offered, and especially when observance of these articles was required of them. And rightly, too, when one considers the nature of these laws—laws, remember, and not pacts, for they never receive the sanction of the Roman Pontiffs. These laws have no time whatever to do with the police regulations referred to in the first article of the Concordat. Worship shall be public, but with regard to the police regulations which the government shall deem necessary for the maintenance of public order. There is no room for doubt that had the organic laws contained any such dispositions the Church, true to her pledge, would have accepted and observed them. But in the laws to which we allude provisions are made

concerning the discipline and the very doctrine of the Church; many things are sanctioned which are in opposition with the terms of the Concordat, the advantages to religion contained in the pact are in great measure abrogated and the rights of the ecclesiastical authority are usurped by the civil power—by which, in consequence, the Church is not to be protected, but enslaved. But it is well to treat in detail the points that were agreed upon between the Holy See and France.

"In defining the relations of the two powers toward one another the State promises the Church freedom of worship—the exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be free in France. The Government declares that it has no competency or jurisdiction in sacred things—it only demands that its decrees made for the maintenance of public order be observed. In making this restriction—a restriction confined within narrow limits—it at the same time proclaims that it has nothing else to do with the exercise of the Catholic religion, for everything appertaining to the supernatural life of the Church extends far beyond the limits of the civil authority. It is therefore clear for the State itself acknowledges and approves of it, that everything regarding faith and morals must be left to the control and authority of the Church, and that it is her province to ordain, provide and defend everything calculated to preserve and advance holiness of faith and morals among Catholics; it is for her, and for her alone, to place over the people those whose office it is to guard and promote the principles and precepts of Christian life—that is to say, the sacred ministers, and chief among them the bishops.

"Yet even here the Church, in order the better to promote harmony, codes something of her strict right and accords to the State the faculty of appointing those on whom the episcopal office is to be conferred. But this faculty has not and cannot have the same value as canonical institution, for to raise anybody and place him in a position of sacred dignity and confer on him power commensurate with this dignity, is so strictly and specially the right of the Church that she cannot communicate it to the civil power without violating the principles of her divine office.

"It is certain, therefore, that the faculty of nomination accorded to the State means nothing more than that of designating and presenting to the Apostolic See the one whom the Pontiff promotes, provided he find him suitable for the honor of the episcopate. Canonical institution is not to be given as a matter of course to the person so nominated. But a careful examination is first to be made of the qualities he possesses, and when it happens that these are of such nature that the Pontiff cannot conscientiously confer the episcopate on such a person there is no law to force him to reveal the reasons which have induced him not to confer it.

"The Church, moreover, appoints certain definite prayers for the supreme magistrate, in which she professes her desire to be friends with the civil power under whatever form it may be organized.

"These are the points of the Concordat which concern the present and the future; with regard to the past a compromise has been made concerning the ecclesiastical property of which the State had taken possession shortly before. The Pontiff condones this property to the State, and the State on its side binds itself to supply the clergy with sustentances suitable to their state. Here we have clearly a contract in the proper sense of the term, from which it follows beyond question, that as the regular payment of certain sums is given and accepted in lieu of definite property, the Church will have the right in the event of the dissolution of the Concordat to claim her property or to demand an adequate exchange for it.

"We have now explained the principal points of the agreement made between the Holy See and France at a time when circumstances required such an agreement for both—let all who judge according to truth now decide which party to the pact has failed to fulfill it.

"Has the Church ever failed to recognize the right of the government to nominate the bishops? On the contrary, she has conferred canonical institution on the great majority of candidates proposed. And when canonical institution has been refused it has always been for reasons of the gravest nature and entirely remote from political reasons—causes which, more than once, have been approved by the civil magistrates when they came to their knowledge, in order that religion, the interests of which the Pontiff must necessarily have at heart, might not suffer detriment.

"The whole world is aware of the manner in which the Church has fulfilled her promises with regard to the exercise of public worship in obedience to the laws issued for the maintenance of public order. For it is she who has always solemnly and publicly taught that God is the source of all authority over men and that the injunctions of the civil laws provided they be just and ordained for the common good, should be observed scrupulously and inviolably.

"The Church, too, has never shown

### THE WINTER TERM

From January 3rd the Winter Term in the well known Central Business College of Toronto will continue until the Easter holidays. This is the term usually taken advantage of by teachers who desire to qualify for some more lucrative employment, and also by farmers' sons who determine to prepare themselves for the business end of their profession. The College referred to has added four members to its previous staff of eighteen teachers and is making special preparation for the increased attendance of the Winter Session.

A postal address to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, will bring full particulars.

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herself a sincere friend to the State, under whatever form of government it has been organized. For those who have ruled over it she has prayed according to the established formula, and she has sought to win for them not only the assistance of heaven, which is the most essential thing for them, but the favor of the best part of the people.

"Finally, one may have an idea of the fidelity with which she has kept the arrangement concerning her property from the fact that none of those who have purchased her property at public auction has ever been in any way molested by her.

"It is fair to ask whether the civil power has equally fulfilled its obligations under the treaty?

"It was laid down as a principle that the Catholic religion should be free; but can it be said that this liberty exists when bishops are forbidden to visit or communicate by letter without the knowledge of the government, with the Pontiff who is the sovereign master and the custodian of the Catholic religion, when the Sacred Congregations by which as is known the business of the universal Church is transacted, in the name and by the authority of the Pontiff, are publicly scorned and their acts repudiated, when the acts of the Pontiff himself are hardly spared, when no mystery is made of the desire to deprive religion of the sinews of her strength by robbing the Church of those who in the plans of Divine providence are a most useful aid to her in the fulfillment of her mission? For we cannot think without the bitter anguish of the recent destruction of the religious orders—to expel which from their country it was enough that they had been the sturdy upholders of the ancient religion in the midst of the people, though surely the remembrance of their services at all times to their fellow-citizens might have served to keep them there to say nothing of securing them the honor they merited. What could there be more opposed to the alliance and to the strict pact with the Holy See than to heap outrage and contumely on those who are most dear to the Church? And quite recently the climax has been reached in grievances of this kind.

"For we have been informed that a circular has been issued by which the religious orders are authorized, too, by law, to have been ordered to leave the diocesan seminaries over which they have long presided to the great advantage of the priesthood. To such a pass has the liberty promised to the Church been reduced that it is no longer permitted to bishops to provide as they deem best for the education of the youths dedicated to religion—they have been forced to remove the helpers. The confidant and to the strict pact with the Holy See, the help which has always shown themselves valuable co-operators.

"Yet bonds much more oppressive than this have been placed on the apostolic ministry. Canonical institutions from its very nature requires, as we have said, especially when it is to confer the highest grade of ecclesiastical rank, that it should not be conferred on anybody whose morals, talents and doctrine do not fit him for so lofty a dignity. Bound as he is by this most holy law, the Pontiff does not deem it right to promote to the episcopate those who after maturely examining the qualities of each and seeing some as fitted and rejects others as not being so, and while informing the civil power of his decision, begs it to carry out the appointment made in the case of the former and to furnish other names instead of the latter.

"The Holy See has acted in this way as long as we can remember without any protest being alleged. But what is the Republic doing now? It denies that the Pontiff has any right to repudiate any of the candidates presented. It insists that they all be accepted without distinction, and it persists in not permitting the canonical institution of those who have been accepted by the Holy See until the others who have been rejected receive the same approval. Truly this extension to the point where the faculty accorded by the Pontiff to the Republic is made necessary to destroy the natural and sacred right of the Church to examine whether

those who have been nominated are worthy or not—surely this is not to interpret but to destroy the pact—and to insist that canonical institution is not to be given to the others, is tantamount to asserting that henceforth no bishops shall be instituted in France.

"Can it be said, again, that the Republic observes that part of the agreement regarding the decent sustenance of the clergy, when the bishops and other sacred ministers are deprived, as you are aware frequently, of their lawful support, without inquiry of trial, without being heard, and without defense? Yet here it is not merely a question of the violation of the law of contract, but of justice itself. For it must not be thought that the State in furnishing this support is making a gratuitous and spontaneous offering to the Church—it is merely paying a part, and not a large part, of its indebtedness.

"Very much against our will, we have been obliged, venerable brothers, to detain you with matters so painful to remember or to hear. And even though we have thought that in communicating them to you we might feel some alleviation of the great sorrow caused us by the situation in France, we would still have preferred to hear them in silence, if not to other reason, because these most pious children which we count so numerous in France, might not suffer from the complaints of their common father.

"But violation of the most sacred rights of the Church and the laying of another's offence on the Apostolic See, demanded a public protest from us. We have made this protest—but without feeling of bitterness toward anybody—and with paternal kindness towards the French nation, in love of which (and this holds true in question) we yield to none of our predecessors.

"It is clear that there is no reason to hope that the present course of hostility to the Church is about to be averted. Certain facts which have just occurred furnish us with a sure proof that the men who preside over the French Government are so opposed to Catholicism that the crisis must be near at hand. While the Holy See, in one solemn document after another, has proclaimed that the profession of the Catholic religion may accord perfectly with the republican form of government, it seems as if they are determined to proclaim that the republic as it exists in France to-day is of such a nature that it can have nothing in common with the Christian religion—a proclamation doubly calumnious, which affects Frenchmen both as citizens and as Catholics. But come what may, however grievous, it does not find us either unprepared or dismayed, for our comfort is in the words and the exhortation of the Lord: If they have persecuted me they will persecute you also. (John xv., 20.) In the world you will be straitened, but have confidence, I have conquered the world. (John xvii., 33.) In the meanwhile, venerable brothers, let us pray together to the Lord with perseverance and humility, that He, who alone is able to draw and drive men's wills as He listeth, may by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, in His goodness speed the day of tranquility and peace for the Church."

## Education of the Deaf and Dumb

A number of the Brothers of St. Gabriel's Institute, who were compelled to leave France owing to the operations of the Associations Law, have now settled at Beaconsfield House, near Plymouth, England, where they intend to carry on the instruction of the deaf and dumb, in which work the institution was engaged in France for close on a century. The Brothers use the latest and most approved methods of imparting knowledge, and through their instrumentalities thousands of deaf mutes have acquired the gift of speech. Some of their pupils even become capable of delivering public lectures. The school which has the warm approval of the Catholic Bishops of Plymouth and other ecclesiastical authorities, will be opened early in December, and will be available for pupils of all creeds.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN IN DUBLIN

An Interesting Reminiscence From the Archbishop of Dublin.

In a letter to the press Archbishop Walsh of Dublin says: As a student of the Catholic University of Ireland in Dr. Newman's time, I cannot think that anything connected with our old rector's stay in Ireland can be without interest to Irish Catholics even in the present day.

In the column headed "By the Way" in the Freeman's Journal, an autobiographical letter of Dr. Newman's is referred to as showing that "Cardinal Newman, on the occasion of one of his visits to Dublin, resided at No. 6 Harcourt street." Allow me, not so much to correct this statement, as to supplement it.

Dr. Newman, no doubt, resided at No. 6 Harcourt street. But it was merely on the occasion of one of his visits to Dublin that he resided there; it was his Dublin residence throughout a memorable time.

For some years after the establishment of the Catholic University, there were three University "Houses" for resident students. One of these was "the resident students. One of these was "the Rector's House," No. 6 Harcourt street.

Dr. Newman's idea, as expressed in one of his annual reports to the Irish Bishops, a copy of which I have now before me—was that, whilst the University was in its infancy, the resident students should be thrown "in to small communities, in the neighborhood of the lecture-rooms which they would have principally to attend." This idea was realized in the establishment of the University "Houses." Of these, there were, at first, three.

Of the three Houses, Dr. Newman, in another report, says: "Of such Houses, there are already three in existence; the House attached to the University, which happens to be the largest of them . . . the Rector's House in Harcourt street, and Dr. Quinn's House, also in Harcourt street, of whose school the senior members have been entered at the University."—(Report for the year 1854-55.)

In the same report, speaking of No. 6 Harcourt street, he says: "Next as to the Rector's House in Harcourt street. To this House I have added a chapel and a new building consisting of four rooms"; and he then goes on to give detailed information as to the various items of expenditure.

The letter from No. 6 Harcourt street, referred to in the paragraph in this morning's Freeman's Journal, is dated October 27th, 1858. It spoke of an intended visit of Dr. Newman's to Maynooth. He was there a few days afterwards. I had entered the college two months before. Shortly afterwards, on the 30th of October, one of our Professors—Dr. Mathew Kelly, then newly appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in succession to Dr. Russell, who had been appointed President—died. Dr. Newman had but a short time before induced Dr. Kelly to accept the Vice-Rectorship of the University. His visit to Maynooth after the writing of the letter of the 27th October, was on the occasion of Dr. Kelly's funeral. I have ever since had before my mind a very vivid picture of him as he stood that day in our College cemetery beside our President, of whom years afterwards he was to write the memorable words, "My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, who, had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than any one else."

## The Play's the Thing

M. Combes was fearfully frightened over the grand Napoleonic spectacle in six acts, and forty tableaux, now on the stage of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. He thought that the historic splendor of the play, and the glamour of martial glory environment, would cause the people to call for another Bonaparte, or at least another Boulanger on a black charger, who would restore the ancient military prestige of France. The people, however, only look on at the historic spectacular with the air of pleased children. They are more entertained by the little side bits in which Napoleon shows his weakness—the "one touch of nature" bits, for instance—than in the battles and sieges.

## Only Rational Way

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## CHAMBERLAIN THE ARCH APOSTATE

Hon. T. W. Russell, His Former Ally, Denounces and Repudiates His Long Treachery.

As an incident of the election fight among the Unionists in North Derry, Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter to say that Hon. T. W. Russell's opposition to Attorney-General Atkinson has injured the Unionist Party. Mr. Russell responds in the following vigorous style:

"It requires a considerable amount of calmness—this is a mild word—for Mr. Chamberlain to write to me as he has done now upon two occasions. "No one has deserved worse of the Unionist Party than Mr. T. W. Russell." This from the man who has broken the Unionist Party in pieces—who has driven the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Gosche, Lord James Hereford and thousands of Unionists out of the fighting ranks—who has been the main cause of the loss of fifteen out of thirty-one bye-elections in two years—and who has ensured, not the defeat, but the utter route of the Unionist party at the polls in a short time.

I entered the Government in 1896 at Mr. Chamberlain's request. I was one of his small party, as distinct from the party of the then Lord Hartington. But I stipulated for Lord Reform before I took office, and I had Mr. Chamberlain's distinct assurance that the Party would resist any legislation of a retrograde character from the Tories.

What have I done since I left the Government? I have at least helped to carry a great land settlement after aiding in the defeat of a sham one. I have resisted and opposed two English Education Bills—which the right hon. gentleman taught me to dislike—and which a few years ago he would have considered to be positively hateful. I have resisted a Licensing Bill, which in my judgment, is a disgrace to the Statute Book. I have opposed the introduction of Chinese labor—a policy which makes an end of South Africa as a white man's country. I have opposed the reckless extravagance of the Government which keeps the taxation of the country on a war basis in a time of profound peace. And I have remained a Free Trader, whilst he, by a great act of political apostasy, has become the champion of taxed food.

I have, in short, remained a Liberal and a Unionist, whilst Mr. Chamberlain, the one-time champion of free trade, has become the advocate of taxed bread—the Ranson Radical and the author of the doctrine of Ranson—has become the political companion of such eminent statesmen as Mr. Harry Marks and Dr. Rutherford Harris.

If I cannot follow the right gentleman to depths of the kind let him not believe that I possess all the political virtues or that I do not remember past few years ago old times. But I tell him now that the Presbyterians of Ulster are sick of the Government which he and Mr. Atkinson support—that they deeply resent its action during the past four years on great moral issues—and what is more to the purpose, many of them will show it at the proper time! If I gave any opinion at the present moment it would be to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain's ill-natured intervention has just supplied what was lacking to secure the Ulster representation for the Farmers' Union."

## Bishop McQuaid Needs No Co-Adjutors

A rumor, starting in The Herald, of Rochester, New York, that the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid was to be supplied with a Coadjutor—indeed, that his diocesan consultors and permanent rectors had actually met and chosen three names to send to Rome—is denied by the Bishop himself thus emphatically: "Bosh! When I want a Coadjutor I'll tell the public myself. The meeting on Tuesday was to transact business of interest only to ourselves, and of no interest to the public at all."

Within the past year Bishop McQuaid has personally superintended the building of the Homes for the Aged and the new Preparatory Seminary, for which a large sum of money was raised by the people and donated by the priest. He has made his usual confirmation tours, written and preached much as heretofore, and, in short, given full evidence of continued strength for the burden of the day. He has garnered his diocese with vast success for thirty-six years, and his priests and people pray that his rule may be unto the days of Leo XIII.

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### THE SMARTNESS OF EVE AMBER

Oh, no, you don't love me, Mr. Cargill. Fancy not knowing your own mind! I thought men were brighter than that!"

Neil Cargill started, and then blushed absurdly.

It was a blush to be proud of—from a certain point of view. But Eve Amber did not think so; her smiles increased in confidence and strength.

"You are very nice, Mr. Cargill," she continued, "but I suppose you are too young and impressionable to know your own mind. Don't you think that's your ailment?"

Neil had just proposed formally to Eve. They were by the low wall of the Furlie Hall rose-garden. Neil had settled it with himself that he would make his declaration when they reached the wall. He had begun it somewhat crudely with a "By the way, Miss Amber, I want to say something to you," and he had ended, "In short, Eva, if you'll excuse my calling you so, I love you and ask for nothing better than—an assurance that you can love me in return."

"Too young and—impressionable! What do you mean?" he exclaimed, blushing on.

"Of course you are. Come, let me choose a buttonhole for you, and then go home and tell your mother that you have done your duty, that I've refused you, and that she must make the best of it."

Eve smiled and looked at her suitor as if to challenge him to find one drop of hope in his aspiration now.

"Well!" he said.

"Yes, and don't shrug your shoulders at me, Neil. You're a dear good fellow, but your not my kind. You know your mother made you do it."

Neil got out a reproval with difficulty.

"I wonder what Miss Ansterley would think of you if she could hear you?"

"Hurray!" cried Eve Amber. "Found by Jingo! Hark forward! Oh, I beg your pardon, Neil. I am rude. But you are so simple. You haven't got enough for me. I like forty-mile-an-hour men. Besides, you know it's just because Lady Cargill thinks it would be so charming for the Furlie Hall and the Knight's Hall estates to be joined into one. Well, it's off."

Neil's confusion had taken almost an angry turn.

"Of course, I'm not going to worry you about it," he remarked. "I admit I hate cars."

"And I love them. That's Tommy Acton's one good point. He does drive."

"Tommy Acton!" exclaimed Neil, as if a light from above had flashed upon him. "O—! Well, all I can say is that both you and Tommy ought to be got hold of by the police, Miss Amber. It's disgraceful the pace you go at—corners and all!"

"Is it? I'd like to see the copper who'd dare to stop us in the corner of the county—stop me, that is. I'd marry a brave fellow like that; at least, I'd think him over."

"—ould you?"

"I would, indeed, I think. Come, there's a chance for you. Join the constabulary, hold me up and earn a mother's blessing. I'm going to the meet at Potter's Point to-morrow and if I don't make fifty miles an hour on the straight I'm not Eve Amber. And now, here your rose."

"You duffer, Neil," she whispered, "I'm going to give your love to Maggie."

Then she was off in earnest, in spite of his cry of "Miss Amber! I say, Eve—please don't do such a thing as that."

He heard her hail Maggie Ansterley, and then he hustled over the wall which seemed built for just such contemptuous treatment of it.

He strode through the plantation of young pines on the slope to the river, marvelling at his emotions.

Curiously enough, he had never admired Eve so much as now. It was perfectly true that his mother had hangered him into his rather impetuous proposal. Eve was sole heiress of her father, Myles Amber, Esq., of Furlie. The Furlie estates were coterminous with those of Knight's Hall, which in all human probability would some day be Neil's. But he really hadn't thought a great deal about these territorial matters in making his declaration. He wanted to get it over and have done with it. And now he felt quite disappointed that his proposal had missed fire.

Eve had never shown herself so fascinating as during her ridicule of him.

There was the further incentive now. He realized, almost for the first time, that Tommy Acton was, or might be, his successful rival with Eve.

In the middle of the plantation, Neil paused and checked.

A thought had come to him.

Before he moved on the thought had developed. And before he reached Tommy Acton, who appeared to be engrossed in the river's pools, as if he were marking down the big trout, he had made up his mind.

"Hullo, Tommy!" he shouted anon.

Tommy Acton trotted to meet him. Tommy was not blessed with such pecuniary prospects as Neil himself, but he had what he called "a smart sufficiency." He had, moreover, a contented mind, save in one particular.

"Well, sir!" he said to Neil; and it did not occur to Neil that his greeting was perhaps a little strained.

"I want some words with you, old man," said Neil, slinging his arm into Tommy's. "Such a job! At least, I hope it'll work."

"A—?" suggested Tommy.

Though he had appeared so taken up with the river, he hadn't got missed. "Well, sir," Neil began, but Eve had him hold his tongue, and Neil

"Yes; a harmless one enough. It'll do her good, too. Eve's going to Potter's Point to-morrow. She's going to see her mother. Well, I'd like to give her a fright. If I can get a bobby's uniform and a disguise, I'll hold her up. She was bragging about her pace just now, and how little she cared for the police. She's a good sort of a girl, but I think she wants taking down a peg."

"And you propose to do it?"

"I'd like to have a try, old man. You're in with Smithers; do you think you can square him for me?"

"What makes you want to do a thing like that?" asked Tommy, slowly.

"Just the joke, as I said."

"Nothing more?"

"Of course not. Why should there be?"

"Oh, I don't know; only that's a bit—off your line. Doing anything?"

"Nothing in particular. Come along to Knight's Hall, old man. Might just as well loaf there as here."

Neil said this with a faint consciousness of treachery. He had promised, he believed, to send Tommy up to Furlie. Well, what of it? Why should he give a rival a lift when it was in his power, perhaps, to do the other thing? And—really—the more he thought of it the more, now, he fancied his mother might be right about Eve.

"Very well," said Tommy; and he shot a single glance toward the Hall gardens, and only one. Those two girls could be seen by one of the statues on the lawn. He didn't seem to be wanted there, anyway.

In a sort of rage with Fate (including Eve herself), Tommy left Neil air his plan.

At another time he would have chomped Eve, wouldn't for a moment have stood up for the suggestion of troubling her even for a joke. To-day he gradually fell in with Neil's plan. So much so, indeed, that when they reached Knight's Hall instead of staying there, they both mounted horses and trotted off to the shire town and the chief constable.

"Let's get it settled," said Tommy, and Neil asked for nothing better.

They found Captain Smithers in an accommodating humor. He was a capital fellow, as young as a boy when divorced from his official work. Moreover, in a sense, as he said, Neil might actually be doing him and the county a service in checking Miss Amber's habit of driving along the roads as she did.

"I don't know how far you mean to carry your plan, Cargill," he said. "I think the threat to report might do, but you'll be the judge of that, if you're sure of yourself. I'll find the uniform, and I'll suppose the perruquier will do the rest."

"That," said Neil, "will do first-rate. I'll see the wig man at once."

"You shall have the uniform to-morrow," said the captain.

At the pereruquier's Neil and Tommy selected a very startling complete arrangement of fiery red hair, including beard and heavy moustache. And with his parcel under his arm, Neil went back to his horse in great spirits.

But Tommy had had enough of the business by this time. He declined to return with Neil. His horse was left at the Shire Hotel's stables, and he himself went to the County Club.

It was rather an unpleasant morning when Neil, in his red hair and constable's clothes, stole from the Knight's Hall lodge for his chivalrous task.

He had had to share his secret with some one at home, and Mrs. Butters, of the lodge, seemed the most suitable person.

"What do I look like?" he asked that good woman before he started.

"A regular terror, sir," said Mrs. Butters, with upraised hands. "Lor, sir, it's just wonderful what a policeman you do make."

Neil went off with that compliment. He did not like his job, but he meant to go through with it.

By side lanes he meandered toward a certain covert where he could see the Potter's Point road up and down. He had a watch in his hand, and he practiced frowning while he waited in the drizzle.

He concealed himself zealously from certain of his acquaintances, mounted and in dog carts; but at length a distant hoot sounded to invigorate him. His quarry was coming. Did he not know that bright yellow car and the trim little figure in sealskin at the wheel? Yes, and the other, too, in sable.

"What a nuisance!" he muttered.

He had not expected to see Maggie, who cherished humanitarian scruples about fox hunting.

However, he could not flinch now. Very authoritatively he stood forth as the car dashed up. It was moving at a criminal pace. No need to flourish the watch as well as his hand.

"Stop!" he cried.

For a moment he thought Eve would run him down. He had to jump into a ditch to escape.

And then, to his surprise, she pulled up. While he scrambled out of the mud, she leaned over the back of the car coolly and called out, "Well, my man, what's the matter with you?"

Neil stalked toward her. But his gaze was quite as much on Maggie as on Eve. What a fool he had been yesterday to contrast the two girls even briefly. Maggie's gentle eyes and pathetic smile were worth all Eve's charms (and estate) put together.

"Who—are you? I want your name and address, ma'am," he said, gruffly.

"You may find out. I shan't tell you," said Eve.

"In—deed! Then I shall arrest—that is, yes, it is my duty to arrest this car."

"Really? Then arrest it," said Eve.

"Jump in, Mr. Policeman."

Neil was not prepared for this either. But he was much stirred by Eve's impudence, and—well, Maggie was in the car. He hesitated, looked about him and accepted the invitation.

"To the nearest police station, ma'am," he said.

"No," said Eve, "to the meet, my good idiot. Do you think I'm going to have my pleasure spoiled by a thickhead like—"

"Oh, Eve!" whispered Maggie.

"He is a thickhead, my dear," said Eve, forcibly. "Away we go."

Neil was behind the ladies. He felt immovably foolish. He was about to say "I resign," but Eve bade him hold his tongue, and Neil

speed. "How do you like that, Mr. Donkey?" she shouted to him.

And again Maggie tried to interfere, to no purpose.

But where the road made a bend, if there was not a genuine county constable—a magnificent black-bearded fellow, standing straight as a ramrod!

"Hullo!" cried Eve. "Here our chance, Maggie. This one looks a good sort. He'll get this Mr. Donkey of ours out of the way."

She showed, hailed the second officer and pulled up. Then, before Neil could think what to say (for he saw he was in a scrape), Eve told her take. "She made out a glaring case of official insolence against Neil. 'You're a sergeant, aren't you?' she ended.

"Yes, Miss," said the black-bearded one, eyeing Neil coarsely, and then to Neil: "Quit this, you are Jones, or Binchell, or I think?"

"Er—yes," said Neil.

He got out carefully. On the whole he welcomed the opportunity. He was not going to quarrel with a regular policeman, and thought himself well out of it, thanks to Constable Jones, whoever he might be.

"I leave it with you, sir," he said. "You may," said the other, who then, to Neil's astonishment, calmly took his place in the war. Another moment or two and Tommy Acton had taken off his black beard and unbuttoned his coat.

"Well, old fellow," he said, cheerfully.

Eve let herself go. She laughed and laughed, and then, in the midst of her merriment and Neil's consternation, she let the car itself go.

"Oh, Neil, you—donkey!" she cried in final farewell, and he was left standing and staring, with but one consolation—the look of compassion (and something better) in Maggie Ansterley's eyes. Maggie hadn't laughed. She had murmured, "I do think it a shame of you two!"

"Well, of all—"

Neil didn't finish, for the car was fast disappearing. His walk back to Mrs. Butters and his own clothes was not a triumphant proceeding. But at the lodge he found a letter, in which Tom disclosed the whole counterplot, and said it served him right.

"Never mind, old chap," the note added, "though I did betray you to Eve, you'll forgive me, I'm sure, by and by."

As then Neil jumped as he darted at a postscript by Eve herself.

"P.S.—I hope it all went off nicely. I'm engaged to Tom, and I do wish you'd come up to us for some tea about 5 o'clock. Maggie loves you distractively, you'll be glad to know. I've got it out of her."

At a quarter to 5 o'clock Neil found himself on the Furlie Hall lawn. At ten minutes to five o'clock Maggie came out to him, abounding with sympathy and sweetness. And at three minutes to 5 o'clock Eve joined them with mischief in her eyes.

"Hullo, you two! Are you spoons like Tom and me?" she cried.

It is difficult to say whether Maggie or Neil blushed the more to that outrageous question. But of course Neil did the speaking.

"Er—yes," he stammered.—B. C. Edwards in Illustrated Dramatic News.

### THE OLD SINNER

Said Father Henry: "One fine morning in May I took a ramble through the suburbs of the Southern town of X—, accompanied by the zealous young pastor of the church in which I was then preaching a mission. We were walking through what might be called the garden district of the town, with its quaint wooden cottages, whose gateways and pillared verandahs are trellised with tropical vines and its dormer windows framed in with roses, when a strange sight attracted my attention. At the entrance of a grotto which was situated at the end of a long, shady avenue of magnolia trees stood a venerable looking old man. He was tall, thin and straight as an arrow. He might be ninety years of age, and his long flowing beard was as white as the snow of Mount Blanc. The grotto, which was wholly artificial, was set off with all charming richness of grave and rugged stones, imitating in miniature the craggy cliffs and deep ridges and yawning chasms of the Pyrenees. 'Who's that old man?' I asked of my companion. 'Oh, that's the old sinner,' he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"'The old sinner!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes; that's what my parishioners call him. He is an eccentric old Frenchman who came here about sixty years ago. He built that grotto himself, and has lived there the life of a hermit ever since he came here. He spends his whole time gardening, and goes nowhere except to the market early in the morning to get his daily provisions.

"'Is he a Catholic?'

"'Well, he was baptized once; but he has not set his foot in church since he came here. His religion consists in a kind of pantheistic worship of the beauties of nature. He is especially fond of violets.

"'Have you ever tried to get around him?'

"'Only once. I did all I could to inspire him with the fear of the Lord. I spoke to him of judgment, of death and of hell; but all to no purpose. Not only would he not listen to me, but he went so far as to insult me in the most shameless manner.

"'Why did you not try kindness?'

"'Kindness with an old sinner like that? I do not believe in kindness in such cases. Just think—'

"'My dear friend, you do not believe in kindness and old sinners, as a rule, do not believe in severity. Why, it is just because a man is a sinner that you should be kind and indulgent towards him. And tell me, who was kinder to sinners than our Lord Himself? Believe me, sermons on the mercy of God have converted more people than the most vivid and terrifying discourses on hell. Such, at least, has been my experience during my thirty years of missionary life. To-morrow I must have an interview with the old man.'

"'Take care what you do, I am sure he will insult you, and perhaps do physical harm. He has already threatened to give a sound thrashing to any priest who should dare invade his premises.

"'Never mind, we shall see.

"'The next day I said Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, asking Him in return to help me and give me grace to touch the heart of the old sinner.' At 1 p.m. I set out on my difficult mission.

"'Where are you going?' asked the parish priest, as he met me at the door of the presbytery.

"'Fishing,' I replied, smiling. 'I'm tired of catching minnows in your church; I am going now to fish for a whale.'

"'Ah! going to see the old sinner. Take care the whale does not swallow you. What kind of bait are you going to use?'

"'Kindness.'

"'Well, I wish you luck.'

"'Thank you. Pray for success.'

"'When I reached the old man's place he was in the garden, watering his flowers. I stood at the gate and watched him intently. He had his back turned to me. After three or four minutes he turned around and saw me. He gave a start, as if he had seen a rattlesnake at his feet. His eyes flashed and his lips quivered.

"'Whom are you staring at?' he asked in a hoarse voice.

"'It you,' I replied, calmly.

"'Well, you had better go about your business. I don't want to see priests here, you understand.'

"'Well, if you don't want to see priests, for my part I want and I like to see men like you.'

"'Am I such a curiosity, then? What do you find in me that should make you stop and stare at me in that way?'

"'You heard, my good man. I have travelled a great deal, and have seen many beautiful beards set off, but never have I seen one to compare with yours.'

"'This compliment seemed to please the old man and disperse the dark cloud of anger that had fallen upon him the very instant he had caught sight of my snotane.

"'Well, now,' he said, as his voice softened and assumed a tone of playfulness, 'I know you are poking fun at me.'

"'Well, now, I rather like your frankness,' he said, as he came up to the gate and gave me his hand cordially. 'Hitherto my idea of priests was always associated with deceit, coldness and severity. The mere sight of a cassock used to stir up my bile. I see I was mistaken. Won't you please step into my garden and have a look at my flowers?'

"'Most willingly.'

"'And we walked into the garden, chatting like old friends. This was doing pretty well; much better, in fact, than I had anticipated.

"'Do you like my garden?' he asked, as we stopped before a large and beautiful bed of violets.

"'Like it!' I exclaimed; 'and who would not like it? It is simply lovely. And what beautiful violets you have here!'

"'Yes; I think they are beautiful. I give most of my time to them, for I am very fond of violets. Won't you accept a little bouquet of them?'

"'Certainly. I will place them before my little statue of the Sacred Heart. I am sure He will appreciate it.'

"'I suppose so,' he muttered, with the French characteristic shrug of his shoulders. We walked further on and came to a moss-grown stone table that stood in the middle of the garden.

TWELETH MONTH 31 DAYS		December			THE ADVENT OF CHRIST	
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	1904			
1	T.	w.	S. Didacus.			
2	F.	r.	Fast. S. Bibiana.			
3	S.	w.	S. Francis Xavier.			
Second Sunday of Advent						
4	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."			
5	M.	w.	S. Stanislas Kostka.			
6	T.	w.	S. Nicholas.			
7	W.	w.	Fast. S. Ambrose.			
8	T.	w.	Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.			
Holy Day of Obligation.						
9	F.	r.	Fast. S. Eutychianos.			
10	S.	w.	Translation of the Holy House of Loretto.			
Third Sunday of Advent						
11	Su.	v.	Vesper Hymn, "Deus Tuorum Militum."			
12	M.	r.	S. Melchias, Pope.			
13	T.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. S. Leonard of Port Maurice.			
14	W.	w.	Octave of the Immaculate Conception.			
15	T.	w.	Ember Day. Fast. S. Eusebius.			
16	F.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. S. Peter Chrysologus.			
Fourth Sunday of Advent						
17	S.	w.	Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."			
18	Su.	v.	B. Urban V., Pope.			
19	M.	w.	Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.			
20	T.	w.	Fast. S. Thomas, Apostle.			
21	W.	r.	Of the Feria.			
22	T.	r.	Fast. Of the Feria.			
23	F.	v.	Fast. Vigil of the Nativity of Our Lord.			
Christmas Day						
24	S.	v.	Nativity of Our Lord. Vesper Hymn, "Jesu Redemptor Omnium."			
25	Su.	w.	S. Stephen the Protomartyr.			
26	M.	r.	S. John, Apostle and Evangelist.			
27	T.	w.	Holy Innocents.			
28	W.	v.	S. Thomas of Canterbury.			
29	T.	r.	Office as on Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.			
30	F.	w.	S. Silvester, Pope.			
31	S.	w.				

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He experienced in the struggle, for struggle doubtless there was, ever remained a secret between him and God. The next morning the sexton found on the altar of the Sacred Heart, a large bouquet of beautiful violets.

"After Mass I returned to the old man's place. He met me at the garden gate. We sat down and talked for nearly two hours. I was about to leave when he got up suddenly and said, 'I must put an end to this. Father, you must hear my confession.' So saying, he fell on his knees and, without more ado, began his confession. And most beautiful and touching were the sentiments of sorrow which that repentant sinner expressed during the sad recital of his many past iniquities.

"The next day he came to church, neatly dressed in a new suit of clothes. As I complimented him on his elegant toilet, he replied, 'That's the way I used to fix up formerly to go and offend God; it is but fair that I should do as much to-day when I come to visit Him for the first time in so many years. I spent a long time in trimming my beard,' he replied, with a smile, 'for to it I owe the happiness and peace which I now enjoy.'

"How is that?' I asked.

"'Well, it's very simple, Father. If, when we first met, you had begun by speaking to me of God, of the Pope or of hell, it is most likely that I would have insulted you. But when you began by praising my beard, I felt so pleased that I was ready to do anything for you.'

"'Well, you see, before setting out on my arduous mission I asked the Sacred Heart to come to my help and to suggest to me some way of ingratiating myself with you; praise his beard and his violets. And, then, you must not forget the little prayer you addressed to the Sacred Heart and the beautiful violets you placed on her altar. They, I am sure, had a great deal to do with your conversion.'

"He looked at me through the big tears that hung on his long lashes, and said, 'Yes, God is good and merciful.'

### THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN

He Found His Lost Health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Leading Business Man of Welland Gives His Experience with the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Welland, Ont., Dec. 5.—(Special).—There is no better known or more highly respected man in Welland than Mr. J. Yokom. Born and brought up in the neighboring township of Crowland, by his own industry and sterling honesty he has grown to be one of the leading merchants. Consequently when Mr. Yokom comes out with a statement that he was cured of a serious illness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, everybody knows it must be so.

"For a year or more I had kidney trouble in all its worst symptoms," says Mr. Yokom. "My head was bad, I had no appetite and I lost weight fast. At times I was entirely incapacitated. I doctored with a physician of vast experience, but got no good results. I became dependent of ever being well again, when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and from the first they seemed to suit my case. Five boxes cured me completely."

The HOME CIRCLE

RICE AND CHICKEN. Rice is better suited than potato as an accompaniment to chicken. If plain boiled rice is to be served, try a method recommended by a woman who lived for many years in Persia.

WHY SOME WOMEN ARE POOR. Because even as their incomes increase their wants become more numerous. They do not keep an account of how much they spend.

A BOY'S INJURIES. Boys often wonder why their parents won't let them do this and warn them against that. A western boy seventeen years old, named Harry Seifried, no longer asks why he was told to keep away from railroad cars.

HABIT. Suppose we hold up a mental mirror to ourselves. Not entirely to our inner selves, but to the woman known to our families and friends. Some of us have the habit of being cross. Doesn't it tell what we really are to the casual acquaintance, that settled cross expression, that unpleasant manner of answering our nearest and, presumably, our dearest?

Without a Voice. As the head nurse made her round of the private ward of a city hospital, she had a pretty little girl in tow—not over 4 years old, with dark ringlets and brown eyes, plump and healthy looking and very nicely dressed.

Anna's Way to Sanctity. Anna had been unusually cheerful all day Saturday and occasionally smiled to herself. The sunshine streamed in through the windows, but that wasn't the cause of her joy. The canary bird in the cage near the mirror filled the room with melody, but its song was hardly heard by the little girl. She swept and dusted, washed the dishes, made the beds, and minded the baby betimes, without a pout or a frown. Certainly something must have happened.

A Tearful Time. I hastened home one winter's eve, when dark the drooping shadows fell. I felt my soul disposed to grieve. Yet what about I could not tell. But grim forebodings filled my mind of some disaster near at hand, My bosom to despair inclined, My fears to fever-heat were fanned.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated.

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Some Funny Folks. I know a very funny man With nothing much to do, But just to exercise his mind He taught his dog to mew.

A Trip to Ireland. A little girl, who has had the good fortune to visit the land of her fore-father, relates her experience: I will write you a composition telling you how I enjoyed my visit to Ireland.

She Warmed It. When the thermometer dropped far below zero last December, good Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed at the recollection that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

A Sandwich Puzzle. Two fishermen sat down to eat. The younger one had five sandwiches, the elder had three. A stranger appeared and offered them as many gold pieces as they had sandwiches if they would let him share the meal.

A Dog Decided His Own Case. A dog's testimony restored him to his master, a circus owner, Charles Woodford, in Jersey City, New Jersey, the other day, and caused the arrest of Edward Bannon, who claimed the animal. The dog, Spot, a little Scotch terrier, was stolen from the circus car on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks a few days ago.

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Children's Corner

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FATHER KONG'S FREE BLOOD PURIFIER. A valuable medicine for all kinds of blood poisoning, rheumatism, piles, etc.

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1904.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The story of the Blessed Virgin has filled the world from the beginning, and will to the end. The Christian era may have torn it upon the rack of heresy without, however, dimming its wondrous beauty, and modern Protestantism, which in practical experience implies freedom of religious criticism, may have in turn challenged or praised in the varying light of its intellectual view, but inasmuch as the poetry, art and spirituality of mankind have always consistently comprehended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, it is not surprising that the higher Protestantism, too, should have swept from before its view that strange antipathy which, as Ruskin says, ascribed an offence to the privileges of the Madonna.

To Pope Pius IX. fifty years ago it was left to promulgate the Dogma for the comfort and joy of all believing souls, that Mary, the maid of Nazareth who gave to heaven a queen, to man a God, and to God a mother, was chosen immaculate to become the Mother of our Blessed Saviour.

The fiftieth anniversary of this dogma is to-day being celebrated with due solemnity after a long period of preparation not only in Rome, the centre of Catholicity, where as many as eight Canadian Bishops are gathered, but throughout the whole world. Every Canadian diocese participates with special ceremonies in the universal rejoicing.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL CAVEN.

When the floodgates of funeral eulogy are thrown wide open both in the press and pulpit, the torrent of praise that rushes past may be impressive enough as a spectacle to the living, but it cannot serve as the crystal mirror in which the face of the dead is reflected. The character of the late Principal Caven of Knox College has been the subject of unrestrained eulogy within the week. It is not our purpose to find fault with this, however, but rather to add a more deliberate word of appreciation of a sincere man's worth. In birth, training, taste and habit the late Dr. Caven was Scotch. His mind was absorbed in the traditions of his own race and its religious problems. In Canada he lived, worked, placed his faith in the influence of the Presbyterian body. He was sincere in all things because he was simple. His life conformed both as a citizen and as a minister to the plan of a former generation. He was in his almost daily appearances before religious and semi-religious bodies in Toronto, a survival from an older order. In religion, however, as in politics, his views were quite modern. He spoke and strove for union as far as possible among Protestant denominations, and he knew the Liberalism of Scotland of to-day. When Mr. (now Sir William) Meredith and the Conservative party raised the misnamed banner of "Equal Rights" in Ontario politics, two men of pronounced Protestant opinion resisted with all their might. One was Dr. Caven, the other Mr. S. H. Blake. Some people said that it was Dr. Caven's great confidence in Sir Oliver Mowat that accounted for his activity. It may have had much to do with it. All we know is that the aged minister threw his weight into the balance for religious harmony and fair play, and that his influence was powerful among the Presbyterian people. For this, but not for this alone, his memory is respected by the Catholic community. All Christians honor the man who leads the simple life to the end.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

In an artistic souvenir sent out by the University of Ottawa to the alumni and all friends of the institution the great fire of a year ago is recalled with the vividness, and contributors to the work of restoration are reminded of what St. Francis said to those who helped him to build the Church of St. Damien: "He who gives me one stone shall receive one reward; he who gives two shall receive a two-fold reward

and he who gives three shall receive a three-fold reward." But as a matter of fact, the walls of the university when rebuilt will not be of individual stones upon one another, but monolithic, the construction favored by Dr. Emery and the Relief Committee being ferro-concrete, which has already been adopted with astonishing success in various important construction undertakings in the United States. In the Arts Building white Indianstone upon a granite base will be employed, the concrete facilitating the classical Greek architecture and pure columns with Ionic capitals. It need not be added that both style and material combined contribute in the utmost degree to beautification, and the dome of this Arts Building, the centre piece in a stately group, will be adorned by statues of the twelve apostles, and surmounted by a cross, whilst the parapets will be ornamented with statues of Canada's great men, symbolizing respectively religion and country.

Dr. Emery, who was in Toronto last week, speaks with every hope and confidence concerning the progress of the restoration. He has nothing but praise for the gentlemen on his committee, many of whom are non-Catholics, and he is fully convinced that the new buildings will reflect honor all round on religion, country and education in the capital of the Dominion.

The Register cannot too earnestly recommend substantial co-operation with these high aims on the part of all who have at heart the cause of our higher Catholic education.

A PRICKED COUP D'ETAT.

The Toronto World, The Montreal Herald, and other papers, are exploiting a political drama that exhibits more than the average allowance of startling situations. It is, so far as now disclosed, but a jumble of crazy notions loosely interwoven by a thread of probability. Until some explanation of Mr. Blair's resignation of the Chairmanship of the Railway Commission that will go the length of explaining also why he has not yet been made manager of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company is offered, there must remain a wide and inviting field for the indulgence of speculation as to the dis-appointed plans of the group of financiers associated with the sale of La Presse, the St. John Telegraph, and also with some other pre-election incidents. But when this speculation goes the length of embracing the purchase of Liberal candidates at \$10,000 a piece and Cabinet Ministers at \$100,000 each, a severe strain, to put it mildly, is placed upon public credulity. It may be that there is more to come and that the present rumors are intended only to roll up a wave of popular curiosity and alarm in face of which the entire matter must press for the attention of parliament early in the approaching session. Mr. David Russell, the man who induced Mr. Blair to resign, has or says he has, taken action for criminal libel against two papers, and that he will exact full retraction from them. Such a course would be best calculated to let much needed light in upon the secret history of a pricked coup d'etat that might have been hatched in the brain of an escaped lunatic.

SMALL BUSINESS.

It is the smallest kind of journalism in which the Toronto Telegram is indulging when it raises the sectarian cry against Premier Ross on account of the grant to the University of Ottawa. It is a cry the meanness of which will be best understood by the Protestant citizens of Ottawa who are co-operating with the university authorities to hasten the restoration of a home of higher education which has been and which will continue to be an honor to the capital city of the Dominion. The Telegram and the few to whom its rancor appeals, do not understand the Protestantism of Canada. The destruction and suffering entailed by the fire of Dec. 2nd last may not have awakened a touch of sympathy in the office of The Telegram; but the least it can do is to let the public hold its self-respect undisturbed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Amongst many historical London buildings about to be demolished to make room for the new thoroughfare of Aldwych from Holborn to the Strand not the least noteworthy is the Catholic Church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia, in Sardinia street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the oldest Catholic chapel in London, dating from the year 1640, and was originally attached to the residence of the Sardinian Ambassador. During the Gordon Riots in 1780 the house and chapel were attached and partially destroyed, as being the chief resort of the Catholic nobility and gentry. After the suppression of the riots the chapel was rebuilt and enlarged. It has always had a large Irish congregation, many of the Irish who came to London when chapels were not so numerous as they are now having settled down in this neighborhood so as to be near the chapel.

It is not too much to say that devout prayer actually transforms— not so much by obtaining what we ask for as by our contact with God.

SECRET CONSISTORY

Many Canadian Bishops Assembled in Rome for 8th December

Rome, December 5.—The Pope this morning held a consistory for the canonization of Blessed Gerardo Maiella and Blessed Alessandro Sauloni, one of the chief functions of the celebration of the golden jubilee of promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The weather was spring-like, adding to the general feeling of good-will. The Pontiff went in procession to the hall of the consistory, where there was the most imposing gathering of high prelates, said to be the largest since the fall of the temporal power of the Popes, but the public was not admitted. Pope Pius, wearing his full pontifical robes, seated himself on the throne immediately after entering the hall. He then recited, in a sonorous voice the prayers for the occasion and proceeded to expound the reasons which induced him to sanction the canonization of the new saints, inviting the Sacred College to give their views, which each of the Cardinals read in Latin. The Cardinals were followed by Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops. The Pope then proceeded to St. Peter's, where the solemn rites of the canonization were performed.

The Canadian prelates included the Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; the Right Rev. Emile J. Legal, Bishop of St. Albert, N. W.T.; the Right Rev. James C. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, P. E.I.; the Right Rev. J. S. H. Brannan, Bishop of Nicolet, Que.; the Right Rev. Paul La Rocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke, Que.; the Right Rev. Timothy Casey, Bishop of St. John, N.B.; the Right Rev. Albert Pascal, apostolic vicar of Saskatchewan, N. W.T., and the Right Rev. Emile Girouard, apostolic vicar of Athabaska, N.W.T.

Pope Thanked Archbishop Bruchesi

Rome, Dec. 1.—The audience of Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, with the Pope yesterday at the Vatican continued for half an hour. His Holiness said he was pleased to hear the condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Canada in general, and in Montreal in particular.

The Archbishop presented to the Pope Peter's Pence he had brought with him and also a special offering for the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, and informed His Holiness that at the great function on the anniversary of the Dogma, eight Canadian bishops would be present.

THE POPE'S BLESSING.

The Pope thanked Archbishop Bruchesi warmly, and blessed all the donors represented in the latter's gifts. Enquiring regarding the zeal of the Canadian clergy, the Pope heard with satisfaction what had been accomplished in Montreal for the evangelization of the Chinese. He gave Archbishop Bruchesi a souvenir for his mother, and imparted his special blessing to the Catholic Club of young men of St. James' parish, the president of which club, Mr. Costin, and his wife, were presented to the Pope by Archbishop Bruchesi. The Archbishop also presented Father Roy, chancellor of the archdiocese, and several other Canadians. Archbishop Bruchesi, after the audience, said he had been much impressed by the goodness, intellectual clearness and firmness of the Pope.

In receiving Bishop Delaney, of Manchester, N.H., the Pope enquired about the diocese of Manchester, asking the number of priests and communicants in the diocese, and the proportion between Catholics and others of the residents. Being told that it was one-third the Pope replied: "You must try to make the other two-thirds Catholics."

The Use of Latin

Why does the Church use the Latin language? For these reasons:

- 1. Because a universal community requires a universal language. The Church of Christ is universal.
2. Because it does not change. If, for example, the Church should use French in one of her formulas alone, that of baptism, she would have been obliged to change it over 90 times. In the so-called Anglo-Saxon of 1,000 years ago she could not be understood except by experts.
3. Because nothing can equal the dignity of the Latin language, its clearness or its beauty. It is the language of science and civilization, and deserves to be the language of an unchangeable religion.
4. Because it fits the liturgy of the Church above the everyday usage of words, which alters their sense and abuses it by licentiousness. This misfortune has actually befallen the English liturgy of the Anglo-American Episcopalians.
5. Finally, a universal language speaks of a universal brotherhood, and makes a Catholic at home in all Catholic churches of the world. Besides, he understands the language, though unlearned, by the ceremonies of the Church or from his prayer book, which contains its entire meaning in his own tongue.—Annals of St. Joseph.

The Immaculate Conception

The celebration of the jubilee anniversary of the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, at St. Mary's College, Montreal, took the shape of a dialogue of the students in which the doctrine was discussed and proved. Several dignitaries of the church and many prominent Roman Catholic citizens were present, and showed their appreciation of the students' efforts by frequent and hearty applause.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, presided, and there were also present Mgr. Decelles, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Racicot, Administrator of the diocese of Montreal; Rev. Fathers Leconte and Turgeon, and a large number of regular and secular clergy from Ottawa, St. Hyacinthe and of this city. Among the laymen present were Hon. Charles Mayor Laporte, Messrs. Justices Desnoyers and Lafontaine, Hon. J. E. Tarte, A. Dandurand, A. Desjardins, Drs. G. E. Baril, L. E. Fortier, Bourque, Desjardins, Rollet, Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., Mr. AH. Desveves, etc.

Roosevelt Praised by Archbishop Ryan

Characterizing him as "The Young and Fearless Chief," Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, paid a warm tribute to President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Day in his address to the Knights of Columbus at the Memorial Mass for their dead members, celebrated in the Cathedral.

"You have reason to give thanks," said the Archbishop, "for living under a strong and grave government in a prosperous country. Our President has shown that he will give to the Church protection and her rights under the law."

There were nearly 3,000 Knights of Columbus in the audience. This was the third celebration of the kind held since the establishment of the order in Philadelphia. The Rev. Joseph A. Strahan, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Jenkintown, celebrated the Mass, and the Rev. George V. McKinney, of Germantown, assisted him as deacon, with the Rev. John E. McCann, of Phoenixville, as sub-deacon.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. William J. Higgins, vice-rector of the Catholic High School. Archbishop Ryan presided.

As the clergy entered the sanctuary the 3,000 Knights rose and sang "O'ward, Christian Soldiers," led by the organ and a choir of sixty members of the order.

Heine, Israelite Banker

Great surprise has been expressed over the Catholic funeral of the famous Israelite banker, M. Michel Heine. He was known to have been a very good Jew, and for a long time was an assiduous frequenter of the Synagogue. A few days before his death a priest received him into the Catholic Church. His brother, Armand Heine, who was a Catholic, died in 1883, and his widow passed away recently, almost at the same time as her brother-in-law. Madame Armand Heine was one of the most charitable ladies in Paris. Near Lucerne, she had a splendid residence, she built a beautiful Gothic chapel. The Heine family, it will be remembered, produced the famous poet and prosewriter, who lived so long in Paris, and was buried in Montmartre Cemetery in February, 1856. Carlyle referred to him as the "blackguard Heine." His uncle Solomon was the first banker in the family. Solomon Heine took the "counting-house view of the world." He gave his poetic and literary nephew a clerkship in his office, subsequently sending him to the university of Bonn, whence he went to Göttingen. When Heine was struggling in Paris as an author and journalist, the millionaire uncle took pity on him and allowed him \$200 a year. The poet's tomb in Montmartre Cemetery is always visited by German literary pilgrims. It was renovated a few years since through the exertions of the proprietors of the "Frankfurt Gazette."

Dr. Murphy Laid to Rest

On Wednesday, Nov. 30th, the remains of the late Dr. J. B. Murphy of Brockville, with those of his little daughter Audrey, were deposited in the handsome vault just completed for them in Mount Hope Cemetery. The remains arrived in a special car, accompanied by Mr. Dailey, the Curator of Brockville Asylum, of which Dr. Murphy had been the capable and popular superintendent, and also by Dr. MacCaulay, a friend of the deceased.

The services at the cemetery were strictly private and were conducted by Rev. F. Rohleder in the unavoidable absence of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, a college friend and warm admirer of Dr. Murphy.

The mausoleum is a perfect specimen of vault work and reflects the highest credit on its designers and builders, Messrs. Guillet & Sons. It is constructed of ebony granite from Mount Johnston, Quebec, and is evidently built to endure. The design, never once descending to the petty, is in perfect harmony with the huge undressed stones and altogether, though by no means the largest vault constructed in Toronto, it is probably the best in point of characteristic design and durability.

HANNAN—BOULEGHAN

St. Mary's Church, Chesterville, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the morning of the twenty-fourth of November. When Mr. W. J. Gannon, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gannon, led to the altar one of Chesterville's most charming young ladies, Miss Gertrude Houleghan, second daughter of Mr. Thos. Houleghan, the bride was attired in green broadcloth with large picture hat. Miss Annie Gannon was bridesmaid, while Mr. E. J. Gannon did the honors of the young couple extended congratulations and best wishes for a happy wedded career. The groom was one of Chesterville's most flourishing businessmen and also a member of the C.M. B.A. at Winchester.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

A Triduum of prayer in honor of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was commenced in St. Mary's church Tuesday morning.

Mr. John F. Deane returned from the North-west last Friday and is at present in Belle-Ewart.

Mr. John Coffey's many friends were pleased to see him at church last Sunday in his usual good health, after his long and severe illness.

Mr. T. F. O'Mara is not so well sufficiently well to leave the Hospital but is improving favorably.

Business College Training

The Elliott Business College, Toronto, is meeting with excellent success in securing situations for their students. The school has lately had to refuse eighteen firms that required office help because none were ready to send and all available ones were in positions. The principal of the college claims that the demand for their graduates is very great because business men are well aware of the high quality of work that is done in the college. All intending to spend a term in a business college should write to the Elliott Business College, Toronto, for one of their handsome catalogues.

IRISH DISTRESS

Suggestion of Public Meetings by Mr. John Dillon, M.P.

The following letter was amongst the correspondence read at a meeting of the Mayo County Council:

Dublin, 22nd Nov., 1904. J. Clarke, Esq., Secretary Mayo County Council:

Sir,—I have received your letter enclosing copy of resolution passed by the Mayo County Council, directing attention to the great danger of starvation in the West. I know from my own observation how well founded the fears of the County Council are, and I feel that they have discharged a most important public duty in this early directing attention to the situation in the West of Ireland.

It takes, however, a great deal of hammering to arouse the attention of the Irish Government, and I think a series of meetings ought to be held in all the districts of the West in which there has been a failure of the potato crop, for the purpose of forcing on the attention of the Government the gravity of the situation, calling for adequate measures of relief, and demanding that some serious effort shall be made to apply to the congested districts in the West those remedial provisions of the Land Act of 1903, of which we heard so much from Mr. Wyndham when he was conducting the Bill through the House of Commons.

Marmora's New Church

The Marmora Herald reports the opening by Archbishop Gauthier of the new Catholic church at that place. Since the fire of fifteen months ago which totally destroyed the old church and its contents, the people and priest at Marmora parish have labored with zeal to erect a new and better building and their hopes were realized at the opening on Sunday of this fine structure.

The new church of the Sacred Heart is a valuable architectural addition to Marmora, and one of which its people may justly feel proud. The building is a well proportioned structure, built of local limestone, with rock faced surface, and enriched with fine-cut stone trimmings. The nave or main portion of the building is 100 feet long by 45 feet wide. The chancel is 26 feet by 29 feet, separated from the nave by a massive arch having chamfered angles and a stucco hood mould, above which terminates with ornamental bosses at the sides. A fine chancel window of stained glass is placed above the altar. It was donated by Mr. J. A. McDonnell in memory of his son, John McDonnell, and is of a very beautiful design and finish for which the manufacturer, Lyons, of Toronto, excels. The Sacristy is 23 feet by 28 feet, with a lofty ceiling divided into gables. The nave is well lighted with wide windows having low Gothic arches, divided into three panels and having tracery work in the upper portion.

The "Wild Geese" of Erin

The names of a number of "Wild Geese" figure prominently in the latest volume of the Stuart Papers, dealing with the year 1718. The chief Jacobite agents at Paris, at Madrid, and at the Court of the Duke of Lorraine, were Irishmen. Lieut.-General Arthur Dillon, Sir Patrick Lawless, and Owen O'Rourke respectively occupied these positions. The correspondence between the Pretender and these Irishmen is of great interest, especially that with O'Rourke, who was entrusted with the delicate task of negotiating for a marriage between the Pretender and the daughter of the Elector Palatine. Colonel Randal MacDonnell held a confidential position in the same cause at Barcelona, and of Colonel Daniel MacSwiney, then in Catalonia, it is said in the correspondence that "few in this country would be fitter for a desperate enterprise." Colonel Denbigh mentioned at Malaga. Particular mention is also made of Mr. Redmond, Captain O'Brien, Owen O'Sheridan and Robert O'Flannagan for their services in the Jacobite cause. Of a different nature, but not without interest, is the letter of the Pretender, or James III., as he is styled throughout, to Pope Clement XI., dated July 28, 1716, in which he recommends the beautification of Jeanne Francoise Fremont de Chantal, the first Superioress of the Visitation Order.

Death of Vicar-General Lebas

Great regret will be felt everywhere over the very sudden death of the venerable Vicar-General Lebas, who was being visited at the Congregation of Saint Sulpice, and who in his time had helped to train here at Arras, in the North, in 1827, and joined the Sulpicians in 1858. He was for a long time head of the Sulpician Seminary at Lyons, and succeeded M. Caplier as Superior-General of the Congregation in 1901. M. Auguste Rousset, editor of the "Verite," who recently visited M. Lebas, states that the venerable ecclesiastic was stricken with grief over the brutal blow levelled at the Sulpicians by the renegade Combes. Only a few days before the death of M. Lebas there passed away, also suddenly, M. Henri Wallon, that fine old Gallic gentleman who was known as the Father of the Constitution. M. Wallon gave the Republic to France, but he was very sorry to see it in the hands of its present administrators.

Madame Janauschek Dead.

New York, Nov. 29.—Madame Janauschek died to-day in the Brunswick Home at Amityville, L.I., where for the past four months she had been a private patient as a charge of the actors' fund. Prior to going to Amityville Mme. Janauschek had been a guest of the Actors' Home on Staten Island. She had been gradually sinking for months. Paralysis and general debility were the immediate cause of death. Mme. Janauschek was seventy-four years old. Francis Janauschek was a Bohemian, having been born in Prague in 1830. Janauschek was one of the leading Catholic actresses of her generation.

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SCHOOLS

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.

Honor Roll for November. Senior IV.—Excellent, Austin Malone, Katie Ennis. Good, Mary Bradley, Gladys Deegan.

Junior IV.—Excellent, Paul Warde, Lyndon Devaney, D'Arcy Leonard. Good, Margaret Hanley, Mary Williams.

Senior III.—Excellent, Blaind Leonard, Nora Warde, Christian Hamilton. Good, Teresa Curran, Angela O'Connor.

Junior III.—Excellent, John Leonard. Good, Francis Redican, Gertrude Bradley, Harold Halloran, Eva Kavanagh.

Senior II.—Excellent, Evelyn Dunn, Louis —. Good, Irene Williams, Barbara Kavanagh, Carrie Bennis.

Junior II.—Excellent, Florence O'Reilly, Gertrude Meade, Marion Krigbaum. Good, Percy Dowell, Norman Bradley.

Part II.—Excellent, N. Fabey, Jno. Kelly, Lizzie Graham. Good, W. Ennis, Augustine Bradley, Margaret LeMoyné.

Part I.—Excellent, M. Waizmann, Ruth Warde, George Meade. Good, Rita McGrath, L. Baird, M. Kehoe.

Junior I.—Excellent, Dorothy Devaney, L. O'Keefe, George Bennis, Charles O'Reilly. Good, Teresa Young, Francis Bennett, B. Bradley, Ernest Corcoran.

Primary—Excellent, J. McDonnell, L. Waizmann, W. Newman.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL

Senior IV.—Excellent, R. Clarkson, W. Henderson, W. Markle, F. Boland, E. Creary, W. Artkin, W. Galvin, J. Foley, W. Hartnett. General Proficiency, E. Creary.

Junior IV.—Excellent, V. Kirby, C. O'Connor, T. Colgan, J. Keane, H. Tracy, F. Wilson, F. Redden. General Proficiency, Charles O'Connor.

Senior III.—Excellent, O. Norman, W. Kerr, W. Doyle, A. Glynne, H. Pegg, J. Powers, A. Maloney, J. Wallace, M. McDonald, C. Bishop, F. Doyle, J. O'Connell, F. Elhard. General Proficiency, John Powers.

Junior III.—Excellent, A. Gallagher, L. O'Connor, E. Torpey, P. Hynds, E. Galvin, J. Gibson, W. Huntley. General Proficiency, A. Gallagher.

Combes' Bill Beaten on Snap Division

New York, Nov. 29.—A special cable despatch to The Sun from Paris says that the Government bill for the separation of Church and State, which was presented to the Chamber of Deputies committee having charge of the subject by Premier Combes on October 29, was rejected by the committee to-day by a vote of 13 to 1.

The measure did not differ very greatly from the bill the committee had prepared, but instead of making an outright separation M. Combes provided for a period of transition, with the view of the organization of new Church conditions and allowed the clergy an indemnity to make new arrangements for the support of the churches. The committee proposed immediate and radical separation.

The vote was a snap division, which was taken in the absence of a majority of the Ministerial members. It does not imply the rejection of the bill, which will be again discussed next Tuesday, when the decision probably will be reversed.

Expelled Religious in Spain

A correspondent of the Paris Figaro who has been in the Pyrenean districts, says that he found large contingents of expelled French Benedictines, Salesians, Christian Brothers, and Sisters of Charity established at Lezin, Spain, within a few miles of the French frontier. The correspondent adds that the Spaniards of the district, although they mostly belong to a party in Catalonia, which aims at the foundation of a republic, have warmly welcomed the expelled French Religious. The Christian Brothers are reported to be extremely busy building their own houses and schools, and learning Spanish at the same time. The place is known as the Vallee of Aran, is near the Moledetta Mountain and contains the source of the River Garonne.

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**The Rev. A. F. Kelly of Trout Creek, Visits Gravenhurst**

The Rev. Father Kelly of Trout Creek, recently visited the congregation of Saint Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, and at one of the evening devotions, delivered a most instructive and interesting sermon on hell, taking as his text: "Gather up first the cockle and bind into bundles to burn (St. Matthew xiii. 30.)"

He said: Beloved brethren, the words of the text quoted fully show that the destiny of sinners who abuse the divine mercy, is to burn in the fire of Hell. God threatens hell—not to send us there—but to deliver us from that place of suffering, says St. Chrysostom. Bear in mind, then, brethren, that God gives you this evening the opportunity of hearing this instruction, that you may not enter hell after your death and that you may give up sin, which alone can place you in hell. It is certain, and of faith, that there is a hell. On the grand harvest day the just shall enjoy the Eternal glory of New Jerusalem and sinners shall be assigned to the everlasting flames of the dungeon of hell. The wicked people shall go into everlasting punishment, but the good into life everlasting. Let us consider in what hell consists. It is what Dives called it, an abode of torments. It is a place of terrible sufferings where each of the senses has its own torment, and in which the torments of each person will be increased in proportion to the crimes committed while on the earth.

In offending God the sinner does two evils: he turns his back on God, the Supreme good, Who is able to make him happy, and turns to creatures who are not able to give him an everlasting happiness to his immortal soul. God complains by His prophet Jeremiah, of the injury which men commit against Him, "For My people have done two evils: They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have dug for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."

Since man abandons his God, while in this world, he shall be tormented in Hell by pain, arising from the loss of God, and if offending God he turned to creatures, he shall be tormented by the same creatures and chiefly by fire.

"THE FLAMES OF HELL." We shall treat of the pain of sense and speak first of the fire of hell, the fire in this world is only a picture compared with the reality. The pain, then, produced than that which is produced by our fire, because God has made the fire of this world for the use of man, but He has created the fire of hell purposely for the chastisement of sinners. This avenging is always kept alive by the wrath of God, "A fire is kindled in my rage, and Dives died and he was buried in Hell." The damned are buried in hell; hence they have fire above and below them and surrounded on all sides. As a fish in the ocean is surrounded by water, so are the unhappy ones in hell surrounded by fire.

Isaiah, the prophet, says, "That the Lord will punish the crime of sinners with the spirit of fire." If the Lord shall wash away the filth of the daughters of Zion, by the spirit of burning. The spirit of burning is the pure essence of fire. All essences are so penetrating, that they reach the very bones—such is the fire of hell. Its activity is so great that a small spark of it would be sufficient to melt a mountain of bronze. This fire shall torment the reprobate not only externally, but also internally. I will burn the bowels, the heart, the brains, the blood within the veins and the marrow within the

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bones. The Prophet David says, "That the bodies of the damned shall be like so many furnaces." Sinners cannot bear to walk under a strong sun, or remain before a fire in a small room, they cannot endure a spark from a candle and they fear not the fire of hell.

"THE OTHER TORMENTS." The fire itself will bring with it pain of darkness, for by its smoke it will, according to St. John, produce a storm of darkness, which shall blind the damned, "To whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever; hence Hell is a land of darkness covered with the shadow of death."

Hell is a dungeon, closed on every side, into which—neither the light of the sun nor the light of a lamp ever enters. The damned shall never see light, but the fire of Hell does not.

St. Thomas teaches that in hell there is only so much light as is necessary to torment the damned by the sight of their associates and of the devils. It is dreadful to suffer a parching thirst without having a drop of water to quench it. So great is the thirst of the damned that all the water in this world is not sufficient to extinguish the burning thirst. Alas! the unhappy damned shall never have a single drop of water to refresh their tongues. The rich man cried out and said, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water to cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." The poor glutton has not obtained, and never shall obtain, this drop of water.

The damned shall be likewise tormented by the stench which prevails here, the stench shall arise from the very bodies of the reprobate. St. Bonaventure says that if the body of one of the damned were buried in the earth it would by its stench be sufficient to cause the death of every member of the human family on earth.

How dreadful, then, must it be to live forever in the dungeons of hell, in the midst of the vast multitude of the damned? Some foolish worldlings say, "If I go to hell I shall have company." Miserable fools, do you not perceive that the greater the number of companions the more insufferable shall be the torments. The damned are tormented not only by the stench of their companions, but also by their shrieks and groans.

How annoying it is to a person longing for sleep to hear the groans of a sick person or the screams of a child? The damned must listen incessantly to the wailing and howling of their associates, not for a night, nor for a thousand nights, but for all eternity, without interruption of a single moment.

The damned are also tormented by the narrowness of the place in which they are confined, for although the dungeon of hell is large, it will be too small for the many millions of the reprobate. David says "That they will be laid in hell like sheep." In whatever position the damned shall fall into hell after the day of the great harvest, whether on the side or on the back, or with the head downwards, in that position they must remain for eternity, without ever being able to move foot or hand.

The reprobate shall be tormented in all the senses of the body, as well as in the powers of the soul. Their memory shall be tormented by the remembrance of the many years which they had received from God, for the salvation of their souls, and which they spent in laboring for their own damnation. They shall recall the warnings and exhortations of their priests, they would not listen to the voice of their conscience; they remained away from Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation, they would not pray God to give them courage to seek reconciliation with their Redeemer, in the tribunal of Penance.

They gave themselves up to drunkenness and lust. Now after their death will happen to them, as happened to the cockle, "Gather first the cockle into bundles to burn." Reflect on the important truth, which Jesus Christ proposes for our consideration in this parable. Be not cockle in the field of our Heavenly Master, which is the church,—endeavor to remain good wheat, by using the means God gives us, chiefly prayer and the worthy reception of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist.

Come to Mass every Sunday and holiday, when you have the Holy Sacrifice offered in your midst. Observe the days of Abstinence and fast. Be sober. Live piously, that on the day of the grand harvest you will escape the fate of the cockle, so that the Angels may gather you into the granary of eternal life. Amen.

**HEADACHE**

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New York, Dec. 7.—Two thousand immigrants, fleeing from the famine-stricken counties of western Ireland, have entered New York during the past week.

Michael Geary and his four stalwart sons of Ulster, came in on the Baltic. They are going to the farm of Patrick Geary, near Peoria, Ill. "Starvation faced us this winter," he said, "like it has many times before. Five of us working together have been able only to get food and keep a shelter over our heads. This summer it rained continuously, and the potatoes rotted in the ground. We did not even dig them. So we sold everything, even our surplus clothes, and raised enough money to reach this country. We will work hard and send back money to the wife and children, so that they may come over."

"Our neighbor, John Manning, is the breadwinner for a family of six. He has but a small piece of bog land, and now that the crop has failed that might give him bare sustenance through the winter. I fear he and his family will starve if help is not given him. And this is the condition of hundreds for miles about Galway."

Evictions because of the poor crops are filling the columns of the Irish press. The *Leinster Express* says: "On Monday and Wednesday last scenes that were of frequent occurrence in the early eighties were enacted in the streets of Maryborough, when bands accompanied by crowds paraded the town as an expression of sympathy with tenants evicted. Similar demonstrations were made by bands of Ballywan, Castleton and Raheen."

The Connaught of Galway tells a pitiful tale of the eviction of T. Connolly by the agents of Messrs. St. George & Crozier, landlords. Unable to meet his rent because of the potatoes rotting in the ground, Connolly, with his children, was put in the street and obliged to seek shelter in a deserted hotel.

The Mayo News says: "The Balconocke Union Board of Guardians, realizing the great distress which will be inevitable this year by reason of the almost total failure of the potato crop, especially urge the landlords to grant reasonable rent to their tenants of the cold months." The record of the evictions in Mayo so far has reached 184. In Donegal there have been 73, and in Tyrone 56. To give the poor of Mayo employment a mass meeting was held several months ago, presided over by Rev. Martin Mellett, P.P. A resolution was adopted setting forth that the potato failure had been the most disastrous since '47, and urging that the impoverished farmers be given employment on local improvement schemes.

**Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon"**

Lord Rosebery has contributed a fresh introductory chapter to a new edition of his book on "Napoleon: The Last Phase." He writes, in explaining the purpose of the volume: "The procession of Napoleon from the throne to the grave must always be a theme of historic and human interest. The aim of the book is to penetrate the deliberate darkness which surrounds the last act of the Napoleonic drama. Napoleon's exile was a veritable tragedy. There had never been a more meteoric rise, or a more terrible fall." Regret is expressed by his lordship that the ungracious task of keeping Napoleon in strict custody should have devolved on Great Britain, and should not have been discharged with more consideration and less crudeness.

"We were guarding at St. Helena not merely a renowned conqueror, not merely one who had been for a decade the paramount sovereign of Western Europe, but one of the supreme figures of history. It should have been flattering to our pride to remember this. We had dealt him the final blow at Waterloo, and he had surrendered to us. It is more our national interests, therefore, to magnify than to diminish the greatness of our charge. Our relations to him, therefore, should have been those of a chivalrous conqueror to the illustrious vanquished, and this we could easily have achieved without sacrificing security and without unfaithfulness to our odious duty. It would be well if the sombre episode of St. Helena could be blotted out of history."

**Irish Singers Coming**

The Irish Ladies' Choir of Dublin, one of the principal musical organizations of Europe, will make a short tour of the United States and Canada in the autumn of 1905. Two years ago this chorus was founded by Mme. Coslett-Heller, a celebrated Welsh soprano, who became attracted by the beauty of the voices of the young Irish girls whom she met. Choral singing is an important part of Welsh social life, and Mme. Heller brought over to Dublin the best ideas and traditions of the Eisteddfod. Beginning with her pupils, she formed the nucleus of a singing club. Rare voices were brought into the organization from time to time, until it numbered nearly a half hundred. An Irish national choir was the object in the mind of the promoter, and with this idea in view the old melodies were arranged for female voices and made prominent on the concert programmes of the choir. Some of them were sung in Gaelic. At the Dublin Fete of 1903 the choir carried off the first prize for choral work and since then has been the winner in every competition in Ireland, England and Wales, where it has been entered.

For the American tour, thirty of the best voices have been selected. Every singer in the company will be a soloist of reputation and a prize-winner in musical contests. Several prominent artists will accompany the choir, one of whom is the founder, Mme. Coslett-Heller. Miss Madeleine Macken, the eminent soprano, Miss Esther Corless, the only concert performer on the Irish harp, and Sophie Allen, pianiste, will also be heard in connection with the choir. The first concert will probably be in New York City.

So quickly, sometimes, has the wheel of life turned around, that many have lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety rejected.

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**Spiritual Communion**

(For The Register.)  
Dearest Jesu, at Thy altar, Thy pealings show Guest and Host—Thyself, the faithful—Interbent as one below.

Thus in spirit I am yearning For Thee, living Bread; In communion sweet meeting Angels, living, blessed dead.

All we ought to plead before Thee. All who never pray, All the weary, the offending, Bond and master, bless to-day.

Wisdom, still I wear Thy image; Love, Thou art within; By that Power ever living, May I trust and conquer sin.—George Gwilym.

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  - One only Library Armchair, to match settee, Rogers' selling price \$35.00; marked down to . . . . . 22.50
  - One only Handsome Drawing-room Suite, Rogers' selling price \$37.50; marked down to . . . . . 21.50
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  - Several pieces Tapestry Covering, in Heraldic and Verdure designs, Rogers' selling price \$2.00; marked down to 1.00
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REX CORDIUM

You're the only passenger, Miss, said the station agent, as he handed me to the platform; "just step in here."

A kind of shed a few paces away, bearing overhead the notice, "Linteu," told me my destination was indeed reached.

Mr. Ellis, the school secretary, will be here in a few minutes, Miss. He had to fetch some letters and told me to get you warm. Mighty sharp weather, Miss, and my obliging guide bowed and departed.

I, Agnes Morris, university undergraduate, had lately been appointed teacher of Linteu district school. Papa's last illness had exhausted our slender capital, and as my widowed mother had but Mabel, a girl of 12, and myself, the hope of becoming the stay and support of my dear ones argued me to a sacrifice. Thus tremblingly, but hopefully, I accepted the position.

Mr. Ellis greeted me most kindly. He was an elderly man, with a pleasant though careworn face. I noticed that he hesitated a little over his words, as if he weighed everything he said. He made many inquiries as to any comfort as he showed me my place in the sleigh.

"I've settled the wee ones down at our feet, Miss Morris. I think they will be more cozy there. The road's bad and we're having such a cold snap." Put the buffalo around you tight.

The "wee ones" were two little girls at present undistinguishable bundles in mufflers and wraps. It was too cold for conversation, and I drew my furs around me and abandoned myself to the delight of a first sleigh ride in the country. The road was uneven for some distance, but was finally succeeded by a smooth, shining track, and we sped along to the music of the sleigh-bells.

Night was closing in as we stopped at the entrance to a long low farmhouse. Mr. Ellis opened the gate and, after calling, "Johnny, come help with the trunk," turned to me a smile.

"'Fraid you're cold, Miss Morris. Not used to the country, are you? Never mind. You'll soon like the air. Guess supper's ready by this time."

The kitchen was neatness itself, with its polished stove, white-worn floor, immaculate cloth and dainty tea service. It gave a pleasing sense of home comfort.

Mr. Ellis opened the door of an inner apartment and called:

"Jane, here's Miss Morris."

A tall, middle-aged woman came forward, holding out a long, thin hand.

"Miss Morris, you're welcome. I hope you're not altogether froze." Then, looking at her husband, "My sakes. What kept you? Did you think I'd nothin' to do but sit here waitin', an' the supper spilin', an' the milk not strained yet, nor the young uns clothes ready for the wash. Much you care, though. Keep in 'till stranger out so long in the cold, too. It's a shame!"

I hastened to say that I had enjoyed the ride extremely. After a few minutes the irate lady grew calm and I turned to express my thanks to Mr. Ellis, but he had disappeared.

Muriel and Bessie, the little girls, had taken off their shoes and were warming their feet at the stove Mrs. Ellis excusing herself to get some lights, I began to chat with the little ones.

"Aren't you afraid of getting chilblains?" I said to Muriel.

"Oh, no, Miss. I'll be warm just in a minute. Wasn't it grand, though! Did you like the cutter ride?" timidly.

"I guess you's omesick, Miss Mawies," chimed in Bessie. "You mustn't cw, though. I allays cw when I go away from my papa."

Bessie was two years younger than her sister, whom she greatly resembled. Both girls wore blue frocks and silver medals of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Ellis' return cut short our talk and soon we all sat down to supper. Mr. Ellis carved the ham while Mrs. Ellis poured out delicious cups of Muriel and Bessie perched on high chairs near their papa. Opposite me sat Johnny, the farm boy. He had a shock of red hair and a freckled, good-natured face. Taking no part in the conversation, he every now and then would wink expressively at Mr. Ellis, and whenever I spoke would pause in the act of raising a morsel and gaze at me with open crumby mouth and twinkling eyes.

From Mr. Ellis I learned that ours was a new section and my duties comparatively light. Some little time, he said, must elapse before things were in working order. In the meantime I must make myself thoroughly at home and get acquainted with the good people of the locality.

"These little ladies," he added, "will give you the entire history of the section in no time. They're very anxious to get to school, but I tell them when they've had a few whippin's from the teacher they'll be glad enough to run home and play with pussy."

Muriel and Bessie in unison protested that pussy should come to school, too, and Muriel went on very confidently: "She's good, Miss Morris. She's just as quiet as a mouse."

Even Mrs. Ellis could not refrain from laughing, although the next moment she shrugged her shoulders and said: "That's their papa's teaching for you! You young-uns ought to be seen and not heard."

Strange to say, her every word to Mr. Ellis was a barb of bitterness. He took no further notice of her than merely to reply to her direct questions, and, supper over, withdrew at once, in company with Johnny, who whistled on his way to the barn, the keen air proving no obstacle to his enjoyment of a tune.

As I assisted Mrs. Ellis to clear the table, I was struck by the look of settled melancholy on her face. From time to time she wiped away a furtive tear and her manner grew quite gentle.

"We're few Catholics here," she said. "The church's ten miles away, an' we get Mass only every fourth Sunday. I generally drive the team myself. The babies can't go in winter, an' Johnny's home Sundays."

She did not mention Mr. Ellis by name, but went on after a little: "It's a great pity we can't practice our religion better. Men are so careless, you know."

I remarked, saying, as I kissed my Promoter's cross:



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"The Sacred Heart has done wonders for me, dear Mrs. Ellis. Who can tell what favors are in store for you!"

The afternoon sun was adding its lustre to the already shining kitchen, and as I was prepared to enjoy a pleasant hour with my Longfellow, when there was a light tapping at the door.

A slight girl of about fourteen years stood without. She wore a cloak of coarse but pretty plaid and a hood of the same material. Her eyes, dark and deeply expressive, told of a strong soul and a generous heart. In a glance I saw she was not an ordinary girl, but one of God's child heroines whom He decks with special graces which are at once a pledge of His love and a protection from the scorn of the worldly-minded.

The girl dropped me a curtsy and said: "Please, are you Miss Morris? My father sent me over to make arrangements with the teacher about some lessons. I can't go to school."

I invited her in, and soon we were chatting together with the ardor of old acquaintances. Her name was Lizzie Lloyd. A new St. Elizabeth, I thought, as I glanced over the toil-worn hands of the delicate face. Her father had been blind for some years; and Lizzie, his only child, remained his only solace.

She looked after the house, did the marketing, kept the accounts, and was withal his careful nurse and affectionate companion. It was her father's wish that she should take lessons in history and grammar, and advance a little in arithmetic, for which she had a great fancy.

"You must study French and German, Lizzie. I know you'll like that," I said; "but, my dear, when can you begin?"

"Oh, Miss Morris, I love books, and I can begin to-morrow, but I fear you'll find me stupid enough. I'll beg our Blessed Mother to help me that I may learn real fast, and then I can do something for papa. I know if he could get good treatment he would not suffer so much. Oh, if you knew what it is to see your father always in pain."

Her beautiful eyes filled in a moment, and I could hear her heart throbbing in nervous excitement.

"He's all I have," she went on after a pause, "and day by day I fear the suffering may affect his brain. Dear papa! I think the end must be very near."

Just then the door of the inner room was thrown open and Muriel and Bessie came running in.

"Lizzie Oyd, at you? It's so glad. Here's gum drops and cream candy!" and Bessie climbed into Lizzie's lap, while Muriel, after a hasty hug, darted away in search of Mrs. Ellis.

A few minutes later Mr. Ellis and Johnny came in for a handwarming, Johnny's mouth opened in amazement at sight of our visitor, and the temporary lockjaw might have prolonged indefinitely had not Lizzie obligingly come to his relief with a supply of the gum drops and cream candy.

Mr. Ellis seemed entirely changed. It was touching to see the strange, taciturn yet genial man allow his softer nature to expand in the company of this young girl, still almost a child. To her he behaved with a mixture of respect, tenderness and admiration. While she remained, he was indeed a charming host, and his pleasant answers to Mrs. Ellis' sallies quite bewildered me.

At length Lizzie rose to go, and Mr. Ellis prepared to take her in the sleigh. The children, greatly delighted at the prospect of a "cutter ride," pocketed the remaining sweetmeats, and permitted me to wrap them in some warm shawl, coming ready for such hasty expeditions behind the kitchen stove.

Three weeks passed rapidly away. Lizzie came to me regularly every day for an hour's lesson. I did not know what it was that created the bond of sympathy between us, but I felt we were no longer strangers.

After all, acquaintance does not wait on time, and Lizzie's was a clear, strong nature that, once known, ever repeats itself in the very simplicity of its strength. She gave me her confidence with the fearless candor of a child.

One Saturday morning we sat together over the books. Out-of-doors the snow was falling and Lizzie's glance wandered often from the printed page before her to the ever-whitening landscape beyond the pane. I knew that some thought was exerting powerful influence over her mind, and I was not surprised to see her presently cast aside the books and burst into tears.

"It's no use, Miss Morris, I can't study to-day. Oh why should all this be! I cannot bear it!"

I soothed her as best I could and waited for the confidence sure to follow.

Roosevelt Praised by Archbishop Ryan

The Archbishop, in a letter to the President, said: "I am proud to say that the United States has produced a man whose life and character are a model for all people to follow. His courage and faith are a source of inspiration to us all."

I found mamma very ill indeed, and the ensuing days were those of unspeakable anxiety. At length she was out of danger and I could allow my thoughts to revert to Linteu. Had the Angel of Death who had passed reluctantly from the threshold of my home carried a child-soul in his heavenward flight?

A few days more and suspense was at an end. A long letter from Lizzie gave me the details of Muriel's last moments on earth. With a courage in advance of her tender years, the little darling had expressed her willingness to die that she might "better pray for papa in heaven," and then, for the first and last time, she received our Lord in the Sacrament of His love.

"Oh, Miss Morris," Lizzie went on to say, "the Sacred Heart has heard our prayers. Since Muriel died Mr. and Mrs. Ellis have been inseparable. Together they watched the fever just when Muriel was at the worst. You should have heard Mr. Ellis praying the Sacred Heart to spare him his one little lamb, now doubly dear. Since she is past danger, he is a changed man and is now about to erect a church. Oh, Miss Morris, it is all the Sacred Heart!"

"But, now, my dear teacher, my more than friend, I have kept my own great surprise for the last. You were only gone a few days when a letter came from that Mrs. Carroll who was my mother's dearest friend. She said she had only lately traced me out, that she had wealth and no children of her own, and would like to call me hers. Of course I told her about papa, and that he would consent to move out of his dear old home. So she has come to see us, taking full charge of the house; and I am to do nothing but go to school and take extra lessons. Oh, Miss Morris, can it be true? I can scarcely believe it. Do you know what she said when she saw me? 'I think, dear child, you will one day be a nun like my sister, Mother Mary of the Annunciation. You'll wear a white habit and make a vow to save souls.' Oh, Miss Morris, will that ever be?"

"Vivat Cor Jesu, Rex cordium!" The words gleam in glorious colors from Muriel's memorial window in the church at Linteu.—From the Rosary Magazine.

Ancient Justice

The physician or surgeon who charges little or nothing for his skill when he treats a poor man has excellent authority for his practice.

The newly discovered laws of ancient Babylon made it not only proper, but obligatory. The first king of "Greater Babylon," as it would be called to-day, was Hammurabi, referred to in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis as Amraphel. He was established in his kingdom. Two years ago, on a broken monument in the ruins of Susa, nearly the whole code of Hammurabi was found. A translation of it has just been made by a professor in the University of Chicago.

"If a physician operate on a gentleman for a severe wound with a lancet," reads one section of these revised statutes of Babylon, "and save the man's life, or if he open an abscess in a gentleman's eye and save the eye, he shall receive ten shekels of silver. If he operate on a freeman and shall receive five shekels."

"If he be a man's slave he operate on," reads the next section, "the owner of the slave shall give two shekels to the physician."

Similarly graded were the physician's penalties—for in those days doctoring was a give-and-take affair in which the unsuccessful practitioner was made to pay for his failure.

"If a physician operate on a gentleman and cause his death," said the law, "or destroy his eye, they shall cut off the physician's fingers."

"If he operate on the slave of a freeman and cause death he shall restore a slave of equal value. If he destroy his eye he shall pay in silver half his value."

"If he set a broken bone for a gentleman or cure his disease the gentleman shall pay five shekels." "If he be a freeman he shall pay three shekels of silver."

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JAS. J. O'HEARN They fed no less precipitately than the rats and just in time, for as they ran there came a thunderous crash and the roof fell in all around the place where they had been working.

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

She shuddered a little, and stood looking down at the grey face on the white pillow, clasping her hands about his arm.

"I'm afraid," she said. "I'm afraid, Hugh. Not of Uncle Eric, dear Uncle Eric, but of his death. Oh, Hugh, this is no way for a man to die, is it? This isn't the way a Catholic dies. Oh, Hugh, I am afraid, God is coming to him, and he doesn't know it, and he has never thought of God much; and what will be done, what will he do then, when that moment comes? Hugh, I am afraid."

She still clung, frightened, to him, and he did not know how to answer her. Her whispered sentences were full of the terror she felt at the great unknown country into which the old man who had loved her was about to enter unprepared. Hugh felt he must say something that would ease the terror in her childish face.

"I would not be afraid," he said. "Uncle Eric has never been a member of our Faith—he has not known its greatness, its beauty, its comfort—and God will consider that. Is He less merciful than you or I? And if we remember with tenderness the kindness and good-will underneath this man's exterior, won't God remember it, too? We can't do anything for him, Gertrude, only pray and God, who knows all and sees all, will take care of all."

He hesitated. More words trembled on his lips, but he felt he had said enough, and he repressed them.

"You had better run away as I have hidden you. Supposing you break down? Be advised by me, little Gertrude; take care of yourself—for all our sakes."

There was a note in his voice that sent the hot blood in a gush to the girl's face. It receded then, leaving her as pale as death. She turned at once and left the room, while he took her vacant place.

She had not been gone very long when the door through which she had vanished opened softly and Leigh entered. She had not liked the look on Hugh's face when he left her. It had been very unsatisfactory. After all, she thought, with one of the qualms of common sense that came to her occasionally, she must marry some time. Fraser was gone, whether she knew not. Her Uncle Lewis had refused to tell her how or where she might find him. That finding might be long delayed—who could tell what might happen? And supposing when she sent for him, he refused to come—though that supposition made the girl smile in her consummate vanity. Supposing Uncle Eric were to die, and leave Hugh master of the manor? Could she marry the poverty-stricken Laurence Lindsay any more than she could have married the poor violinist?

All these thoughts crossing her vacillating selfish mind, she thought it best to humor her fiance. Hugh, glancing up, saw her lovely eyes fastened on him almost in humility.

"You have come, Leigh? How good of you!" he whispered.

"Hasn't he grown old-looking?" she ventured, approaching the bed. "It seems impossible that he'll ever get better, Hugh."

Hugh put his fingers to his lips, warningly.

"You are right—I will be quiet. Tell me what I shall do now. Give me something to do."

"Above all, keep very still," answered Hugh. "When he awakes give him a drink, and in half an hour a teaspoonful of this medicine."

"And you—you must stay here, Hugh! Don't leave me alone with him. He might die—or something."

"Only one is needed. But sit down there, then, if you wish to keep me company. Or, better still, here is a book. Go over to the window-seat and read."

He spoke coldly. She took the book, however, and got as far away as possible from the sick-bed and the patient. It was an interesting volume, and she was soon lost in its contents. After a little while she totally forgot her surroundings. Suddenly she heard Hugh rise and Uncle Eric stir. His hands moved restlessly. She could see him from where she sat, herself hidden. His eyes were wide open.

"Where is Hugh?"

"Here, Uncle."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Call Estelle—only Estelle."

Leigh shrank back against the window-seat. Hugh left the room—he had forgotten her. The few minutes the girl spent there was like an eternity. She could see the sick man's working features, she could hear his labored breathing. Then, to her infinite relief, Hugh returned, almost carrying his aunt. The poor woman had thrown on a silk negligee over her night-robe, and she looked ghastly—more like death, indeed, than her dying husband. Leigh put her hands across her lips to keep from screaming with terror at the sight of her and of him.

"Estelle, Estelle," stammered Eric Lindsay.

"I am here, Eric," she answered in a faint voice, and taking his helpless hand. "I am here, I am here."

"Estelle—I am dying."

"Oh, no," she said, sobbingly. "No, dear Eric—you will not die. You are going to get better—"

He struggled for breath, for speech, his eyes rolling.

"Laurence—meeting—has killed me," he muttered.

Hugh looked at his aunt. They both thought he was delirious.

"Laurence is dead, uncle. You are dreaming."

"No, no, a lie—Laurence lives. Laurence is here."

will—eldest nephew—Laurence would inherit. Burn it, Estelle."

"Yes, dear."

"Upper right hand drawer. Get Banks—Banks. Maybe I can fix it yet. See Hugh gets everything, Estelle. See Hugh—"

The words trailed off into indistinct speech, the eyes closed once more. Hugh almost forced his aunt from the room again—and, indeed, out in the corridor lifted her in his strong arms and brought her to her own apartments. When he came back again, alone, he thought of Leigh. He made his way to the window seat. She was crouching in it, her face white, her teeth chattering.

"Oh, you poor child!" he said in pity. "I should have remembered you were here, but his sudden waking drove all things from my head. You heard him, Leigh?"

"Yes," she said, trembling.

"Do not think of what he said. It was but a fever-dream. And the sight has been too much for you—I was foolish to ask you to stay, dear— I see that now. Poor Leigh!"

When the physicians came they thought that Eric Lindsay's condition was worse than before. Yes; he had a good constitution, a fine, strong body, but—

That "but" spoke volumes. Again ensued weary days and weeks for all of them. Christmas came and went—and Hugh did not go home for the joyous festive! There was no joy in the manor; nothing but suspense, nothing but waiting.

Aunt Estelle's character showed itself now from its best side. Sorrow, if it aged her, made her affectionate and sensible. She clung to Hugh and to Gertrude for support in this, her greatest trial. Leigh would not again enter the sick-room, nor was she permitted to do so, but she stayed often for hours at a time in Uncle Eric's dressing-room. This silent devotion touched her betrothed, who felt he had misjudged her.

These long visits ended one day very abruptly.

She had entered the room as usual and walked over to take her accustomed place at Uncle Eric's writing-desk. Suddenly she paused and glanced about her in a frightened way. On the table lay a small bunch of keys. It seemed hardly possible that this was her opportunity lying here, waiting for her to stretch out her hand to take it.

In nervous fashion she wavered. Then she stole to the door and looked into the sick-room. Hugh was at his uncle's side, and there was no one in the corridor without. Leigh sat down carefully in the chair and her fingers closed around the keys. Then holding them tight in her hand that they might not rattle, she tried key after key in the top drawer at the right hand side of the desk. It took her an hour to do this, and she was not interrupted. Not even a servant entered the room.

She was rewarded finally. The last key fitted. Then, with stealthy fingers, she slipped it off the ring and hid it in her bosom. Just as she finished doing this she looked up to see Hugh standing over her.

She did not lose her composure, having prepared herself for this contingency. She ran the keys, through her fingers again, as if counting them. Then she put them back upon the desk carelessly.

"How is Uncle Eric now?" she asked.

"Just the same," he replied. "Why those are his keys—Aunt Estelle must have forgotten them. Will you take them to her, Leigh?"

She rose to do so. The key she had hidden in her bosom fell to the floor.

"This one must have come off," said Hugh. "I will—"

"Why, no, that is mine," she said, hastily. "It is the key of my escritoire."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." He restored it to her and she left the room hurriedly.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Deperate Deed.

The doctors were not mistaken when they told Hugh that the master of the manor was in serious danger. He fought a good fight for his life, fought death inch by inch, but in the end death came.

It was a very quiet, peaceful death, and unexpected, so that even Aunt Estelle was not present. Only Hugh and Gertrude were in the room when the last breath left him, and it was Gertrude who held his hand in hers, and it was her tear-choked voice that sounded in his ears, reciting heartfelt prayers. When Aunt Estelle came it was all over. Eric Lindsay had left the home of his pride forever.

Once more, but with what different sensations now, Hugh made ready for the funeral of a Lindsay. He had really grown to care for the proud old man, and the knowledge that he loved, and trusted him, without a suspicion of his indiscretions, made his memory the tenderer.

With genuine pain at his heart he saw the grey vault open to receive the form of the master who had retelled the ancient glory of the Lindsay name as such a cost to himself. Gertrude had kept up bravely to the very end, but they had to carry her to her own room when she got back to the manor, and a shattered, nervous little wreck, she was waited upon by the faithful Julie. Mrs. Fenton, with some hesitation, spoke to Hugh seriously of his and Leigh's marriage. She had no doubt but that Eric Lindsay had made all arrangements conducive to the future benefit of his heir. Hugh listened to her with conflicting emotions. It struck him that in a hurry to have her daughter settled—and he did not like Mrs. Fenton. A cold smile played about his lips.

"That rests with Leigh," he said. "It is for her to decide when we marry. I believe she said April."

Which was a polite hint to her to attend strictly to her own affairs, but

his tone was so strange that she failed to understand him. He was much hurt at her interference, and because he was a man of honor and a gentleman, it hurt him also to confess that he had different feelings now concerning that marriage which he had anticipated as the consummation of all earthly joy.

When she went to Leigh with some similar speech on her lips the girl turned on her with a passion that fairly awed her, and said many things which did not sound well from a daughter to her mother. Waking, sleeping, the face of Laurence Lindsay, whom she had known as Allan Fraser, was ever before her. Her daily thoughts were with him and of him. Uncle Eric's disconnected speech had been the clue to his whereabouts. To think that he had come—had been under the one roof with her, who loved him so! And she had not known it—it was enough to madden her!

Within her brain a plan was forming. She knew that Laurence, though he had not been heard of since that fatal day, was somewhere in the vicinity. And she, who had heard the old man's words, knew that she could help him to his inheritance. She did not trust her betrothed to leave untouched the will in the right hand drawer. Everyone knew it was no fever-dream now; everyone had heard that the graceless nephew had returned, and that it was after the scene that Uncle Eric had been stricken. Aunt Estelle would listen to no extenuating circumstances. She would not heed Hugh's words that her husband had been long illing—none of this could move her from the protestation that Laurence had killed him. But Laurence did not intrude upon any one of them, and Leigh, at her wits' end to see him, conceived the plan of following Mildred—for did she not know of the girl's hidden love, and would a woman not seek her lover? Yet even the closest surveillance availed her nothing, and when she did at last see him, it was purely accidental. She looked up from the labour in which she sat, to find him standing not ten feet away from her, but waiting, with an exclamation on her lips she rose to go to him, but just then Mildred came swiftly along the path, put her hand within his arm, and he, bending over her in almost lover-like fashion, it seemed to the watching Leigh, they walked away together. Full of anger, she looked after them—then she laughed at her own folly. He had loved her once—did this creature think to step in between them? Little did she know Leigh Fenton's power. No other could do what she was prepared to do for him. No other knew of the existing will save the two—her lover and his aunt—to whose interests it was to keep it well concealed. No. She would take what risk there came. Once let her go to him, with the papers in her hand that proved his right to the Manor of Lindsay and the Lindsay wealth, once let her meet his glance as of old, and Mildred could whistle for the man whom she thought to make her own by the power of sympathy.

But was Mildred disinterested? She bent to reason with the suspiciousness of her narrow nature. What if Mildred knew, and would forestall her? Oh, it was impossible! She knew, and Aunt Estelle and the one who thought she was going to marry him! What a fool she had been to even imagine she could care for that staid and steady fellow, so serious, so honest, so faultless, such a prize! She was glad things were turning out this way. Laurence Lindsay would make a much better master of the manor than the man who thought to succeed to Uncle Eric's shoes.

The day of Uncle Eric's burial had been gloomy and overcast—the rain poured down as if the heavens opened. But on this, the morning after, there was every indication of better weather. This day-dawning was to bring the great undertaking which Leigh had resolved on. She rose and dressed herself, feeling, as she did so, for the little steel key that had never left her throat since the day she had secured it. She was really excitable and nervous of temperament, and she thought that she must enter the rooms of the dead master of Lindsay's, and that she must have the key of his heart, made her tremble. She stood at the window. The heavy grey mist of early dawn showed the landscape vague and undecided; then a soft red tinted the horizon, and objects began to assume form and color from the slowly rising orb of day. She surely was safe. No one in all that tired household could be awake now. She would steal in softly. It would occupy but one moment to open the drawer, take the paper, and vanish.

Her rooms, which communicated with her mother's, were on the same floor as Eric Lindsay's. It hardly seemed possible that the widow had left the door adjoining her dead husband's open. Then Leigh remembered that she had gone to sleep with Mildred. Another fear assailed her. Perhaps the door was locked. In that case she would have to retrace her steps, go out on the narrow stone portico that ran the entire side of the house, and gain access to the apartment as the realize how desperately resolved she was on this plan when she thinks of the possible chances of discovery. Only the boldest attempt could meet with success—there was no time for vacillation or for hesitancy. Either she must go, take the risk, or else all would fail—there was no other way. Failure meant the dashing of her dearest hopes. She set her teeth, with a strange determination on the lovely features, and turned to her door, opened it, and on tiptoes stole along the corridor to Uncle Eric's room. She twisted the knob—the door was unlocked. So far fortune had favored her.

Only one thing now she must guard against—her own treacherous nerves. Trembling violently, she stood on the threshold, entered, closed the door, hurried to the desk. She kept her eyes upon it. Her fingers could scarcely hold the key, they were shaking. She must not lose control of herself now—no second, just one, and all would be accomplished. Her eyes were glued to that desk—she saw no other object but that in the whole of her mind. She was not trusting herself to see another object.

"The top drawer to the right," she murmured faintly, trying to steel her nerves to courage by the sound of her own voice. She fumbled at it, inserted the key in the lock. There, on the very top, was a large, legal-

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looking document. It was the will, without a doubt. She clutched at it with eager fingers and had just closed the drawer when a hand grasped her own and the paper was taken from her.

"Leigh! What are you doing here?" Too frightened to speak, to scream, she looked up, and in the grey dawn of the morning saw Hugh, her betrothed.

He had thought unable to sleep, for painful thoughts tortured him. There was much to be done, much to be settled, before he left for home. Nor could he decide his future course until he saw Aunt Estelle. He knew as well as she did what his uncle's wishes were, but the question of right and of wrong confronted him. By every impulse of Uncle Eric's heart this last few months, he knew that the manor was intended for his own. But his notions were quixotic. There was no answer to the unchanged will—the will that, since Laurence was alive, made him, as the eldest nephew, the owner of Lindsay. He came down the stairs slowly, with these thoughts filling him. As he passed, he was surprised to notice that Uncle Eric's door was open. He walked over to it, and pushed it gently, looked into the room. At the desk he saw a woman's figure.

At first he had a vague idea that it was Aunt Estelle, come, ere the house was stirring, to fulfil her husband's last desire. But she must listen to him first before she did this thing, he must explain to her—

When he approached and recognized Leigh, his heart almost stood still. She fell away from him, and would have sunk to the ground had it not been for the nervous grasp she made at the edge of the desk. She stared at him with great dark eyes, every vestige of color stricken from lips and face. Such a ghastly white countenance it was, as if she had been suddenly deprived of life. He felt sorry for her—he had never seen a woman look like that.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What brought you here—here, of all places in the world?"

"I heard your uncle—about Laurence—the will!" she muttered, as if the words were forced from her.

"You, Leigh? You heard? Yes, I remember. And you came—for what? You came—"

He staggered back, glancing from the paper in his hand to her white face. A sudden light seemed to dawn on him. "You came to destroy the papers that stood between me and Lindsay?" he exclaimed. "For love of me, Leigh? Come, come to your senses, child, and answer me!"

"So. He thought she was here for his sake! Would she keep him in that belief? Let him think that it was for his sake that she had come—to help him to Lindsay and its wealth? She could then go back to her own room, and he, sure of her fealty and devotion, would destroy the will alone. Ah, she would tell him the truth—that that it was for Laurence—for Laurence, whom she loved—"

Hugh misunderstood her silence. He felt suddenly very tender towards her. She might be faulty and headstrong and wilful, but she could love enough to do this desperate deed. There was hope for that future which he had learned to dread, for if she really cared—Ah, God, teach him how to deal with this girl who was giving her life into his keeping!

"My poor Leigh," he said, "don't you understand that—"

"Oh, spare me," she cried, in a tense voice. "Spare me—I have had enough you—of your moral remarks and of your preaching. I am sick to death of them all! You would flatter yourself to return that paper to its rightful owner?"

"Open-mouthed, he stared at her. "Return that to its owner!" He could say no more. A sickening dread passed over him. Then he drew himself together with a short laugh. "Oh, what belief you have in my morality, my sense of right! So you do not know me well enough to feel that I would never stoop to dishonor? My God, so little do you believe in me!"

"I trusted you as I trusted my own soul. Oh, Leigh, Leigh, what have I done, how have I failed, that you should doubt me like this!" The pain in his tones fell on dead ears.

"Don't you! Don't you! I tell you I will not, did not, do not think

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In and Around Toronto

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

This issue of The Catholic Register greets its readers on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the day for which the Catholic world has been making ready for a twelve months past.

BLESSING OF SAINT MARY'S BELL.

Beautiful and solemn was the ceremony attached to the blessing of St. Mary's new bell, an event which had been looked forward to for some years as the final circumstance in the building and erection of the tower and belfry of the parish church.

In the spiritual order in the greatest of mankind, the Blessed Virgin alone excepted. We learned that St. John the Baptist was no "reed shaken by the wind," but one who maintained Christ and his doctrine even at the cost of his head.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

The annual meeting of the Associated Charities of the city took place at the city hall on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At the meeting of Associated Charities, Comptroller Hubbard struck a chord congenial at least to the minds of some of his listeners when he referred, though only in passing, to the objectionable wording of the plan now employed to designate the plan now under consideration for the relief of the congested districts of our city.

THE LATE MR. JOHN ENGLISH.

With the passing of Mr. John English the life of one who was known, respected and liked throughout the province, passes to its reward.

Dr. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison. A large concourse were present, many of the officials of the jail being amongst the number.

FUNERAL OF MRS. RUSSELL.

On Monday the funeral of Mrs. Russell took place from her late residence, 176 Seaton street, to St. Paul's church.

Last week the death occurred of Miss Mamie Fanning at the residence of her parents on St. Clarens Ave.

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS.

Mr. J. J. Murphy of Toronto, on his return from his late trip to St. Louis, brought with him news of a seemingly delightful Association, in which all women's societies may be, and are to a great extent, banded together under the beautiful name of the "Queen's Daughters of Heaven."

Another well known figure passes away in the person of Mr. W. H. Higgins, who died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Ridout, on Monday evening.

DEATH OF MR. W. H. HIGGINS.

Another well known figure passes away in the person of Mr. W. H. Higgins, who died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Ridout, on Monday evening.

Mr. Higgins was born in Limerick, Ireland, and was married in 1837 to Emma, daughter of the late Charles Keller, of Markham.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHORAL, LITERARY AND CALISTHENIC ASSOCIATION.

At the Cathedral Parish a new society is in process of formation which will without doubt have considerable bearing on the musical, mental, moral, religious and physical development of the men of the congregation.

ple," will be undertaken. Two meetings have already been held, the last one on Wednesday of this week, when it was arranged that a general meeting should be held on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 for the purpose of electing officers and putting things on a systematic footing generally.

A particular point in the objects of the organization will be the study and acquiring of the Old Chant, to which as possible it is recognized that the study of its history and contemporary music and musicians is desirable.

The lines as already laid down, and the undoubted, though foregone, success of the organization are a guarantee that the object of the "Motu Proprio" with regard to the study and interpretation of the Old Chant, will be attained at the Cathedral.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN FOY

In the death of Mr. John Foy which occurred on Tuesday morning, Toronto loses one of its best esteemed citizens, and the Catholic community one of its most respected and influential members.

Faith precedes repentance. Hope, not despair, is the mother of godly sorrow. The goodness of God is before the badness of man.

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JOHN RUSKIN

On the Blessed Virgin's Influence on Domestic Life

Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

But after the most careful examination, neither an adversary nor as friend of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.

JOHN RUSKIN.

How many think of thanking God during the day when you receive some signal blessing? You may be very fond of praying to Him for favors, but how often do you thank Him for favors received?

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

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

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 3rd June, 1899.

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT INFORMATION

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

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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