

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

"The Golden Story of California" Continued—The Central Pacific Railroad Company and Its Odious Methods—Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker—How They Were Undone by a Minion of Their Own Named Cohen—General John C. Fremont and the "Mariposa Grant"—Henry George and James McClatchy—"Progress and Poverty."

The railroad group of California's big men are C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Chas. Crocker and perhaps Jas. B. Haggin. When the writer was in California there were no better hated body of men on earth. They had all been merchants in Sacramento, and not in a very large way either. They were successful enough to form a company to build the Union Pacific Railroad and took advantage of their position to ride over and rob their fellow men regardless of every scruple of conscience. The United States government gave them land enough, spread out on each side of their road, to build it, all along its route. But little, if any, of this land had been surveyed by the government, but thousands of squatters had settled upon it and made improvements in the confidence that when it was surveyed they, of course, would have the preference in entering it for purchase. But down came those railroad cormorants in full swoop and spread their grants over it remorselessly, thus ruining thousands of poor families, who were dispossessed by the company without any redress from them or the United States Government in which they put their trust. Thus were the labor and improvements of many years swept away and used to fill the maws of a huge and unscrupulous corporation. This was not all. They imported Chinese labor to do the railroad building, when plenty of white labor was available. Many laboring men who had the expectation of work on the railroad were disappointed and stranded and thousands were put in a condition bordering on starvation in a land of plenty. When they got their road constructed they were allowed to charge what they pleased for carrying freight and passengers, and that was the utmost farthing freight would bear and that passengers could be compelled to pay. It was monstrous. But they did not stop at this in their iniquitous career. Some of the close corporation had stores of their own, dealing in hardware and other articles of commerce in Sacramento and San Francisco, and discriminated in their charges against their rivals and everybody else that criticised their conduct, and thus ruined several merchants who were unfortunates enough to come under their displeasure. Every other railroad enterprise in California they crushed or stole. They hired all the able lawyers and left the public without defense. One honorable newspaper in Sacramento, The Union, that exposed their villainy, they crushed by threatening to take away the railroad shops from the place if the merchants continued to advertise in it. They set up a claim on some pretext or another to many of the harbors on the coast. They had their dishonest and disdainful tools working for them everywhere, and for a time the legislature was only the register of their will. I have myself seen that benevolent man, Leland Stanford, take his seat at the entrance to the legislative chamber and intercept the members as they passed by and direct those who were his tools. California was almost in despair from this arrogant railroad corporation and the hordes of Chinese they imported to do their work and the work of those who saw wealth in cheap, Mongolian labor. Yet, the United States government looked on without doing anything to mitigate the evil. More people were leaving the state than were coming into it and thousands of people were anxious to get away but did not have the means. I have seen mobs of men in the streets of San Francisco in front of labor offices every day in the hope of getting something to do, and satisfied with a mess of oatmeal to appease their hunger.

This condition of things could not go on forever, and at last relief came from unexpected quarters. The railroad company had an agent at San Francisco named Cohen. He was a lawyer by profession and was said to be an English Jew. He was as selfish and as smart as any of them. He was commissioned by Huntington to purchase property in San Francisco upon which to build railroad offices. Huntington charged him with dishonesty by making a profit out of the transaction for himself, and dismissed him. Cohen lived over in the town of Alameda and had the management of the ferry boats owned by the company that crossed from San Francisco to Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley and other points. Of course he held the annual pass. Of course he held the day the gatekeeper was instructed to take that pass up, for he told me of it and what Cohen said to him about it. "I will make the taking up of my pass cost the company dear!" And he did, for he knew all their weak points.

Cohen was sued by the company in one of the courts for what it was supposed he had made on the real estate transaction. He pleaded his own case and never before did any body of incorporated thieves receive such a laceration. He showed up their schemes, their vulgarity, their ignorance of art, on the purchase of pic-

tures on which they prided themselves. He took them in hand one by one and showed them up to the Queen's taste. Huntington he flayed alive and left exposed to the jeers and contempt of the public. Some of the papers, especially the "Chronicle" and "Bulletin," published his speeches in full and the public devoured them as sweet morsels. Never were men so thoroughly humiliated, and this by one of their own minions. It was No. 1 on the pass account.

Mr. Cohen soon exposed another card he had up his sleeve. Of course the railroad company were great money borrowers, principally in Europe. He prepared a pamphlet on the railroad's money transactions and their devices to keep their credit up and good. Their robberies, their dishonest methods and their deceptions were fully set forth. This pamphlet was mailed to all the European money lenders, banks, etc., and made the company squirm.

The worst was yet to come. The legislature was about to meet and when it did meet one of the first bills of which notice was given was a bill to "regulate the rates of freights and fares in California." A member from Santa Clara county fathered it, but all its details were drawn up by Cohen. I was in Sacramento and in the State capital when this bill was referred to a committee. Stanford was the member of the unhalloved combine who attended the legislature to defeat the bill and have it thrown out. His lobby and himself had lost their influence over the members and the latter were very exacting. The bill was defeated, but it was said it cost the company in the neighborhood of a million of dollars to do it. He was Artagnon's "No. 3," but the company soon cried "peccavi." A friend of mine had a grievance against them and he went to Mr. Cohen with it. He said "I am no longer fighting the company; they have made their peace with me!" Thus was the ticket raising avenged by Cohen and the public were pleased.

The company was owing the United States a large amount of money for assistance advanced to build the road. Whether they ever paid up this indebtedness or not I do not know, but there were several attempts made in Congress to compel them to do so. This same company it was that built the Southern Pacific Railroad. They built it out of the profits and stealings of the Central Pacific. It used to be said when they had this new road built they would throw the old road on the hands of the government and let it take it for what they owed it and they would devote themselves to the newer and better line between California and the East. But how much Uncle Sam is out on the transaction I am not able to state at this writing. The pictures of Huntington and Stanford are printed in this article, but I don't think they are held up in it to the infamy they deserved. Stanford built a university and is long since dead; but Huntington is "still in the ring" and conquering new railroad worlds, whatever comfort it brings him; but I am sure his Central Pacific experience can bring no comfort to his soul. Let magazine readers beware of the kind of men that are presented to view for the admiration of themselves and their children. They are presented here as admirable California products but California is not proud of them. The writer of the article and the publisher, I suppose, have received their reward.

There is a picture of a man presented in this "Golden Story" that at one time I had a great regard for and looked upon him as a hero. Everybody knows the name of General John C. Fremont, "the Pathfinder," who performed heroic parts by his various expeditions to California before the American conquest of that country. I think he made four or five of those expeditions and in some of them experienced very great hardships. His starting point was Saint Louis, in the State of Missouri, at that time the most southwesterly state of the American Union. The men that composed his company were mostly French-Canadians, as they were most willing and experienced voyagers of that time; and he was of French descent himself. He was involved in the conquest of California by the Americans but was brought back a prisoner for an undue assumption of authority. But he became a favorite of the American people and was the first candidate for President of the United States of the Republican party after its organization. In the war of the rebellion he commanded a division of the army in the southwest. He was reprimanded or suspended for his action in freighting slaves before there was any warrant for his doing so by the president. There was a bit of romance too, in his career on account of his clandestine marriage with Jessie Benton, the daughter of United States Senator Benton of Missouri. For all this I have no fault to find with him. The American Government, as a reward for his services, made him a present of a large tract of land in California, known as the "Mariposa Grant," which afterwards was involved in a large amount of litigation and showed his greediness, as like the Central Pacific Railroad cormorants, he spread it over other people's properties and improvements and showed himself a veritable land thief. I used to know an old lady that resided at the Mission of San Jose, in Alameda County, whose father was director of the Philadelphia mint at the time of Fremont's marriage with Jessie Benton, and at whose father's house the marriage ceremony was performed in Washington, and who used to regale me occasionally with incidents of that celebrated wedding. Mrs. Fremont lived longer than her renowned hus-

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band and spent most of her time in California, where she had many an adventure that has often been told of in print. She is but a few years dead.

Henry George went to California during the sixties. He sought employment in a San Francisco newspaper named the "Times," which at that time was edited by an Irishman named James McClatchy. He was a printer by trade and at first set type on the paper. He wrote some articles and submitted them to the editor, who published them and thought highly of them, and invited him to take a desk in the editorial room, which he did and soon made his mark. I was not long in San Francisco when I heard of Mr. George. He was at that time editing a Democratic paper at Sacramento. But he was soon in San Francisco and preparing to publish an evening paper named "The Post," at one cent a copy. This was an innovation. The difficulty that confronted him was that there was no copper coin then in circulation in the Land of Gold. He met this difficulty by importing from the Philadelphia mint several barrels of copper coins. While engaged in preparing for this particular enterprise it was that I first met him. I was introduced to him on Montgomery street by one Frank Mahon, a printer from New Orleans, and a man of intelligence, who was a great admirer of Mr. George. After that I often met him and we became fast friends. He sold "The Post" newspaper, it was said, to Senator Jones of Nevada, who at that particular time had "money to burn," and went to work on his great book "Progress and Poverty." Put let me state an incident that happened in his career previous to this, and of which I was a witness. This was one day in the office of the "Daily Bee," in Sacramento, which was edited and partly

Tevis, that were great land-grabbers, whose names became odious among the people. They were large employers of Chinese labor, too, and made their money on the misfortune of others.

Stephen J. Field was one of the celebrated Field family, who was a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but whose reputation was not good in California. There were a great many land cases belonging to that state that went to the Supreme Court from the State Court, and that he adjudicated upon. His decisions were almost invariably in favor of the rich corporations and therefore he was considered an enemy of the state.

Charles Crocker was one of the railroad magnates of Sacramento, where he showed his love of art by opening a picture gallery for public view as an evidence of his newly acquired wealth. He afterwards moved to "Nob Hill" in San Francisco, where he built a great house and made a great show.

My space is here exhausted and I must defer further remarks on the "Golden Story of California" to the next issue of the "Register."

WILLIAM HALLEY. The Holy House of Loreto (Freeman's Journal.)

A few weeks ago in the district of Benjofar, in the Province of Alicante, Spain, the priest of the parish saved the lives of twenty-five persons during a great inundation caused by the vast rainfall. Seeing their homes swept away, he constructed a float of timber, and at the risk of his life paddled from house to house in the raging torrent and brought them to his own humble abode. Among those saved were a number of women and children.

DECAY OF FAITH

Decrease of Religion Makes a Difference in Business Confidence, says Wall Street Journal.

"Whatever may be a man's own personal beliefs, says the Wall Street Journal, there is no one who would not prefer to do business with a person who really believes in a future life. If there are fewer men of such faith in the world, it makes a big difference, and if faith is to continue to decline, this will require new adjustments. There are certainly, on the surface, many signs of such a decline. Perhaps, if it were possible to probe deeply into the subject, it might be found that faith still abounded, but is no longer expressed in the old way. But we are obliged to accept the surface indications. These include a falling off in church attendance, the abandonment of family worship, the giving over of Sunday, more and more, to pleasure and labor, the separation of religious from secular education, under the stern demands of non-sectarianism, the growing up of a generation un-instructed as our teachers were in the study of the Bible, the secularization of a portion of the Church itself, and its inability in a large way to gain the confidence of the laboring people. If these are really signs of a decay of religious faith, then, indeed there is no more important problem before us than that of either discovering some adequate substitute for faith, or to take immediate steps to check a development that has within it the seeds of a national disaster."

AGAINST AGLIPAY

Philippine Supreme Court Decision Ends Controversy Over Possession of Parish Church in the Islands.

The "Sun," New York, prints the following special cable despatch from Manila, date of Nov. 24th: "The Supreme Court handed down to-day the most important decision it has rendered since its organization, and thereby definitely finished the controversy over the possession of the parish churches in the islands. "The court finds unanimously in favor of Bishop Barin, the native Filipino prelate who was consecrated in Manila last June, and against the adherents of the schismatic Bishop, Aglipay, the head of the so-called National Catholic Church of the Philippines. Aglipay's followers were represented in the case by Padre Ramirez, an ex-priest, who joined Aglipay retaining the parish edifices and municipality of Lagonoy, Luzon. The decision decrees that possession of all the churches in the Philippines erected and dedicated by the Spanish Government is legally in the Roman Catholic Church.

"Apparently the case is ideal from a legal standpoint, as it embraces the majority of the issues that were in contention and creates the strongest kind of precedent, as affecting the suits pending, which involve the title to fifty churches and convents seized by Aglipay and his followers."

Died of Leprosy

The news of the death of another priest hero, another Father Damien, has reached the world from remote Dutch Guiana. Father Lemmens, chaplain of the life colony at Paramaribo recently died of leprosy.

Born at Maestricht, Holland, on July 28, 1850, Father Lemmens entered the Dutch army as an officer at an early period of his life. In that capacity he went to Surinam, Dutch Guiana, in 1878. Four years later he abandoned the military life at the age of thirty-two, exchanging the uniform of a military officer for the habit of a Redemptorist missionary. In 1886 he was ordained a priest and immediately devoted himself to the work of attending to the spiritual, as well as the physical well being of the lepers. There could be only one result of this devotion. The anticipated took place. Father Lemmens, like Father Damien, was stricken with leprosy. He thereupon voluntarily isolated himself and became the chaplain to a hospital for lepers in Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana. And so cut off from all society except that of lepers, he worked on patiently, bravely, heroically, for four years, till his Divine Master called him to his eternal reward.

A Miracle of the Holy Eucharist

A letter from a Redemptorist missionary to one of his brethren, dated from Buga, in Columbia, March 21 of the present year, contains an account of a miraculous occurrence during the earthquakes which, as he declares, were felt north of the equator south of Colombia, and along the Pacific coast. The account offers an inspiring example of heroic faith and the Blessed Eucharist.

"The parish of Tumaco," writes the missionary, "comprises a group of islands; it is a miniature archipelago. The principal island amongst them at which vessels are laden, is Tumaco. On the 31st of January, about ten o'clock in the morning, an earthquake was felt there. The shock was violent and prolonged; in some districts, it lasted seven minutes; in others, a quarter of an hour, causing ruin and consternation everywhere. About eleven o'clock the inhabitants of Tumaco saw the sea rising to a mountainous height and threatening to submerge the country. Their terror knew no bounds; they uttered the most heart-rending cries: 'We are doomed!' "They rushed tumultuously toward the shore, where the parish priest was standing, to beg him for a last absolution. At sight of them the courageous priest was seized by a heavenly inspiration. He hurried to the church, and by an impulse of heroic faith, brought thence the Blessed Sacrament. Accompanied by Father Gerard Larrondo, and followed by the praying multitude he returned to the shore, presenting the thrice Holy Host to the angry element. At that very moment the first mountain of water broke, foaming at the priest's feet. A second arose above the horizon; the intrepid pastor awaited its approach with unshaken confidence, still holding toward it the Blessed Sacrament. The wave roared ominously appearing furiously agitated, but presently spent itself within a few paces of the priest. The sea, in presence of the Sacred Host, gradually calmed, and the people regained courage. At the very moment when this sublime scene was in progress the island of Gorgona opposite Tumaco, was engulfed with all its inhabitants."

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



This Beautiful Group of the Nativity

Is most artistically painted and is all hand carved out of one solid block of wood, and life size. Any person desirous of presenting it to the Church for Christmas can have it at a low figure for cash. The Statue may be seen in the hall of St. Michael's Palace, Church St. Communications to be addressed to C. F. MOWBRAY, care of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, 117 Wellington St. West.

owned by the James McClatchy already referred to. The two were discussing a new outrage on the part of some corporation perpetrated on a body of settlers known as "the Mussel Slough Settlers." Both were boiling with indignation over the circumstance. They were exactly in accord on the land question and had made records. "It is full time," said McClatchy, "that some one write a book showing up the infamy of those outrages; and the iniquity of land monopoly; you, George, are now at liberty to undertake a work of this kind and have the ability necessary for the undertaking." "No, McClatchy," said George, you are the man yourself; you are my preceptor in this doctrine, and such a work should bear your name as the author." McClatchy's answer was: "No, George, you are younger than I am and have now the necessary time; you have a state office, the work of which can be performed by your brother; edit the 'The Bee' claims all my attention." George agreed to tackle the job, and the result was that wonderful literary work known to all the world as "Progress and Poverty." I may say that I was present at its conception.

Would Consecrate Human Race to the Blessed Virgin

The well-known Arch-confraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners, an association established in connection with the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, is promoting the general signing by Catholics the world over of a petition to the Holy Father respectfully requesting His Holiness to further the extension of the cult of the Blessed Virgin by consecrating the whole human race to her immaculate heart. In the course of the petition reference is made to the following paragraph of Pius X's encyclical letter of February 2, 1904: "We may promise ourselves the realization, in a not distant future, of the high and assuredly not unreasonably venturesome hopes inspired in our predecessor, Pius IX., and the whole Catholic episcopate, by the solemn definition of the dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception."

It is reported that the Pope will hold both secret and public consistories the same day, December 6th, and will also deliver an allocution and announce the appointment of 84 residential and titular bishops, including three Americans and four Canadians and Newfoundlanders.

foundation in fact. Two main arguments have been used by those who impugn the authenticity of the Holy House. The first that the earliest document recording the alleged miraculous occurrence dates from a century and a half after the time it is supposed to have taken place; and the second, that as a matter of fact a church dedicated to Our Lady occupied the present site of the Holy House before the time in which the accounts say that this was set down at Loreto. And yet within the last two weeks both of these apparently invincible arguments have turned out to be worthless. The first of them, because attention has been called to the fact that in Gubbio there exists an ancient fresco certainly dating from a few years after the time assigned for the miraculous translation, and depicting in the most vivid way the miraculous event, and second, because excavations recently undertaken in Loreto have shown that the original church dedicated to Our Lady in Loreto was quite a mile and a half distant from the present site of Holy House. It will be interesting to see what answer will be made to these difficulties by the impugnors of the tradition which has so many saints and popes in its favor and which has brought hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims in all ages to visit this most favored of shrines.

HOME CIRCLE

GOD CARES FOR ME. I stood by the door at eventide, My heart was full of fears...

A sparrow was twittering at my feet, With its beautiful auburn head, And looked at me with dark, mild eyes...

A lily was growing beside the hedge, Beautiful, tall and white, And it shone through the glossy leaves of green...

Then it seemed as the hand of the loving Lord Over my head was laid, And he said to me: 'O faithful child, Wherefore art thou dismayed?'

There's a little vine-clad cottage, A nestling in the dell, In dear old Canada, That I love so well...

Chorus— See those bells a ringing, It is very dear to me, That little vine-clad cottage, In grand old Canada...

That little vine-clad cottage, Recalls with joy to me, The hawthorn by the roadside, And the good old maple tree...

The roses mother planted, With a tender, loving care, (She lies sleeping in the churchyard) Are blooming ever fair...

The village bell's resounding, 'Round that humble cottage door, I hear it in my musing, Just as in days of yore...

A copy of the above song (words and music) may be obtained at Toronto Specialty Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, until Jan. 21, 1907, for 15c.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand, He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair It needs must be, since he lingers there.

Think of him still as the same, I say, He is not dead—he is just away!

A WINNER IN LIFE'S GAME. Life's a game of go and hustle, Life's a thing of rush and bustle...

Life's a thing of rough-and-tumble, Life's a thing of laugh and grumble, Life's a thing of grab and fumble...

Life's a thing of self-styled winners, millionaires and saints and sinners, Men who have and haven't dinners...

It's a fortunate thing for some officeholders that killing time isn't punishable by hanging.

TEST OF MANHOOD. He is a pretty sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere...

This is the test of your manhood; how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside yourself? If you lie down now...

"I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," said Emerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or fortune's changes, never bates a jot of heart or hope..."

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battlefield, or fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones while the hand of death lay chill in the wear and tear of civic strife...

HOME REQUISITES. A home may be fitted out in luxurious style and yet lacking in small conveniences be destitute of comfort. No mere artist or furnisher can supply these.

Any one who has felt in the dark for a match box only to find it gone from its place knows the disappointment that ensues. One who has required a string in a hurry understands the perplexity that may arise from the want of a ball of twine or a box or bag filled with short cords.

The village bell's resounding, 'Round that humble cottage door, I hear it in my musing, Just as in days of yore, A stranger now commands it, And no friendly face I see, Yet that little vine-clad cottage Is all the world to me.

Announcement is made that a new altar rail just completed in the Baltimore cathedral at a cost of \$10,000 was given by the family of the late William Boggs, a well-known business man of Baltimore, and erected in his memory.

The rail is marble with an interesting history, having come from a quarry in Greece known about the time of Christ. Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, the financier of New York, recently selected the same sort of marble for the ornamentation of the cathedral in Richmond.

The marble is called Skyros, and the rail is the first use of it here. The quarry was evidently forgotten in years gone by, and not until four years ago was it rediscovered. Its product was looked upon as valuable and has been put on the market.

The rail extends across the entire chancel, and each pillar on either side of the center pillars has a symbol of the Blessed Sacrament. The center pillars are crosses.

Each of the gates weighs 100 lbs. and is carved out of solid marble. The remainder of the rail was put up in sections and clamped together but each gate is a solid stone. The

Professional men, as well as laymen, have been puzzled over the mysteries of the nervous system, but this much is certain: that nerve force is created from pure, rich blood, and, with the exception of accidental injuries, diseases of the nerves arise from a thin, watery condition of the blood.

On this principle, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was prepared, for this great food cure actually forms a certain amount of pure, rich blood every day. Not only is this treatment scientifically correct, but the enormous success which it has attained has proven it to be unequalled as a cure for all diseases resulting from thin, watery blood.

When you cannot sleep well, suffer from nervous headaches and indigestion, brain fog, irritability, and feel down-hearted or discouraged, turn to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the most certain means of restoring vitality to the nervous system, and of avoiding nervous prostration, paralysis or some dreadful form of helplessness.

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gates are swung on tracks and have ball-bearing hinges which make them work smoothly.

SIGN OF DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER.

When you are satisfied with mediocrity. When commonness doesn't trouble you.

When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you as it once did.

When you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later.

When you can work untroubled in the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.

When you can listen without protest to indecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once did.

When you do not make a confidante of your mother as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think your father an old fogey.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and whom you would not want the members of your family to know that you know.—Success.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Paracelsus' Vegetable Pills, which are amongst the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and all most efficacious in their action.

DOOLEY ON THE PRESS. With a "twist" of his own, Dooley gives Father Kelly's impressions of the press in this style: "Printer's ink. A drop of it on wan little wurrud in type," he says, "will blacken the fairest name in christendom..."

HE WAS THE MEANEST. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the well-known writer, was discussing the harsh treatment that a multi-millionaire had given his underpaid hands. "Such treatment," said Miss Tarbell, "made my blood boil when I heard of it. It was mean. It was the height of meanness. It reminded me—here she smiled—"of the conduct of a park policeman on a summer afternoon."

THE TRUE VALUE OF A HOME. How few of us really know the value of the good homes with which God has blessed us! Not until death does the scattered family far and wide do its true worth break upon us.

AN EVERYDAY GARMENT. Common courtesy is a phrase we often hear, but what does it convey to us? What obligations does it suggest as between ourselves and our most intimate associates? Of course common courtesy is not expected to be anything more than elementary, even rudimentary. One who has no more than that would not be expected to display the manners of a trained and finished courtier.

A HAPPY LIFE. Someone gives these directions to making life happy: "Take time. It is of no use to fume or fret or do as the angry housekeeper, who has got the shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unlocked. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our under-girding of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexation as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get. It is not riches, it is not poverty; it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back. Angry thoughts, cancer the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world."

TWO VIEWS. There are two ways of looking at a husband. One is to make up your mind that he has no faults and to

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MY CREED. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them...

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The Children's Page

LAST PLAY OF THE DAY.

The clock strikes, time for bed, I'm afraid, we may say: Bears in corner—there—see, Don't let them run at me.

What's that shines in the room? 'Tis the man in the moon. He is laughing, mean tease, 'Cause I shake at my knees.

Why don't you come and play? Said bright moon to wee May. Won't you hide and then seek And be sure not to peek?

How can I play with you, Up in heav'n, far and blue, Without wings? I can't fly—Oh, I'm 'fraid, want to cry.

'Moonbeams thus vanish fears, So be good and no tears, Through me come on that cloud— Land of Nod calls out loud.

Crescent starry ladder swings And to clouds we may bring. Then hides her out of sight, Luna searches through the night.

Oh, I see, there you peep; Now you're blind, closed eyes keep. Peepers tight in sweet dreams, Wee May plays with moonbeams.

A THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

Take what you have of prosperity, No matter how little it be; Raised with the leaven of thankful-ness, 'Twill increase to full three times three.

Then put in some hospitality, And a quantity of good will; A goodly portion of cheerfulness Gives a pleasanter flavor still.

And sweeten it well with charity— Be sure and use plenty of that; For, lacking this one ingredient, The whole will be tasteless and flat.

And spice it with fun and merriment, And with many a timely jest; For, lacking this one ingredient, The whole will be tasteless and flat.

When served with a sauce of kind-ness, 'Tis a pudding fit for a king. For it cannot be bought or paid for, It is far too precious a thing.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS

Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth, That away to the east, to the west, north and south, On the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds, Fly the tone of your voice and the sound of your words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door, All the words you will say, all you have said before, Are imprisoned with? Some are sweet, pleasant words, Which, when they get out, will sing like the birds.

There are others so cross that they no one can please, And, when they get out, will sting like the bees. Watch them close, little maid! When cross words stir about, Shut the door right up tight, and don't let them get out.

An elephant which fell through a bridge in India was driven over the same road thirty years later, and refused to cross at the same spot, and had to be driven twenty miles to a fording place.

HOW PETER GOT A PLACE.

"Mother, here's an advertisement that looks as though it would just suit," said Peter, coming in with his broom on his shoulder. He had been sweeping the pavement for Miss Patience Weeks, who, by way of compensation, allowed him to look at the advertising columns every morning.

"What is it, dear?" asked his mother, beginning to pour out his coffee at the little round table in the corner of the bright, clean kitchen.

"I'll read it to you," said Peter. The advertisement ran as follows: "Wanted: A good, smart boy, who is willing to run errands, and who is not afraid of work. At the Old Book-store, corner Pennari and Leech streets."

"Yes, that sounds well. But by the time you get there, Peter," said his mother, "I am afraid the place may be given to some one else. It is a good distance from here."

The meal over, he started for the store, and had gone about half way, when he saw a boy on a bicycle, a few feet ahead of him, run into a dog and throw the animal over. The bicycle suffered an injury also; a tire was punctured badly, making progress slow. Peter lingered a few moments to see if the dog was badly hurt. It was a pretty little fox terrier; and, as he lifted it from the ground, it looked beseechingly into his face, with short yelps of pain.

Peter glanced around, but saw no one to whom the dog seemed to belong. The boy examined it, and found that one of its forepaws was injured. He did not know what to do. He could not bear to leave it in the street, and while he was considering the little creature nestled down contentedly in his arms, occasionally uttering a man, but on the whole appearing to feel rather comfortable.

Peter was obliged to accelerate his pace, and soon came up to the other boy, now making but slow progress on his bicycle.

"Hello!" he called out, as Peter passed him. "That's the dog that ran into me, isn't it?"

"That's the dog you ran over," said Peter, and passed on. "Is it yours?" shouted the boy. Peter shook his head. The boy turned down a side street, and Peter lost sight of him. But when he reached the old bookstore he found him seated, with three or four others, on a bench inside the door. A little man with blue spectacles was talking to them. Peter felt that he had but a slight chance among so many; but joined the group, not forgetting to remove his cap, which none of the others had done. Before entering, Peter had taken the precaution of placing the dog under a box which stood in the vestibule. As he entered the old man was saying to the boy with the bicycle:

"I guess you'll do. You have a bicycle, and you can run errands more quickly. You'll have to carry home books, you know. Come in the morning."

"All right, sir!" replied the boy. The others stayed not upon the order of their going, but sidled out one by one, evidently disappointed. Peter was about to do likewise, when the old man suddenly turned and asked:

"Was that a dog crying, boy? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Peter. "Where is it?"

"Just outside—under that box. It was hurt, and—"

"He!" he laughed the successful one. "You see, I was goin' along pretty fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow picked it up and carried it in his arms like a baby. I didn't know he was comin' here, though. He's a reg'lar sissy boy, that fellow is; you can tell by his pink cheeks and curly hair."

The bookseller growled and looked sharply over his spectacles at his new assistant.

"Your dog?" he inquired of Peter. "No, sir," was the reply. "Yours?" he asked, turning to the other boy.

"No, sir-ee. I ain't got no use for dogs at any time. And I'd like to smash that one, he made me puncture my tire. There was a sharp stone, and—"

"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the old man. "Most boys do like them."

"Yes, I like 'em with tin cans tied to their tails. That's lots of fun. Well, I'll be along in the morning."

"Wait a moment boy!" said the old man. "Perhaps I'd better consider this matter a little longer. I'm fond of dogs myself. I'd like to see the creature. Fetch him in."

Peter hastened to the door, and returned with the dog in his arms. It held up a limp paw, moaned once or twice, blinked saucily, Peter thought, at the bookseller, and then hid its face against his coat sleeve under the reproachful glance and admonitory finger of the old man, shaking slowly up and down as he laid his other hand on the dog's back.

Peter thought the situation a little strange, while the old man said: "So he's not your dog?"

"No, sir," answered Peter. "Ever seen him before?"

"Never." "What do you propose to do with him?"

"He didn't seem to have any owner, so I thought I'd take him home to my mother. She's awfully good at curing things. I wondered if his leg was broken."

"And when he got well? What would you do then?"

"I guess I'd love him." "Would that be honest?"

"I think it would," said Peter. "It would be better to hunt up his owner in the neighborhood where you found him. He's a pure fox terrier—a valuable little dog."

"Is he?" answered Peter. "I think he's mighty cute, but I didn't know he was valuable."

"You might advertise for the owner," suggested the old man.

"Oh, no! I don't think I ought to do that," replied Peter at once. "If he is valuable, or if his owner wants him, he will do that himself."

"You're not so slow," remarked the old man, with a broad smile, "and your position is well taken. I think I'll keep him myself—if he will stay with me," he added.

"But," began Peter, "that wouldn't be right either."

"Yes, it would," rejoined the old man, "because he's my dog."

"Your dog?" exclaimed Peter, clasping the animal a little more closely, while the other boy burst into a loud laugh.

"You're a pair of blokes!" he cried impudently. The old man turned upon him.

"You may go!" he said, angrily. "And go at once, and don't come back! Do you hear?"

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter.

"It is my dog," he said, "I'll show you. Pinkie! Pinkie!" he called, and the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there, he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

"Now do you believe he belongs to me?" inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. "Do you like books, boy?" he asked, after a moment.

"Very much, sir," replied Peter. "There are plenty of them here."

"There are second-hand, principally," said the man, "but interesting most of them, and valuable many of them. I know you like dogs. I have two passions in life—books and dogs. I think we shall get on together. You may come to-morrow. I will pay you four dollars a week. The bicycle doesn't cut much figure, when all is said. I guess I can rent one, if we need it, until I see how you do. I'll nurse up Pinkie. His foot is not broken; he'll be all right in a day or two. Come in to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter. "I'll be sure to come."

"You see," said the old bookseller, as he accompanied the boy to the door, "I'm very fond of fox terriers especially. They're the most intelligent animals you ever saw; affectionate, too, and very companionable; but they have the bad habit of running away for days at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn up again though, unless they're run over and killed, as Pinkie might have been this morning; or stolen, as no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following cus-

tomers. However, now that he will have a young companion, one that he likes besides—for I can see he likes you—perhaps he may be satisfied with those little bouts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name, my boy?"

"Peter, sir—Peter Smith," answered the boy.

"I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost; that he does not willfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward. Peter, I feel almost certain he will stay at home, now that you are coming. What do you think?"

"I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away," said Peter. "And I'm very much obliged for the place."

"It was the dog that did it. Thank the dog," replied the bookseller. "I'll expect you at half-past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep the shop and dust the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am absent. If you love books as you say you do you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on, Peter—I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witch-hazel on Finkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morning, Peter—good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" responded Peter, blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him. And, thanking his good fortune, he hastened home to tell his mother the welcome news that he had not only found a place, a master, and a playmate, but that all three were just as he would have chosen them, if it had been given him to choose—Ave Maria.

PRINCE AND THE DOVE POLLY.

And who is Prince? Prince is a large black and white dog of the shepherd strain, with a fine, handsome face, and as good a disposition as dog or man ever had. And Polly is a beautiful white dove, with the pinkest toes and feet, bright eyes and a pretty arching neck. It is of these two that I write a true story, every word of it, and Prince and Polly can be seen any day, just as I describe them, at the farmhouse of Mr. Cary Carpenter in Bolton, Connecticut.

About a year ago Polly for the first time came to the place from no one knows where, but evidently she liked her new home, and instead of going off for a mate as doves are wont to do, she soon began to show an unusual interest in Prince, and made him her companion and friend.

In the early spring of one morning I was approaching the farmhouse, but some distance away, in the edge of the woods, I found Prince on the top of a rail fence sniffing up a hollow apple tree where squirrels had passed the winter, and there not two feet from him was Polly keeping watch over the proceedings. Later I often saw that when Prince attended his master in excursions across the fields or to the neighbors, Polly invariably went along, flying this way and that, and alighting at the end on building or fence, but always near her companion Prince. Each morning when the door of the house is opened Polly is there to make her daily visit, and if Prince, as sometimes happens, is lying across the threshold, she hops upon his back and rests awhile before entering.

A little while since, Mr. Carpenter called his wife to the door to see a pretty picture, for there was Prince half lying down, in the attitude called couchant, and Polly between his fore paws and nestling under his shaggy breast.

Strangest of all is their way of showing affection for each other. Sometimes when Prince is stretched upon the ground and trying to sleep, Polly will walk round him, stopping every second to peck his tail or his foot, and when this has been repeated a few times, Prince lifts his head, opens his big mouth and takes Polly into it, and yet so gently that he does not ruffle a feather, and Polly does not exhibit the slightest fear.

When I see the perfect confidence that Polly has in Prince I think that if all children were good not only to the doves but to all the birds, perhaps some time their fear would be outgrown, and they would come to us for food or kindness and be more than they are to-day our intimate and loving companions.

WISDOM OF AN ANCIENT CALLING.

"Make Jim stop bothering me, mamma. I can't read my story!"

"Aw, Bess is awful cranky!"

"I do wish you'd try to agree, children. You'll drive me crazy to-day!" Mrs. Roberts sighed into the darned basket.

The two boys playing checkers on the window-seat began to dispute now. The young mother looked up with a feeble smile as her mother-in-law entered.

Mrs. Roberts senior appeared quite unaware of existing "atmospheric" conditions. Presently she took something from the mantel, then seated herself near the grate.

"Isn't it a bit chilly here, my dear?" she inquired of the younger lady.

"Jimmy, run and get grandma the white shawl on—"

"No, deary," interrupted the older lady, briskly, "let's light this wood in the grate. Jimmy, come strike this match, will you?"

Jimmy moved with alacrity, and a fire soon blazed and crackled gaily. The little fellow stretched himself on the rug and looked dreamily into the blaze, while the two ladies began to chat comfortably over their work.

Presently Bess brought her book and sat on the floor, leaning against grandma's knee; she began to tell her fairy story in an undertone to Jimmy.

The checker players moved nearer, laughing over their adjusted "score."

Some time later, the four children having departed in happy mood to play "show," in the attic, the two ladies sat together in delightful silence, broken presently by the young-

er. "Mother, couldn't you arrange somehow to stay another month?"

Mrs. Roberts senior was the subject of some contention among her daughters-in-law. Each one wanted her all the time. She could scarcely snatch out a few weeks to spend in her own home.

"You have such an influence over the children! Why, before you came down this afternoon they were like so many bears. What did you do?"

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

is the Most Delicious and refreshing Tea in the world. Perhaps you were shopping or calling to-day and went home tired out. Do you know that a cup of "SALADA" would have completely refreshed you? There is nothing quite as good as "SALADA" when one is weary, either in mind or body.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c Per Lb. AT ALL GROCERS'

"Oh!"—Mrs. Roberts' senior laughed—"I started the fire."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Well, when my seven boys got a bit quarrelsome I often used to light a fire. It has a wonderful effect sometimes. There's something about an open fire that suggests friendliness and peace and love—home, in short. I'd dislike to try to raise a family without a fireplace."

"What a beautiful idea!" said the daughter, musingly. "I'll remember that."

After a thoughtful pause young Mrs. Roberts spoke again: "You have such wonderful ideas, mother. You know so many nice ideas, mother. You know so many nice ways. You ought to publish your ideas."

"Oh, deary, no! that wouldn't do." She laughed. "The business of being mothers is very old, you see, and every old craft has its secrets."

"But people—other mothers should know," said the young mother, earnestly.

"Oh, some things must be handed down from individual to individual," said the older mother, comfortably, "when the young mothers are ready to receive them."

"Ah," said young Mrs. Roberts, thoughtfully, gazing into the fire, "I understand."—Youth's Companion.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

ALLEY DOG'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

There is no doubt about it—Tatters understood perfectly well that it was Thanksgiving Day. For not even an alley dog, who knew nothing about the joys of home life, the Halloween candy pull, the birthday cake with candles, the Christmas stocking, bubbling over with toys, could possibly mistake the delicious fragrance drifting out of the alley. A Thanksgiving turkey was roasting in every kitchen oven.

Perhaps, though, as he trotted up and down, the tantalizing odor in his nostrils, Tatters wondered just a little what he had to be thankful for.

Born in a tanyard, from sorrowful puppy days he had been a waif upon the streets, a cold area, a draughty, vestibule his only shelter from a wintry storm; meagre scraps from ash and garbage barrels his only food.

The past month "times" had been unusually hard, and Tatters was unusually hungry. Besides, he had cut his foot on a ragged piece of ice, and although it had healed his whole leg was stiff.

Something cold and wet stung his forehead. He lifted brown eyes sorrowfully and scrutinized the white flakes scurrying through the air. A blizzard was approaching, and never before had the sharp wind so pierced to his marrow—probably, he argued, because now in his half-starved condition his bones were so near the surface.

He sat down a shivering moment and tried to work out the puzzle tangled in his brain. For an hour he had been chasing; the wonderful fragrance that had set at thrills up and down his spinal cord, yet seemed no nearer the goal of his desire. How was it possible for a little alley dog to catch a turkey roasting inside a house shut up tight?

As if in answer to his questioning thought, a Spitz dog, warm and prosperously robust in his thick white furs, passed Tatters with a scornful sniff, ran up a flight of stairs, scratched peremptorily on a closed door, at the same time giving three quick, sharp barks. Instantly the door was opened, and with a matter-of-course air, the Spitz disappeared into a room thick with the most delightful greasy smoke.

Tatters' heart beat wildly. After all it was so simple and easy! Trembling in every limb, he climbed the flight of steps nearest him. Strong whiffs of roasting turkey stole out through crack and keyhole, and the starving little dog became so excited that when he stood on his hind legs to knock his forepaws kept slipping down the door panel instead of boldly scratching, while the three quick, sharp barks planned fizzled out in a yelp with a comical catch in the middle.

The door swung open, however, as promptly as the Spitz's, and he

stood triumphant on the top step, enveloped by fumes of the long-steeped turkey.

"The nerve of him!" The shrill voice of the woman in the doorway sent a quiver through Tatters' whole body as he timidly tried to wag his tail. "An old alley dog scratching at the door as if he belonged here! Begone with you!"

A sharp pain caught poor little Tatters' ribs as he was kicked down the steps, while the opened door that had promised an entrance into fairyland shut with an angry bang.

For a long time Tatters lay in a huddled heap on the hard, cold sidewalk, pitifully whimpering like a hurt child stifling a sob. Then he struggled to his feet, and, in spite of his dizzy weakness and the throbbing ache in his side, bravely hopped up the alley.

But he had lost all hope. Thanksgiving turkeys would not be intended for little alley dogs. The wind was rising, the snowflakes eddying down faster and faster. He would find some corner into which he could crawl and die undisturbed.

Suddenly he came to a halt. Could he believe his eyes! He blinked away a blurring snowflake. It was not a delusion or a dream. A few feet away a back door stood open upon the alley.

Weakness, pain, despair were lost in a leap of joyful surprise, and the next ecstatic moment Tatters was entering a beautiful warm kitchen.

The room was empty, but upon a table, as if a little alley dog were an expected guest, stood a tin plate piled with bones that absolutely dripped the delicious turkey fragrance.

The stiff leg and aching side forgotten, Tatters circled round and round on his hind feet, strenuously reaching the air in a vain effort to reach the bones. Then he made a marvelous discovery. Close to the table was a chair. He jumped upon it and in a flash snatched a magnificent drumstick with luscious morsels of rich meat still clinging to the bone.

Alas! The plate was so near the edge of the table that Tatters' awkward haste turned it over and the tin clattered on the floor as though a burglar alarm was going off.

An inside door flung open into the kitchen and the whole room seemed to swarm with yelling, chasing boys. Tatters dropped his treasure and ran, but escape to the street was already cut off, and the only possible hiding place the dark "cave" under the kitchen stove.

As he crouched, panic-stricken, beneath it he heard a sweet flute-like voice silence the boisterous clamor that had so terrified him.

"For the land of love, boys," it gently questioned, "what is all this hubbub about?"

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"The outside door couldn't have been latched, Grandma," explained Tom, "and the wind blew it open."

"And—and an alley dog walked straight in," excitedly continued Arthur.

"He upset the plate of turkey bones from the table, Grandma," Paul flourished a poker. "He's hiding under the stove, but I'll have him out in a jiffy."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," protested the sweet flute-like voice, and the end of the poker, that had almost touched Tatters' nose, was hastily withdrawn.

Then the floor under the stove shook as Grandma impulsively went down on her knees, and the trembling Tatters saw peering at him the loveliest face into which he had ever looked, for the lips had a tender smile, and the bright eyes shone with love for all the world, including ever a poor little alley dog.

"Doggie, doggie," said the sweet flute-like voice. "Did those naughty boys scare him most to death?"

"But, Grandma, they protested in chorus, 'he was stealing a bone.'"

"The little fellow didn't know any better. Why, the poor critter looks most starved. Quick, Tom, bring out the mashed potato dish. Arthur, get the turkey gravy—carry it straight, now! And, Paul, you gather up the scattered bones so he can have one for dessert."

When all was ready—a bountiful supply of the potatoes swimming in gravy on the tin plate, and beside it a newspaper "napkin" bearing a turkey wing—they gradually coaxed Tatters out to his Thanksgiving turkey dinner and as they stood back in a "tip-toe," whispering group, watching the starved little alley dog eat, Grandma's eyes filled with tears.

"Land of love," she murmured. "I ain't got the heart to turn the critter out on this blessed holiday. I reckon we can manage to keep him till to-morrow."

The three boys grinned from ear to ear, for they knew that the little alley dog had found a home in which he would be loved and petted until the day of his death.

And Tatters, as he paused to catch his breath after a rapturous lick of turkey gravy, shyly but deliberately wagged his tail.—Standard-Union.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

When things are at their worst Is the time to smile. Any heart can be comforted When life looks worth while; Put the girl whose cheerful face Meets the hardest day, Finds the sunshine in the end, Finds the joyous way.

On January 9th, 1889, Alexander von Pauchin skated a mile in 2 minutes 58 2-5 seconds at Amsterdam.

December THE ADVENT OF CHRIST 31 DAYS 1906. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and feast days. Includes 'CHALICES AND ALTAR VESSELS' and 'W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies, 123 Church St., Toronto'.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW. Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous.

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Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, including a testimonial from Mr. E. Bishop Brand and a list of ailments it treats like coughs, colds, and asthma.

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1906.

THE SPIRITUAL.

A correspondent having called upon Bystander "to disavow belief in the supernatural and miraculous, is answered as follows: Belief in the supernatural it is not difficult to disavow, since everything that exists must be natural, as a part of the nature of things. But if by the 'supernatural' the writer means the 'spiritual,' disavowal is a different affair. That the spiritual is not real and a part of nature the Bystander holds to be as yet unproved."

ment of its natural capacity of knowledge. Man in order that he may exercise these means and gain this end, is raised as to his substance and as to his faculties also. And this elevation forms the last element in this supernatural order. To prove that there is such an order is to turn away from the confusion of tongues and the ways of the world. It is to seek the house of prayer where faith bows down and repentance is sincere and hope encourages, where the adopted children of God are to be found, where is the action of the Holy Spirit. It is to dwell in the court-yards of our Saviour's Blood, or roam in admiration up the high hills and near the sweet fountains where rise the torrents of God's grace and where His mercy rests in crimson light amid the shadows of earth. The supernatural is, of course, spiritual, for God will be worshipped in spirit and in truth. No man can disavow the supernatural without disavowing the spiritual. The spiritual without the supernatural in man, as at present constituted, is the blighted fig-tree, the pest-bearing wind coming up from the hot desert, withering what it should refresh. The supernatural is the crown, the life, the hope and peace and joy of the spiritual.

AN IMPORTANT TRUST.

The word, trust, is nowadays used in strangely contrasted meanings. In the one, caressed in the other, and unproductive of adequate good in either. So far as commercialism is concerned a trust is a case of grabbing all in sight and holding it for the sole benefit of selfishness. In the better and stricter sense of the term there are many trusts in life. Life itself is a trust. The ballot is another—a trust bearing upon national interest. Attention has been of late especially directed to it on account of the scandalous exercise and guardianship of it. A laxity has crept into the ballot system which threatens the public weal itself. Whether it is a right or a privilege makes little difference. Its purpose is for good, not for evil, and for public good, not for private greed. So seriously has this purpose been interfered with that many seem to think we should go back to open voting. This by no means strikes at the root of the evil. The most important remedy is a better public conscience. As long as education leaves morality and religion to any appendix on its curriculum so long will weakness show itself in disrespect for such public trusts as the ballot. Truth and honor are at every turn held at low value. Things will not improve until the system of education improves. One of the main faults with the election law is its complicated character. Expenses are multiplied in proportion as committees are increased, polling booths added for the convenience of the voters, and heeled encouraged for the benefit of themselves. Every one of these will be more or less a gap for the escape of dubious money. The whole business ought to be simplified, so that whilst obtaining a true expression of the constituency's wishes, there may be neither a quashing of the verdict nor the scandal of wrongdoing. Bribery is an evil which should be minimized wherever it is found. But no human law can absolutely stamp it out. It is only in cases when like ambition it overreaches itself. It then raises its foul head above ground to be a target for public condemnation. Education, public opinion, efficient and simple legislation will give a truer idea of the ballot, its proper use and its national importance.

OUR SCHOOLS AND TAXES.

The letter published in this issue from our always esteemed correspondent, Rev. Father Minehan, speaks for itself and with the exception of one or two points, requires no comment from us. That the Rev. gentleman took issue with us in the article referred to is not subject for wonder, for even though espoused to the same cause, it is impossible for all to think exactly alike. When, however, referring to the injustice done our schools in the matter of taxes, Father Minehan promises to tender his profound apologies if we can show our advocacy of our educational institutions in the past in this regard, and further, if we will utter forth with a call for Catholics throughout Ontario to act immediately and with one accord, for the adjustment of this grievance we feel that the fruit of the promise is already ours, and to comply with the wishes of Father Minehan is but to continue in our always pronounced line of conduct, namely, for justice towards and the betterment of, our schools. When to do this is but the simple duty of individual Catholics, there is surely no room to doubt the action of a Catholic paper. Further, we repeat our former statement that time and again, both by written protest and by personal effort, we have brought representations of manifest injustice before the quarters responsible. We feel sure that a glance backward will convince our Rev. correspondent that we are right and as to our work in the future he may rest assured that in his desire for justice to our schools in the matter of taxes, we are one with him, and that every

Catholic in Ontario may be roused to an interest in the matter is an end to which we heartily subscribe.

A HYDRANT IS NECESSARY.

In the letter published elsewhere in this issue, of Inspector R. W. Bruce Smith, giving his report of the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside, attention is drawn to the necessity for a hydrant on the grounds of the institution. This necessity has for some time been fully appreciated by the ladies in charge and at their behest a deputation waited upon the civic authorities to ask that the needed instrument be supplied by the city and erected in case occasion should arise for its use. The request so far has not been complied with and it may not be out of place to direct the attention of those whose duty it is to look after our public institutions, to the fact that should a conflagration break out in the Orphanage under present conditions, results might be appalling. This was evidenced when a fire broke out last year and Chief Fireman Thompson and his men found themselves utterly powerless, their hose proving too short and only reaching to the second story, as the water had to be taken from the lake. The Sisters themselves on the occasion referred to were principally instrumental in subduing the blaze, but who can say that they would always be so fortunate? This is a case calling for the immediate attention of our city fathers. Now is the time to see to this. Better prevention than wait until some appalling catastrophe awakens us to a realization of our shortcomings.

EDITORIAL NOTE

We publish in another column a letter from Professor Goldwin Smith. The request he makes we shall be only too happy to observe as far as is consistent with our views of the Church. We should regret very much in any controversy or criticism not observing all laws of courtesy towards a gentleman from whom though we differ in many respects, we at the same time respect. It is needless to say, even at the start, that the distinction which he makes is one which we, for our part, cannot admit; but we leave our views upon the work of Hildebrand for our next issue. In the meantime, we assure our correspondent of our extreme goodwill, and desire that we may come to agree not only with respect to the Catholic religion, but also with respect to the papacy, which has been throughout all the centuries its chief exponent and supreme guardian.

A Catholic Layman Defends the Society of Jesus

(St. Thomas Daily Times.)

Dear Sir,—In your report of Thursday's proceedings at the Women's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Convention in this city, the Rev. John MacNeill is stated to have spoken harshly of the missionary labors in the Canadian West of the Catholic Church in general, and the Jesuit Catholic priests in particular, and that he alleged that a priest took a Scandinavian's Bible, pronounced it a "bad book" which should not be read, threw it on the ground, and stamped upon it. We have not far to go to find the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Bible. Your own issues of last month, Mr. Editor, contain a synopsis of Rev. Father West's exhortation to his flock to neglect not the diligent reading of their Bibles. Cheap editions of the Holy Gospel are constantly advertised for sale in the Catholic papers. Father Rickaby, himself a Jesuit priest, has an article in a recent issue of "The Month" magazine, entitled "The Gospel in the Schoolroom," in which he declares that the intelligent study of Holy Scripture always provides the best kind of a ground for solid piety. The Rev. S. Blagden, a non-Catholic clergyman of Boston, writing in the Milford, Connecticut, Citizen, said: "Having made the 'Society of Jesus' a matter of careful reading and study, and having known them personally for years, I am persuaded that the Jesuits, though much persecuted, defamed, denounced, and abused, still represent the highest type of spirituality in the Catholic Church." Senator Vest, speaking on the Indian question before the United States Senate, said: "I do not speak with any denominational prejudice in favor of the Jesuits. I was taught to abhor the whole society. I was raised in that good old church which looked upon the Jesuit as very much akin to the devil; but I say that out of eleven tribes I saw, where there were Jesuit missions, you find farms, civilization, the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, scrupulously observed. One ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory—and this I saw and know." But why go on? Nobody wants a controversy. It's a poor business as a rule, but do, please, Mr. MacNeill, give us merely the name of that priest, and of the Scandinavian, together with time and place. It's little to ask. Yours truly, A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

Non-Catholic in Catholic School

Mr. W. H. Nevinson, one of the most prominent of contemporary journalists, writing in the Westminster Gazette, of London, on "Religious Teachings," contributes this remarkable article on "The Roman Catholic School":

As you pass within Catholic walls from the common streets you may understand the curious surprise with which a Greek of the second century, or a savage worshiper of Thor, came upon some early Christian home in the midst of a cultured city or haunted wilderness. There at last he found a peculiar peace, a confident serenity, an almost womanly consideration for the wants and weaknesses of mankind. He perceived that from the hour of birth to its final departure upon the "hor" his hopeful journey to God, the Christian soul was comforted and encouraged by words and ceremonies of a plain and beautiful symbolism. A guard had been set at every gate by which the unseen powers of covetousness, presumption, sloth and despair might break in and assault the human spirit. To every phase of common life a kindly sympathy was extended, and to the very uttermost the living soul was never excluded from the hope of victory in the long spiritual contest of existence.

It is the same in the Catholic school. From morning till evening the children are surrounded by the plain and beautiful symbolism of protecting and merciful powers. The crucifix hangs upon the wall, the Virgin, with flowers round her feet, watches them like a mother more beautiful and considerate than their own. Three times a day their prayers go up, and three times a day they are instructed in the definite teachings of the Church, so reasonable and satisfying that I think every one would wish them to be true. When you see the children beat their breasts at the words "through my fault," when you hear them repeat the "Hail Mary," and remember that the first part of it was made by the Angel Gabriel, and the second by the Church so long ago, when you hear them instructed that the oppression of the poor is one of the four sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance, it is not difficult to understand why the ancient Church has maintained its hold upon humanity, and in most European lands always continues to be the Church of the poor. For the poor do not reason more than other people, but they suffer more.

The teacher referred to in that school, and of these forty were Protestant (if the Anglicans will allow me to use that fashionable word just to distinguish other Christians from the Roman Catholics). The day's work begins at 9 with the Catholic prayers followed by the Bishops of England and Wales. Many of the answers are repeated in unison by heart, and as in the repetition of the prayers, I noticed the beauty of the tone and cadence, contrasted with the hideous pitch and whine of the average board school. The pleasant voice may have been partly due to the number of Irish children present, but the general effect of beauty comes, I think, from listening to the church music and ancient chants.

The teacher referred to a sufficient summary of Biblical history to guide him when it was necessary to emphasize a point of Old Testament teaching or example, but the children did not read the text verse by verse as in the board and ordinary church schools. The ancient doctrine of the Catholic Church is the thing insisted upon and no questioning. The first lesson at which I was present dealt with the doctrine of indulgences, how they are of two kinds, plenary and partial; how, by the aid of prayer, they may take the place of the old canonical penance for the remission of temporal punishment; how such prayers may go to assist the souls in Purgatory, who can no longer help themselves.

The subject naturally led to the doctrine of Purgatory and hell, confession and penance, with special insistence on the doctrine that forgiveness after confession the contrition for sin must be heartfelt. The meaning of prayer was then explained, and perhaps for the benefit of a poor ignorant Protestant like myself, the clause in the catechism was brought in, teaching that "we do not pray to relics or images, for they can neither see, nor hear, nor help us." On consulting the catechism myself, I found the further admirable clause which forbids "all dealing with the devil and superstitious practices such as consulting spiritualists and fortune tellers, and trusting to charms, omens, dreams and such like fooleries."

There is also a special clause condemning secret societies, whether with an eye to Ireland or the Freemasons. I do not know whether the girls' class—there were seventy-four girls in one small room—the prayers included a touching petition "for all who will die to-day," but as I was trying to realize the vast significance of that prayer—the innumerable souls who were going to Purgatory that day from China, Central Africa and among the Esquimaux—we received the order, "One—two—sit," and proceeded with a lesson on the commandment against false witness. It is the eighth in the Catholic list, the first two being written as one, and the clause "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" standing severally alone as the ninth. On this occasion the teaching was entirely "moral"—an exposition of the evils of lying, gossip and perjury, such as might have been given without offence in any Cover-Temple class.

In the other subjects, such as science and history, the teaching seemed to me on a level with the board schools, or rather better. That depended not on the subject, but on the teacher. But in the religious instruction the difference was so wide that community or compromise is evident impossible. I do not wish to set one against another in comparison. There is much in Catholicism repellent to the English nature; much, perhaps, in the English nature repellent to Catholicism. I know also that many of us fall easily under the charm of the old Church's "holism," her beauty of ritual, her memorials, tradition—influences with which the

reason has no concern. It is such things as these that save nearly every Catholic I have ever met from vulgarity, but the real source of the Church's power lies, I think, in that pitiful and considerate attention to the Christian soul in all the great and small events of life, so that the soul is never lonely, never unprotected or abandoned. In the Catechism, which is the base of the teaching, the children are given not only the doctrines of sin and prayer and forgiveness; they are given a rule of life and a form of daily exercise. They are taught, for instance, not only that the Sacrament of Matrimony gives a special grace to enable those who enter into it to bear the difficulties of their state, but that it is their duty after their night prayers to observe due modesty in going to bed, and to begin the day by making the sign of the cross and saying some short prayer, such as "O my God, I offer my heart and soul to Thee." Thus the child passes on into life, believing himself to be attended by powers and defenders which most children I think would like to have with them, and many grown-up people, too.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICISM VS. THEOCRACY.

Editor Catholic Register: Sir,—In criticizing anything I may say respecting religious questions between us, there is a distinction which I earnestly hope you will observe. I wish and have always wished, to speak with respect of the Catholic religion, which in its main features was that of the Latin Fathers and of Gregory the Great. This, in my mind, is a thing entirely distinct from the theocratic Papacy, which was the work of Hildebrand in the eleventh century, and the consequences, of which, as I believe, have been and are most disastrous to the Catholic Church and to Christendom.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH. Toronto, Nov. 29, 1906.

THE "REGISTER" AND SCHOOL TAXES.

To the Editor Catholic Register: Sir,—In the communication in which I recently made a strenuous objection to certain terms in your editorial on Separate School interests as affected by the decision of the highest court in the British Empire, I did not mean to disparage in any way your advocacy of Catholic education. Indeed on several occasions I took advantage of articles and extracts appearing in your pages to impress on parents and children the importance and advantages from every point of view, of a sound Catholic training. In this, and in several other respects, I am glad to notice a decided and growing improvement in the "Register."

The points at which I aimed my shafts were: 1. The imputation of evil motives, a matter which should be left to the judgment of the great Searcher of hearts. The province of an editor, in my opinion, is to deal with words and actions as they affect the community. The privacy of the home or the immeasurably greater privacy of the heart, are regions into which journalism should not intrude. 2. The failure of the Register to give due prominence to the injustice under which our Separate schools labor in the matter of taxes. I may be wrong in this latter charge, and if the Register will quote any extract in which this injustice was condemned in its pages during the last six months, I will tender my profoundest apologies. If the Register will repel my stricture by boldly advocating the removal of this injustice and calling for action on the part of Catholics throughout Ontario, I will welcome a retort of that kind.

I am afraid that my remarks on the pressure brought to bear on members of the Separate School Board in order that their adoption of the Public School Entrance examinations should be continued, might convey the erroneous impression that the members of that body contemplated a change. The Board had no desire to revert to the old order of things and deserves credit for its excellent move in having De La Salle Institute made the headquarters for the examination of Separate school pupils. But attempts were made to prevent this arrangement, and it was because of a knowledge of such attempts that the pressure referred to was exercised in the opposite direction.

L. MINEHAN.

WELL DONE, ST. PETER'S.

To the Editor Catholic Register: Sir,—In recent numbers of the "Catholic Register" a prominent position has been given an urgent appeal for aid to a struggling Catholic mission in Northampton, England. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of St. Peter's Parish in this city, feeling that something systematic should be done for Catholic missionary work, has determined to contribute something monthly to this object. Any mite of seven dollars sent to the above address. Notice of this move is sent to the "Register" in order to encourage general action along this line. Our own pioneer work makes heavy calls on us; but we will meet these all the better because of the blessings sure to follow from a practical interest in the work of our brethren all over the world. System and initiative will enable us by small sacrifices to accomplish wonders.

A MEMBER OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

The above letter, showing the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of St. Peter's parish, is but another instance to add to the many already before the public of the good work being done by this parish of St. Peter's, under the direction of their zealous pastor, Rev. Father Minehan. Though in the midst of building and paying for a new church and equipping it with all things necessary, the people of St. Peter's have time and inclination to think of the wants of others and so their sympathy goes out to a struggling mission in England, and they send tangible recognition of this thought on its behalf. Well done, St. Peter's! May others be inspired to "go and do likewise."—Ed. C.R.

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A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE HOPE. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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JOTTINGS

The Very Rev. Canon Cahill, of Killenamumery, Dromahair, Leitrim, died on Nov. 7th, to the keen sorrow of the entire county.

Hugh Cassidy, a well known fireman of Hamilton, died and was buried last week under the auspices of the Veteran Firemen of that city.

This evening (Thursday) Mr. D'Arcy Scott will deliver an address to the Hibernians of Ottawa on "The Present Condition of Ireland."

A press cablegram from Rome, date of November 26, tells of the sudden death in Posen, Prussian Poland, of Mgr. Stabilewski, Archbishop of that See, on Saturday last.

It had been anticipated that the sanctuary at Westminster Cathedral would be ready for use for the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30. It is now arranged that the sanctuary will be used for the first time for First Vespers on Christmas Eve.

In March, 1907, the American College of Louvain, Belgium, will celebrate its golden jubilee. In fifty years this institution has sent more than six hundred bishops and priests to continue the work of our Divine Lord in the United States of America.

Jeremiah Curtin, who is best known to the world as the translator of Sienkiewicz, the great Polish novelist, is one of the world's greatest linguists. He is said to be master of seventy languages. Mr. Curtin was born near Milwaukee, Wis. He is a Catholic, of Irish parentage.

A handsome Celtic cross has been erected over the grave of Thomas Moore, Ireland's national poet, in Broomham, Wilts, Eng. It was unveiled with appropriate exercises on November 24. An address by Justin McCarthy, who had been invited to officiate, but who was unable to be present, was read.

The State Railroad Department, Rome, has received orders to reconstruct the Pope's railroad car. This car has not been used since 1870. It is a special carriage, with gilded angels at the four corners. Inside there is a portable altar, and the upholsterings are of white velvet. This news is commented upon with much interest in all circles.

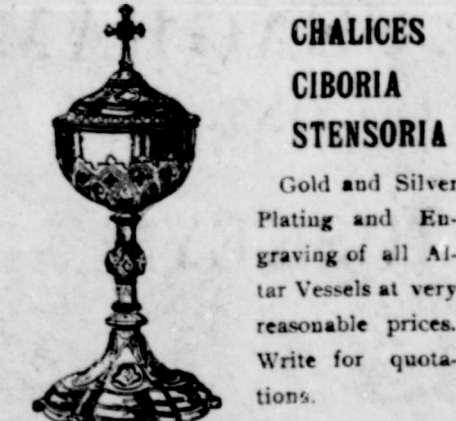
The "Osservatore Romano" prints a letter of His Holiness to Cardinal Vicar Respighi, requesting him to order special prayers for the enemies of the Church, this being the only means left in the present "grievous condition of the Church, which is fought and oppressed by many of her own children, who have become her foes."

The historic Augustinian order inaugurated a new international college at Rome on Nov. 25. The ceremonies were attended by Father Rodriguez, general of the Order; Cardinals Rampolla, Vives y Tuto and Martelli and the Most Rev. J. J. Hartley, Archbishop of Manila, P.I. The Archbishop was questioned by a number of the other prelates present concerning the standing and affairs of the Augustinians in the Philippine Islands.

A magnificent theatre is being built in St. Vincent's parish, Chicago, by the Rev. P. V. Byrne, C.M. It will be the home of refined and uplifting drama and music. The theatre will cost \$150,000. The dramatic and musical clubs of St. Vincent's parish, including the Thespian and the Shakespeare Societies, will give some of the performances. Edward McGillan, formerly with the Bush Theatre, will be the manager, and Father Byrne will act as censor of the productions.

J. J. M. LANDY

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Mission at Niagara-on-the-Lake

The following is an account taken from the St. Catharines Daily Standard of a mission given by Fathers Warner and Thunnell:

The mission services which have been held at St. Vincent de Paul's church for the past eight days have been largely attended by the members of the congregation and the citizens generally. Even the early morning services, which were held every morning at five o'clock, were attended by crowds of devout worshippers. The visiting priests, Fathers Warner and Thunnell, have labored faithfully while they were here and were the means of helping Father Bench in awakening the congregation to a sense of the laxity of their religious life. Many members, who had not attended church for years, were influenced to come back to church and make amends for their neglect of their religious duties.

For this good work the mission is chiefly responsible and the missionary priests have earned the gratitude and praise of the congregation for it. On Saturday evening the service was of a very beautiful and impressive nature. Early in the evening people began to make their way to the church and by the time the service opened the building was filled to the doors. The interior of the church was prettily decorated, the altars and the Virgin Mary's shrine were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and growing plants and were illuminated by many candles.

Father Thunnell addressed the congregation and explained the nature of the service. During the course of his address he thanked the citizens who are not members of St. Vincent de Paul's for their attendance at the mission and for their generosity and said that God would surely bless them and bless the town for it. As he stepped down from the altar, a procession of little boys and girls (12 of each) entered the church, two by two and marched up the aisle to the altar accompanied by the music of the organ and choir. During the service these little ones were consecrated to the services of the Blessed Virgin. The music was appropriate for the occasion.

Father Warner preached a very able and eloquent sermon, during which he explained the origin of their custom of asking the intercession of the Blessed Mother of Christ. He was listened to with interest and attention by all who were present. He is a very eloquent speaker, to whom most people like to listen. After the sermon the Vespers service was celebrated, at the conclusion of which the children formed in line and marched out of the church and over to the priest's house. The little girls were dressed in white with wreaths of flowers on their heads and looked very modest and pretty.

Fathers Thunnell and Warner left for their home in New York where they are followed by the prayers and good wishes of the members of the congregation of St. Vincent de Paul's church. The resident priest, Father Bench, who was the means of having the Mission services held here has worked hard to insure their success and deserves great praise for attaining the desired end. During the short time that Father Bench has been in charge of the work, he has earned the love and respect of his congregation and has made many friends among the townspeople generally.

MONTHLY INTENTION.

The General Intention given by His Holiness to the Associates of the Sacred Heart League for the month of December, is "Christian Disinterestedness." This comes very opportunely with the Christmas season, the time when both by nature and grace we seem stirred to think of others even in preference to ourselves. The "intention," while urging all to do what they can for their own salvation urges us to think of others and both by word and example to help them gain the heavenly goal.

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

St. Onge - Dolan

A pretty wedding took place at Orillia, Ont., on Wednesday, November 28th, when Veronica, daughter of Patrick Dolan, was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph St. Onge of Barrie, Ont. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Dolan. The bride was dressed in brown ladies' cloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Nellie Clark was bridesmaid.

The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Jerry Dolan of Toronto. Mr. James Dolan of Toronto was best man. The groom's gift to the bride was a set of furs and a pearl crescent to the bridesmaid, while the best man received a pearl stickpin. After a dainty breakfast the happy couple left on their honeymoon for Hamilton, Buffalo and Eastern points. The wedding reception took place on their return and some one hundred gathered at the bride's father's home, Uptergrove, Ont., to do honor to the newly married couple. They received many handsome and costly presents. They will shortly take up their residence in Barrie, Ont.

Mulvihill - McSweeney

On Thursday, Nov. 27th, the Church of the Angel Guardian, Orillia, was the scene of an interesting ceremony, when two of that town's most popular young people, Mr. P. Mulvihill and Miss Laura McSweeney, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony amidst a large host of friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Moyra.

The bride was attired in cream net over white silk with picture hat and carried pink carnations, while her bridesmaid, Miss J. McSweeney, also looked handsome in a gown of fawn voile trimmed with green with hat to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Dan Mulvihill.

The happy young couple left for Niagara Falls and Buffalo after the wedding breakfast, which was served at the home of the bride on Smith street. On their return they will reside at Alliston.

Inspection Sacred Heart Orphanage

I made an official visit of inspection to the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto, November 24th, 1936, when I found 145 males and 123 females, a total of 268 inmates. On inspection I found the general condition of the building in good order. The beds, bedding, halls, dormitories, closets, drainage, ventilation and water supply were all found satisfactory. There have been no deaths among the children in residence at this Orphanage during the past year, and the fact that there has been no sickness indicates satisfactory sanitary conditions.

The children appeared cheerful, contented and very well clothed. There are good school rooms wherein the children are taught the usual subjects of the day school. The dietary is satisfactory and the quality of the food supplied is good.

Since last inspection there has been considerable painting in different parts of the building with very satisfactory results. A new boiler has been added and pipes for use in case of fire have been placed in metal tanks suitably situated. The attention of the City Engineer should be called to the absolute necessity for a new hydrant convenient to the institution so that in case of fire there would not likely be any lack of proper water service.

An addition should be built to this Orphanage to provide a lavatory for girls. The one now in use is not as good as that provided for the boys, and is not properly situated.

On examining the books I found the entries were neatly and correctly made and up to date. My inspection impressed me favorably in regard to the discipline and management of this institution. The Government grant for the past year was \$2,466.46.

R. W. BRUCE SMITH, Inspector.

November 27th, 1936.

It is not very often that one has an opportunity of visiting the art centres of the Old World. Those who are fortunate enough to travel are enamoured of the German and French places of art, and rarely do they return without securing some of these marvels of beauty. Few would consider their trip complete without a visit to the Louvre, the great French art gallery, and Germany also claims the attention of the tourist, on account of the wonderfully clever inventions in art novelties, such as beautiful statuary, wonderful combinations of glass and electric light effect, musical clocks, boxes, and the hundreds of other charming creations to be had there.

However, it is not necessary to travel so far to secure some of these wonderful statues, pictures and other works of art which are so much sought after at this season of the year. Our correspondent informs us that Mr. J. J. M. Landy, of 416 Queen St. W., the new religious goods dealer and jeweller, has imported a full line of these goods, and extends to all interested either in the religious goods line or in the jewellery line, a hearty invitation to visit his establishment, where every facility will be afforded them for inspecting his large and varied assortment of goods. A special invitation is extended to the Sunday School teachers who will find suitable Christmas tokens for their classes at most reasonable prices. The Ordo also will very soon be ready for distribution, and all requiring same should send in their name and address to him without delay.

The many friends of Mr. J. J. M. Landy will be pleased to learn that he is still moving rapidly to the fore in his jewellery as well as in his religious goods business, and the Register heartily joins in wishing him continued success, as it is always a pleasure to us to see our Catholic young men aiming for and rapidly climbing the ladder of success in whatever they undertake.

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Death of Mrs. McNulty

Mrs. Thos. McNulty, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Mara, departed this life on Nov. 10th last, at the advanced age of 86 years. The funeral took place from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Devlin at Orillia to the Church of the Angel Guardian, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Moyra, and thence to Uptergrove Cemetery for burial.

Deceased leaves five daughters, twenty-one grandchildren and nine great grandchildren to mourn her loss. The daughters are Mrs. Owen Morris, Rathburn; Mrs. Owen Haley, Mara; Mrs. P. Devlin, Orillia; Mrs. Morton and Mrs. A. Burns of Toronto. May her soul rest in peace.

Books make the best Christmas presents. The gift of a book carries no obligation nor does its acceptance. In most cases it is a gentle compliment to the literary tastes of both giver and receiver. When one sends a clever book to another it carries a sort of implication—"I have read this book and I think your own bright mind will appreciate it." (Perhaps there is a little egotism in that, but not enough to be offensive.) While there are many books every one has not the facility of procuring them. A package of books to your friend in the country is surely a great treat. Blake's Catholic Church Goods House, 123 Church street, Toronto, Canada, have over 3,000 titles of books on its shelves.

Attorney for the defence—"Have you ever been cross-examined before?" The Witness—"Have I? I'm a married man."

A curious thing about women is that either they find fault with the way cheap cigars smell in the house or with the money you waste on good ones.

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Miss Abraham's Secret

"Father Joseph seemed fairly put about this morning." "So he did, ma'am, so he did, fairly put about and sorrowful. 'Twas the Bishop speaking as he did concerning God's house and its proper adornment that went to his heart, as it did to all our hearts for certain. Our church is a poor, bare little place when all is said and done, but 'tis not the Father's fault, He does his part if any man ever did and keeps the sanctuary as clean as may be, I've seen him at work in an old cassock, and all powdered from head to foot with whiting, his cassock as grey as his hair, and the drops of sweat thick on his upper lip as he rubbed away at the silver candlesticks. Another time I've caught him hammering away for dear life at the altar rails which had broken down. There is nothing he wouldn't put his hand to for the sake of his church, but when it comes to raising money he doesn't know which way to turn."

"And I don't wonder! Father Joseph knows the state of our purses as well as we do ourselves. When we have paid in our seat rent, and given something to the poor box, and something towards building the new school house, what more can be expected of us?" "God knows, I'd give more if I could—" Mrs. Merryweather's thin, eager little face was all aglow. Her companion, a stout, prosperous-looking woman, stared at her disapprovingly. "Well, I call it flying in the face of Providence to give beyond one's means," she observed, heavily. "My man and I have done what we could for the church, but times are bad and we are not going to rob Peter to pay Paul. Charity begins at home, as I always say."

"I know you do, ma'am; but it nearly broke my heart to think nothing could be done. The Bishop said 'twasn't right that Father Joseph should have to use his sick-call pix because of wanting a second ciborium, and he said the tabernacle ought to have double doors, and that the Father's cope was a disgrace—" "Well, well, I can't help it, Mrs. Merryweather. Do you know a new ciborium would cost five pounds if it cost a penny, and as for a cope, I can't be saying what it would cost."

"The Bishop said that what we gave to the church was really given to our dear Lord—it seems as if we had grudging spirits. I'll give my mite, ma'am, won't you give yours, and we will pray that God will give us the rest!" "Nonsense, Mrs. Merryweather, what sort of a mite can a widow with five small children be giving? And as for me, as I said before, neither Mr. Broadmead nor myself can give anything further. We are putting ourselves about as 'tis to make both ends meet. By the way, I wonder if you can do a bit of work for me before Christmas, Mrs. Merryweather? I'm not buying myself a new gown, but I thought I'd send and have my brocade silk, that was my wedding dress, dyed a fine blue, and that you would set it to rights a bit! Put it in the fashion and that. 'Tis a good, rich silk."

"Yes, ma'am, and doubtless 'twill look uncommon well," said Mrs. Merryweather, rather faintly. "I'm sure 'twill look well if you does your part well. You'll not forget to be coming to me in a fortnight or so?" "No, ma'am, I'll not forget for certain."

"Good-day to you, Mrs. Merryweather." "Good-day to you, ma'am." Mrs. Broadmead sailed away at this with an important air, and the little widow looked after her with an expression of distress upon her usually cheery face.

"Poor soul, I do pity her from the bottom of my heart, that I do," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "My dear Mrs. Merryweather, who is it you pity so deeply?" Mrs. Merryweather started. She had thought herself alone.

Miss Abraham was on her way home from church, and she now stood looking at Mrs. Merryweather inquiringly. "Hess me, Miss Cecilia, is it you? Indeed now, I didn't mean to be speaking aloud. I was only pitying those who are too poor to have anything to give to the Lord. Poor-rich people, I call 'em. They have enough and to spare for their own selves, but nothing to give to the Lord."

Miss Cecilia Abraham looked earnestly into the widow's glowing face. She was a tall, graceful woman of forty or thereabouts, still good-looking, but very worn and sad, with mournful eyes and a mouth that ne-

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ver smiled. Mrs. Merryweather had known her for many years. "Nothing to give to the Lord?" she repeated, dreamily. "Ah, you are thinking of Father Joseph's appeal to us. How it troubled him to have to speak, and yet how well he spoke! I was so touched. . . . If only I was one of your poor-rich people, Mrs. Merryweather, I'd soon turn over a new leaf and give the Father all he requires. But you see I am really poor. Since dear mother left me I have only just managed to exist. I spend next to nothing on dress, live on the plainest food, and only keep one little maid. Father Joseph quite understands my position."

"I am sure he does, Miss Cecilia. And so does our dear Lord. 'Tis He Who reads the secrets of all our hearts, who knows us through and through, and is always ready to take our good will if we cannot offer Him naught else."

A rather strange look came into Miss Abraham's dreamy eyes, a slight flush rose into her palled cheeks. "Yes, Miss Cecilia, He knows when we can give and when we can't give, sure enough. And I've been thinking we might be making up a fund, a little bit of a self-sacrifice fund, 'twill bring in a few pennies, and I'm doing bits of extra work here and there."

"Dear Mrs. Merryweather, it is good of you; I'll see if I can't do something," cried Miss Abraham, hurriedly. "Give your prayers at least, my dear."

"Yes, I will give my prayers," murmured Miss Abraham, pressing the little widow's hand affectionately. "But I see your children are waiting for you. Good-bye—good-bye." Although it was late in October the trees kept much of their foliage, and the golden yellow of the oak tress was especially noticeable. The hedges, too, were still full of color and brightness against the stormy, autumnal sky. Hips and haws were there in abundance, coral red and dull crimson, whilst the translucent berries of the bryony shone out brilliantly from amongst tawny and purple leaves, their trailing stems running riot; and from the withered bracken, clothing the banks below, flashed now and again the bright stars of the irises with their splitting pods and the clear, red berries of the wild arum.

Miss Abraham looked about her with unseeing eyes. Her face was full of thought, and she walked with quick, impatient footsteps. Once, when a gust of wind swept down a shower of leaves, sending them flying through the air like yellow butterflies, she shivered a little.

Some chord of sorrow seemed to have been struck. The summer was over, the harvest ended—the summer was over! When she reached home she went upstairs at once to her room and bolted the door. Then, with an almost guilty air, she drew from beneath the bed an oblong box of cedar wood. It was locked, but detaching a small key from her watch-chain, she proceeded to open it with quick, decisive movements.

Within were many rolls of tissue paper, whilst a pleasant fragrance of dried rose leaves and lavender filled the air as the lid was thrown back. Miss Abraham drew away the folds of paper with trembling fingers, and disclosed lying beneath a white silk gown—evidently a wedding-gown, for it was adorned with knots of myrtle and orange-blossom.

A lace veil was also there, some white slippers, a pearl brooch and a tiny ivory prayer-book.

Taking a fold of the rich silk in her hand Miss Abraham sat as one in a dream.

Twenty years before had this dainty garment been fashioned for her by Mrs. Merryweather, and full of buoyant happiness she had looked forward to her wedding-day—to the coming of her bride-groom.

But the bridegroom had never come. His ship was lost at sea with every one on board; and through all these years Miss Abraham had mourned his loss, and had refused to be comforted, had remained utterly resigned at heart.

She had taken her wedding gown and laid it away in the cedar-wood box, as if it were the corpse of her lover, at least it represented the death of all earthly love and happiness—all the joy of life—and for twenty years she had never failed to look at her treasure morning and evening. It seemed to be a bond of union with the lost past. She loved to touch the shimmering silk, to kiss the little prayer-book, her lover's last gift.

Now with burning cheeks and shining eyes she sat making her final decision, and suddenly a great tear splashed upon the wedding-gown.

A few Sundays later Mrs. Broadmead rustled into church very fine in a brocade silk dress of a deep blue color; her bonnet was also blue, with nodding plumes; and with an air of great complacency she swept up the aisle, followed by Miss Abraham in her shabby black coat and skirt.

Presently her handsome, rubicund face was upturned in absorbed attention as Father Joseph began to give out the notices for a week. Then a look of amazement overspread her features.

After giving out the usual notices, Father Joseph paused and then in a tone of deep feeling said there was something about which he wished to speak to his people. Through the goodness of a member of his congregation he had been provided at last with a new cope, a cope that would fully satisfy the requirements of the Bishop; a bridal robe of the richest white silk had been sent as an offering to the church, and in this way the prayers of the congregation had been answered.

Mrs. Broadmead moved uneasily in her seat and her face became of a deeper crimson. Who could have made this magnificent offering? she wondered, glancing stealthily this way and that. No one, however, but Father Joseph was in the secret, and no one else in the church knew how it was that for some time past such a look of peacefulness had come into Miss Abraham's face; how it was that the worn, sorrowful expression had been banished from the delicate, fine features, and the soft eyes lost their dreamy mournfulness.

The truth was that in giving up her wedding-gown Miss Abraham had also given up her selfishly brooded-over sorrow. She had resigned herself at length, heart and soul, to the will of God. With resignation had come peace of spirit, and with peace of spirit an abiding gladness.

"Miss Cecilia, dear, have you seen the new cope? 'Tis laid out in the sacristy for all to see, and the Father is fairly beaming over it."

Mrs. Merryweather's own face was beaming as she met Miss Abraham at the church door. " 'Tis a splendid cope and no mistake," she continued volubly, "and folks be so taken with the thought of the wedding-gown being offered up like that that they are all agog to get the ciborium. . . . My fund is running to pounds, Miss Cecilia!"

"That is good news," Miss Abraham turned a smiling face upon the little widow. "So 'tis, Miss Cecilia, so 'tis. But I'd love to know who 'twas in the congregation who gave the wedding-gown. Father Joseph had it made up in London, and a pearl brooch, sent along with it, paid for the making. Now who amongst us could have given such a gown? I'm puzzled and no mistake. But this I will say, the silk is the very moral of a silk that was in my hands twenty years ago—"

Mrs. Merryweather paused abruptly as if a sudden thought had come to her, and a tender, moved look came into her eyes.

"I think it is you that we all have to thank, Mrs. Merryweather. You see, you set us such a good example!" said Miss Abraham, gently.

"I didn't set you an example with wedding-gowns, Miss Cecilia. My own wedding-gown was a plain brown merino, and was cut up into frocks for the children years ago. . . . But I will not be giving way to idle curiosity. Whosoever 'twas that made the presentation is surely known above, and that is enough for me."

The little widow spoke with fervor. "'Tis the work of the Lord when all is said and done, Miss Cecilia!" "You are right, Mrs. Merryweather, quite right," said Miss Abraham, earnestly.—The English Messenger.

Warm Praise for the I.C.R. "Lady Gay" in the Toronto Saturday Night has this to say about the I.C.R. "One of the happy memories of a summer holiday in Eastern Canada is the trip from Montreal to Sydney or Halifax by the Intercolonial Railway. In robust health, or in semi-invalidism, one may enjoy this perfect route with pleasure, and too much cannot be said of the excellence of the roadbed, the comfort of the cars or the kindness and civility of conductors and porters. I am writing rather feelingly, and not in the mechanical tone suspected by the public, for I travelled East last summer by this line when, under some circumstances, travel would have been

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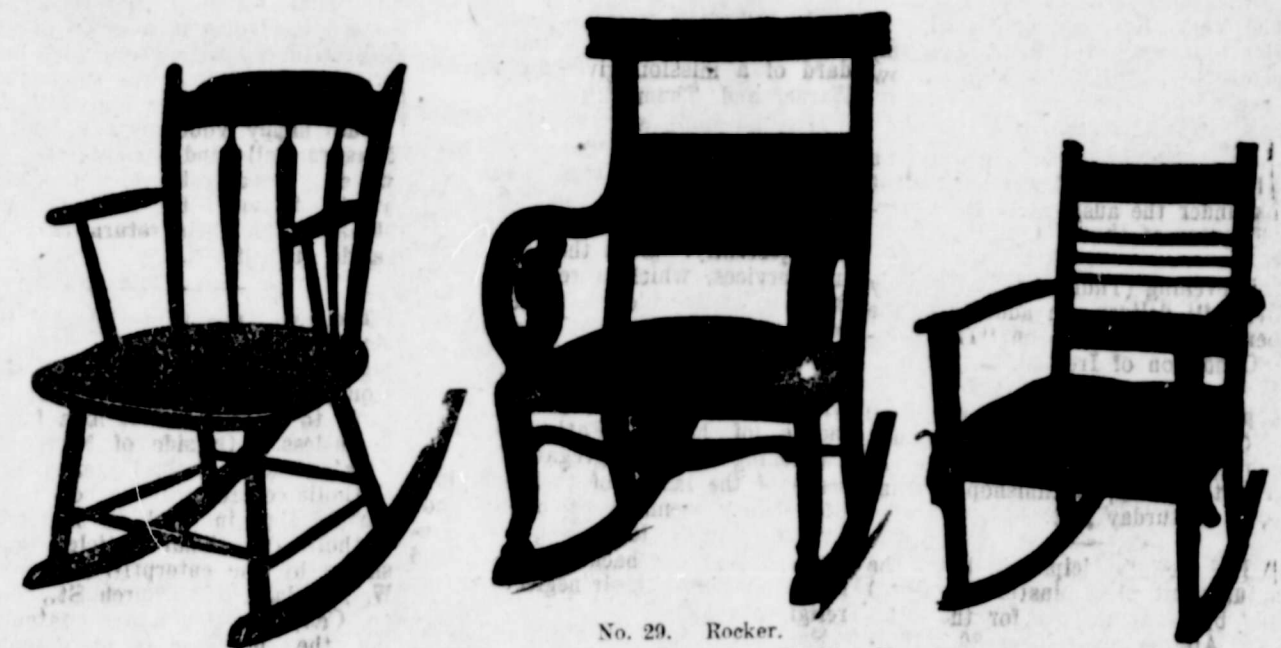


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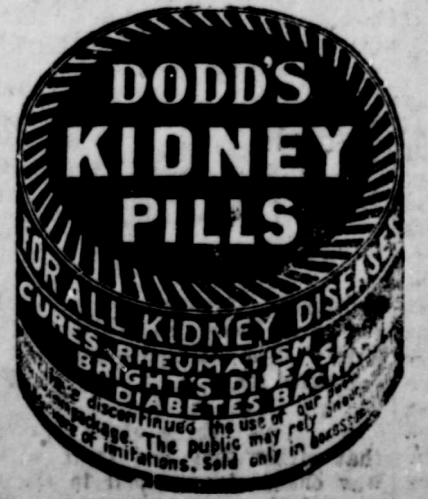
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Majesty of the Sacrifice of the Mass
The Rev. Thomas Heverin preached
the following discourse at St. Agnes'
Church, California, his theme
being "The Sacrifice of the Mass."
My dear brethren: The sacrifice of
the Mass is about the commonest oc-
currence, so far as frequency is con-
cerned, in the Catholic Church. That
sacrifice is offered every day, in every
part of the world.
The elements of the sacrifice are
bread and wine, and the essential
parts the Offertory, at which the
bread and wine are offered to God;
secondly, the Consecration which
changes the substance of the bread
and wine into our Lord's Body and
Blood, and, thirdly, the priest's Com-
munion, at which time, the con-
secrated bread and wine are consumed.
This sacrifice can be offered only
by a priest. St. Justin, martyr, of
the second century, writes that God
receives sacrifice only from His
priests. It can be offered only to
God, and it is the great act of
worship of the Church. The name
"Mass," which is applied to that se-
ries of actions, comes, according to
the best authorities, from the Latin
word "missa," which means a dis-
missal. How did this word come to
be applied to what we call Mass?
In the ancient Church there were two
dismissals of the people attending:
first of the Catechumens, that is, of
those who were under instructions
and not yet Christians. They were
dismissed immediately after the Gos-
pel and sermon. The second dismissal
was that at the end of the ser-
vice. Now, in course of time, the
word "missa," which was used for
the dismissal, came to be applied to
the service from which the people
were dismissed.
From our frequent attendance at
the Mass, we are apt to become so
familiar with it that we may attend
with distracted minds, not realizing
the momentous action which is tak-
ing place before us. Familiarity,
they say, begets contempt. It tends,
at all events, to create an absence of
interest in things with which we are
familiar unless our attention is strik-
ingly drawn to them. It is true of
the wonderful universe in which we
live and with which we are so fami-
liar, and it is true in a large measure
of the sacrifice of the Mass. In the
hope of making you appreciate better
the great thing the Mass is, and enab-

ling you to assist at it with more
devotion, more faith and fervor and
with greater profit, I wish to speak
to you this morning on the Mass. I
will confine myself to the nature and
universality of the Mass.
The nature and the universality of
the Mass were foretold in the Old
Testament. In the 109th Psalm, which
is part of the Old Testament, we read
these words: "The Lord hath sworn
and He will not repent. Thou art a
priest forever, according to the order
of Melchisedech." Now, in regard
to that text, we may ask, to whom
was the prophet referring when he
said, "Thou art a priest forever, ac-
cording to the order of Melchisedech?"
Who was this Melchisedech, and who
is to order a sacrifice according to
his order? St. Paul tells us in his
Epistle to the Hebrews that those
words of the Psalm, "Thou art a
priest forever, according to the order
of Melchisedech," refer to our Lord,
St. Paul uses the same words, and
applies them to Christ, and they sig-
nify Christ's eternal priesthood.
Who was Melchisedech? Melchise-
dech is mentioned in the book of
Genesis, in the 14th chapter, and in
St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews.
He was a priest and his sacrifice was
one whose elements consisted of
bread and wine. To be a priest,
therefore, according to the order of
Melchisedech was to offer a sacrifice
according to the rite of Melchisedech,
that is to say, a sacrifice in which
bread and wine would be prominent
elements. Now, our Lord offered that
sacrifice according to the order of
Melchisedech when at the Last Supper
He took bread into His hands and
said, "This is My Body." And then
taking the chalice containing the
wine, said over it: "This is My
Blood, which shall be shed for you
for the remission of sins."
St. Augustine in commenting on this
remark: "There was a sacrifice al-
ter the order of Aaron, and after-
wards He, Christ, offering His own
Body and Blood, presented a sacrifice
according to the order of Melchisedech."
Put there was a difference be-
tween the sacrifice offered by Melchise-
dech and that by our Lord, in this,
that Melchisedech's offering of bread
and wine did not effect a change of
their substance into the Body and
Blood of Christ, since Christ had not
yet become Man, whereas our Lord's
offering of bread and wine at the
Last Supper did effect a change in
their substance into that of His Body
and Blood. It was then that He veri-
fied this 109th Psalm: "But Christ
was to be a priest forever, "Thou
art a priest forever according to the
order of Melchisedech," that is to
say, this sacrifice offered at the Last
Supper would continue to be offered
throughout all time until the end.
Our Lord took care that this sacri-
fice should be continued by appoint-
ing a priesthood, first the Apostles
and then their successors. These hu-
man and visible priests are instru-
ments in the hands of the Divine and
Invisible Priest, who is Christ Him-
self, who exercises through their in-
strumentality His eternal priest-
hood, by offering daily, under the ap-
pearance of bread and wine, His
Body and Blood, on the altars in the
Catholic churches throughout the
world.
Consider, therefore, the dignity of
priests, which I say, not as intimat-
ing that you have not the respect for
us and not as wishing to exalt my-
self, for I feel only too keenly my
own unworthiness and unfitness to be
an office, as I think every other priest

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drink. You heed these signs, but there
are others, just as important, that you
frequently neglect.
When your stomach refuses to digest
its food, it is making the unmistakable
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Beecham's Pills and gives you decidedly
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sleep and regular habits are a few of the
beneficial effects that follow the use of
BEECHAM'S PILLS

does; but I say: Consider the dignity
of priests in order to call more strik-
ingly to your attention that
from which their dignity is derived,
namely, that great, momentous sacri-
fice of the Mass.
St. John Chrysostom says: "The
priestly office is discharged amongst
men, though it ranks with heavenly
ordinances and rightly so, for neither
men nor angels nor archangels, but
the Paraclete Himself, the Holy
Ghost, instituted this office and per-
suaded men, while still abiding in the
flesh to undertake the ministry of an-
gels. Wherefore, the consecrated
priest ought to be as pure as if he
were standing in the heavens among
the heavenly powers for when thou
seest the Lord sacrificed and laid on
the altar and the priest standing and
praying and all the people enraptured
with that precious blood, canst Thou
still think Thou art standing on the
earth and amongst men."
The sacrifice of the Mass, I said, is
a universal sacrifice, offered daily and
in every part of the world, and this
universality of the Mass was also
foretold. In the Old Testament, in
the last of the prophets, Malachias,
we read these words: "I have no
pleasure in you, said the Lord of
Hosts, and I will not receive a gift
from your right hand for from the
rising of the sun, even unto the going
down, there is offered to My name a
clean oblation. For my name is
great among the Gentiles, saith the
Lord of Hosts, but you have profaned
it." These words of the prophet
were addressed to the Jewish people.
They foretold the rejection of the
Jewish sacrifice and the future insti-
tution of a new one. This new sacri-
fice would be a clean oblation, ac-
cording to the prophet, that is to
say, an unbloody one, in other words
it would be offered daily: "From the
rising of the sun until the going
down," said the prophet. And in every
place, in every part of the world this
sacrifice is made, and there is no
institution on the earth which veri-
fies that prophecy except the sacri-
fice of the Mass.

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disease usually assails the weakest
point, these persons are continually
exposed to attacks of cold and pul-
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so that they are not so liable to de-
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atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup
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Archbishop Walsh's Plan
(New York Freeman's Journal.)
Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, has a
plan of policy through which he finds
himself able to contribute liberally,
as he is famed for doing, in aid of
religious works of all kinds in his
diocese. Recently, in an address at
a meeting in one of his parishes to
raise funds for the improvement of
the parochial church and schools, he
said that whenever he looked into
his purse to see whether he could give
help as he wished, he never found
it empty, "a fortunate state of af-
airs" which he thus accounted for:
"I think I can give the reason for
that fortunate state of affairs. I
think it is in great measure due to
my having done what I could to act
upon the advice given to me at the

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beginning of my time in the
bishopric; by an old friend of mine,
now no longer with us, the Arch-
bishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke. When
I was appointed Archbishop he said
to me, "You will have a good deal
of heavy work before you in Dublin in
the building and enlarging of church-
es, of schools, of hospitals, and so on,
and you will be expected to give
liberal support to them all. It will
take a deal of money, but from all I
have ever heard of the people of Dub-
lin, I think I am safe in saying that
they will never see you short of money
for any work of the kind provided
'ed,' he added, 'you take the advice
that I am going to give you now.'
I naturally asked him what it was,
and when he gave it to me, I must
confess that it took me by surprise.
'All that you have to do,' he said,
'is to give out money freely, give it
out whether you have it or not, go
in debt for it, and, above all things,
never make a poor mouth. There is
nothing,' he added, 'that will encourage
the people that have money to
entrust you with for the work of
the diocese as seeing you spend it
freely and well.' Well, that is the
principle that I have endeavored to
act upon from that day to this, and
it has turned out well."
And the Archbishop gave further
good example of his principle on the
spot by subscribing £500 (\$2,500) for
the work in hand at the meeting. The
policy which works so well in Dub-
lin is worth taking note of for trial
elsewhere.
"Anything that makes religion sec-
ondary, makes religion nothing. God
is patient and long suffering with
weak and petty faults of the human
heart, but there is one thing he will
never endure—the second place. He
who offers God the second place in
his heart, offers Him no place."

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring
the digestive organs into symmetri-
cal working is the aim of physicians
when they find a patient suffering
from stomachic irregularities, and for
this purpose they can prescribe noth-
ing better than Parmelee's Vegetable
Pills, which will be found a pleasant
medicine of surprising virtue in bring-
ing the refractory organs into sub-
jection and restoring them to normal
action, in which condition only can
they perform their duties properly.

What is the Love of God?
It is implanted in the soul of every
reasonable being, by his Creator, to
seek his own happiness, or what he
calls good. We find men incessantly
occupied in this search, from early
morning to late at night, from day
to day, and from year to year, as
long as life lasts. They seek it in
the present, and they look ahead and
try to secure it in the future.

But, alas! the trouble is that they
seek it where it is not to be found.
Many place it in the gratification of
the senses. They say, "Let us eat
and drink for to-morrow we die."
Our Lord has described such as these
well: "There was a certain rich man
who was clothed in purple and fine
linen, and who feasted sumptuously
every day."
A life of this kind brings a horrible
vacancy in the soul, like the younger
son who left his father's house to go
into a far country, and spent his
substance in riotous living. He was
then hungry, and would fain fill him-
self with the husks which even the
swine would not eat. Such a life-
makes one utterly selfish, hard-heart-
ed, and cruel, makes him unsatisfied
and discontented, shortens life,
brings on disease, deprives him of
hope of the future life, and makes
him die in despair.

Others place their happiness in hu-
man praise and glory. They are
pleased and satisfied for the moment
with this empty wind. Making of
money is what most people think to
be the end of life and its happiness.
This takes up their whole time and
attention, invited to the eternal
banquet of God, they say they have
no time to attend to it; they cannot
come. But, alas! money will not
purchase health, nor life—for we can
carry nothing out, and we must die
shortly; nor peace of mind. Who are
more restless and discontented than
the rich; and more insensible and cold
towards all spiritual things?

Our right reason and experience tell
us that true happiness is to be found
in one of these things. If our Lord
had not told us so, we should know
it all the same.
We can find our real happiness in
God alone. He is our Creator. He
drew us out of nothing. He endowed
us with all the faculties and powers
we have. He made us in His own
image and likeness. As far as the
body is concerned, we are like the ani-
mals, we are subject to fatigue,
pains, sickness and death. As to the
soul, we are like to God. We have
reason and intelligence; are able to
understand the works of God and to
enjoy unbounded happiness; and al-
though now feeble and defective in
mind, God intends to make us perfect
and to gratify our utmost desire for
happiness by making us sharers in
His own infinite happiness and glory.
In other words, we have been made
for Him and He is our last end. He
is entitled to our love for this reason.

Love does not consist in a sensible
and delightful feeling, which is after
all, in many nothing but self-love, for
then we love God because it gives us
a pleasure; but the knowing who and
what God is, and obeying and hon-
oring Him in spite of all obstacles,
and in the state of drudgery as well as
in sensible consolation, is the true
love of Him.

But how shall we know what is the
will of God? We know it already in
all the most important things. When
the question of sin comes up, con-
science will soon admonish us. We
have instruction in the Christian
faith; we know in a general way what
is pleasing to God.—If we have a
strong desire to please Him and do
what seems best, we cannot go
wrong. If we keep ourselves recol-
lected by frequent prayer, we shall
know the will of God all the time.
The habit of prayer will enable us to
love God with our whole heart.
Sincere and heartfelt prayer will
draw down an abundant grace from
God. Without grace we can do noth-
ing—i.e., of ourselves without God we
can do nothing.
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In and Around Toronto

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Higgins, jr., 229 McCaul St., who has been travelling in the United States for the past three months, has returned.

BOYS WILL SING.

The boys of the Holy Family Parish will sing the music of the Mass for the first time on Saturday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Saturday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, is a holiday of obligation. Several Masses will be said in the different parishes.

C.O.F. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Sacred Heart Court, No. 201, C.O.F., will hold their annual election of officers to-night (Thursday) in room 4, Foresters Temple Building. A good deal of business of interest to the members will be transacted and Controller Ward, brother Forester, will address the meeting.

ST. FRANCIS ALTAR SOCIETY.

A large meeting of the Altar Society of St. Francis parish had the pleasure on Monday evening of listening to a most instructive and interesting address by Rev. Father Hayes, the subject being the origin and signification of the colors used in the vestments.

ADVENT.

Sunday being the first day of Advent, the altars were draped in purple and sermons appropriate to the beginning of the preparatory season were preached in all the churches. Devotions on Wednesday and Friday evenings will be held in all the churches of the city throughout Advent.

ST. PETER'S COURT, C.O.F.

At the last regular meeting of St. Peter's Court, C.O.F., the annual election of officers took place with the following results: Chief Ranger, Thos. J. Conlin; Vice Chief Ranger, Thos. Chadwick; Rec. Sec., K. J. McKay; Fin. Sec., J. O. Hay; Treas., Rev. Father Minenan; Trustees, R. M. Chalue, F. A. Donnelly and Frank J. Walsh.

C.Y.L.L.A.

The regular meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was held at the home of Mrs. Moore, 195 Bloor St. East. The literature of Locksley Hall, under the direction of Miss Rose Ferguson, took up the first part of the evening, while later the study of 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was taken under the leadership of Miss D'Entremont. A written synopsis of the first act was given by Miss Kavanagh and character sketches of Hermia and Helena were given by Miss Lena Aymot. The date of the next meeting has been changed to Tuesday and will take place at the home of the Misses Landy, 37 Huron St.

SODALITY ELECTIONS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The ever popular and zealous chaplain of St. Patrick's Sodality, Rev. P. N. Doyle, C.S.S.R., took advantage of a social gathering of the above society last Thursday evening to announce the results of their annual election of officers as follows: President, Miss K. Loarden, 1st Vice-President, Miss M. Keogh; 2nd Vice-President, Miss K. Flannagan; Secretary, Miss K. C. Cummings; Treasurer, Miss M. Loarden; Councillors, Miss P. Devers, Miss A. Coll, Miss L. Higgins, Miss F. Costello, Miss S. McNamara, Miss M. Kerr. A retreat for the members is now in progress under the direction of Rev. Father Studhe. The exercises which began on Wednesday will close on Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, with a reception of new members into the Association.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER.

Girls' Department. The following are the names in order of merit of the pupils who have obtained the highest marks during November:

- Form IV., Sen.—Florence Bruxer and Alice Hayes equal, Marguerite Vinette and Mary Farhat equal, Nellie Harnett. Junior IV.—Rena Kenny, Lizzie Gilmore, Gladys Malone, Annie Christie, Rose Lobraico. Form III., Sen.—Agatha Fitschy, Christina Sullivan, Mary Burns, Helen Lauphler, Verna Peacock, Annie Soul, Marion Doyle. Jun. III.—Ada Farmer, Teresa Hickey, Katie McCarthy, Sarah O'Leary, Mabel Soul. Form II., Sen.—Anetta Bitschy, Ruby Carruthers, Annie Ryan, Margaret Feeheley, Lucy Skelton. Junion II.—Madeleine Bruxer, Josie Kenny, Dolly Carruthers, Rita Smith, Sadie Dohney. Part II.—Mary Lamentia, Violet Smith, Queenie Buckman, Maude Whelan, Agnes Whelan. Form I., Sen.—Cecilia Gahagan, Annie Smith, Violet Sarli, Lena Glionna, Rose Amata, Grace Glionna. Junion I.—Edna Bruxer, Petrina Lamentia, Anabel McMullin, May McSweeney, Gertrude Kirkup, Margaret Amata.

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THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

The Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League met in the I.C.B.U. Hall, corner King and Jarvis streets, last Friday night. A large number of members were in attendance. The study of the Irish language was taken up and the Irish alphabet was explained by means of black-board and chalk and the first chapter of the O'Growney Text Book was taught. An article on Irish History by Dr. Douglas Hyde was read and discussed by those present. A member who has just returned from a trip to Ireland described the progress that the Gaelic language is making there and the wonderful advance in Irish industries and also the prevailing use of the Irish language. Irish songs were sung and speeches in Irish were made. The next meeting will take place on Thursday Dec. 13th to which all interested in the movement are invited to attend.

LECTURES AT DE LA SALLE.

The pupils of De La Salle were again had the pleasure of listening to honorary members of Varsity Society in the persons of Mr. Arthur Leonard of the Medical College, and Mr. Austin A. Dee, who is in attendance at the Normal School. Mr. Leonard, in the course of his lecture, strove to familiarize his hearers with the multiplicity of cells which go to make the organism of living beings. The rapidity with which the bacteria of certain diseases multiply and their consequent danger unless checked, was clearly put before those present. The dimensions of the names given tended to keep one's nerves tuned to the highest pitch to affect their interpretation. Mr. Dee's easy delivery and the way he had his subject in hand placed no obstructions to his picturing in a vivid manner the life of one whose untiring zeal caused the formation of a school system which is followed throughout the world. This was St. La Salle.

WILFRID E. CHASE, Sec.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER (BOYS).

- Testimonials. Form IV., Sen.—Excellent—Frank Moran, Frank Meehan, Archie Gilmore, Neil Smith, Charles Sullivan, Leo Schneider. Jun. Div.—Excellent—James Deacon, Barry Cronin, William D'Alexandra, Good—Robert McCabe, David Stormont, John Quealey, Harold Cashman, Frank Maiorana, Arthur Smith. Form III., Sen.—Excellent—John Pierce, Good—Edward Meagher, Francis Rennie, Joseph Jacobs. Jun. Div.—Good—Norman Martin, John Adams, Michael Farhat, Francis Gallagher. Monthly Examination. Sen. III.—1 Francis Rennie, 2 Ed. Meagher, 3 Napoleon Dion. Jun. III.—1 Vincent Passman, 2 Fred. Hughes, 3 Norman Martin. Standing of pupils based on application to study, attendance and punctuality: Form II.—Sen. Div.—Charles Adams, Maurice Harnett, Nicholas Cosentino, Fred. Quealey, Frank Glosster, Frank Boylan, James Lauria, Joseph McNamara, Frank Bigley, Walter Buckman. Jun. Div.—Gerald Cronin, Basil Vaillencourt, Joseph Lamontia, Victor Shephard, William O'Connor, James Whelan, Vincent Mariana, Norman Gallagher. Form I., Sen. Div.—Julius Ziaki, Percy Flair, Bertrand, Harman, John Straehle, Eugene O'Neill, Edward Figley, George O'Byrne. Jun. Div.—George Jackson, Edward O'Brien, Fred. Dillon, Arthur Speyer, Thomas McNamara, Joseph Clark, Michael Cosentino, Francis Shanahan.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with columns for Grain, Seeds, Hay and Straw, Fruit and Vegetables, Poultry, Dairy Products, and Fresh Meats. Includes prices for wheat, barley, oats, rye, peas, clover, hay, potatoes, apples, cabbage, onions, turkeys, geese, hens, chickens, ducks, butter, eggs, beef, lamb, mutton, veals, and hogs.

DISTRIBUTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

The annual distribution in connection with St. Joseph's High School took place in the hall of the De La Salle Institute on Thursday afternoon last at 3.30 o'clock. This being the 25th anniversary of the institution, a note of keener rejoicing than usual was in the air and felicitations were the order of the day. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., presided and amongst others present were Rev.

Fathers Whelan, O'Malley, Hand, Coyle, LaMarche, and Trustees Callaghan and Carey.

The hall was crowded with the parents and friends of the pupils and the programme though short was of a high order of merit and was apparently enjoyed to the utmost by the large audience present. The opening chorus "Le Soir" was followed by the reading of the honor list, after which a recitation, "An Ideal," was given with nice interpretation and pleasant voice by Miss Mona Clark. From a musical point of view the part songs, "O Steer My Bark" and "Blow Bugle Blow," were the gems of the occasion, being sung with much care and expression under the direction of Mr. Donville. Miss Irene O'Malley gave an intelligent rendition of "Benedicite," a lengthy poem by Alfred Austin. After the distribution of departmental awards and commercial diplomas the singing of Ave Verum by the entire school brought the programme to a close. The Very Rev. chairman congratulated the pupils on the success that had crowned their work of the year, and referring to the exhibition given that afternoon, said that although short it exhibited refinement and culture evidencing the care and cultivation that had been bestowed upon its preparation. The speaker also emphasized the statement that this is the best year in the history of the school and of the schools of the city, the training, buildings and equipment never being in so up-to-date a condition as at present. In conclusion Father McCann complimented the pupils on the excellence of their singing, saying they had demonstrated that the old idea that Germany, France and Italy had a monopoly of music was now a thing of the past, and that singing, which was indeed music, was now to be found in the Toronto schools. Reference to the good work done by the boys in our city choirs brought forth loud applause. Mr. Prendergast, Inspector of the Schools, then spoke a few words expressive of his pleasure at being present and adding that his knowledge of the progress of the school was not gained alone from what he had witnessed that afternoon but by the good work he had seen through the year. Referring to the large number of young ladies on the platform, Mr. Prendergast said that the influence of women upon the world was by no means a new idea,

but that this influence is shown at different periods in different ways. The way at present was by their entrance into the business world and for this the High Class of girls at De La Salle seemed to be making preparation if he might judge by the large number of commercial diplomas that afternoon awarded. Rev. Father Hand also said a few words of congratulation and expressed the hope that something might be done in the near future whereby a more suitable and better equipped building would be available for similar occasions and for the work of the school. Mr. D. A. Carey, who has just returned from a trip to the States, testified that though he had seen much in the educational line and had visited many schools during his visit on the other side of the line, yet had seen nothing more worthy of his admiration than the exhibition given that afternoon by the girls of the high class at De La Salle. The National Anthem brought the entertainment to a close.

Following is the list of certificates and diplomas:

- Departmental Certificates. Senior Leaving.—Miss Irene O'Malley. Matriculation Arts.—Miss Martha Rush. Diplomas for Stenography and Bookkeeping. Miss Mary McEvay, Miss Vera Crowe, Miss Florence Gallagher, Miss Ethel Wallace, Miss Gertrude McGarrity, Miss Hazel Stevens, Miss Martha Rossiter, Miss Agnes Higgins, Miss Margaret Cunerty, Miss Alma Sheridan, Miss Margaret Rossiter, Miss Teresa Huntley, Miss Florence Doyle. Stenography. Miss Kathleen O'Donnell, Miss Ethel O'Donnell, Miss Nellie Sales, Miss Annie Sales, Miss Mary Jamieson, Miss Marcella Meyers, Miss Annie Fletcher, Miss Margaret Artkin, Miss Annie Ryan, Miss Mary Kerr.

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

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of Nov., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. JAMES MASON General Manager. Toronto, Oct. 17th, 1906. City branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday—78 Church St. Queen and Bathurst

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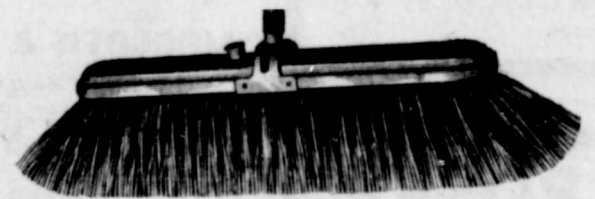
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