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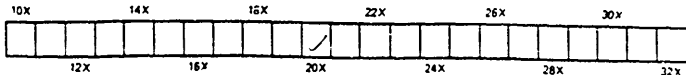
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The Motherland

In the Cork Police Court Mr. Wm. Popo Hennessy, Irish merchant, Popo Hennessy was summoned by Mr. William Henry Babb, J.P., and called to the witness stand...

about by some persons jumped on to the witness table. Whilst highly trying over the lawyer's papers and black bags, one of the legal gentlemen stood at a heavy volume on the table...

ENGLAND.

The Birmingham Daily Post, which ought to be an authority on Colonial affairs, says a proposal for the establishment of a school for the training of both boys and girls...

AS SUBJECT LESSON FOR A NIGHT.

Colonel Saunders, M.P. for the Bootle Division of Liverpool, who is a supporter of all anti-Catholic movements, is a governor of Howeshead Grammar School...

THE LIVERPOOL FRONTIER WAR.

The Liverpool Echo says: We have received a letter from a Liverpool man, dated Rawal Pindi, October 22, pointing out that in the columns of the Liverpool Post of September 18th the Royal Irish Regiment is not mentioned as forming part of General Buller's force...

SCOTLAND.

The question of Irish versus Scotch whiskey for English consumption is again attracting attention. The article by Dr. Gordon Stables on the deterioration of Scotch whiskeys, which appeared some few weeks ago in the Scotsman, gave rise to quite a novel press controversy...

Smallpox Case in a Montreal Convent.

Sister McDonald of the Penitentiary St. Catherine, Congregation of Notre Dame, at 704 St. Catherine street, is the latest case of small pox reported from Montreal. About the middle of last week the Sister feeling unwell left her regular employment, and went to the country house of the order at Nuns Island...

Country Magistrate.

"Prisoner" you are discharged this time with a caution; but if we see you here again you'll get twice as much.

A Successful Concert.

A grand concert given in the Opera House on Nov. 14th by the Separate school, assisted by the routine Academy, surpassed in point of excellence any concert of its kind ever held in the city of Chatham.

The opening chorus, sung by pupils of both institutions, under the leadership of Miss Margaret J. Finn, was splendidly rendered. Then followed a drama, "Margaret of Anjou," acted by one of the routine girls...

The next was a Turkey Drill by twelve boys of Separate school, dressed in Turkish costumes and bearing scimitars. This brought down the house.

Miss Baxter of the Academy sang in charming style, a solo. This was followed by a Tauburnian Drill and Dance by thirty-four girls of Separate school.

A second drama, mischievous Bob was put out by the Separate school boys H. McDonald supported by five others acted the part of mischievous Bob excellently, everyone who heard and saw him proclaiming him a natural born actor.

An amusing recitation was then given by the junior boys. A musical treat, Vocal Trio—Distant Belle, was given by the pupils of the Academy. The senior girls of Separate school did full justice to a recitation. The boys of Harlow and mixed up their voices, the excellent training they have received.

The performers, as well as the teachers who prepared this programme, are to be congratulated upon the success of the entertainment.

The Fallin' o' the Rain.

Good-bye to County Carlow, tis the loousome place to me: Sure every week to me a mouth, and every month like three. The mist is comin' wet and cold, but now I'm goin' home, and little rock the fallin' o' the rain.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had in his hands, by an Irish home medicine, the cure of a case of consumption, chronic, and general, with full description of the disease, and a full and complete cure, after having tried all the usual remedies, and a desire to relieve his duty to his fellow men, he has written a book, which he is offering to the public, and which he is offering to the public, and which he is offering to the public...

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Misses Lizars have given the Canadian public another book which, in spite of Dr. Bourne's advice, is historical. The Doctor affirms that Canadian history is overdone, and these clever ladies have evidently been thinking over his point but instead of letting the subject alone altogether, they have set upon the plan of serving up something rare by way of a change.

A more readable book treating of Canadian history has never been written and we would go the length of adding that not one of our historians has given a truer picture of the character of the rebellion for representative government, around which happily the embers of some old prejudices and animosities still smoulder.

To be sure it is a bold venture to paint into the dark picture of sixty years ago such a picture as found place in the events of the rebellion. But the Misses Lizars have made the attempt, and thanks to their admirable sense of impartiality it is not without success.

There is one story illustrating the keen sense for treason in the days before the rebellion. A traitor tried for the murder of a soldier had the following pronouncement tacked on to his death sentence by the judge: "And not only did you murder him but you did thrust or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his breeches which wore his Majesty's."

The early declarations in favor of representative institutions made by Papineau and Mackenzie were by some similar plan tortured into utterances of treason. Mackenzie's opponents in Upper Canada lacked neither cunning nor ferocity in this line.

The pages of the present book teem with evidence that neither Mackenzie himself nor those who had the courage to publicly share his views contemplated until the crisis was almost upon them an assault with arms upon the Toronto rulers. The following quotation (page 64) is to the point: "We find an old died-in-the-wool Tory, a writer of some note afterwards saying, when I look back over events which were thought all right by the Loyalists of those times I only wonder there were not thousands of Mackenzies and Papineaus. But even while the leaders were declaring and hoping against the possibility of an appeal to physical force the more able tendencies in that direction. Hope of winning redress by constitutional agitation was finally abandoned after Mackenzie's return from his visit of 1822 to London. The last preparations they began for the rebellion were not lacking in the element of humor. It is possible to do that with all his faults—Sir Francis Bond Head could have maintained some of the characteristics of successful comedy throughout the whole of the commotion if he had had a free hand. He knew the strength of Mackenzie's following no doubt, and it is certain that he did not underestimate the selfishness of the loyalists, whether they happened to be office holders or office seekers. His experience with Colonel Fitzgibbon on the night of Mackenzie's intended assault on the city is best told in the words of the Misses Lizars: "It took the persistent efforts of three messengers to oust him from a feather bed. When Sir Francis was engaged for at Government House at ten o'clock, Mrs. Dalrymple, his sister-in-law, reported that the Governor was fatigued and asleep. 'What is all this noise about, asked Judge Jones Jones, who also did not like disturbance. 'Who desired to call me,' 'Colonel Fitzgibbon. The zeal of that man is giving us a great of unnecessary trouble.' There is abundant material for humorous writing in the preliminaries of the famous battle of Galloway Hill, but the authors have been on guard against unfairness and have described with much delicacy the lighter features of the meeting of the opposing forces at Montgomery's. The incidents of the rebellion in Lower Canada are described with warmer spirit. Sir John Colborne knew no more, and one sense of humor is somewhat handicapped when reading the story of St. Eustache and St. Bonoit. The work of the Glengarry Highlanders at this juncture is not glossed over. They met the troops at St. Bonoit; and in the succeeding burnings, according to Gore's words, 'were in every case, I believe, the instruments of evil omen.' 'Colonel McDonnell's own account of the Glengarrys at Beauharnois is not a bit different. They had, in short, a fit leader in Colborne. Some parts of the description of the Glengarrys are found in a chapter entitled 'The Borahs of '87.' It takes a woman to tell the true nobility of womanhood; and the Misses Lizars have written at their best of the heroic women of the rebellion. Our old friend, 'Tiger' Dunlop, is re-introduced; but in this volume he plays a minor part to Colonel Prince, the senior wrangler, in the extensive class of ardent Ontario produced during the year following the rebellion, when the undisciplined militia constituted a more actual element of danger to the authors than Mackenzie's rebels had ever threatened to become. We cannot close this review without a special word of appreciation of the tender description we have of Mackenzie's mother, who, of course, was the most heroic and self-sacrificing of the Borahs of '87. The best side of Mackenzie's own character, too, is seen in his affection for his mother and the last of his children. The last scene of all in which the authors mention the Mackenzies is thus described: 'Under the shadow of a writ of Habeas Corpus ad respondendum a court, at which Mackenzie was required to appear as a witness, was held in his house, and accompanied by his jailer he was allowed to attend. The magistrate when he did come and protracted his sitting so that the desired interview between the dying mother and distressed son might have no interruption while the sheriff and jailer waited in the room adjoining the bed-room. The mother summoned all her fortitude, pronounced her last farewell, bade him trust in God and forsook. She never spoke afterwards, and from the windows of the jail the political prisoner, in an agony which any can understand, with which all can sympathize, saw her funeral pass.

Here is something for you to think about and to write about. We have repeatedly expressed our opinion in these columns about Father Finn's books for boys, and that opinion has been endorsed by the best literary people of the country. But the publishers want something more. They want to know just what you boys think of these books, and to bring out your views they make the following liberal offer. To the boy who sends to this paper what we shall decide to be the best criticism of Father Finn's latest book, 'That Football Game,' the publishers, Benziger Brothers, will present one of Spalding's best Intercollegiate J. S. football, or, if the winner of the prize prefers, a complete set of Father Finn's books.

Now, pull in boys, and write to us just what you think of the story. Use simple words, and don't write too much. Even if you do not win the prize you will get something, for Benziger Brothers promise to send free to each of you an illustrated copy of a portrait of Father Finn and one of his short stories.

Now, boys, let us hear from you without delay. ILLUSTRATED LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, with five half-tono illustrations. New York: Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

As a popular life of the Blessed Virgin we know nothing that can compare with this work of the learned Benedictine, Father Rohner. It is a book which appeals especially to the devotion of the faith, and is remarkable for its religious fervor and tenderness. It has been admirably translated and made to conform to the ideas of our English-speaking Catholics by the late Rev. Dr. Richard Brennan. The publishers have done all in their power to make it attractive; they have beautified it by a number of half-tono full page illustrations from original drawings made especially for this work; printed it on good paper, and bound it in a tasteful style.

A Papal Diamond Jubilee.

Rome, November 20. — Arrangements are already making in Rome for the anniversary of the diamond jubilee of Pope Leo's first Mass. It was on January 4, 1838, that the then Father Pacci offered up his initial Mass in the chapel of Anagnino in the Quirinal. Pilgrims are expected from all America in considerable numbers to visit Rome and to join the celebration.

How to CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Par-mo-co's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Par-mo-co's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

A smart American girl calls a young fellow of her acquaintance "Honey suckle," because he is always hanging over the front fence.

NY-AS-SAN CURES DYSPEPSIA

Medical Advice. I would like to see of this medicine. Nyassan is sent by Mail. The Nyassan Medicine Co., Toronto, N.S.

PIRNSIDE FUN.

Salvation Army lass: "Buy a War Cry, sir." Stand Old! I thought I was certainly not girl. I am a member of the Peace Society. "He has broken my heart, waked the beautiful girl. "There, don't take on so," said her friend, "in tones of pity, 'it might have been your brother."

Corporal (to recruit): "I say, you lubber, you are not paying the slightest attention! What is your head for?" Recruit: "To prevent my collar slipping off."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly at window): "Want an 'Observer,' captain? Match for your honeymoon trip on Freddie dear, no I no! Do let us be quite alone!"

Girl on horseback to Boy on donkey: "Get out of my way, boy, get out of my way. My horse don't like the donkey's. No. 'Don't be! Then why don't he kick the w-o-o?"

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man, who, being asked why he did not weep as well as the rest, replied: "Oh! I belong to another parish."

"Can you give me a definition of nothing," inquired a number seven school teacher. "Yes, sir, it is a bung hole without a barrel round it, a shunted little Ted Saunders whose father is a cooper."

"I thought you advertised home fare," said the summer boarder, indignantly. "Well," replied Farmer Corrodon, "that's what you're getting, canned peaches, canned tomatoes, canned corn beef, and condensed milk, the same as you're used to."

Mrs. Della Crome (wearily): "I know everything we eat is adulterated, but what can we do, I should say? We must trust our grocer. Mr. Rogmald Crome (dreadfully): "Ah, yes, Della, very true; and if—oh!—our grocer would only 'rust us!'"

In Lexington, Ky., a negro girl was arrested for carrying a razor in her hair. "What were you doing with that razor?" asked the Recorder. "I want to cut nuthin' wit it when day kotched me," she said; "I was just a lookin' for a lady dat I didn't like!"

"Oh, do look at that dear little lamb," said Frances, on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life. "Isn't it pretty?" asked mamma. "Yes, and it is so natural, too. It squeaks just like a toy lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back."

Nervous Old Lady (in saloon of steamer): "Oh, steward, where do I sleep?" Steward: "What is the number of your berth, ma'am?" Nervous Old Lady: "I don't see what that has to do with it; but if you must know, it is third; there were a brother and a sister born before me."

A Hasbeen (laying down his paper): "I have just been reading that alcohol will remove grass stains from the most delicate fabric. Mrs. Hasbeen (severely): "There you go again, Jasut, trying to find some excuse. Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach."

A schooler, who had a remarkably long and pointed nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter which he had in hand against her he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "you need not file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a schoolmaster to a trumbling boy. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what do the Scriptures say upon the subject?" "I don't know, sir," said the other, "except it is in that passage which says: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Mother: "I wish you would go on an errand for me." "Small Son: "My leg aches awful." "Too bad! I wanted you to go to old Mrs. Stuck nose's sweetshop, and—'Oh, that isn't far. I can walk there easy.'" "Very well. Go there, and just be sure you will see a grocer's shop. Go in and get me a bar of soap."

St. Anthony's Bazaar.

MONTEAL, Nov. 26.—St. Anthony's Church bazaar was opened last evening. The church hall was beautifully decorated, and the booths tastefully arranged. The bazaar, which promises to be a huge success, will be continued until Saturday, December 4. An entertainment will be given each evening, consisting of instrumental music, etc., and a grand banquet place during the evening of it. The several tables are as follows: Management; Lady table, Misses Lotie and Lily assisted by the ladies of the toy table and fish pond, Miss M. St. Anthony's table, Mrs. J. D. St. James O'Connor, assisted by Mrs. M. Stewart and Miss O'Connor, refreshment table, Mrs. M. Hicks, Mrs. McKenna and Mrs. P. McGovern; St. Francis' table, Miss M. Gathings and Mrs. Munday; flower table, Mrs. M. J. Polan and Misses Donovan, Casey, Dineen and Polan. The fair post office is conducted by Miss M. Perigo and Mrs. Maud Clark, and the news department by Mr. W. J. McGee, Mrs. Perigo and Miss Maud Clark. Mrs. F. B. McNamee will preside at the fortune wheel.

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

The opening of the annual Christmas... in confederation late building... work was a very busy one for the ladies...

drapery. Wooden boards and trestles... with various articles baskets boxes and... of the shop shelves, but they were in...

A VISIT TO OTTAWA.

The Capital - Healthy Growth and its Improved... Necessary Facilities

have one brief visit, I had not seen... the Dominion Capital for over 20 years... before. But even in the distant...

merciful work of relieving the poor... and intellect in the paramount work... of moral education, no com...

IF Your Digestive Powers are Depleted you need something new to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties... JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER, WATERLOO, - - ONT. CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

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PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements... The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd. TORONTO, Nov. 19, 1896.

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T. H. GEORGE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN... Wines, Liquors, Etc. 699 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

MONUMENTS For best work at lowest price in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Fountains, etc., call on or write to The McIntosh Granite and Marble Co.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 540 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer, 859 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

She looked like a strong-minded woman, anyhow she was decidedly masculine in appearance. She wore a hard felt hat, a large fringed... and a wide linen cuff, exactly like a man's...

Speaking to a friend the other day about prohibition and its probable results, she remarked that she was not in favor of it, but she often wished...

REST YOUR STOMACH

By Letting Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do Their Work. Give your stomach a rest! You don't need to quit eating in order to do this. You may eat any food you desire if you only take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

She was half way up the car when the conductor pulled the string, the motorman turned the indicator, and the current did the rest. That is to say it propelled the car and the mace...

Unless something is done to counteract this "physical crave" all the lectures, and exhortations, and pledges in the world are to no lasting good. Certainly some people have overcome the craving for drink, but they were possessed of exceptionally strong wills, such as most jail birds are completely deficient in.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met on Tuesday evening at the home of Miss M. L. Hart, Dovercourt road. The fourth canto of Dante's "Inferno" was reviewed and the notes written by the members since the last meeting were read and discussed.

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SKETCHES. - This is an unhappy an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and banish any influenza portion of the body to which it is applied.

together. His friends had therefore better battle up their indignation...

Mr. McColl intimates in his letter that if we are not satisfied with his account of the alleged purchase of the Cobourg place by Mr. McAllister...

I find therefore that the resignation was procured by the promise of payment of \$900 a year and that Mr. Guillet was the person who negotiated and carried it out...

Mr. McColl represents Mr. McAllister as the real purchaser, the partisan commissioner had not the gall to attribute a greater fault to him than that he had been led on by others.

But with all respect to the partisan commissioner and the "political boss" we would remind them that they have no right or authority to impeach any one of an "indictable offense" under the Criminal Code.

The latest and the strangest fact in connection with the Walkerville "flag incident" is Mr. Barlow Cumberland's disclaimer of any knowledge of it...

Mr. Ewing the superannuation allowance he claimed, a private bond was prepared to the effect that if Mr. Ewing obtained full superannuation allowance he would have no claim upon the parties to the bond...

This is the whole story that Mr. McColl tries to twist into a crime. If the matter was criminal why are not Mr. Guillet and the members of the former government in jail?

Mr. McColl objects to our characterization of the treatment given to Mr. McAllister as a "criminal outrage." Well, all we have to say is that if it was not a criminal outrage before, there can be no doubt that Mr. McColl has made it so by his bullying...

In a given and enjoyable evening party by those present, most of whom were old-time friends, Mr. Mallon is one of our oldest and most respected citizens, being one of our oldest city assessors.

Mr. Robbins has deliberately made a cat-paw of Mr. Barlow Cumberland without that gentleman's knowledge apparently. His clumsy trick must now recoil upon himself.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund. A number of additional subscriptions have been received for the Irish Parliamentary Fund in reply to Mr. Healey's appeal.

Death of Rev. Father Reddin. With deep regret, which will be shared throughout the diocese and in many sections of the province, we record the death on Saturday last of Rev. J. Reddin, parish priest of St. Patrick's church, Toronto City.

The temperance cause is this year more prominently to the front in the city of Toronto than it has been for some years. A few years ago there were few Catholic temperance societies in existence here and these had the reputation of existing only for excessive drinkers.

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, Dec. 5 at 8:30 p.m. A good programme is in course of preparation for the occasion and a full attendance is requested as the election of officers for the ensuing year will be held on that date.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met on Tuesday at the residence of Miss Eleanor Kelly, Trinity St. After a short business meeting consisting of the admission of new members...

We take great pleasure in recording the very happy event that took place at 805 Winton avenue, on Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mallon, it being the celebration of their golden wedding.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made at the ensuing Session of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario for an Act amending the Act incorporating the Sisters of St. Joseph for the Diocese of Toronto in Upper Canada...

LECTURE ON ECONOMY BY A MAN WHO HAS USED SOUVENIRS WITH AERATED OVENS.

St. Joseph's Court, 370 held their annual concert and social in Dingman's Hall on Thanksgiving Eve, Wednesday 24th inst. As usual it proved to be a magnificent success.

League of the Cross. The temperance cause is this year more prominently to the front in the city of Toronto than it has been for some years.

The championship of the Canadian Rugby Union belongs to Ottawa University Football Club, which championship was won on Thursday last by Ottawa University defeating Hamilton.

COAL AND WOOD. Lowest Prices. Best Quality. ROGERS COAL. Offices - 20 King St. West, 409 Yonge St., 735 Yonge St., 578 Queen St. West, 415 Spadina Ave., 306 Queen St. East, 1822 Queen St. West, 204 Wellesley St.

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO., LIMITED. ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA. Possesses the following distinctive merits: DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING TO THE NERVOUS OR DYSPEPTIC. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNVALUED.

IT'S A Better Cooker More Economical More Serviceable More Durable and less expensive than ordinary stoves. THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO. LIMITED. STOVES, FURNACES and RADIATORS.

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Renfrew's Furs are the Best in the Market. See our styles in SEAL SKIN JACKETS... FUR NOVELTIES... G. R. RENFREW & CO. 25 and 27 BROAD STREET, QUEBEC.

Imitations In Plenty. The imitation may in style and appearance somewhat resemble A Crompton Corset but it will not retain its shape and give the satisfactory service that a Crompton Corset will.

St. Michael's College. (In Affiliation with Toronto University) Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Basilian Fathers.

St. Michael's College. FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Special courses for students preparing for University (Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates). Terms when paid in advance: Board and Tuition, per year, \$110.00; Day Pupils, " " " " " " 80.00.

Empty Stockings.

Empty stockings, mothers in homes that are happy... children are dreaming already of the morrow's day in the year...

THE PIANO TUNER.

Do, do, mi, sol. In a back room of the great piano merchant, Lufero Reudon, Rue de Valenciennes, the tuner was working on the gloomy afternoon of a Parisian winter...

The tuner, through the partially closed door, could half follow the conversation in the outer room. He was a man of some 40 years, tall, thin, already much bent, his face furrowed with deep lines...

A pretty maid, a true comedy subroton, in gaudy costume, with an apron of changeable silk, and upon her frizzled hair a delicious little hat with red roses, entered the shop and began to talk volubly to the salesman...

"You are wanted, M. Pierre, at the Hotel du Louvre." "It is very urgent," added the subroton in the bewitching little hat. "At your service."

On the second floor of the great hotel Pierre Morel was ushered into an elegant salon, where stood open an ivory grand piano, draped with a Japanese cover. Immediately the tuner set himself to work.

"Doubtless, they are afraid I shall carry off some of their costly knock-knocks," he said to himself, seeing the subroton linger near him.

But long since in his life of labor he had to resign himself to these little humiliations. They no longer worried him. And he played some chords. Still the maid, chattering like a parrot, danced around him and never closed her mouth for an instant.

"Madame will be well pleased. We just arrived yesterday. This evening after the opera there will be some company. They will dance, and these hotel pianos are always so dreadfully out of tune. But madame will find me all right for once."

"Is she an artist?" asked Morel, amused in spite of himself by all this prattle. "I should say so! And there are not many like her. For a long time they have been clamoring for her in Paris, but she had engagements. Finally here we are. It seems that not a seat is to be had this evening at any price."

Pierre Morel started. "This evening?" "Why, yes. Don't you know? At the opera 'Faust,' with La Salvini." "Is it La Salvini who is your mistress?"

He stood up and trembled like a leaf in the wind. "Is it La Salvini?" "Yes, but what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing. Heavens, you were quite right! This piano is in great need of tuning."

With a violent effort of will Pierre seated himself again and resumed his work. But in spite of the effort he made to conceal it his agitation was very evident.

The sound of a bell, ringing in the next room just then, saved him from his embarrassment. "Madame is calling me." And the subroton disappeared. Then Pierre Morel let his head fall into his hands, while incoherent words escaped from his lips.

elder, of an expensive tenor, who did not look over 25 though she must have been passed 40. Splendid turquoise shined in her ears. A spray of gemstones performed her coronation.

Pierre gazed at her, glued to the spot, like one dazed. She finished buttoning one of her long suede gloves and scarcely glanced at him.

"Nelly, you pay this man." And she passed on. "You pay this man?" He had not recognized him in her ungrateful memory. In her feverish heart nothing had awakened crying, "It is he!"

And yet the two had spent their younger days side by side. Dreams, hopes, labours, once they shared everything, and Pierre Morel, in his foolish confidence, had believed that this happiness was to last all their lives.

Juliette Salvini was studying singing and was destined for the stage. She had the finest voice in the conservatory, and everyone predicted for her the future of a "star." Admirers were not lacking, and her beauty made many envious. Very pale under her black hair, her face was lighted up with a pair of superb eyes, black also. Her mouth was redder than the corn rose, her figure of a suppleness and grace unparelleled.

She was a kind of queen, this young girl, in the little world of the conservatory, where no one could help admiring her, however jealous one might be. Besides, she was wise, either by nature or by calculation, no one knew which, but no one would have dared to attribute to her the least indiscretion. How beautiful she was, what passion in her dark eyes, what natural elegance, what supreme grace in her whole bearing!

Pierre confessed to himself that he had loved her from the first glance, only it had taken him some time to acknowledge it to himself. And now she filled all his heart, all his life.

The young girl on her side manifested an affection for him, a marked preference. They lived in the same quarter, and often, after their lessons, walked home together. They usually talked of their art. Both had ambition to become some one. From time to time, in the evening, Pierre went to the home of his friend, and under the indulgent eye of her old relative they made music during the hours which to Pierre were hours of delight. The voice of Juliette thrilled him, that marvellous voice which every day seemed to gain in color, in power, in smoothness. And he would play for her some of his own compositions, and she would encourage him, predicting for him a brilliant future.

When he left her, after those evenings of mutual exaltation, the young man could not sleep all night. One day, at length, he ran the risk of confessing his love—in fear and trembling, for what was he to hope that she would love him? Nothing at all, alas! But this love gave him a supernatural energy, and in order to make himself worthy of her he would become great himself.

His avowals made Juliette smile. She had guessed them long since. Moreover, she did not repulse him. On the contrary, she appeared pleased and very sweet. Pierre could believe his love was returned. Intoxicated, he threw himself body and soul into his work and dreamed magnificent dreams, in which Juliette was bound to him in a radiant destiny.

Things went on thus for two years, which for him fairly flew along. Then, at the final concert of the year, Juliette carried off the first prize for singing and the first prize for opera. This was an event in the musical world. Immediately she had to choose between an engagement in Paris and proposals more advantageous from a material point of view of a manager who wished to take from city to city this new nightingale.

Juliette did not hesitate long and in spite of the mute supplication which she read in Pierre's eyes decided to travel. During this he was to finish his studies, obtain the first prize for composition, make himself known—and then—then! at this planned out with that charm, that seduction which Juliette possessed in a high degree.

Pierre had to resign himself, and the young girl went away. At first she had written to him quite regularly. These letters were his life. He read and re-read them by heart, supplying in them the passion they lacked. Juliette called herself now La Salvini, and her success was great. She made an enormous amount of money. Left alone in Paris, Pierre worked with more ardor than ever; more than ever he determined to deserve her. Then little by little, the letters became shorter and less frequent. Juliette wrote good news of her health, spoke of her triumphs, rarely a word of love.

These letters nearly froze Pierre's heart when he received them. Yet he would trust her. In the busy life she led, rushing from city to city, it was natural enough that Juliette should not find much time to write; but, oh, if she would only give it up and come back to him!

And, in spite of himself, involuntary fears would come, and one day he had to acknowledge that these fears were only too well founded. The letters were so far apart, they grew so short, so cold, that he could no longer de-

ceive himself. Finally they ceased altogether, and Pierre had too much pride to recall a promise which had been forgotten.

He was young, and youth withstands more terrible blows than that. He neither killed himself or became mad, yet, nevertheless, his life was ruined. If his health and his reason came out victorious from the conflict, his ambition fell there. What was the use of composing beautiful works of booming celebration? His inspiration had withdrawn from him. It was an addiction, swift, absolute, irremediable. Yet he must eat. Pierre gave lessons, took up work of an inferior order, transcriptions for the piano, arrangements of such or such a celebrated opera. It was a miserable existence, but what difference did it make to him? And when his difference, his gloomy manners had driven away pupils and publishers, and even this work failed, he at last accepted the position of tuner in the piano store of the Rue de Richelieu, a subordinate position, an inferior calling, which he had now filled for 12 years.

During these years La Salvini had continued her triumphant journey across Europe and America. Her return to Paris had often been announced. More than one manager had made her brilliant offers. But these reports, which each time made a great noise in the newspapers, were never, never realized. It had even been said that she was afraid of Paris. Her fame was increasing every day. She had not failed in her destiny, and the queen, which she already was at the conservatory, she had now become in very truth, welcomed everywhere, covered with flowers and jewels, celebrated in the papers, never leaving the theatre without an enthusiastic crowd following her carriage.

And he—was nothing. Of his talent, of his dreams, there remained not a trace. The radiant mirage of his youth had faded into this mechanical occupation, in which he was not even fortunate enough to find forgetfulness.

And it was Juliette whom he had just seen—by what cruel chance—she was to sing this evening.

Some days before Pierre had noticed in a newspaper her engagement at the opera. She had then decided. The past was sufficiently done away with for her to come back to Paris without trouble, and she had arrived there at the height of her glory, a public idol.

Then a mad desire to hear La Salvini overcome Pierre Morel. He would suffer like one damned, to be sure, but what matter? The subroton had said it was not possible to procure a single ticket. Well, he would get one if it took his whole month's salary.

The tuner did not dream of going home, of making his toilette. He did not think of dining. Besides, time pressed. It was already past seven o'clock.

Pierre betook himself to one of the dramatic agencies so numerous in the neighbourhood of the theatre. The agent, judging the man by his appearance, declared that he had not a seat to sell. Pierre insisted, letting it be understood that the price was no consideration.

"In any case I could only give you a seat in the fourth gallery." "That will do. And how much is it?" "Fifty francs."

Pierre took out his purse and paid the money without remembrance. Had he been asked for his blood he would have said, "Take it."

The electric light about the theatre shone upon a noisy going and coming of carriages and of pedestrians. The illuminated facade, the municipal guards, immovable, upon their horses, announced a gala evening. Boys bustled about with librettos and programmes. Coupe after coupe, with horses with jingling harness, stopped in front of the theatre. A man, whose evening dress could be seen under his topcoat, would descend, stretching a gloved hand to a woman in a beautiful costume.

It was nearly eight o'clock. Pierre Morel crowded into the lobby, where the chandeliers threw into effective relief the gorgeous, bewildering mass of people.

He climbed up to the fourth gallery, refused to leave his topcoat with the attendant, scoured his seat—all with the dazed air he had worn since leaving the Hotel du Louvre in the afternoon.

The house began to fill, the musicians in the orchestra prepared their instruments. Every where flowers, diamonds, jewels, a veritable feast for the eyes.

Three strokes of a bell sounded, the overture began, the curtain rose with the majesty of an evening of special significance. Pa! as death, Pierre Morel did not move his eyes from the stage. When the silhouette of Marguerite at the spinning wheel appeared, it seemed to him that his heart ceased to beat.

Ah, what would he not have given to find again his youth, like Faust, his youth for an hour, an instant, his happy, careless confiding youth!

Now the heart of Pierre Morel beat as if it would burst. It was she; his beloved, faithful Juliette. His glance never left her, his soul was as if suspended on each of the notes which came from her false mouth. She presented the garden scene with a consummate art. In the cathedral scene her accents were so tragic it

was impossible to remain insensible to them. The success of the presentation was assured. The final bow came, and La Salvini surpassed herself. Her voice, clear, dominating without effort the uproar of the orchestra, soared really to the heights of heaven. Marguerite reached its limit and became delirium. All the spectators stood up, breathless, and when she had finished they made her begin again, and the star had to reappear five or six times, and bouquets and garlands rained around the cantatrice—roses, azalias, lilies of the valley, rare orchids, all the wealth of the greenhouse. Amid this garden of flowers she smiled and bowed, very pale, supremely beautiful.

It was thus for nearly half an hour, then the star withdrew finally. In the corridors and upon the stairways there were only exclamation and praise.

"Admirable!" "What a great artist!" "Who dared to say she had no longer a voice?" "Never before has Marguerite been sung like this!" "It is ideal!"

Pierre Morel let the crowd pass out. He started one of the last, and instead of going home, waited near the stage entrance in a dim corner. In a few moments a carriage drove up. The door opened. La Salvini came out on the arm of a man. Behind her they brought flowers, the most beautiful of those which has just been given her.

She stopped into the carriage without seeing who was hiding in the shadow a few feet from her. The man took his place beside her, the flowers were placed in about them, and the carriage started swiftly away.

No one heard the sobs which escaped from the breast of Pierre Morel. The tuner went to his room, a miserable attic chamber. But there was no question of sleep for the unhappy man.

He opened a drawer, took out a little casket, and the key, half rusted, refused to turn in the lock. He pried off the cover, some dry flowers, a piece of ribbon, a piece of manuscript music, those "little things" which all lovers possess. They were the relics of his poor love. For long, long years he had not opened this box, fearing to suffer too much, but to night he felt a savage need of draining the cup to the dregs.

The flowers, some violets, two or three jonquils, he had gathered with Juliette on some of their Sunday walks in the woods of Sevres and of Ville d'Avray. Their color had faded less quickly perchance than the love in the heart of Juliette. The piece of ribbon had bound her black hair, and Pierre could have pressed it to his lips. The manuscript music was a melody which he had composed for her. "When I have become celebrated," she had said, "I will sing it everywhere." But she had no more remembrance of these words than has the autumn wind of the leaves with which it sports.

"You pay this man," that was all she had to say in passing near him. Ah, had she not paid him long since, paid him as almost always in this life our purest devotion, our best love is paid—by ingratitude?

And Pierre pictured her in her salon of the Hotel du Louvre, surrounded by a circle of admirers. He heard the praise, and tears of despair, burning like molten lead, rolled down his thin cheeks.

Then the morning broke, a grey, wintry morning. The various noises in the street rose to the attic of the tuner, the roar from the tramways, the rattle of the omnibuses were heard again. The great city was awakening under the leaden sky.

There was the effort to begin again, the struggle to take up the burden to lift again upon tired shoulders. For it is the misfortune of the poor man not even to be able to suffer in peace. The need of earning daily bread harasses him at peace or work by sorrow, he must take up his work again.

Pierre Morel put back his treasures in their repulsive, bathed his red eyes, descended the six flights of stairs and found himself again in the already yawning street.

An hour later, in the back room of the shop of Lefevre Renduel, he had taken up his humble occupation again, that of day, that of to-morrow, and of all the rest of his life. Do, do, mi, sol.

Veterans' Resolution of Thanks. Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, has received the following: 42 Sorauren Ave., Nov. 14, '97. To Rev. Father Ryan: DEAR FATHER: The following resolution was passed at the regular meeting of the Army and Navy Veterans on the 10th inst. That a letter sincerely thanking Archbishop Walsh, Rev. Fathers Ryan and Tracy and the Organist and Choir of St. Michael's Cathedral, and those who so kindly assisted to make our annual parade a success, be sent to the Rev. Father Ryan, and also to express the Society's gratitude to His Grace and the Rev. Father Ryan for the cordial welcome and beautiful address tendered to Her Majesty's old servants on Sunday, Nov. 7. Believe me, your Reverence, Your very humble servant, JOHN GRAY, Rec. Sec.

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C. M. B. A.

Vicar General McGann Preaches the Annual Sermon to the City Branches.

A vast congregation assembled in St. Patrick's church on Sunday evening when the city branches of the C. M. B. A. attended Vespers in a body and heard Vicar General McGann preach the anniversary sermon. The members of the association met at the McCauley street hall and marched to the church. They occupied the centre pews. Vespers were sung by Very Rev. Father Wynn. Vicar General McGann's sermon was of great interest. After some introductory observations he spoke of the objects of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

The thought of leaving behind a family unprovided for is, he said, too often at the last hour a source of much sorrow and anxiety. I see before me the Toronto members of the C. M. B. A., an association which has for its principal material end the removal of this great cause of regret. I congratulate you men of the C. M. B. A. on your splendid turnout this evening, and on the unmistakable evidence you offer of the prosperity of your association.

I need not refer to your history, which is generally known—your wondrous growth and your present stability.

Like the mustard seed, in the parable, you have developed into a magnificent tree, whose branches cover the land and beneath whose shade the toil-worn pilgrim can lay him down to rest, with the assurance that the fierce glare of the sun will be tempered for those who still labor on.

The fostering care of our great archbishop, and the good will and interest of the various pastors give assurance of future progress and enduring stability. Embarked in a noble cause the Church blesses you and says "God speed." The widow protected from the cold charity of the world breathes a prayer of gratitude to the Almighty and asks the Author of all good to shower down his choicest blessings on the work.

The orphan grows up to learn whence came the needed help that opened up a prospect in life and lives to swell the number of those engaged in so noble an enterprise. Yes, the C. M. B. A. may say with holy Job: "The ear that heard me blessed me and the eye that saw me gave witness to me. Because I had delivered the fatherless I had no helper and comforted the heart of the widow."

I need not enlarge on this theme, nor portray the dangers, the struggles and hardships of many a poor family, where the strong arm of the bread-winner was paralysed in death, and no provision made for the future. It is sufficient to point to your association as a means of warding off the many ills.

Granting, then, that it is a most useful association, one to be strongly encouraged, I may be allowed to make a few remarks, which, though not necessary, may not be devoid of usefulness.

As a beneficial association it must be conducted on a business basis if it is to be successful. Its constitution and by-laws having been carefully considered and approved, the association must be guided by them. All the members must have an interest in the welfare of the association. It is their duty to see that the best men are elected to office. The work of each branch is managed by a few; let those few be the best the branch can supply. Let the good of the association be the first question considered in the selection. When delegates are chosen to represent the branch let them be named because of their ability to discharge the duty with which they are entrusted.

At the meetings let order prevail. Nothing tends more to weaken an organization than irregular methods of procedure. When the hour for opening has come the sound of the gavel should be heard. By commencing on time members will always be free to return to their homes at a reasonable hour. By promptness in the despatch of business the meetings will be more interesting and enjoyable.

But outside of this material end, which is indeed of very grave importance, this association has other aims. This is an age of associations. The Church is pleased to see her sons linked together in beneficent societies that tell for the good of the individual and the community, that rise above the temporal and hold out aims that are lofty and ennobling, aims that are imbued with a Christian spirit and sanctified by religion. Such is the C. M. B. A. It is a Catholic association. The Church, then, should declare its profoundest veneration. I would say to you men of the C. M. B. A. be proud of the Catholic Church. She is the great society founded by the Divine Master to guide men to their supreme destiny. She is the depository of truth; she is the guardian of revelation. With her is the great Sacrifice that is offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun. She has gathered into her worldwide fold during the eighteen centuries the nations of the earth and moulded their Christian life. To her belonged those regions of heroes, who,

prodigal of their blood, died the martyrs of Jesus Christ, to her those illustrious gentle, who were the honor and ornament of their respective ages, to her all that immense assemblage of holy characters—prophets, pines, warriors, saints and sages, who either adified or adorned the world—either sanctified themselves or imparted sanctification to others. She preserved literature and encouraged the arts. In her magnificent temples and universities painting and sculpture and architecture found a home. Music became her handmaid, and in no other sphere like unto that of sacred melody, did she soar to loftier flights, win brighter laurels, or pour forth more enrapturing strains.

As a Catholic society, you must give tokens of Catholic vitality. As a body you approach the altar at dated times. This is rightly regarded as a test of your Catholicity; do not found wanting. If your branch does not make a good showing on these occasions it is losing its distinctive character. This is your profession of faith; let it be made openly and unmistakably. It is the bright example that courts imitation, and it will not fail to produce salutary results. As a Catholic society, you should be interested in the welfare of the parish, to which your branch belongs. Members are supposed to belong to the parish branch. Whatever interest you manifest in this way, will redound to the advantage of your association.

If the pastor is engaged in some laudable undertaking, why should he not find you ready to cooperate with him? It is a golden opportunity to advance your association in the good will of the people. It will require no herald to proclaim your deeds. The people will be sure to say, "This C. M. B. A. behaved well." It is a useful society, it should be encouraged. The pastor will feel bound to applaud it, to encourage his flock to join it. You pay men to advertise your society, such advertisement would equal this. But if you stand aloof, what is the meaning of this word Catholic. As a Catholic society, men will look to you for such aid; in giving it you will gain honor, and be a tower of strength for good.

How wonderful the power of example. It is recorded in the book of Judges that Abimelech took Shechem after a contest; but a thousand of the defenders shut themselves in a strong tower and defied his efforts. Then he went to the mountain with his men, and taking his axe cut off a branch from a tree, put it on his shoulder and marched back. He cast his branch at the foot of the tower and company after company came, each man with his branch, and he cast it by the tower; till there was a great heap; then Abimelech fired at the branches, and the tower came tumbling down, and the tower and it was reduced. Such is the force of example. An old writer has said "verbs, sonant exempla trahunt;" "Words attract our attention but examples drag us along."

In the beautiful words of a poet. "Lives of great men all remind us. We may make our lives sublime And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

Every man is great that does his duty; and every man may be an example cheer others on to noble deeds; which is true of the individual, is true of the association. Let it be the aim of the members of the C. M. B. A. to brighten all around them by the light of their example, smoothing the thorny pathway of life for the many; encouraging charity and good will among their fellow men, and ever as faithful children of the Church looking to the glorious recompense—the unending joys of a blessed hereafter. For though, as the great poet has said, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones," it may come to pass that the good achieved may be forgotten on earth, it will most assuredly be inscribed in golden letters in the book of life eternal, and will stand in evidence on the last day. The great judge will erect his tribunal, to make a solemn manifestation of the virtuous deeds of his servants; to vindicate them before the assembled multitudes of every age, and crown them in heaven. For heaven, the dwelling place of the Most High, is the kingdom which has been prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

THE BLACK VEIL. Interesting Ceremony at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal.

An impressive ceremony especially interesting to the Catholic public of Toronto, took place at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Alexander street, Montreal, on Thursday, when three nuns took the black veil, and two novices the white veil. Those who took the black veil were Madame Hughes, of Toronto; Madame Lanot, of Montreal; and Sister Dufresne, of Montreal. Miss Finn, of St. John, N. B., and Miss Mercier, of Montreal, took the white veil.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, officiated at the ceremony and Mass was said by his nephew, Rev. Father J. J. Walsh, of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Among the clergymen in the sanctuary were Rev. Father Lismarrie, chaplain of the Sacred Heart Academy; Rev. Father O'Bryan, S. J., Superior of Loyola College; and Rev. Father Daniel, P. S. S.



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Madame Hughes, formerly Miss Marie Abta Hughes, is a daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, of Toronto. She is well known in Toronto, having received a degree from St. Andrew's University, Scotland.

daughter of Mr. James Hogan of the same place. The church which was professedly decorated, was fitted to its utmost capacity, the vast majority present being composed of members of the various Protestant denominations to be found in the village.

QUERREY, Nov. 22.—Our contemporary the Toronto Globe, after quoting the statement of THE CATHOLIC HISTORIANS, that out of 34 of the more important Provincial offices Catholics hold only 22 or 7 per cent, while Catholics are 17 per cent of the population, goes on to say, that, "putting aside for a moment the question of the accuracy of the figures, we should say that if there were any evidence of deliberate proscription of Catholics that would certainly be a grievous wrong."

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The Parish of Midland. The town of Midland which is beautifully situated on the Georgian Bay, or rather on a bay of that magnificent sheet of water, is the centre of a large and steadily growing Catholic population. Besides the town itself there are two outlying missions—Victoria Harbor and Wabausanau containing in all a total of 1,260 souls.

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