

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

**Prominent Catholics in Toronto, when Old-Timer was here in 1850—More About the Macdonells and Macdonalds—Charles Robertson, James Stock, Richard Dugdale, Patrick Foy, S. G. Lynn, John Shea, Eugene O'Keefe, Merrick Brothers, Hughes Brothers, and Thomas Devine.**

On account of some errors in my last contribution relating to the Macdonells, I desire to return to a consideration of some members of that great Scottish clan. The Vicar-General, to whom I alluded, was not a Macdonell, but a Macdonald, The Lords of the Isles, who were of that clan, spelled their names both ways, but scholars say the first way is the proper one. The manner of spelling names in former centuries was arbitrary as it is not now, for Shakespeare himself spelled his name in three different ways. Those Macs, however, have spelled their names in more than two ways, hence we have Macdonells, Macdonalds, McDonalds, and MacDonalds. But those different spellings were not enough, it seems, to distinguish them, as they had many Christian names that were the same. Down in Glengarry County, even to-day, they have to apply other appellations, such as "Red Donald," "Black Donald" and "Big Donald," to distinguish them apart. Sandfield's name was not spelled by me as it should have been spelled, as he was a Macdonald instead of a Macdonell. He was not the first Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, as I carelessly stated, but the first Premier. Mr. W. P. Howland, yet alive, possessed that distinction. D. A. Macdonald, brother of Sandfield Macdonald, was the second Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

I should have mentioned that the General Macdonell who was killed in the battle of Queenston Heights when General Brock met his death, was a Catholic of the same old Celtic stock. They were all originally Catholics, but persecution made many of them Protestants.

William J. Macdonell, the late French consul at Toronto, to whom I made reference, had a grandfather who led a romantic life and in Canada was known as "Spanish John." He was a Colonel Macdonell of Scotch-Glengarry, Scotland. He was born in 1728 and in 1740 was sent to Rome to be educated for the Church. His father and grandfather had also been educated there. But this hero took to the profession of arms and saw service in foreign countries, especially Spain. He died in Cornwall, on the 15th of April, 1810, and was buried in the family cemetery at St. Andrew's. His life was published in the "Canadian Magazine" of Montreal many years ago and recently in the "Catholic Record" of London, Ont.

Charles Robertson was another Scotch Catholic of influence, in business in Toronto, in 1850. He was a grocer and his place of business was the north-west corner of King and Nelson streets (the latter now Jarvis street). He was a most excellent gentleman, well educated and exemplary. He was president of the Catholic Institute for a year or two. His wife, I think, was a Miss Fitzgerald before her marriage, the daughter of a lawyer named James Fitzgerald, then living in the town. They had a large family. The eldest son became a lawyer and was one of Toronto's leading oarsmen.

James Stock was an English Catholic of prominence who did a grocery business on Front street, east of the St. Lawrence market. He was

a man of probity and worth and well esteemed by his fellow citizens. He was an alderman at one time in the sixties, for St. Lawrence Ward. He was afterwards a candidate for parliamentary honors for East Toronto on the Reform ticket, when his opponent was the late James Beatty, publisher of the "Leader" newspaper. He was not successful. He married Margaret, the eldest daughter of the late John Shea, a wealthy contractor, and father of Rev. John Shea, who was for a time pastor of the Whitty parish. A brother of Mr. Stock, who resided at Mimico, died but a few weeks ago at a very advanced age.

Richard Dugdale, an English Catholic, whose occupation was that of grocer, was here in 1850. His place of business was on Jarvis street, a little north of King, on the west side of the street.

Patrick Foy, father of Hon. J. J. Foy, was here in 1850, and along with James Austin, founder of the Dominion Bank, carried on a wholesale grocery and liquor business at the north-east corner of King and Jarvis streets. Mr. Foy was very successful. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman of Irish lineage, who possessed the esteem of his fellow citizens, and whose purse was ever open to help any good cause. Few among our early citizens and business men have left so large and influential a family as Mr. Patrick Foy.

S. G. Lynn, an English Catholic, was here in 1850. He had a large crockery store on King street east, and raised a large family. Mr. Lynn was a devout member of the church and gave a good deal of his time to its service. Like Mr. W. J. Macdonell, he used to look after the boys serving mass in the Cathedral, and wore a surplus inside the sanctuary. His eldest daughter is now Mother Superior of one of our convents. I first made the acquaintance of the late John Mulvey, father of the present Assistant Provincial Secretary, when he was serving as a clerk in Mr. Lynn's store.

John Shea was here in 1850 and long before. He was a member of the St. Paul's congregation. He was a corporation contractor and wielded a large amount of influence. He was a plain, blunt, honest man, with a large heart and an open purse for every good purpose. He was a friend to all religious enterprises and an ardent Irish Catholic. He raised a large family and was the father of Rev. John Shea, who was one of the first pupils of St. Michael's College. His wife was a sister of the late John Wilson, a most excellent Christian woman. His eldest daughter became the wife of the late James Stock; another daughter married Henry McCarthy, an attaché of the parliament house, filling an important office. All the members of the family died young. In the celebrated election of Dunn and Buchanan in 1840 John Shea bore a prominent part, and in later years was a warm friend and supporter of Thos. D'Arcy McGee. After a long absence I greatly miss some of those fine old souls that bore the brunt of many a hard-fought contest, and who often gave me counsel and encouragement.

Eugene O'Keefe was one of our promising young men in 1850 and lived with his sister, Mrs. John Murphy, who kept and owned the Western Hotel, which was one of the best public houses in the city at that time. After Mr. Murphy's death he for some time acted as manager. Mr. O'Keefe was the possessor of a good voice and was a prominent member of the Cathedral choir. His father was an old settler in Toronto and a man of influence. He, too, took a prominent part in the strongly contested Dunn and Buchanan election in 1840, the only time in the history of the city when two Reformers were returned. The Irish element seems to have been unusually active about that time. Mr. O'Keefe is one of the few old-timers who survive and is industrially and financially prominent.

The Merrick Brothers were here in 1850 and resided with their widowed

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mother on Richmond street near Jarvis. The family came from the west of Ireland and was quite respectable. Jeremiah, the eldest, was then clerking with Mr. Peter Patterson, who owned a large dry goods store on King street. Afterwards he started a store of his own on King street, east, opposite St. Lawrence Hall. He married Mr. Patterson's daughter and after a time succeeded Mr. Patterson in his business, taking into partnership with him his brothers James and Dominick, and they flourished extensively for a while. "Jerry" Merrick took quite an interest in politics in a sort of non-committal way. Sandfield Macdonald was his favorite among the leaders. When Mr. McGee came here in the sixties, he was a little shy of him, like a few others, who had "axes to grind." Many years afterwards, when the business went "to the wall," he sought a political position and was appointed sheriff of Stormont County at L'Orignal, where he lived. I learn that the brothers have all deceased. They were nice young men and devoted to their religion.

The Hughes Brothers, merchants, were here in a humble way in 1850. Their first store was on King street near St. Lawrence Hall. The Brothers were Patrick, the eldest, Bernard and John. They were very industrious and pushing. They had the aid of their mother, who was a thrifty business woman. After a time they moved their business to a half-store on King street, near Church, where they did a thriving business in dry goods and clothing, often selling by auction. After making considerable money they started in a wholesale way on Yonge street, and established a large and profitable trade. Patrick married a daughter of Patrick Donohoe, proprietor of the "Boston Pilot," and became one of the principal merchants of the community. At one time he ambitioned to be member of parliament for Niagara. Bernard became the buyer in the foreign markets and John, the youngest, studied medicine and became a doctor. All married well. But in the course of years the business went to pieces and all are now dead.

In my previous contribution I made a brief mention of Mr. Thomas Devine of the Crown Lands Department. I want to enlarge on that. I was well acquainted with that gentleman before the seat of government was removed to Ottawa. In Nicholas Flood Davin's "Irishman in Canada" I find the following flattering but deserved allusion to him:

"Mr. Thomas Devine, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, is a man whose services to Canada it would be hard to overestimate. An engineer who has graduated in the best schools, his maps and plans, made and published since he became Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands, displays the highest topographical skill. His field book is one of the best known to surveyors. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a corresponding member of the Berlin Geographical Society and

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from disorder by the wonderful organization which they were bound to maintain for their own protection and by infusing new vigor into the national life. In Ireland, on the contrary, few Normans mingled with the population, which remained apart. It retained its old customs and being farther removed from Western Europe and Rome, the centre of civilization, it failed to keep pace in the march of progress with the sister nation.

The conquest of Ireland by Henry II. and the establishment of the English pale increased the hostility of the original population, while the Reformation made a

**SITUATION IN IRELAND**

Political and Industrial—Eloquent Lecture by Professor Kyle, of Toronto University, in aid of St. Mary's Catholic Literary Society, Lindsay.

On Thursday evening of Christmas week St. Mary's Parish Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with an appreciative audience, who had assembled to listen to an address by an old Lindsay boy, whose brilliant attainments had won for him such signal honors at Oxford, and who is now one of the most popular lecturers in Toronto University and prominently associated with Catholic literary works in the city. The chair was occupied by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, president of the Society, who in introducing the speaker of the evening, congratulated the members on their good fortune in having with them at their initial entertainment one who was associated with the old literary society of the parish, and expressed his assurance that the success that had crowned Professor Kyle's efforts since those days would prove an incentive to the young men to make the best of their opportunities while his words would stimulate them to greater efforts for their own personal improvement and the welfare of the Association.

Professor Kyle prefaced his address by the remark that no apology was needed for discussing the subject he had chosen, in an assembly hall graced by the pictures of such Irishmen as Daniel O'Connell, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edward Blake and his Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro. The subject, he said, was especially timely at the present juncture when a Liberal Cabinet had again been appointed in London, and the Irish Nationalists, under the leadership of John Redmond, holding, as no doubt they would, the balance of power, were destined to play such an important role in the next session of the British Parliament. Everywhere to-day there is a revival of the national sentiment, and here in Canada while we enjoy the blessings of self-government, we see in our midst the steady growth of a strong French nationality, in no way hampered by

**BRITISH SOVEREIGNTY.**

A glance at history, the speaker said, was necessary in order to better understand some of the racial, religious and economic ills of Ireland. He would not, however, dwell upon old grievances, for Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget. In a most interesting manner he described the tall, fair-haired Celt and the dark-haired race of short stature that we find intermingled with them, their tribal life under a chief, and the system of common land holding, the suitability of their temperament to the religious life which induced them to readily embrace Christianity, the growth of learning in the Irish schools and the subsequent glorious achievements of the Irish missionaries on the continent.

A lack of organization and internal strife between the different clans retarded progress in Ireland, while England forged ahead in economic, social and political development. Englishmen may not like to refer to the Norman conquest, but to the Normans was in large measure due this stability of English political life; for the Norman kings kept England

**WILLIAM HALLEY.**

of the American Geographical and Statistical Society." Alas, I can neither see that fair face nor hear his vigorous Irish voice again. When I was Secretary of the Irish Immigration Society he made maps for me of the government free grant roads without charge, for he was interested in my work.

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ant. By the Land Act of 1903 an immense sum was loaned to Ireland by means of which 10,000 tenants in one year secured their holdings. Five million pounds are available yearly, and agreements are far in advance of this amount. The difficulty is that the tenants pay too much, and the poorer ones are obliged to hold on. We may judge of the importance of the land from the fact that there are on the island 200,000 holdings from 1 to 15 acres each. The speaker dwelt at considerable length upon the recent advancement that had been made in

**HOME INDUSTRIES.**

which had been fostered by voluntary associations that aimed at educating the people to avail themselves of the rich natural resources of the country. The result is that Ireland is no longer the distressful land that we picture it but fairly prosperous, and interdependence, which had wrought such havoc and which was in large measure due to a spirit of discontent and lethargy, was being counteracted by the renewal of industry and the new pulsation that was being felt in the national life.

In conclusion, the speaker spoke briefly but enthusiastically of the Gaelic League which aimed at reviving the national language, sports and industries. In 1893 it was comprised of seven members, while it now numbers 850. In 1900 the Irish language was taught in 140 schools. In 1903 it was being taught in 1,300 of the national schools. The people were being given intellectual interests, and the study of Celtic literature and music was raising the intellectual standard of the masses and reviving that national patriotism so beautifully embodied in that classic poem of Mangan's, "Dark Rosaleen."

**VOTE OF THANKS.**

A vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by Dr. Blanchard in his usual graceful style, and seconded by Mr. Emmet Brady.

The pastor, Ven. Archdeacon Casey, expressed his thanks to the lecturer for his eloquent address and exhorted the people to assist in supporting a society that was destined to accomplish such good work among the young men of the parish.

Dr. O'Boyle, Secretary of Ottawa University, who is also an old Lindsay boy, expressed his appreciation of the lecture. What affected him most, he said, was the emphasis laid on the movement in Ireland which has for its motto "Shin fein," which translated means "Ourselves." Outside of the political agitation existed a movement for the extermination of the "sconin" Irishman, the man who was willing to have Ireland a mere western province, a shire—a movement to make an out and out Irish Ireland by building up her industries and her self-respect. At present the leader of the movement, Mr. Douglas Hyde, was on this continent to collect funds to help the League, so that when Ireland should have her parliament and her university she should have a population to use them and a spirit to guide them.

A few words from Mr. Thos. Stewart and Senator McHugh concluded the literary portion of the program, which was still further enhanced by choice vocal and instrumental numbers by local talent.

**Church for Italians in Montreal**

The Italian colony in Montreal, numbering about 800, are to have a church and school house. Ground has been purchased on Dorchester street, near St. Timothy street and work will be commenced in May. About \$75,000 in all will be spent. Father Caramello will be in charge of the parish.

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Not a word was said in answer; but Grip croaked loudly, and hopped about them, round and round, as if enclosing them in a magic circle, and invoking all the powers of mischief.

CHAPTER V.

During the whole of this day, every regiment in or near the metropolis was on duty in one or other part of the town; and the regulars and militia, in obedience to the orders which were sent to every barrack and station within twenty-four hours' journey, began to pour in by all the roads. But the disturbances had attained to such a formidable height, and the rioters had grown, with impunity, to be so audacious, that the sight of this great force, continually augmented by new arrivals, instead of operating as a check, stimulated them to outrages of greater hardness than any they had yet committed; and helped to kindle a flame in London, the like of which had never been beheld, even in its ancient and rebellious times.

All yesterday, and on this day likewise, the commander-in-chief endeavored to arouse the magistrates to a sense of their duty, and in particular the Lord Mayor, who was the faintest-hearted and most timid of them all. With this object, large bodies of the soldiery were several times despatched to the Mansion House to await his orders; but as he could, by no threats or persuasions, be induced to give any, and as the men remained in the open street, fruitlessly for any good purpose, and thrivingly for a very bad one; these laudable attempts did harm rather than good. For the crowd, becoming speedily acquainted with the Lord Mayor's temper did not fail to take advantage of it by boasting that even the civil authorities were opposed to the Papists, and could not find it in their hearts to molest those who were guilty of no other offence. These vaunts they took care to make with in the hearing of the soldiery, and they, being naturally loath to quarrel with the people, received their advances kindly enough, answering when they were asked if they desired to fire upon their countrymen, "No, they would be damned if they did," and showing much honest simplicity, and good-nature. The feeling that the military were no Popery men, and were ripe for disobeying orders and joining the mob, soon became very prevalent in consequence. Rumors of their disaffection, and of their leaning towards the popular cause, spread from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity; and whenever they were drawn up idly in the streets or squares, there was sure to be a crowd about them, cheering, and shaking hands, and treating them with a great show of confidence and affection.

By this time the crowd was everywhere; all concealment and disguise were laid aside, and they pervaded the whole town. If any man among them wanted money, he had but to knock at the door of a dwelling-house, or walk into a shop, and demand it in the rioters' name; and his demand was instantly complied with. The peaceable citizens being afraid to lay hands upon them, singly and alone, it may be easily supposed that when gathered together in bodies, they were perfectly secure from interruption. They assembled in the streets, traversed them at their will and pleasure, and publicly concerted their plans. Business was quite suspended; the greater part of the shops were closed, most of the houses displayed a blue flag in token of their adherence to the popular side; and even the Jews in Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and those quarters, wrote upon their doors or window-shutters "This House is a True Protestant." The crowd was the law, and never was the law held in greater dread, or more implicitly obeyed.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, when a vast mob poured into Lincoln's Inn Fields by every avenue, and divided—evidently in pursuance of a previous design—into several parties. It must not be understood that this arrangement was known to the whole crowd, but that it was the work of a few leaders, who, mingling with the men as they came upon the ground, and calling to them to fall into this or that party, effected it as rapidly as if it had been determined on by a council of the whole number, and every man had known his place.

It was perfectly notorious to the assemblage that the largest body, which comprehended about two-thirds of the whole, was designed for the attack on Newgate. It comprehended all the rioters who had been conspicuous in any of their former proceedings; all those whom they recommended as daring hands and fit for the work; all those whose companions had been taken in the riots, and a great number of people who were relatives or friends of felons in the jail. This last class included not only the most desperate and utterly abandoned villains in London, but some who were comparatively innocent. There was more than one woman there, disguised in man's attire, and bent upon the rescue of a child or brother. There were the two sons of a man who lay under sentence of death, and who was to be executed along with three others on the next day but one. There was a great party of boys whose fellow pickpockets were in the prison; and at the skirts of all, a score of miserable women, outcasts from the world, seeking to release some other fallen creature as miserable as themselves, or moved by a general sympathy perhaps—God knows—with all who were without hope, and wretched.

Old swords, and pistols without ball or powder, sledge hammers, knives, axes, saws, and weapons pillored from the butchers' shops; a forest of iron bars and wooden clubs; long ladders for scaling the walls, each carried on the shoulders of a dozen men; lighted torches, tow smeared with pitch and tar and brimstone; staves roughly plucked from fence and paling, and even crutches taken from crippled beggars in the streets, composed their arms. When all was ready, Hugh, and Dennis, with Simon Tappertit between them, led the way. Roaring and chafing like an angry sea, the crowd pressed after them.

Instead of going straight down Holborn to the jail, as all expected, their leaders took the way to Clerkenwell, and pouring down a quiet street, halted before a locksmith's house—the Golden Key. "Beat at the door," cried Hugh to the men about him. "We want one of his craft to-night. Beat it in, if no one answers."

The shop was shut. Both door and shutters were of a strong and sturdy kind, and they knocked without effect. But the impatient crowd raising a cry of "Set fire to the house," and torches being passed to the front an upper window was thrown open, and the stout old locksmith stood before them. "What now, you villains?" he demanded. "Where is my daughter?" "Ask no questions of us, old man," retorted Hugh, waving his comrades to be silent, "but come down, and bring the tools of your trade. We want you."

"Want me!" cried the locksmith, glancing at the regimental dress he wore: "Ay, and if some that I could name possessed the hearts of mice, ye should have had me long ago. Mark me, my lad—and you about him do the same. There are a score among ye whom I see now and know, who are dead men from this hour. Begone, and rob an undertaker's while you can! You'll want some coffins before long."

"Will you come down?" cried Hugh. "Will you give me my daughter, ruffian?" cried the locksmith. "I know nothing of her," Hugh rejoined. "Burn the door!" "Stop!" cried the locksmith, in a voice that made them falter—presenting, as he spoke, a gun. "Let an old man do that. You can spare him better."

The young fellow who held the light and who was stooping down before the door, rose hastily at these words and fell back. The locksmith ran his eye along the upturned faces and kept the weapon levelled at the threshold of his house. It had no other rest than his shoulder, but was as steady as the house itself. "Let the man who does it take heed to his prayers," he said firmly; "I warn him."

Snatching a torch from one who stood near him, Hugh was stepping forward with an oath, when he was arrested by a shrill and piercing shriek, and looking upward, saw a fluttering garment on the house-top.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

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arrested by a shrill and piercing shriek, and looking upward, saw a fluttering garment on the house-top. There was another shriek, and another, and then a shrill voice cried, "Is Simmun below?" At the same moment a lean neck was stretched over the parapet, and Miss Miggs distinctly seen in the gathering gloom of evening, screamed in a frenzied manner, "Oh! dear gentlemen, let me hear Simmun's answer from his own lips. Speak to me, Simmun. Speak to me!"

Mr. Tappertit, who was not at all flattered by this compliment, looked up, and bidding her hold her peace, ordered her to come down and open the door, for they wanted her master, and would take no denial. "Oh, good gentlemen!" cried Miss Miggs. "Oh, my own precious, precious Simmun!" "Hold your nonsense, will you!" retorted Mr. Tappertit; "and come down and open the door. G. Varden, drop that bun, or it will be worse for you."

"Don't mind his gun," screamed Miss Miggs. "Simmun and gentlemen, I poured a mug of table-beer right down the barrel."

The crowd gave a loud shout, which was followed by a roar of laughter. "It wouldn't go off, not if you was to load it up to the muzzle," screamed Miggs. "Simmun and gentlemen, I'm locked up in the front attic, through the little door on the right hand when you think you've got to the very top of the stairs—and up the flight of corner steps, being careful not to knock your heads against the rafters, and not to tread on one side in case you should fall into the two-pair bedroom through the lath and plaster, which do not bear, but the contrary. Simmun and gentlemen, I've been locked up here for safety, but my endeavors has always been, and always will be, to be on the right side—the blessed side—and to pronounce the Pope of Babylon, and all her inward and her outward workings, which is Pagan. My sentiments is of little consequence, I know," cried Miggs, with additional shrillness, "for my positions is but a servant, and as such, of humilities, still I gives expressions to my feelings, and places my reliance on them which entertains my own opinions!"

Without taking much notice of these outpouring of Miss Miggs after she had made her first announcement in relation to the gun, the crowd raised a ladder against the window where the locksmith stood, and notwithstanding that he closed and fastened and defended it manfully, soon forced an entrance by shivering the glass and breaking in the frames. After dealing a few stout blows about him, he found himself defenceless, in the midst of a furious crowd, which overflowed the room and softened off in a confused heap of faces at the door and window.

They were very wrathful with him (for he had wounded two men), and even called out to those in front to bring him forth and hang him on a lamp-post. But Gabriel was quite undaunted, and looked from Hugh to Dennis, who held him by either arm, to Simon Tappertit, who confronted him. "You have robbed me of my daughter," said the locksmith, "who is far dearer to me than my life; and you may take my life, if you will. I bless God that I have been enabled to keep my wife free of this scene; and that He has made me a man who will not ask mercy at such hands as yours."

"And a very game old gentleman you are," said Mr. Dennis, approvingly; "and you express yourself like a man. 'What's the odds, brother, whether it's a lamp-post to-night, or a feather-bed ten year to come, eh?'" The locksmith glanced at him disdainfully, but returned no other answer. "For my part," said the hangman, who partially favored the lamp-post suggestion, "I honor your principles. They're mine exactly. In such sentiments as them," and here he emphasized his discourse with an oath, "I'm ready to meet you or any other man halfway. Have you got a bit of cord anywhere handy? Don't put yourself out of the way, if you haven't. A handkercher will do."

"Don't be a fool, master," whispered Hugh, seizing Varden roughly by the shoulder; "but do as you're bid. You'll soon hear what you're wanted for."

For Inflammation of the Eyes. — Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

"I'll do nothing at your request, or that of any scoundrel here," returned the locksmith. "If you want any service from me, you may spare yourselves the pains of telling me what it is. I tell you, beforehand, I'll do nothing for you."

Mr. Dennis was so affected by this constancy on the part of the staunch old man, that he protested—almost with tears in his eyes—that to balk his inclinations would be an act of cruelty and hard dealing to which he, for one, never could reconcile his conscience. The gentleman, he said, had avowed in so many words that he was ready for working off; such being the case, he considered it their duty, as a civilized and enlightened crowd, to work him off. It was not often, he observed, that they had it in their power to accommodate themselves to the wishes of those from whom they had the misfortune to differ. Having now found an individual who expressed a desire which they could reasonably indulge (and for himself he was free to confess that in the opinion that desire did honor to his feelings), he hoped they would decide to accede to his proposition before going any further. It was an experiment which, skillfully and dexterously performed, would be over in five minutes, with great comfort and satisfaction to all parties; and though it did not become him (Mr. Dennis) to speak well of himself, he trusted he might be allowed to say that he had practical knowledge of the subject, and, being naturally of an obliging and friendly disposition, would work the gentleman off with a deal of pleasure.

These remarks, which were addressed in the midst of a frightful din and turmoil to those immediately about him, were received with great favor, not so much, perhaps, because of the hangman's eloquence, as on account of the locksmith's obstinacy. Gabriel was in imminent peril, and he knew it, but he preserved a steady silence, and would have done so if they had been debating whether they should roast him at a slow fire.

As the hangman spoke, there was some stir and confusion on the ladder, and directly he was silent—so immediately upon his holding his peace, that the crowd below had no time to learn what he had been saying, or to shout in response—some one at the window cried: "He has a gray head. He is an old man; don't hurt him!"

The locksmith turned with a start towards the place from which the words had come, and looked hurriedly at the people who were hanging on the ladder, and clinging to each other. "Pay no respect to my gray hair, young man," he said, answering the voice and not any one he saw. "I don't ask it. My heart is green enough to scorn and despise every man among you, band of robbers that you are!" This incautious speech by no means tended to appease the ferocity of the crowd. They cried again to have him brought out, and it would have gone hard with the honest locksmith but that Hugh reminded them, in answer, that they wanted his services, and must have them.

"So, tell him what we want," he said to Simon Tappertit, "and quickly. And open your ears, master, if you would ever use them after to-night." Gabriel folded his arms, which were now at liberty, and eyed his old apprentice in silence. "Lookye, Varden," said Sim, "we are bound for Newgate."

"I know you are," returned the locksmith. "You never said a truer word than that."

"To burn it down, I mean," said Simon, "and force the gates, and set the prisoners at liberty. You helped to make the lock of the great door."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GRAY HAIR, EARACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHES, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, GOUT, CALCULI, GRAVEL, SANDS, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. Sold only in packages.



WHAT CAUSES HEADACHES?

Blood Poisoning, Always!

The blood is poisoned by retained tissue waste, due to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The tissue waste, or dead cells, circulating in the blood, irritates the nerves and brain, and headaches and neuralgia are bound to arise. Headache powders and opiates of any kind do harm, by aiding the retention of the blood poison in the system. To cure headaches, purify the blood by opening the bowels, and by stimulating the kidneys and skin to increased action.

Testimonial of Mr. Bert. Cornell, Taylorville, Ont.

Chronic Headaches Cured by Fruit-a-tives

To Fruit-a-tives Limited, OTTAWA, Ont. "I was a sufferer from ferocious headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. A short time ago I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was also poor and my stomach was bad and now my appetite is excellent. I have been taken in all three boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives' and am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for curing me and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure. (Sgd.) BERT CORNELL.



"Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches and neuralgia because they purify the blood by their splendid action on the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, and thus remove all poisonous material from the system. With these eliminating organs all active and working as nature intends them to work, there can be no poisons in the blood, and there can be no headaches or neuralgia. A week's treatment will PROVE how thoroughly and quickly "Fruit-a-tives" cure. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.



asked if the young woman in the garret (who was making a terrible noise, he said, and kept on screaming without the least cessation) was to be released?

For his own part, Simon would certainly have replied in the negative, but the mass of his companions, mindful of the good service, she had done in the matter of the gun, being of a different opinion, he had nothing for it but to answer, Yes. The man, accordingly, went back to the rescue, and presently returned with Miss Miggs, limp and doubled up, and very damp from much weeping.

As the young lady had given no tokens of consciousness on their way downstairs, the bearer reported her either dead or dying; and being at some loss what to do with her, was looking round for a convenient bench or heap of ashes on which to place her senseless form, when she suddenly came upon her feet by some mysterious means, thrust back her hair, stared wildly at Mr. Tappertit and cried, "My Simmun's life is not a victim!" and dropped into his arms with such promptitude that he staggered and reeled some paces back, beneath his lovely burden.

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Tappertit. "Here. Catch hold of her, somebody. Lock her up again; she never ought to have been let out."

"My Simmun!" cried Miss Miggs, in tears, and faintly. "My forever, ever blessed Simmun!"

"Hold up, will you," said Mr. Tappertit, in a very unresponsive tone, "I'll let you fall if you don't. What are you sliding your feet off the ground for?"

"My angel Simmun!" murmured Miggs—"he promised!"

"Promised! Well, and I'll keep my promise," answered Simon, testily. "I mean to provide for you, don't I? Stand up!"

"Where am I to go? What is to become of me after my actions of this night?" cried Miggs. "What resting-place now remains but in the silent tombses!"

"I wish you was in the silent tombses, I do," cried Mr. Tappertit, "and boxed up tight in a good strong one. Here," he cried to one of the by-standers, in whose ear he whispered for a moment, "Take her off, will you. You understand where?"

The fellow nodded, and taking her in his arms, notwithstanding her broken protestations, and her struggles (which latter species of opposition, involving scratches, was much more difficult of resistance), carried her away. They who were in the house poured out into the street; the locksmith was taken to the head of the crowd, and required to walk between his two conductors; the whole body was put in rapid motion, and without any shouting or noise they bore down straight on Newgate, and halted in a dense mass before the prison gate. (To be continued.)

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

FIRST MONTH—31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY 1906. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and liturgical events for January 1906.



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.....The

HOME CIRCLE

THE ART OF WALKING WELL.

No accomplishment in the world is better than knowing how to walk well. It is a fine and rare thing to know how to talk well, and it is also good to know how to walk well, but nothing is more conducive to health and happiness, grace of body, and peace of mind, than walking well.

Walking correctly and systematically will give one a good digestion, and consequently a good complexion; it will rouse one's liver and thus make one optimistic and good tempered. It will keep one young, and save one from double chins and other horrors means the art of walking gracefully and fat without worrying.

But one should walk well, and that of middle age and obesity. Hold your head up. Feeble, shaky, old women are compelled to hold their chins down. It is a matter of balance. If they were to lift the head high they would fall. A woman whose heart is weak will bow her head and cast her eyes upon her feet as she moves. It is a mark of invalidism.

Learn how to carry your hands when you walk. In the young women's boarding schools they teach various methods of disposing of them. Try to rest the hands comfortably in front of you. Clasp them when you walk in the house; it is a pretty trick.

Fat women, whose hands hardly meet across the front, should not try to clasp the hands. The short, fat fingers look very awkward clasped across the front.

The good walker carries her shoulders well back. The lumpy carries her shoulders forward. The woman with weak lungs draws her shoulders up; the woman with a weak back lifts one shoulder higher than the other, while the woman whose head aches will always rest one shoulder against something and let her head fall to one side.

Study the stage. Actresses are always graceful. Watch how they enter a room and how they depart. They don't kick up their heels; they don't fling themselves; they don't tramp in and out. They seem to glide along, they know how to walk well.

Learn how to be seated. Don't sit with your clothing wound around you; don't sit with your knees crossed, unless you are of the very slender type, with tiny feet. Don't sit on the ragged edge of things. Be seated squarely.

When you walk, walk. Don't stand. The person who meets you in the street and keeps you standing is a bore. The person who calls and stands half an hour in the doorway is wearisome, as is the one who is always standing, the one who never walks.

There are women who are called haughty; they hold the head so high. But you admire them just the same. There are women who are called proud, exclusive, and names still more disagreeable. They get it by their erect, beautiful carriage. But all admit that it is elegant. Never mind a little criticism. Begin to hold yourself erect and to walk well. It will repay you for the trouble which you had at first trying to get used to it.—The Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

ROUGH, RED HANDS.

A common cause of rough and red hands of women who do their own housework is that they neglect to wash off the coarse soap they have been using in water, and because the hands are clean to do nothing further. Hands are clean after washing the dishes or dish towels or the like, because they have been in strong

Safeguard the Children

AGAINST CROUP AND COLDS BY ALWAYS KEEPING AT HAND

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

There are some reasons why Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the most suitable treatment obtainable for children.

It is pleasant to the taste, and children like to take it.

It is composed of simple ingredients of proven value in the cure of throat and lung troubles.

It is positively free from anything of an injurious nature, and can be used with perfect safety with the smallest child, so long as directions are followed.

It is wonderfully successful in the prevention and cure of croup.

It promptly relieves even the most severe chest colds and brings about a thorough cure.

You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for it is the standby in thousands of homes, where time and again it has proven its exceptional worth.

When you make up your mind to safeguard your children by keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, do not allow your dealer to persuade you into taking something on which he has a larger profit.

In the hour of emergency, when croup or cold seize your child, the cheap substitutes will fail you, but Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine never disappoints. 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers.

soap water. But soap that will cut grease from dishes will ruin the hands if it is allowed to remain on them, and every woman who does her own housework should keep at the kitchen sink a cake of soft toilet soap (Castile, if it agrees with the skin) and when she has finished her kitchen work, even though her hands be as white as snow, she should wash them thoroughly with the toilet soap, using a nail brush, and then rub in glycerine and rose water. If this is done faithfully there will be no trace of housework by rough hands. Improper wiping is the cause of much chapping of the skin of the hands and omission of some soothing emollient used afterward finishes the bad work. Unless every particle of the skin is dry, and also unless a softening preparation is rubbed on, the skin will be rough and dry because that is the effect of the water. There is nothing better compounded by chemists for the skin than glycerine and rose water, and glycerine and plain water is cheaper and equally good. The proportion is one-third glycerine and two-thirds water. The addition of five drops of pure alcoholic acid to half a pint of the mixture increases its healing qualities. Have the druggist drop in the carbolic and have the glycerine in a bottle large enough to hold the rest of the liquid. Add the plain of rose water and shake violently to mingle thoroughly. Keep on the washstand or on the sink, and whenever the hands are wet, pour on three or four drops of glycerine, rub it over and then wipe dry. In cases of extreme chapping due to having the hands much in water in cold weather, bathing them at night in a poultice made of linseed meal and almond oil will be found excellent. Wash the hands well in this, dry, do not apply water, but draw on a pair of gloves. Gloves, if they did not know it, are a means of grace to women who do their own housework. They protect the skin so from contract dust and grease that after a morning's sweeping the hands are scarcely soiled at all, and consequently the skin has not been dried. Any old gloves will do, provided they are large. It is better to wear a man's pair than one's own, and a wise housekeeper will save those of her husband after he is through with them, and one pair will last for weeks. Whenever she dusts or sweeps she should pull them on.

THE OLD-TIME FIRE. Talk about yer buildin's That's het up by steam— Give me the old oak fire Where the old folks used to dream. The rickety dog-irons, One-sided as could be; The ashes banked with 'taters That was roastin' there for me; The dog on one side, drowsin', Or barkin' nigh the door; The kitten cuttin' capers With the kittens on the floor. An' me, a little tow-head, By mammy's side at night, With both my cheeks a-burnin' From the red flames leapin' bright. These steam-hot buildin's make me Just weary for the blaze That was a heap more comfortable In my childhood's nights and days. An' I'd give the finest heater In the buildin's het by steam. For the old-time chimney corner Where the old folks used to dream. —Frank L. Stanton, in New England Kitchen Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND. In the patois of central France are preserved many touching Christmas legends. In passing through villages in conversing with peasants, in visiting the laborer's hut, one sees how the imagination of these simple people is struck with the least details of the Divine Infancy. "In one of my excursions through the country," says a traveller, "I found myself one Saturday in the house of a good peasant. Of course I assisted at Mass and at the sermon of the day. "After ordinary prayers the cure spoke of the childhood of Jesus. I was glad of this opportunity of observing how the good pastor would fix the attention of the flock which he had tended for more than forty years with the charity of an apostle and unbounded devotedness. "He commenced: 'Jesus was five years old; He lived with His parents in the village of Nazareth, assisting His father in humble labors. His mother kept in heart the words, full of wisdom, which fell from the lips of the Divine Child. "Not far from them lived a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his breast; day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console him. Despair took possession of her heart. 'My child,' she said, 'is very sick. What can I do, my God, to relieve him?' "Suddenly a thought came to her. She would go to the house of her neighbor, the Virgin Mary, tell her all her trouble, and ask her by what means she could calm her child. "Jesus listened attentively to the plaint of the desolate mother, while the child continued to cry. Then, approaching the poor little one, He embraced him tenderly. Immediately his tears ceased. He looked sweetly at Jesus, and an affable smile lighted up his pretty face. "The happy mother was astonished at this prodigy, and turning toward Mary, 'Holy woman,' said she, 'your son will be the greatest among the greatest.' "Jesus pressed the hand of the child, saying: 'This one shall be my brother; he will suffer and die for My sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice.' "The woman went home, pondering on what she had seen and heard, and blessing God in her heart. "After this event the children grew up together. Jesus instructed His friends in things so marvelous that He alone understood them. "After the death of our Lord, a man, a saint, animated with divine love, was stoned to death for the faith, and opened the era of martyrs. The first stone cast at him struck his face at the very spot which Jesus had kissed. This martyr, which the Christ-Child had consoled, accomplished by his death the prediction of the Saviour."

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disrupting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption? Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, if it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

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raised his magazine rifle. She was within twenty paces when he fired. The shot broke her jaw. The second shot broke one of her fore-legs. The third, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed altogether and the man was borne down. In a few seconds he was mauled and bitten, and his left hand severely injured. There seemed little hope that he could escape alive, for his gun was out of reach, and the lioness, lying on him, prevented him from moving.

But with De Beer was one companion, a little terrier. The tiny animal flew bravely at the lion's ear, got a good hold, and hung grimly on. This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to reach his rifle again with his right hand and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him—his left hand still in her mouth.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS. I will be neat. I will do honest work. I will be master of myself. I will keep my mind clear. I will learn to love good books. I will not even shade the truth. I will be punctual in all things. I will never spend more than I earn. I will not acquire another bad habit. I will not let my temper control me. I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun. I will be agreeable and companionable. I will not become habitually suspicious. I will "do right though the heavens fall." I will know well some honest business. I will not write a letter when I am angry. I will not overrate nor undervalue myself. I will not be a whining, faultfinding pessimist. I will neither work nor play halfheartedly. I will be courteous to old people and to women. I will deserve confidence whether I get it or not. I will not meddle with what does not concern me. I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to the good. I will never let another person lead me to act like a fool. I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it. I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment. I will exert myself in all honorable ways to make and keep friends.

MOTHER'S GRAVE. Yes, set bright flowers o'er your mother's grave; But O remember that she lies not there! Earth claimed not more than its own bosom gave— The frame—the outward form— she used to wear.

Then, while you plant, just ponder what you do! And from your pious action learn to draw— In that which God ordained as Nature's law— Sweet consolation and a lesson true! For would you plant unless your faith were strong That, bedded in the earth, the shrub shall grow, And bloom, and heavenward send its breath along— A fragrant tribute from the earth below?

Yet so does Christian Faith unerring tell That death is but the blooming of the flower— The body's but the vessel of the hour— The faithful soul ascends with God to dwell. So, planting, pray that in God's chosen time You may rejoin the loved one gone before, Among the blessed in that Home sublime Where life and love shall last for evermore. —John E. Cahalan in The Pilot.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1906.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

141 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905. MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefitted by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your Salve is a cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1906.

BRITISH GENERAL ELECTIONS.

The general features of the electoral struggle in Great Britain now drawing to a close are somewhat revolutionary. It is not merely the overthrow of one political party by another that is taking place. Though the returns may be far from complete there is evidence of dissolution and effacement of that which for almost a generation has been called the "Unionist" party. Not only has its leader, Mr. Balfour, gone down to personal defeat, but its chief apostles have been emphatically repudiated by the popular voice. Mr. Long, the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was going to settle the Irish problem by "a few years of resolute government," has lost his seat in England, whilst his predecessor, Mr. Wyndham, against whom Mr. Long's campaign speeches were directed with all the malignity of personal attack, has been re-elected by a considerably increased majority. Then again Mr. Lyttleton, ex-Colonial Secretary, is another distinctive item of the wreckage. He went into the Government as Mr. Chamberlain's successor, to keep the Imperialist pot boiling until Mr. Chamberlain himself should come back with a mandate from the country to prepare the great fiscal stew that was going to end low wages and non-employment for British labor by increasing the price of the workman's food. Well, Mr. Lyttleton will not live to tell the tale to the new parliament. Mr. Chamberlain himself has yet to be heard from, but even though he should retain standing-room in his native Birmingham his cause is lost beyond the hope even of such an impudent braggart as himself.

The chief feature of the election results, however, is the huge augmentation of the labor vote. For the first time in the history of "the Mother of Parliaments" a Labor Party, strong in numbers and definite in aim, will appear in the House. During the past four or five years of jingoism bred by the South African war, labor has been treated with derision by British parliamentarians of both parties. There is no doubt that the importation of Asiatic slaves into the Rand had the sympathy of that section of the Liberal party that looks for leadership to Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. These quasi-Liberals have been dominated, if not owned, by South Africa millionaire speculators whose political representative Mr. Chamberlain is when stripped of all the false finery of imperialism and jingoism.

Premier Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley, however, are not men to flirt with a corrupt plutocracy, and before going to the country the Liberal Government had prohibited Chinese labor, and so far at least had reconciled official Liberalism with the labor vote. There is but one party in Westminster with whom the labor representation will work harmoniously and effectively. It is the Irish parliamentary party, whose leaders during the Balfour-Chamberlain reign had stood forth in the House of Commons as the only honest friends of labor and the only fearless foes of the dangerous power that showed its head both in England and South Africa, as if resolved to crush labor organization if possible.

To obtain a clear majority against all other parties in the House the Liberal party will require 336 members. This would give a majority of only two. At the present moment it is probable that the wave of revolution sweeping over the country will carry the Liberals into power with more than 336 members, and possibly with a sufficient additional number to secure in the new state of parties a clear Liberal majority against independent and labor representatives, together with all others. But the history of the past half decade should teach Premier Campbell-Bannerman not to place his trust

in huge political majorities. Balfour did this and became arrogant in his strength. He is out of public life to-day, and will be kept out judging by the temper of the Unionist press that is not able to conceal its disappointment with his leadership. But Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will have no majority big enough to ignore the united strength of the Irish and labor parties combined. Indeed so far as the Premier's campaign speeches show there is no wish on his part to deny any of the traditional principles of Liberalism. He and Mr. John Morley have repeatedly declared that the Government has neither forgotten nor desires to forget its promises to legislate for Ireland along the lines of the Gladstone Home Rule measures. They will be beset for a time by those who are clamoring for Church disestablishment, educational reform, social reform and military reform. But both before and after accepting office they can reply that they warned the British public that the proper method of securing necessary reforms of the law in England is to first remove the Irish problem. The near future will tell how they intend to live up to their promises. It will likewise tell what strength the Irish vote retains to enforce respect for its claims upon the political heirs of the late William Ewart Gladstone.

A PHILOSOPHICAL CONTRAST.

The Literary Digest, giving in a late number a synopsis of a religious article says:

"Catholicism and Protestantism present the same contrast as that which exists between Christian thought and Greek thought, between Realism and Idealism in philosophy."

This statement falls short of the truth in three respects. The philosophical contrast referred to is not the only one between Catholicism and Protestantism. The basis upon which Christian thought and Greek thought are distinguished is not well established. Thirdly, Catholicism and Protestantism are not parallel with Realism and Idealism. To our mind the contrast is odious any way. We understand how two philosophical views, as realism and idealism, are contrasted. But it is not the same with Catholicism and Protestantism. They bear to each other the relation of truth and error, between which there can be no comparison. However, let this pass, and let us touch upon the points in question. Christianity is not a system of philosophy; it is a religion. In the vast range of its ideals and their relations, one to another, its subjects afford to its disciples the richest field of mutual culture; but it is deeper, higher, broader still. Its claim is more universal, more spiritual than the very objects which it presents to intellectual examination. Divine in its origin, its purpose is also divine, the sanctification of man. It consists in a vicarious atonement, in a present dispensation and a future hope. Philosophy on the other hand has no claim to persevering loyalty on the part of its devotees. The Stoic may have to join the Epicureans; or the follower of Plato abandon his master to join Aristotle. With our Lord it is entirely different. To whom else shall we go? He alone has the words of eternal life.

Is Catholicism realism and Protestantism idealism? In a certain sense the answer is affirmative. Realism and idealism are two great camps of philosophy. So, Catholicism and Protestantism are two great camps of Christianity. This is not the point. Idealism corresponds very closely with Protestantism. In its subjective starting point, in its instability, its inclination to split up and separate, and most of all in its tendency to scepticism and criticism, idealism bears to philosophy the relation which Protestantism bears to Christianity. In fact idealism has been the path along which the majority of heresiarchs have led their followers. It was so when Abelard went from centre to centre, only to be followed up and conquered by the logic and zeal of St. Bernard. It is still more evident when we see the vagaries made by these religious idealists within the last three hundred years. Furthermore, idealism leads to scepticism. As it was with Plato, so it is with Protestantism. It paved the way for the doubt of the eighteenth century and the agnosticism of the nineteenth. Starting wrong, starting from the subjective standpoint of private judgment, it was soon lost in the labyrinth of self-deceit. Rejecting the command of authority it soon forgot the word of truth, or charmed by the siren's voice it mistook earthly sounds for heavenly notes. Not a generation passed away before this idealism of the sixteenth century began its disintegration, until at present it numbers more than one hundred sects. Catholicism, on the other hand is realistic. The Church and its authorities are real. The sacraments are

real. The grace which these sacraments confer is real. Thus there is an objectivity maintained, a unity conserved. As the magazine puts it: "Catholicism has this advantage over Protestantism; while the latter is slavishly held to the letter of the Bible, to a narrow, harsh and suspicious theology, Catholicism, on the contrary, walks in the liberty of life. In place of being a mere machine to register and transmit the truth a machine once for all completed to the last wheel, working regularly and invariably and handing on a truth received ready made and fully formulated, the Catholic Church is an organizer alive and active with the living truth of Christ." We see that Catholicism is real, with all the realism of a living organism which is destined to last to the end of time, and which is intended and formed to carry out the most real work ever proposed. This philosophical character of the Church explains how amongst Greek philosophers Aristotle was the favorite with the theologians of the schools. It was like the grafting of the wild olive upon the tree which grew within the garden of the Church. How the strong realism of Aristotle suited the realistic teachings of the Church and opinions of the schoolmen—how his sceptre in the hand of a Bernard, an Albertus Magnus, a Thomas of Aquin, a Suarez ruled the minds of the apt scholars and spared for centuries the Church from the desolation which afterwards robbed her of her noblest children—how on the other hand Plato, the father of idealism, has been the favorite of Protestantism, are questions deeply interesting, but far beyond the scope of a journal's columns. It must be remarked that this contrast is not the result of time. Realism, without being one of the great notes by which the Church is to be recognized, is nevertheless an innate character and attribute of it as a Church, its functions, its action and its hierarchy. Those who separate from it, who go out from its fold, and reject its authority, will either immediately assume some other philosophical stand or very soon show by tenets and practice the contrast between their subjective idealism and the objective realism of the divinely constituted Church.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

As announced in these columns some short time ago, a Bureau of Information in connection with the St. Vincent De Paul Society has been established in the city. Though in existence but a short time, the work of this new department has been excellent. The request made to the public that vacancies for men and women in the line of employment would be reported to the Bureau was complied with, and through this means many have been aided to necessary and suitable work. This, however, is only one line along which the Society works.

Another matter to which attention has been directed is that of securing Catholic homes for those who seek them. For years this has been a great lack in Toronto, and especially of late has the want been most acute. Now, through the instrumentality of the Bureau, a list is to hand of somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty homes, where board and lodging may be had and where residence under Catholic influence and environment may be secured.

The St. Vincent De Paul Society is at present considering ways and means towards making its Bureau the medium for securing the services of Catholic trained nurses for those who need them. To the Catholic sick, the presence of a nurse of their own religion, is always a blessing and to those who have been neglected from a religious point of view, the nurse is sometimes an essential to a better understanding and retention of the Faith. It is claimed by those who are considering the question, that instances—many of them—are to hand, of cases where the Catholic sick in poverty and distress have been visited and lured from their allegiance to their Faith by non-Catholic nurses. If this be so, and it seems it is so, then there are none to blame but ourselves. That a properly instructed Catholic could be lured from his religion is almost a moral impossibility, and if the weak and ignorant amongst us have been so persuaded, then have we been lax in not properly guarding and caring for the weaker brethren. The St. Vincent De Paul Society are now alive to the fact and purpose the engagement of two nurses to work permanently through their Bureau. To do this will require means. Money must come from the public. The Society does not go about soliciting subscriptions, but anything to forward the proposed work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. Miller, Secretary of the Bureau. Does it seem much to ask that those who can will assist? If so

look at the work being done by outsiders for the General Hospital. Those people—our fellow citizens living with us side by side—are sending in their cheques for the hundreds and thousands. St. Vincent De Paul, will be content and thankful for the tens or even the units. Any contribution sent should be marked "Bureau Fund," and will then be applied to the specified purpose. The Catholic Register has been in touch with the work of the Bureau from the beginning, and its success is noted with exceeding pleasure. The satisfaction felt in the matter will be much increased if we learn that the establishment of the two nurses is a pronounced fact, and that funds for the purpose have been secured by our publication of the wants of the case through our columns.

POVERTY IN ENGLAND.

The distress in London is at present appalling. Whilst the Boer war lasted prices kept up and labor received good wages. A reaction sets in. War taxes take the place of war prices, and have the further effect of decreasing the wages and the number of the employed. Not for fifty years is the condition of the British workman so wretched. With a weekly wage of five dollars and a quarter, which is entirely expended upon rent, food and heat, the British workman must toil on. There is no surplus to better his condition or help him in an hour of leisure or a day off through ill health. If he buys a glass of beer it must be taken from the supply of bread, for it cannot be subtracted from the rent. No recreation can be given the children. Do they live? asks the author of "The People of the Abyss." And he answers that they do not. "They drag out," he says, "a subter-bastial existence until mercifully released by death." Still more appalling are the figures given: 21 per cent. or nearly one-fourth of the population in London, apply for relief from the parish. So runs the tale of sorrow. To relieve this dreadfully congested state, which grows worse rather than better, is a task which the radical politicians are taking up. John Burns, the labor member of the new government, calls for the suppression of the House of Lords. The poor demand work, not alms, and higher wages for their labor. Work is not to be had, and wages tend to decrease by reason of foreign cheap workmen. What is the cure? If the leaders of Christian England do not quickly and earnestly solve the terrible problem, the leaders of radical England will attempt it. Their solution may be somewhat different. They may interfere seriously with existing rights and long standing institutions. But such a state as now exists cries to heaven for relief and correction—come the remedy whence it may.

Our article of last week on the barnyard delegation was prophetic. Under the auspices of L.O.L. something or other—as good, according to Dr. Pyne as 711, whatever that may mean—they have been feasting and thanksgiving for an Orange mayor and council in addition to Orange control of the education of the Province. There remains but one shadow on the moon. Mr. Wm. Dineen could not be prevented from giving the casting vote to elect a chairman of the Board of Education. Some people can never be completely happy. W. F. Maclean, M.P., might well bring the barnyard delegation into the circle of his nature studies, along with the winter blackbirds, the Globe robins, the coons and the coon dogs.

Hibernianism in Almonte

In my imperfect report of a Hibernian gathering which came off at Almonte a few weeks ago, a grave omission occurred, which I hope will be pardonable, because it was inadvertent. Amongst those who made liberal contributions to the intellectual enjoyments of the evening, and whose names were omitted, were Messrs. Michael Havey and M. C. Buckley, both of Arryprior, two gentlemen who have done much to infuse life into the dormant spirit of Irish sentiment, should receive honorable mention. Mr. Patrick M. Horan of Almonte, another of those clever and chivalrous young Irish Canadians whom one likes to meet anywhere, was also a prominent figure. Mr. Horan is one of the many talented young men whom I have met in Almonte, and people who know him will not be surprised, although they will be pleased, when I tell them that the Tipperary blood which courses through his veins reaches a boiling point whenever questions affecting Faith and Fatherland become issues.

RAMBLER.

Religion and Affection

Do not imagine, as some do, that when the love of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections. Whosoever the spirit of devotion or piety narrows or contracts the heart, and makes our homes to be less bright

and happy; when it makes parents impatient to children, or children undutiful to parents, or lessens the sympathy of brothers and sisters, or chills the warmth of friendship—whosoever the plea of religion, of fervor or of piety has the effect of lessening the natural affections, be sure that such piety is either perverted or not true. The best son will make the best priest, and the best daughter will make the best nun, that is to say, the best training for the most perfect character, as a disciple or a handmaid of Christ, is to be found in the natural affections of home. Love to kindred and friends with all the tenderness due to them, and not only to friends, but to your enemies, to those who are displeasing to you, to those who offend and treat you spitefully—this is the fruit and proof of true and loving piety.—Cardinal Manning.

Dedication of the Church at North Bay

Sunday, Dec. 17, 1905, was a memorable day in the history of the North Bay parish. On that day His Lordship Bishop Scollard dedicated to the service of God the new Catholic church which has been under construction for the past two years. After the blessing of the sacred edifice outside and inside, His Lordship celebrated Pontifical Mass with Very Rev. E. Leatluppe of Pembroke, as assistant priest, and Rev. Fathers Cote and Nolin, S.J., as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The Rev. M. J. O'Brien of Peterboro acted as master of ceremonies. Bishops O'Connor of Peterboro, and Lorrain of Pembroke, came to much personal inconvenience to assist and congratulate Bishop Scollard on this auspicious occasion. There were also present the Rev. Dr. Teefe, C.S.B., Rev. Fathers Aboulin, C.S.B., and Fathers Crowley and J. J. O'Brien. The sermon of the occasion, which was an eloquent effort, was delivered by Dr. Teefe. In the evening Bishop O'Connor reviewed the past kindly meetings which he had with the congregation when the project of construction was first launched, and expressed his satisfaction at the completion of such a beautiful monument to the zeal and generosity of the congregation. The Rev. Dr. Teefe then delivered a sermon with his usual charm of thought and felicity of expression on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, exposing to his hearers the necessity of sacrifice as an adequate expression of the adoration, propitiation, impetration, and thanksgiving due to the Deity, and showed how these are admirably fulfilled in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The church is a plain but fine solid structure, built of light gray limestone from the Longford quarries. Owing to the sandy nature of the subsoil over 500 piles were driven by a steam pile-driver, and on the piles were laid wide footings of concrete, in order to ensure a solid foundation. The church is 155 feet by 65 feet, with an annex 49 by 32, to be used as a sacristy. Under the sacristy is a winter chapel of the same dimensions. The basement of the main building is to be finished later on as club rooms and a lecture hall for the young men of the parish. The church is purely Romanesque in design and possesses fine acoustic properties. The walls from the grade line to roof are 35 feet high. The tower is 100 feet and is surmounted by a spire of 55 feet. The three altars, confessionals and vestment cases were made by Messrs. Allard Leclerc & Crevier of Montreal, the pews by the Valley City Seating Company of Dundas, the stained glass windows by the N. T. Leyon Co. of Toronto, the Stations of the Cross by T. Carli of Montreal, the electric fixtures by Messrs. Keith & Fitzsimmons of Toronto, the electric wiring by F. R. J. McPherson of Peterboro, the steam heating and plumbing by J. E. Farrell of North Bay, all of whom did creditable work at very reasonable prices. The contractors for the building itself were Messrs. J. Taillefer & Son of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Their consummate skill in workmanship is evident to anybody who has inspected the exterior and interior of the church. The seating capacity of the building is about 1,100. The total cost, furnishings included, is over \$56,000, of which over \$42,000 is already paid. In addition to this the congregation has supplied during the past 10 years the necessary funds to purchase and beautify a new cemetery, build and equip a new eight-roomed Catholic school at a cost of \$14,000, and purchase the site where the Church stands. The altars, stained glass windows, stations of the cross, candlesticks, sacred vessels, etc., are special gifts of parishioners.

To be Read Aloud

This is how a flowery descriptive writer "piles it up" in dealing with the rising of the moon:

"Brighter grew the reumed orient as up behind the slowly-drifting cloud-mountains fair Selene drove her royal train, till now the deepened border of every peak and crag, gilded and burnished with aureate beauty, towered out in rosy outline against the boundless perspective of occidental space. Up, up moved the gorgeous procession, while the constellations grew dim and the stars turned pale and vanishing to their distant homes, left no blushing rivalry to vie with the fair, sweet face of the beautiful night queen. Now beaming with the full and radiant gaze of conscious purity, the chaste, wandering princess of the skies serenely smiled down upon the dreaming earth as through unclad grandeur she rolled her royal chariot higher up the ethereal realms of night."

Every man would be satisfied with his lot if it wasn't for some other fellow's.

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Plea for a Central Catholic Club

Editor Catholic Register:

I noticed in a late issue an article calling attention to the necessity for a Central Catholic Club in Toronto to look after the welfare of young people visiting the city. The idea I suppose is to provide for the social wants of those who have no relatives or friends here, because man being a social being he needs more than simply a place to eat and a place to sleep. I look upon the proposition as an excellent and necessary one and I wonder it has not been taken up before. Toronto has many excellent institutions, especially in our church, yet there is a deficiency, I think, in some directions. The writer of this came to Toronto to obtain employment and did not know a soul in the city. He tried to find a Catholic family who would entertain him, but failed and had to take up his abode in a tavern. He soon learned that the proprietor was under bonds, charged with some criminal action. He then sought another home and found it with a Catholic widow who kept boarders. She was all right in herself, but had some boarders who made night hideous with their drunken outcries. In the way of entertainment he tried to find some place under Catholic auspices—a library or a news room or athletic resort—but found none; consequently he had to roam around a good deal and spend some of his time in taverns and billiard halls. If there is no association to provide for those wants now it is a sad dissipation.

Perhaps this may be a proper place to open up the question more widely with regard to the wants of the social side of our natures. Many of our sins are of a social cast and are often caused by temptations that might be avoided if social affairs were better ordered in our midst. I understand there are no temperance societies in Toronto but one in the west end. Temperance societies in the States generally look after social affairs and give young men many sought for opportunities. I have heard it complained of that there is a woful lack of hospitality and good fellowship in our midst and that selfishness predominates among our people. Toronto has been built up wonderfully well, but it is not by the warmth or friendliness of its inhabitants in extending welcomes or evincing kindness to new comers.

A gentleman who had formerly lived here, went away to the States, but at the solicitation of a friend, returned, thinking he would be welcomed back. In place of that he was shunned by his old acquaintances as if he were a criminal or had committed something contrary to the code of good morals, and he has been since wondering what was the matter with his old friends, or if Toronto had a code of good citizenship that made them look down on returned citizens as if they had come out of the penitentiary.

I had my eyes opened a short time since on this subject by a professional gentleman who had not long since returned from the States to Toronto, hearing of its prosperity, its great progress and its prospects for the future. He was not long here before he was shocked by the exclusiveness, indifference and lack of hospitality of its people. Although born and brought up here and admiring the beauty of the place, he is arranging to return where he came from in a Western State, he finds the social features of life so different there from what he calls this "stuck up" community.

A lady informs me that she was in Eaton's store, in the dress goods department one day, when there were in the place a couple of American ladies and some Toronto ladies. One of the American ladies saw a piece of goods that she admired very much and called the attention of one of the Toronto ladies to it, saying, "is not that beautiful?" The Toronto lady paralyzed her with a stare, swung around and left the spot, not deigning to notice the visitor, thus leaving a bad impression on her mind with regard to Toronto manners.

American manners may be sometimes vulgar, but the people are hospitable, easy to approach and helpful to strangers. A society such as you write about I hope will be formed; one that will be helpful not only to the young and middle-aged, but also kind to the old; but more especially to those who have returned to our midst after long absence and seeking their sympathy.

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A Modern Martyr

The lives of Catholic missionaries have been too little known to the public of this country, and doubtless many will welcome among the books of the season the life story of one of those intrepid emissaries who leave all to spend their days among strange peoples, who look upon death as gain, and seek martyrdom as a reward. Such was Theophane Venard, whose letters have just been edited by Rev. James Anthony Walsh, director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston.

Father Walsh has entitled his book "A Modern Martyr," and has woven his narrative partly from original sources and partly from an earlier translation of the martyr's letters made by the present Lady Herbert, of England (mother of the late Sir Michael Herbert).

Theophane Venard, the hero of this true story, was ordained priest at Paris in May, 1854, along with the late Abbe Hogan, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, and a score of other young men from different parts of the world.

While Father Hogan remained in Paris, where later, during the Communist uprising he was imprisoned and barely escaped massacre, Theophane Venard, only twenty-three years old at the time, left France a few months after his ordination for Tonquin, at the southeast corner of China, and after nine years was beheaded.

The parting of this young apostle from his family, his experiences in Tonquin during a period of relentless persecution, his privations, capture and martyrdom are all vividly and beautifully told in the letters which passed between the young martyr and his family. And his devotion to his relatives throws a light on family life in France with which few are familiar.

This devotion displays itself especially toward his sister, whom he called "part of his very life," and toward his younger brother Eusebius, who afterwards became a priest, and is to-day the venerable cure of a small parish in the Diocese of Poitiers.

Father Walsh, the editor of this life, is a personal friend of Father Eusebius Venard, and has twice been a guest of the latter at his presbytery in Assai, on which occasions he secured the photographs which illustrate the work.

The spirit of modern martyrs, as manifested in this life of Theophane Venard, is difficult for those who love the comforts of life to appreciate. These letters read more like a narrative of the early Diocletian persecutions than like a record of contemporary events. Surely truth is stronger than fiction.

Here is a young man who thirsts not for the apostolate alone, but for martyrdom. At nine years of age, on the hillside of his native town, inspired by the life of another martyr-missionary, he declares his wish: "And I, too, will go to Tonquin, and I, too, will be a martyr."

Twenty-three years later, a prisoner writing from his cage in Tonquin on the eve of his decapitation, he recalled these prophetic words and gloried in their approaching fulfilment.

His courage was magnificent. With the prospect of an awful death facing him, he was even gay, "as if he were going to a feast," his captors remarked. Offered his release if he would abjure his faith, he silenced his persecutors once for all by his indignant refusal to consider for a moment such a thought.

The several letters which he writes during his captivity are rich in poetry and beautiful for the religious sentiment which they express. The thought displayed in some of them is nothing short of sublime. In writing, e. g., to his Bishop and life-long friend, he breaks out into this prayer, "When my head falls under the axe of the executioner, receive it, O loving Jesus, Immaculate Mother, as the bunch of ripe grapes falls under the scissors—as the full-blown rose which has been gathered in your honor."

Sending his last words of love to his sister, he says: "It is midnight. Around my wooden cage I see nothing but banners and long sabres. In one corner of the hall where my cage is placed a group of soldiers are playing at cards, another group at draughts." From time to time the sentries strike the hours of night on their drums or tom-toms. About two feet from my cage a feeble oil-lamp throws a vacillating light on this sheet of Chinese paper, and enables me to trace these few lines.

"From day to day I expect my sentence. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be led to execution. Happy death which conducts me to the portals of eternal life. According to all human probability I shall be beheaded, a glorious shame of which heaven will be the price!"

"At this news, darling sister, you will shed tears, but they should be tears of joy. Think of your brother with the aureole of the martyrs, and bearing in his hand the palm of victory."

The end was not distant when the following exquisite lines were written:

January 20, 1861.

My Very Dear, Most Honored and Much-Loved Father: I have not had to endure torture like many of my friends. A slight sabre stroke will

DRESS WELL

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Maseath or Mass

The word Mass in its various forms is found in nearly all languages. In every land under the blue canopy of heaven this word is used to denote that great central act of Christian worship known as the Sacrifice of the Mass. In Portugal the Mass is called Missa; the Danes, Germans and French call it Messe. In Spain, South America and Mexico it is Misa. In every part of the United States and the British Empire it is called the Mass.

The etymology of this word has long been a mooted question. Many eminent theologians and philologists from St. Thomas Aquinas down have written on the subject, but not one of them, so far as the present writer is aware, has ever traced the word Mass to the Hebrew word Maseath which signifies the elevation or lifting up of the hands whilst offering sacrifice to God.

In the Old Testament the Mass was foreshadowed (Gen. 14-18) and foretold (Mal. 1-11). In the New Testament it was first promised (St. John iv. 23; vi. 51, 52); instituted and commanded by our Saviour Jesus Christ (St. Luke xxii. 19, 20); and celebrated by the first Apostles (Acts xiii. 2).

Now the first Apostles were Hebrews, and the Hebrew word for the elevation of the Consecrated host in the Mass is "Maseath." This word is found in the 2nd verse of the 14th psalm in the Hebrew Bible: "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight; the elevation of my hands (Maseath) as an evening sacrifice."

The word Mass, therefore, was in all probability first applied to the daily sacrifice of the New Testament by the Christian Jews of the early ages, who were accustomed to witness the elevation of the priest's pointed hands in sacrifice (Maseath) every day, immediately after the consecration, when the bread of earth became the living bread from heaven and the blood of the grape became the blood of the true Vine—Jesus Christ.

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WORDS OF WISDOM.  
You will never lose by doing a good act.

The religious life is a struggle and not a hymn.—Madame de Staël.  
Sorrow is a fruit; God does not make it grow on limbs too weak to bear it.—Victor Hugo.

Modesty is to merit what shading is to the figures in a picture; it gives it force and expression.  
Judge nations by their peasantry; the nobles are everywhere alike.—Father Tracy Clarke, S.J.

When men die they are often like a bar of iron covered with rust which must be put into the fire.  
The world needs your charity, not altogether in doing deeds, but in guarding your speech as well.  
With gold pieces are built pompous palaces; with a penny one may buy a place in Paradise.—Anais Segalas.

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IN THE MATTER OF the estate of Bridget Whitty (otherwise known as Bridget Whitty) late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, spinster, deceased.  
NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 38 of Chap. 120, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of November, 1905, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Rev. John L. Hand the executor of the last will and testament of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, on or before the 25th day of January, 1906, their Christian and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims, and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.  
AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 25th day of January, 1906, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and the said Executor will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him or his said solicitors at the time of such distribution.  
DATED at Toronto this 26th day of December, 1905.  
HEARN & SLATTERY,  
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Toronto.  
Solicitors for the said Executor.

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**Beck—Teefy**  
(Richmond Hill Liberal.)  
Many of our village folk had looked forward to January 9th as a special day in social circles. It had been announced that Miss Louisa Adelaide Teefy, second daughter of our respected postmaster, would be united in marriage to Nicholas D. D. Beck, Esq., K.C., LL.B., of Edmonton, Alberta. St. Mary's church was crowded with friends and neighbors to witness the ceremony. Promptly at half-past ten the bride, dressed in light grey tailor-made dress, and wearing a blue toque, entered the church leaning upon the arm of her venerable father. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Mary A. Teefy, whilst H. T. Beck, Esq., M.A., of Toronto, and brother of the bridegroom, acted as groomsmen. Both on the entrance and exit of the party Mr. Earle Newton played choice selections at the organ. The ceremony was performed by the bride's brother, the Rev. Father Teefy, C.S.B., assisted by the parish priest, the Rev. Father McMahon. After the marriage mass the bridal party drove to Mr. Teefy's residence, where the newly married couple received the congratulations of a few invited guests. These were limited to the relatives: Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C. Clark's, n. of Toronto, Mrs. T. Mulcahy, the bride's sister with her second son, Mr. Teefy Mulcahy, and her third daughter, Miss Eileen; A. F. Teefy, Esq., of Chicago, and Mrs. W. Houston of Toronto. After refreshments had been served Mr. and Mrs. Beck left for Toronto and Peterboro. Miss Teefy was the recipient of a large number of beautiful and valuable presents, showing her popularity in the community, and the appreciation of her many friends and well-wishers. The Liberal joins with them in extending to both the bride and groom its sincere wishes for very many years of happiness and prosperity.

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## The First Chaperone

(By Ella W. Peattie.)

But what a queer little thing she is—that fourth chaperone! I can't think how she came to be asked. In the company of Mrs. Pierpont Clayton and Mrs. Kilpatrick and that stunning Mrs. Beach, with the English accent and the red hair and the wonderful frocks, she's quite too pitiful.

"But why do you call her the 'fourth chaperone,' Alice? Perhaps she's the first."

"No, she isn't. I know all about it. Dick Sunderland told me. When it was decided that the boys should move out of the fraternity house and give it up to us girls, not only for the night of the junior hop, but for the next nights as well, so as to take in the glee-club concert and everything, it was thought best to have more than two chaperones. One might fall ill or something, and that would give the remaining one rather too much to do. So Mrs. Beach was asked—the boys just barely got her in time. The Beta Upsilon were wild to get her. And then it seemed well to have a fourth. Chaperones go best in pairs, I suppose. So they were casting about for some one, and Dick Sunderland asked Royal Walden if his mother couldn't come. You know she's a writer. The boys said Royal seemed a little embarrassed, but there was really nothing for him to do but write and ask his mother, since she had been proposed. And lo and behold she accepted, and here she is—the oddest little creature that ever tried to chaperone sixteen up-to-date dancels!"

"Well," said Florence Evelyn, meditatively, "I thought she looked very sweet and girlish."

"Sweet and girlish!" broke in Alice Castleberry, impatiently, shaking her hair down about her shoulders. "What qualities are those for a chaperone—"

But some one knocked at the door then, and without waiting for an answer, flung it open. It was Edith Hawtry.

"O girls," she said, "I forgot I had to be sewed up in this gown, and I haven't brought so much as a spool of thread with me! Isn't it ridiculous?"

"No—only natural—for you, my dear," said Florence Evelyn. "Come in, beauty, and I'll be your maid. I have always been your maid, it seems to me. Who's going with you to the hop?"

"Why, Royal Walden. Have you met him? He's a sophomore—this is his first hop. He's in a great state of excitement. I don't believe he's known quite so much in society as some of the fellows. But he's a bright fellow, and handsome, too."

"His mother is one of the chaperones, I believe."

The girl flushed a little. "Yes, she is. Royal is just a trifle annoyed about it. That is, he says it's out of his mother's line, rather. She's always lived very quietly. Her writing has kept her very busy."

smile, half-paused as if about to offer assistance, flushed and went on. They saw her examining the pictures of graduated and forgotten classes, moving about from one to another with soft rustlings.

"It's just like her to be dressed an hour too soon," whispered Alice. "I knew as soon as I saw her that she was one of the kind of women who are dressed an hour too soon. They are a reproach and a public nuisance."

Edith gave a nod of thanks to Florence for her services, and gathered her voluminous draperies about her. "You'll be an hour behind time, honey," she said, "if you don't concentrate on the subject in hand," as Miss Reynolds used to say."

She ran on down the corridor and paused for a moment beside the fourth chaperone.

"I'm afraid you'll think us all very lazy, or very vain," she said, lightly. "You'll find we are much longer than you about making our toilets."

"Why should you hasten?" asked the other, in a voice which it seemed to the girl was as full of excitement as her own. "A good part of the fun of a party is in the getting ready, isn't it?"

"Now that's just what I have always said!" cried Edith.

After Edith had gone on the little chaperone rested against the cushions and listened. From the different rooms came the sound of girlish voices—the voices that belong to that expectant and enchanting hour before the party. After a time the doors began to open and the occupants to exchange visits, consulting together about the last touches to their costumes. They had that frank vanity which belongs to youth and happiness and they atoned for it with their even more ardent admiration of each other. None of them noticed that the little chaperone had eyes as excited and as glowing as their own. They hardly noticed her at all.

Then presently there was a great noise in the hall below. The escorts had arrived. The carriages were without. There was a last look in the mirrors, a final gathering up of fans, gloves and cloaks, and down the stairs, like a flock of strong-winged birds, swept the girls.

"Dear me," ejaculated the languid Mrs. Beach, "how violent they are!" And she trailed slowly after them.

Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Kilpatrick had already gone down. It was only the little incidental chaperone who lingered. She stood leaning over the banister, listening with a curious poignant happiness to the laughter and the talking that came up to her. Then she heard Mrs. Beach say:

"I can't imagine why she is waiting. She's been ready this hour or more."

The fourth chaperone flushed scarlet at having caused annoyance, and came down the polished stairs cautiously in her new slippers, holding to the banisters as a timid child does; and the company waiting in the drawing-room turned as by common consent to look at her.

Richard Sunderland went to meet her, and wondered to find her slim hand trembling as she leaned with gratitude on his arm.

At the ballroom she was swept along in the rout. There was a temporary entrance framed with screens in such a fashion that it looked like the mouth of a cornucopia and the little chaperone, sitting demurely where she had been placed, was fascinated by this, which seemed to pour out girls as if they had been flowers or confections. In all the more delicate colors of the fields, of the clouds, of the sea, they came on "so many, and so many, and such glee."

The long hall—it was the gymnasium on less splendid days—was trimmed with ropes of greenery blended with the college colors. And all about the hall ran the booths which the fraternity men and different coteries of "independents" had put up.

To these the groups of friends were to return after each dance, and in these the chaperons sat in sociable groups. There were ceremonies of a sort—the presentation of delegates from each booth to the wives of the president and the faculty of the university; then the grand march with many elaborations under mellowing and changing lights of violet and rose, sea-green and yellow; then the forming of all the marchers into the initial of the university—and then, swiftly, the breaking up of all into the first waltz.

Some of the "faculty ladies" had heard that Helen Walden was there, and they came over to the booth to call. It was not a new thing for this quiet woman to have people tell her that she had brought them comfort, and had taught them the meaning of certain things. All her isolated life she had been privileged to know that sort of intimacy.

Her letter-boxes held treasures of correspondence never mentioned by her. The rich stream of sympathy that flowed from her pen and that brought to her rare if impersonal devotion, was a thing apart from her actual life. A constitutional timidity, an inherited awkwardness, or lack of facility, and the absence of social training had kept her body ever lagging after her soul in grace. Words came easily to her pen, but not to her tongue.

But after the faculty ladies had left her, and she sat unnoticed by the other ladies of her booth, who were receiving old friends, her usual sense of loneliness returned to her. It was not sadness precisely, for she did not

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mind feeling that she was alone. And she gave herself up once more to the dreams and the memories that had been haunting her ever since she had received the invitation to be present at the junior hop—an event counting for nothing in the lives of the women about her.

All through the ball the silent fourth chaperone sat dreaming. She saw in the magic mirror of memory the pretentious but comfortable house where her girlhood had been spent—that house with its imposing exterior, its lack of fires, of service, of conveniences within. She remembered the bare bed-room, deprived of all girlish luxuries.

Here, when school had been denied her, and heavy burdens of housekeeping and child-tending and sewing had been put upon her, she used to come in the chill evenings, and cowering down under the old army blankets, study and read. There was no one to guide her. She took what came to hand. She made the most of everything. And, study over, her girlishness reassured itself, and curling down between the cold sheets, she indulged in certain favorite trivial fancies.

She saw herself at school among charming well bred girls,—such girls as she did not now and was never to know in her own childhood,—and shared with one of them a delightful room in an ivy-grown dormitory. She pictured the routine of the school-day, the clean, honest, hearty delight of the study hours, the attractions to certain professors, the aversion from others. She went the length of picturing these individuals till she knew even their eccentricities. She dreamed of the festivities. What mysteries of preparation! What teasing expectation! What splendid escorts! What gaiety and music and conversation and bewitchment!

And the girl who dreamed it all had never so much as known what it was to have a party frock—or an invitation to a party, for the matter of that.

Then came marriage and happiness and responsibility of another sort, and still poverty, and the incentive to work because others needed the shelter of the home that John Walden had built for her. Then, almost without her knowledge, she had begun to write. And the thoughts born in solitude, the dreams and the disappointments, came to help her.

She had talent. She was born with that something which may, for lack of a better term, be called taste. So her writing found its place. At last what she had taken up almost carelessly became a necessity to her. Moreover, there was never a time when her roof did not shelter one or several relatives or friends. And her own dear children came to increase the need for her labor. So she had gone on from year to year, keeping close to the immediate duty, and still beating down the vagrant love of joy which had, curiously enough, been born in her who seemed so grave.

It was her money which had sent Royal, her eldest, to college. The old house in Hopperville had therefore known its close economies. But Royal understood. He was grateful. He was trying to deserve it. And it was encouraging to know that everybody liked him, that he had "made" one of the best fraternities, and that he had held his own in his classes, not so much by force of brilliancy as by steadfast determination not to disappoint his father and mother.

And now at last here was the junior hop, as others called it—the party beautiful, as Helen Walden thought of it. It had not come at eighteen for her. It had come after forty—and the wonder of it was that it seemed to have accumulated glory every year, till now it swam before her a fair vision.

To the others it was a passing thing. But the fourth chaperone knew that for her it would abide. Her own austere youth was forgotten now in this new vision and understanding of youth. For these six hundred rhythmic figures in the fairy rout seemed merged in one enchanting and joyous composite. Here was girlhood in its triumph. The little chaperone was suffused with happiness.

The hours passed slowly for some of the other watchers, but swiftly for this one. The night was almost spent, and still she was wandering in the fields of dream. And it was time to go home. They drove back gaily.

Then while they rested the girls occupying the seats, the boys sitting Turk-wise on the floor, they sang their good-night songs. Into their voices the languor and half-sadness that came with the closing of a long-planned-for joy crept unconsciously. The girls blended their voices softly, and the mandolins made a sweet accompaniment. Helen Walden sat among them, conscious of a growing sense of fellowship. The dreams were coming nearer, changing and taking

to themselves more substantial character.

Edith Hawtry, more lovely now than at the beginning of the evening, sat close beside her. Alice Castleberry regarded her with a friendly curiosity, Florence Evelyn openly sought her. The young men turned their glances toward her, too, as she sat there in the firelight, radiant with an almost mystical look of youth, her soft contralto mingling with the other voices.

"Well," said Dick Sunderland, at last, "it's time to go home, boys. Breakfast at eleven, mind, and no one to be late! And I wonder," he paused and looked round him at the fire-lit faces, "I wonder who of all of us has enjoyed the junior hop the most?"

There might have been a noisy response, but for some reason there was not. There came instead an instant's pause, and then the vibrating tones of the little fourth chaperone.

"I have!" she declared, with the impulsive tones of one making a confidence. "I have enjoyed it the most of all! For you see, in a way, it was my first party."

The fire crackled, but no one spoke. They were looking at her as she smiled at them, it seemed, young as themselves, with a sudden youth of the spirit.

"I dreamed of it all my girlhood—dreamed of such a time as this. Dreamed of being the very core of it, because I was a student, you know, and was entitled to it. But it never came. Hardly any of the particular things of which I dreamed came, though other things did that brought happiness. And sometimes there was happiness even in the things that others thought were only sorrows. But still, no matter how old I grew, the dream of the beautiful party kept haunting me. It seemed as if it would have to be mine, after all. And that is why, though I knew I was unfitted for it in a way, that I accepted your invitation and came here to act as chaperone—I who was never chaperoned, and who, in my old-fashioned, country way can hardly be said to believe in anything of the kind."

The firelight, or the hour, or the long hours of dreams, or the atmosphere of reluctantly relinquished delight, had moved her out of her habitual and utter confidence and friendliness which distinguished her writing and made it as a cordial human voice speaking to each reader, she expressed her thoughts.

Royal might have been offended, — it is easy for boys to take offence at what their mothers do,—but for the first time, perhaps, he really understood her. He had a perception of her long service for others, or her hidden dreams and little, dear personal selfishness never indulged in. He saw, as the others saw, a lovely woman, simple as a child, rich with sacrifice, speaking out of a friendly heart the absolute truth.

It was Edith Hawtry who rose and ran to the table where an armful of American Beauty roses lay fresh from their wrappings—roses which had come too late to be carried to the ball. She brought them and laid them in Helen Walden's arms.

"Debutantes carry flowers," she said, her voice thrilling. So, laughing, the others brought flowers, too, and heaped the slim arms full, and stood round her while they sang, "Good Night, Lady," with slow cadences.

Then the boys made their way reluctantly into the sharp frost of the night, and the girls went up the stairs together, Florence Evelyn with her arm about Mrs. Walden's waist. At the bedroom door she kissed her.

"No party is so beautiful as a first party," she whispered. The other girls all came to make their good-nights, and they bent on Helen Walden an intimate and affectionate regard. She felt streams of love pouring toward her. The good-night words of the boys rang in her ears—words of quickly won and honest friendship. Royal's kiss was still on her cheek. Her heart beat happily, and as she laid her burden of flowers in the jar of water that had been brought her, she looked up to see Cecily Beach watching her with her languid gaze.

Mrs. Beach was a woman who could at times be cruel. She had a swift satire that pierced like a rapier. But she had a nobler side, too. And now she put out her hand with a swift gesture. Helen Walden placed her own slender hand within it, and the two stood so for a moment in a silent pledge of good will.

"I envy you," Cecily Beach said, with feeling. "I envy you for a hundred reasons that you would not understand even if I cared to explain. You are a very happy woman. And you have something in you that will keep you from ever being anything else! Now let me confess that I was very weary, and I would not have come here to please these young people only that I wanted to meet you. And yet I was afraid to meet you!"

"Me?" cried Mrs. Walden, incredulously. "Afraid of me?"

"I needed you—and I wanted to let you see it, but could not think how I should do it. Now—now, I am no longer afraid. Will you be my friend?"

Helen Walden, the dreamer, looked up to see the most beautiful and imperious woman she had ever known standing there before her wistfully. A sudden sense of power—true and sweet power—swept over her. The course of timidity seemed lifted forever. She felt as if it would never descend upon her again to paralyze her impulses and cheat her of delight. Her morbid shame at her lack of

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schooling, her consciousness of her old-fashioned ways for the first time appeared contemptible. She stood, rich in life's experience, eager for friendship, ready for the fulfilment of her dreams. She held out both hands with impulsiveness.

"Oh," she said, "by all means let us take every good thing that life can bring! I have never been afraid of a scrow. Now I am not going any longer to be afraid of joy."—The Companion.

### Good Listeners

In conversing with one's friends nothing is so chilling as an apparent lack of attention and sympathy. It might be added that nothing is more vulgar were not the listener's indifference common to the majority of our most cultured people. If when one is addressed she will remember to incline the body slightly forward an attitude of rapt attention will soon be unconsciously assumed and, whether really worthy of it or not, new recruits gained for the always popular, as rare, class known as "good listeners."

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A bit of foundation as big as your hand;  
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It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part 2. The Bird.  
A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,  
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;  
From morning till night she brings  
and brings,  
For growing birds they are hungry things—  
Ay! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;  
A crimson stain on the grass;  
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—

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Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;  
Some things it is better to pass.

## HAS BEEN ALL RIGHT EVER SINCE

T. H. BELYEA, P.M., PROVES THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE PERMANENTLY.

Some Years Since He Used Them Now and He has had Good Health Ever Since—Story of Well-known New Brunswick Man.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N.B., Jan. 15.—(Special).—"Yes, I have good health, ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, and one of the most highly respected men in this part of the country. Asked to give his experience with the great Canadian Kidney Remedy Mr. Belyea continued:

"I had been troubled with my kidneys for a number of years. I tried several kinds of plasters and other kinds of medicines, but did not seem to get any lasting benefit. Hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly recommended I decided to try them and they made a complete cure of me. That is two years ago now and as I said before I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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A Notable Conversion

One of the most notable conversions to the Catholic Church in the present generation (though little has been heard of it in this country), and one destined to have a far-reaching influence on philosophical and theological thought in Northern Europe, has been that of Dr. K. Krogh-Tonning, the celebrated pastor, writer and pulpit orator of Christiania. As Lutheran rector of Old Aker Parish, in the capital of Norway, he won a brilliant reputation, not only in his own country, but in Sweden, Denmark and Germany, being known not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a man of profound and varied learning. His great treatise on dogmatic theology, in five volumes, won a speedy place as the standard work on that subject throughout the Lutheran Church, and it is probable that, since the conversion of John Henry Newman, just sixty years ago, no similar event has caused such a commotion in Protestant circles as the news that Dr. Krogh-Tonning had been received into the Catholic Church by a Jesuit Father at Aarhus, in Denmark.

Writers in the religious press and the learned reviews of Northern Europe have endeavored to disguise the general dismay at the desertion of the Lutheran ranks by the most learned theologian of that church, by finding that in all his later dogmatic writings he has shown a marked tendency towards Catholicism, and that, in his final step he was only logically following out the principles which he had long before adopted as his own. This is very likely true but it does not make his actual conversion a less noteworthy event.

Dr. Krogh-Tonning was long ago marked out for advancement to a Bishopric in the Norwegian Lutheran Church, and his loss to that body has been a very serious one. His theological works, published while he was a Protestant, are written in the German language, but he has brought out in Latin, since his conversion, a singularly beautiful treatise, as luminous as it is profound, on grace and free-will. The actual title of this work, which should be in the hands of every student of theology, is "De Gratia Christi et Libero Arbitrio," and it is published by Dybdow & Brugger, of Christiania.

Impression of Chamberlain

From a private letter written by Mr. E. R. Paterson, the Rhodes' scholar at Oxford with respect to the Chamberlain meeting at Oxford, on the 8th of December inst., under the auspices of the "Oxford University Tariff Reform League," we quote the following: "The great event of the week was Chamberlain last night. He is a wonderful speaker, exceedingly deliberate and careful, though at times rousing himself and his audience. His voice is good, and the different shades of expression (irony, indignation, humor, and so on) are admirable—perhaps the most striking feature of his style. By the mere pronunciation he gave to the name 'Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman' he would set the whole assembly into a roar of contemptuous laughter, and yet it was delicately done, and had nothing in it of buffoonery and exaggeration. For a man who received little academic education his manner and choice of words are wonderfully good. He is quite the best speaker I have ever heard. Any loss of attention is quite impossible, so impressive is he, and so due and deliberate an emphasis he gives to every word. But I have to tell you nothing of what he said. I liked it on the whole. He disappointed many by not arguing the question on economic grounds. It was rather an oration on the British Empire. He said that if preferential trade was for the advantage of the Empire as a whole, England should be willing to make a little sacrifice, 'though for my part I regard it as a sacrifice of no more than a prejudice.' He was unfair at times, I think, and violent in his prejudices, but on the whole I liked him very much. "Canada, by the way, was very prominent. He mentioned Laurier more than once with approval and quoted both him and Fielding. He also repeated a poem 'by a Canadian author which embodies the imperial idea with more truth and force than any that I know.' But the poem was bad, and at the point where it was intended to become most sublime it became most ridiculous ('tis but a step), and the Oxford audience laughed—the one false note he struck in his whole speech. Dr. William Osler moved the vote of thanks. "Chamberlain, by the way, is marvelously young looking, with a fine youthful figure—eyeglass, of course, and orchid. He used very few notes. Mrs. Chamberlain was on the platform—a handsome lady from America, much younger than he."

Bonaparte on Catholic Duty

Secretary Bonaparte of the U.S. Navy, in a recent address, stated tersely the duty that is imposed upon every Catholic to show forth in his life the effect of Catholic teaching. We commend these words of the

Secretary of the Navy to the consideration of all who would like to see the Church exercise a greater influence in this country: "A Catholic, tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty, inflicts an injury on the honorable standing and salutary influence of the Catholic Church in our country, which no learning and eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow countrymen, not of our faith, believe that Catholics can be men of honor and patriotism when they see such men; unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree that bears it."

We have here outlined a species of missionary work all of us can perform. Our Protestant friends will never be influenced by us if we do not show by our lives that because we are Catholics we move on a higher moral plane than non-Catholics do. Mr. Bonaparte puts it well when he says, "unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit, we shall preach to deaf ears, while we extol the tree that bears it."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Cardinal Logue's Rebuke

The Irish Catholic tells the following incident of Cardinal Logue: "The virtue, beauty and charm of Irish women are as pronounced today as ever. This being admitted, it is a pity a well known Catholic hostess who, for obvious reasons, must be nameless, should, at a dinner party at her house, have given Cardinal Logue such serious offence in the matter of dressing. The lady in question and some of her smart women friends were heroically decol-

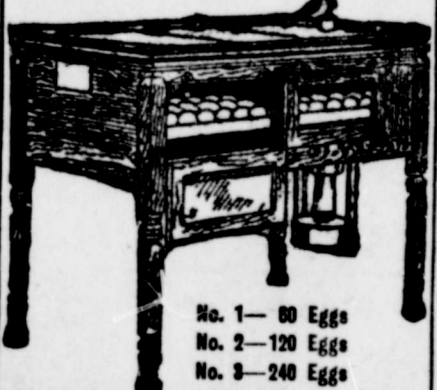
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lete one of the coldest nights of the year. His Eminence, as most people know makes so attempt of concealing his feelings, looked unutterable things during dinner, scarcely raised his eyes, and spoke with a chilliness that sent a veritable icy breeze through his hearers. When the lady rose, at the end of dinner, to give the signal for retiring to the drawing-room, the Cardinal drew from his pocket a large white pocket handkerchief, saying: "My dear Lady K—, allow me to save you from catching your death of cold," and with this remark he draped his hostess' ample shoulders in the silken folds. "If you could only see yourself now," the Cardinal added, "you would realize how very much better you look." Lady K— turned crimson to the roots of her hair, but she did not attempt to remove the Cardinal's draping as she led the guests to the drawing room. His Eminence's action has, of course been criticized, and some of the women say it was cruel in the extreme. The general idea here, however, is that it is a great lack of good taste for ladies to appear in exaggerated evening dress when the Church is represented, more especially as some little time back they were informed that it was especially desired that they should not do so.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry 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.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon actual 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 as to residence on 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 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.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS. Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 200 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output. Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$5 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

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

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In and Around Toronto

DEATH OF MR. ANDREW COTTAM

Not for a long time has there been a death amongst the Catholics of Toronto that has caused such wide and general regret as that of Mr. Andrew Cottam, which occurred last Friday morning at 256 McCaul street.

The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church on Saturday morning, the edifice being filled with mourners from all over the city.

Just before the singing of the Libera, Father Barrett, standing before the bier, spoke words of high testimony to the high character and Christian standing of Mr. Cottam.

The funeral cortege proceeded to St. Michael's Cemetery, where the Very Rev. Rector officiated at the grave.

THANKS FROM SUNNYSIDE.

The staff of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, are desirous of giving sincere thanks to the many by whom they were so generously remembered during the late Christmas season.

AT ST. MARY'S.

The Feast of the Holy Name was celebrated at St. Mary's on Sunday in a manner both impressive and edifying.

special sermon on the Feast and its meaning was preached by Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R.

CLOSE OF MISSION.

The Mission at St. Joseph's, Leslieville, came to a close on Sunday last, when His Grace the Archbishop was present both afternoon and evening, and expressed his entire satisfaction with the work of the past two weeks.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of Branch 10, I.C.B.U., the following resolution was passed: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death Mr. John O'Reilly, the beloved husband and father of our esteemed sister members:

Resolved, that we, the officers and members of said Branch do extend our sincere sympathy to our bereaved sister members and family, in this their sad hour of affliction.

L. FAYLE, President. M. HAFEEY, Rec.-Secy.

MESSRS. MASON, MALLON AND McCABE.

Recent changes by which the city has now the handsome Home Bank building on King street west, with the branches on Church street and Queen street west, remind us that these banks are under the management of three young men, whose reputation is such as to inspire confidence, and whose records whether taken individually or collectively, are a guarantee for successful and popular management.

THE FOLLOWING WERE RECEIVED.

At the late reception at St. Joseph's the convent the following young ladies were received into the Community by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann: Miss O'Dela Moreau, Lafontaine, in religion Sister Mary Clement; Miss Margaret McDonough, Toronto Gore, in religion Sister Mary Alphonsus; Miss Mary Venini, Oshawa, in religion Sister Margaret Mary.

HOLY FAMILY PARISH.

The Christmas Offering of this parish is worthy of note because though but a small parish, the amount in proportion to the size was exceptionally large.

MR. WM. GORMALY RETIRES.

Mr. William Gormaly, for many years a familiar figure at the Union Station, is about to retire from his position as Agent of the G.T.R. and C.P.R., the retirement to take place on the 1st prox.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY AT ST. BASIL'S.

The Holy Name Society of St. Basil's Parish held their first general Communion on Sunday last, the members turning out in such magnificent numbers as to cause much favorable comment amongst the congregation.

PERSONAL.

Mr. R. P. Gough, of Gough Bros., corner Yonge and Queen streets, had the misfortune to fall and break his arm when returning from Mass on Sunday last.

A.O.H. NOTES.

Division No. 5 met in their room, corner Queen and Dundas streets, Sunday afternoon last, President McCaul presiding. The large hall was filled with members, and a very interesting meeting took place.

I.C.B.U. ENTERTAINMENT.

The I.C.B.U. held their annual entertainment on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. Broadview Hall was well filled on each occasion, and the work of the minstrels was of its usual highly entertaining character.

Mother and Son Buried Together

Overcome with grief and fatigue, Mrs. Hugh Watters died at Twin Elm on Saturday. Her thirteen-year-old son died two days previously from the effects of a kick from a horse, and the mother who had never left the bedside from the time of the accident, succumbed as above related.

Magazine Irishmen

Have you read the story in McClure's Magazine for January, of how Mark Fagan, who is mayor of Jersey City, has succeeded against the corrupt influences of that city and state? The story is told by Lincoln Steffens, who is writing a series of articles on the government of the large cities of the United States.

He was the son of poor Irish Catholics, and received but six months schooling in all. Then he started out to earn his living by selling papers. Selling papers, as a rule, does not fit a boy for a very high sphere in life, but this boy was better than his business.

Our chief interest in Mark Fagan, however, is apart from his political career. He is a Roman Catholic and he carried his religion into his official work as mayor of the city of New Jersey. When asked by Mr. Steffens why he acted as he did, why he de-

sired to make New Jersey a pretty place, and a comfortable place for poor people to live in, how he had the courage to force the railroads and other large corporations doing business in New Jersey to pay their just share of taxation. He answered simply "I pray. When I take an oath of office I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is an oath, and afterward I pray for strength to keep it."

The career and words of Mark Fagan ought to be an inspiration to every young man. The words are not sanctimonious nor is the language pharisaical. When pressed for an answer he tries to give an explanation of what it is that gives him courage to serve the people "honestly and faithfully."

W. O'C.

WANTED - One Hundred more Young Men and women, who are ambitious and enterprising, to qualify in the Business College. TORONTO, ONT.

KENNEDY SHORTHAND SCHOOL - Our school should not be classed with business colleges. It is a school for preparing the better class of pupils for stenographic positions requiring exceptional skill.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices - Doan's Kidney Pills, Little Liver Pills, Belladonna Pellets, Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills, N. Y. Elastic Truss, Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills.

LOOK AHEAD - To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age. An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you.

COBALT - The wealth of this district is so apparent and well-known that it is only a question of ordinary care in the selection of the stock to produce you so many dollars for each one invested.

The unusual richness of the silver mines at Cobalt, near Lake Temiskaming, will be seen from the fact that for the nine months ending Sept. 30th, 1902 tons of ore were shipped, containing 2,400,000 oz. of silver, or an average of 1332 oz. per ton.

TORONTO-COBALT MINING COMPANY, LIMITED. (NO PERSONAL LIABILITY). CAPITAL \$300,000. PAR VALUE \$1.00.

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The Oriental Rug Renovation Co. REMOVAL NOTICE - We have removed to more commodious quarters at 198 King St. West, opposite St. Andrew's Church.

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