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VOL. XIV., No. 2

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENT

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Continuation of Prominent Catholics Who were in Toronto in 1850, when Old-Timer Came—The Macdonells of Various Branches—The O'Neill's, Auctioneers, Merchants, etc.—The Father of Captain Elmsley and the Sherwoods, Chief Justices of Upper Canada, but Protestants.

My memory must be at fault, of course, with regard to some of the Catholics here in 1850. In speaking of the Catholic aristocracy of those days, for there was an aristocracy then, I forgot to mention the Macdonell family. This I should not have done, because it was one of the first Catholic families in point of time, just the same as the Macdonells were among the first Catholic people in Upper Canada. The first bishop, not of Toronto, but of the upper province, now Ontario, was a Macdonell, so was the first vicar-general. One of the first Catholic representatives in the united parliament, before federation, was a Macdonell—John Sandfield—who was also the first Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. I am not able to give an account of the advent of the first Catholic Macdonell family to Toronto, but I know it was quite early. I rather think it was soon after the first settlement of the city by Governor Simcoe. There were four brothers of those Macdonells that I know of, and two of them that I know well. The brothers were named Allan, Angus, Alexander and James. The latter, however, I believe was not a Catholic and lived at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Allan was the eldest and when I first saw him he was sheriff of the Gore district at Hamilton. I remember his presiding there at the "Durham meeting" that was held in the winter of 1842-3, which broke up in a riot. He was a Conservative and was removed by the Baldwin-Lafontaine Administration, which soon thereafter came into power. After that he devoted his time to copper mining on the borders of Lake Superior and to exploring in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Country, but lived here many years before his death. Angus Macdonell lived in Hamilton when his brother was sheriff of the Gore district. I think the Macdonells were related to Lady McNab, wife of Sir Allan McNab. McNab and her daughters regularly to the little, old roughcast church in Hamilton, that preceded the Cathedral on the same site, and when Vicar-General Macdonell was the parish priest. He, too, resided in Toronto afterwards. The homestead of the Macdonells here was on the corner of John and Peter streets, if I am not mistaken. "Alick" Macdonell was sheriff of the Niagara District at the time that his elder brother was sheriff of the Gore District, and I believe met the same fate. It is his son, Mr. Claude Macdonell, that now represents Toronto South in the Dominion parliament. James Macdonell I saw but little of and I don't think he conformed to the true faith like the rest of the family. I rather think he spent most of his time in the Niagara district. Notwithstanding the Massacre of Glencoe, it is a marvel how many Macdonells and McDonalds there are in the world to-day and what a mark they have made in it and are going on making!

The late William J. Macdonell, the French Consul, came here in 1849 or 1850. He was agent for Jones & Co. of Brockville, shippers and forwarders. Mr. Jones was his brother-in-law and also a Catholic. This Mr. Macdonell was better known in Toronto than any other of the Macdonells. I don't exactly know where he was born but he was a Canadian by birth. Probably Kingston or Glengarry. He was a bachelor all his life. He was a very learned and a very pious man, and used to take charge of the altar boys in the Cathedral in Bishop Charbonnel's time. He was not French Consul until some time in the sixties. He assisted the late D. K. Feehan in establishing the Toronto Savings Bank, which subsequently became the Home Savings Bank, and has recently blossomed forth into the Home Bank of Canada, under the able management of Lieut. Col. James Mason. Mr. W. J. Macdonell was a great student of literature, and at the time of his death had one of the finest private libraries of Toronto, including many valuable French classics. I think it a disgrace that the wealthy Catholics of Toronto that that splendid library was not the foundation of a fine general Catholic library and allowing it to be scattered and lost; or not having been purchased and preserved in St. Michael's College.

There were other Macdonells of the Glengarry brand here in 1850 that I remember, one of whom was John Macdonell, a grain buyer, who was a very worthy and pious Catholic. He was very retiring in his manner and his principal claim to distinction was his charity and devotion to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. This John Macdonell was, I think, a native of Glengarry County, Ontario.

Alexander Macdonell was a fine young fellow when I knew him in those days. He, too, was a prominent member of the St. Vincent Society, at whose meetings I first made his acquaintance. He filled a responsible position in Osgoode Hall, the principal seat of Upper Canada's law business, yet performing its various functions, but not nearly so important now as it was before confederation, or in those days I write of, as its business is now divided up and not centralized as it was then.

Next to the Hayes perhaps the most important business men among the Catholics in Toronto were the O'Neills, Terence and Peter. Terence was a tall, spare man and very voluble of speech. His business was in many ways. His business was that of auctioneer and his store adjoined that of Hayes Brothers. He was a great talker, as our auctioneers generally have been, and was a born leader. He was successful in business, however, and at his death left considerable property. He was a strong Reformer in politics and in 1854 along with the late Frederick C. Capreol, was a candidate in the reform interest for the union parliament in Toronto. Of course no Reformer could be elected here and O'Neill and Capreol were defeated, although Mr. O'Neill made a wonderfully gallant fight. One of the services he rendered to the Catholic cause at this time was as president of the Catholic Institute, then enjoying a live influence and doing much good. During the election Mr. O'Neill was attacked by an Orange mob on Queen street west, when he showed himself no coward.

Peter O'Neill was a different kind of man altogether. He shunned publicity and confined himself to his business, which was that of wholesale dry goods merchant. His store was on Yonge street, south of King street, on the west side. He left here in the late sixties and went to Port Huron, Michigan, where he acquired wealth and honors and was chosen mayor of that city. But I suppose he has long passed to his reward. There were others of this family, brothers, that were not so well known. John O'Neill came here in the sixties from Dublin and started a retail dry goods store on King street east, opposite St. Lawrence Hall, but I believe after a while pulled up stakes and went to the States. Patrick O'Neill, another brother, lived in Chicago and may survive there yet, and if he does is a very old man.

There were three brothers of the O'Donohoes here in business in 1850. They were Malachy, John and Bernard. They were in the auction business and thrived. Malachy was the eldest of the three and Bernard the youngest. They all took more or less interest in politics and belonged to the Reform or Baldwin school. Malachy was the first to yield to the demand of nature, when John came largely to the front and entered politics as a friend and warm supporter of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He was a first-class stump speaker and his services were much in demand. In the early sixties he was elected an alderman for St. David's Ward, in the east end of the city. There were giants in the city council in those days, when such noted men as John Hillyard Cameron, Matthew Crooks Cameron, Adam Willson, afterwards Chief Justice, and other citizens were members. O'Donohoe worked hard in Toronto to overcome the Orange influence then so largely prevailing. He effected combinations in the different wards whereby eighteen Orange-

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men were replaced by as many Liberal Englishmen and a few Catholics like the late James Stock. He next entered provincial politics. He was elected a member of parliament for East Toronto, but was unseated for some irregularity. Still he forged to the front and was appointed a member of the Dominion Senate, which exalted position he held until his death a few years ago. O'Donohoe was a zealous Catholic and was capable of performing great party services. Bernard, or "Barney," as he was familiarly called, left Toronto in the late sixties and took up his residence in Buffalo, but I believe he, too, is now dead. Senator O'Donohoe was married to a daughter of the late Dr. Bradley of Toronto, a very amiable and cultivated lady, who died young. One daughter of their union survives in the person of Mrs. Margaret Rennie of Toronto, who is the mother of a large and interesting family.

Some typographical errors occurred in my last communication. In alluding to the Sherwoods and Elmsleys I wanted to make it clear that the father of Capt. Elmsley and the father of the Sherwoods, of the Catholic aristocracy, were both Chief Justices of Upper Canada, but Protestants. This was only partly shown on account of the omission of some words.

## WILLIAM HALLEY. Catholic Population in United States

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 6.—From advance sheets of the official Roman Catholic directory, published in Milwaukee, it is found that the total Catholic population of the United States is 12,651,944, an increase of 189,151 over the previous year. The total number of priests, including seculars and regulars, is 44,484, an increase of 427. There are in the United States one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, ninety bishops and twenty-one abbots. There are 10,789 secular priests and 3,695 regulars. The total number of churches in the United States is 11,814, an increase of 427 over the previous year. There are eighty-eight seminaries for ecclesiastical students. The number of children attending parochial schools has increased to 1,066,207, an increase of almost 35,000, there being 4,281 parochial schools listed. The children who are under Roman Catholic care, including those in orphan asylums, number 1,229,668. There are 869 institutions of higher education and the total number of Catholic charitable institutions is 997.

In addition to the secular clergy there are forty religious orders of priests represented in the United States, the principal ones being the Jesuits, the Benedictines, Capuchins, Franciscans, Dominicans, Holy Cross Fathers, Paulists, Redemptorists and Oblates. Representatives of 122 sisterhoods are engaged in teaching in the country.

Golden Jubilee in 1908  
Preparations are already in progress to celebrate the golden jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X. The Pope wishes the celebration to be altogether of a religious character.

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## SERMON

By Rev. Arthur J. Staley, C.S.B. on the Event of his Brothers First Mass, delivered in St. Mary's Cathedral Kingston, on Christmas Day 1905.

Following is a synopsis of the sermon preached by Rev. Father Arthur J. Staley, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, on the occasion of his newly-ordained brother's first Mass, delivered in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, last Christmas, at the 10.30 service, a very large congregation being present, which included the parents, brothers and sisters, and other near relatives of the two young priests.

"Thou art a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedech."—Ps. 109, v. 5.  
A priest's First Mass, my dear brethren, is always an event of deep interest to Catholic people. This is not because a first Mass differs essentially from any other, surely not. The Holy sacrifice is ever the same, the Divine Victim the same, the principal offerer the same Jesus Christ. The interest then comes from this, that now a new representative and assistant at the divine sacrifice, clothed with the tremendous power to consecrate the body of Christ and forgive the sins of men, has been chosen from your midst, from this congregation of St. Mary's, which has given, and is still giving, worthy sons to the Church—has been chosen, I say, from among you to be added to the long and glorious line of the priesthood.

Therefore, my dear brethren, on an occasion like this, when in the most solemn manner, the Church is commemorating the anniversary of the birth of Christ, who was, as you know, the Father of the Eternal Priesthood and is, therefore, the beginning of every priestly vocation, I can find no better subject for your instruction than to lay before you in the simplest manner the dignity of the priest of God, the many responsibilities and trials put upon him, and the joys and sorrows of his priestly life.

In speaking of the dignity of the priest there is no danger of exaggeration. Worldly offices may be magnified beyond bounds because they are of the earth, but the priesthood is of Heaven, for rightly understood there is only one priesthood, that of Jesus Christ, which indeed cannot be magnified, since its dignity is beyond our conception or imagination.

In a kingdom there may be thousands of magistrates, but there is only one Magistracy, one seat of power, one fountain of jurisdiction, from which flows all that which makes each one in his place capable of doing the work of the sovereign. This is what lawyers mean by saying that the State is present in every court, the Magistrate being only a participant in the power of the State and doing in his own name what in the last analysis is the work of the chief authority. So, my dear brethren, there are countless priests over the world, but like the magistrates and their sovereign, their power is not in themselves, but by participation in the power of Christ. By the appointment of God, that is by ordination, they can do this or that, and for this or that congregation what it belongs to Him alone to do for all men in every place and time. How then and wherein is Jesus priest? By having an idea of that, my brethren, we can form some judgment of what each priest is.

Is the priesthood in Jesus simply as He is God? Certainly not. For the notion of a priest is of something intervening between two beings, or of a person offering on behalf of the maker that which is his own, and which is at the same time sufficient to pay the debt, and satisfy the honor of him to whom it is offered. Now Jesus simply as he is God, cannot be a mediator between God and God, for between God and God there is no medium, nor can he anything to offer which is his own, since in God there is no division of power or glory or anything else, God being simplicity itself.

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Word took to Himself a human nature which he was not bound to take that was something which was exclusively his own; He had sovereign dominion over it and could do with it as he pleased, and when he did please of His adorable will to offer Himself as man's ransom on the one hand, and on the other in satisfaction to His Father's offended justice, there is you see the whole nature of the priesthood; a person at once both divine and human, by His divine power able to offer, and by His human nature capable of being offered.

Such then, my brethren, is the priesthood in which we share. By it although we remain human beings, still we are invested with divine authority, we receive a divine commission, we do the work of God. Is there anything higher than this? We measure the dignity of an office by its distance from the seat of power. Here the fountain is divine and so the office divine. You will find nothing on the earth to compare with it. Yes, my brethren, to get an idea of it you must pierce the vaults of Heaven, you must pass by the angelic hosts to whom has not been granted that which is given to the priest, you must pass by the Mother of God, who, although she brought forth Jesus Christ true God and true man, still never had the power to consecrate His body and forgive the sins of men, and so you must ascend to the very throne, nay to the very right hand of the Father, and there you see the Son of God, the High Priest, exercising the office of the priesthood, or, as St. Paul tells us, always making intercession on our behalf.

Great, then, is the dignity of the priesthood by reason of its nature. Great again is it by reason of the responsibilities put upon him.  
He is, first of all, the ambassador of Christ with men. "As the Father has sent me, so do I send you." He acts in God's name and with God's authority. "He that heareth you heareth me." Those who refuse to listen to his message of peace and good will resist the ordinance of God. "He that despiseth you, despiseth me, and he that despiseth me, despiseth Him that sent me." He is to continue here below the work of Christ for the salvation of souls. "Go ye forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." In his work here upon earth he is sure that God is with him: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Secondly, my brethren, he is the light that shineth in the darkness. "Ye are the light of the world," said Christ to His apostles. The priest must be a light by his doctrine, a light by his example, a guiding star in Israel. As the Magi of old were led by the star to the feet of Jesus in Bethlehem, so the priest is the star which must bring men to the knowledge and love of God. O, my dear friends, what a responsibility is this? and what a terrible account he will have to render to God, if instead of being a light shining brightly and high on the mountain top for the guidance of men, he should become a dim and flickering light hurrying souls to shipwreck and destruction!

He is, thirdly, the salt of the earth. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said Christ to His disciples. Just as salt preserves meat, so also the priest must preserve the people. He must render his flock acceptable to God and do what he can to promote the glory of the Divine Master. Great talents and powers and graces have been given to him for this. What an account he will have to render if he neglects these graces, if he uses those powers for destruction and not for edification, if he goes and buries the talent given him, instead of making it grow and multiply an hundred-fold.

Yes, my brethren, and to these responsibilities are added many trials and afflictions. Indeed the life of a priest is a hard and a laborious one, although sometimes people do not think so. I do not speak here of the individual cares of building and supporting houses and churches and schools, but over and above all this, is not his life a continual act of sacrifice? He bids farewell to home and friends to consecrate himself to the service of God alone; to preserve himself that purity of conduct which the Church demands of him, he has to keep a continual watch over his actions, he has to endure many privations and sufferings. But you might say, my brethren, "That by doing all this, he is doing nothing more than his duty." Of course he is doing nothing more than his duty.

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but think you that the performance of duty is always an easy matter? Think you that the poor human heart which often grows sick of the pleasures of the world, cannot also grow weary of self-sacrifice and self-denial? Think you that he is not human as well as yourself? And yet with all the wickedness inherent in human nature, he has to raise himself above that nature, he has to be a model to his people, he has to give the example of all Christian virtues, and he has to deny himself many pleasures which are in themselves lawful in order not to scandalize the weak. In a word, he has to become all things to all men, to bring all to Christ. And this not for a week or a month, or a year, but to the end of his mortal life, because God may call him suddenly at any time and ask him "What he asked the prophet of old, 'Watchman, what of the night?'" "Shepherd give an account of the sheep entrusted to thy care." Is not this, my brethren, a continual strain on poor human nature and human weakness? Ah, yes! a strain indeed that no man can stand except he whom God has called by a special vocation.

Yes, and besides these trials there are many others incidental to his daily life. Remember the priest must always be ready to answer the call of duty. He is bound to go to the sick man no matter how dangerous or repulsive the disease may be; he has to leave his home in all kinds of weather, and at all hours of the day or night, to assist the dying, sometimes even at the risk of his own life. And to the honor of the Catholic priesthood, he it said, no priest has ever been found wanting in the discharge of that duty.

But, my dear brethren, these are only passing troubles. The priest is hated and persecuted by the world. "They have persecuted me," said Christ to His disciples, "and they will persecute you." As the priest is within his own sphere, the representative of the Church, the opposition of the world is more or less directed against him. This opposition assumes various forms. In the early ages of the Church, it was fierce and cruel. During the Reformation, a price was set on priests' heads. They were hunted and tracked like wild beasts. It seemed as if men had vowed to exterminate all the priests of the Church. The poor, foolish world forgot that although individual priests may die, others are found to take their places, for the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians and the priesthood is to last till the end of the world, according to the oath which the Almighty swore to the Son. "Thou art a priest forever."

Such as, dear Father, the trials and hardships with which the priests of God have to contend, and such are the trials which will come upon you as surely as they come upon the rest of us, and perhaps many days will not pass till these awful responsibilities and heavy burdens are thrust upon your young shoulders. But we must not forget that if the duties and burdens of the priest are heavy in themselves, they are light compared with the consolations which God has in store for him.

There is first of all the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Can we think of a greater happiness than that of the priest who ascends the altar to commemorate the sacrifice of our Redemption? For in what does happiness consist if not in being united to those whom we love, if not in having all that we may lawfully desire? Now is there a closer union than that which exists between Jesus and His priests in the Holy Mass? The priest receives his God, who comes to enrich him with the fullness of His treasures and riches. Who comes to strengthen him against all the dangers of the day. Appeal to your own experience, dear Father, when you try to think of a day of real happiness, of a day in which everything was bright and fair, do not the sweet memories of your First Communion day come back to your mind to cheer and comfort you again? And do you not experience the same feeling every time you approach the Holy table in good and pure dispositions? Think then of the happiness of the priest who has the privilege of saying Mass every day. May he not rightly exclaim: "Heaven is a Holy Mass which is to last forever."

Again the priest finds great consolation in the administration of the Sacraments, those channels of grace of which he is the lawful minister. Take for instance the Sacrament of Penance. Our Lord tells us in the Gospel that the Good Shepherd leaves ninety-nine sheep in the desert to go (Continued on page 5.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"My good sir," said he, "pray let me get an answer. This is the sixth time I have been here. I was here five times yesterday. My house is threatened with destruction. It is to be burned down to-night, and was to have been last night, but they had other business on their hands. Pray let me get an answer."

"My good sir," returned Mr. Haredale, shaking his head, "my house is burned to the ground. But Heaven forbid that yours should be. Get your answer. Be brief, in mercy to me."

"Now, you hear this, my lord?" said the old gentleman, calling up the stairs, to where the skirt of a dressing-gown fluttered on the landing-place. "Here is a gentleman here, whose house was actually burned down last night."

"Dear me, dear me," replied a testy voice, "I am very sorry for it, but what am I to do? I can't build it up again. The chief magistrate of the city can't go and be re-building of people's houses my good sir. Stuff and nonsense!"

"But the chief magistrate of the city can prevent people's houses from having any need to be rebuilt, if the chief magistrate's man, and not a dummy—can't he, my lord?" cried the old gentleman in a choleric manner.

"You are disrespectful, sir," said the Lord Mayor—"leastways, disrespectful I mean."

"Disrespectful, my lord!" returned the old gentleman. "I was respectful five times yesterday. I can't be respectful forever. Men can't stand on being respectful when their houses are going to be burned over their heads, with them in 'em. What am I to do, my lord? Am I to have any protection?"

"I told you yesterday, sir," said the Lord Mayor, "that you might have an alderman in your house, if you could get one to come."

"What the devil's the good of an alderman?" returned the choleric old gentleman.

"To awe the crowd, sir," said the Lord Mayor.

"Oh Lord ha' mercy!" whimpered the old gentleman, as he wiped his forehead in a state of ludicrous distress, "to think of sending an alderman to awe a crowd! Why, my lord, if they were even so many babies, fed on mother's milk, what do you think they'd care for an alderman! Will you come?"

"It," said the Lord Mayor most emphatically, "Certainly not."

"Then what," returned the old gentleman, "what am I to do? Am I a citizen of England? Am I to have the benefit of the laws? Am I to have any return for the King's taxes?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said the Lord Mayor; "what a pity it is you're a Catholic! Why couldn't you be a Protestant, and then you would not have got yourself into such a mess? I'm sure I don't know what's to be done. There are great people at the bottom of these riots. Oh dear me, what a thing it is to be a public character! You must look in again in the course of the day. Would a javelin-man do? Or there's Phillips the constable—he's disengaged—he's not very old for a man at his time of life, except in his legs, and if you put him up at a window he'd look quite young by candle-light, and might frighten 'em very much. Oh dear—well—we'll see about it."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Haredale, pressing the door open as the porter strove to shut it, and speaking rapidly, "My Lord Mayor, I beg you not to go away. I have a man here, who committed a murder eight and twenty years ago. Half a dozen words from me, on oath, will justify you in committing him to prison, for re-examination. I only seek, just now, to have him consigned to a place of safety. The least delay may involve his being rescued by the rioters."

"Oh dear me!" cried the Lord Mayor. "God bless my soul—and body—oh Lord!—well I!—there are great people at the bottom of these riots, you know. You really mustn't."

"My lord," said Mr. Haredale, "the murdered gentleman was my brother; I succeeded to his inheritance; there were not wanting slanderous tongues at that time, to whisper that the guilt of this most foul and cruel deed was mine—mine, who loved him as he knows, in Heaven, dearly. The time has come, after all these years of gloom and misery, for avenging him, and bringing to light a crime so artful and so devilish that it has no parallel. Every second delay on your part loosens this man's bloody hands again, and leads to his escape. My lord, I charge you hear me, and despatch this matter on the instant."

"Oh dear me!" cried the chief magistrate; "these ain't business hours, you know—I wonder at you—how ungentlemanly it is of you—you mustn't—you really mustn't. And I suppose you are a Catholic too?"

"I am," said Mr. Haredale. "God bless my soul, I believe people turn Catholics a' purpose to vex and worry me," cried the Lord Mayor. "I wish you wouldn't come here; they'll be setting the Mansion House afire next, and we shall have you to thank for it. You must lock your prisoner up, sir—give him to a watchman—and call again at a proper time. Then we'll see about it!"

Before Mr. Haredale could answer, the sharp closing of a door and drawing of its bolts, gave notice that the Lord Mayor had retreated to his bedroom, and that further remonstrance would be unavailing. The two clients retreated likewise, and the porter shut them out into the street.

"That's the way he puts me off," said the old gentleman, "I can get no redress and no help. What are you going to do, sir?"

"To try elsewhere," answered Mr. Haredale, who was by this time on horseback.

"I feel for you, I assure you—and well I may, for we are in a common cause," said the old gentleman. "I may not have a house to offer you to-night; let me tender it while I can. On second thoughts though," he added, putting up a pocket-book he had produced while speaking, "I'll not give you a card, for if it were found upon you, it might get you into trouble. Langdale—that's my name—vintner and distiller—Holborn Hill—you're heartily welcome, if you will come."

Mr. Haredale bowed and rode off, close beside the chaise as before; despatching to repair to the house of Sir John Felling, who had the reputation of being a bold and active magistrate, and fully resolved, in case the rioters should come upon them, to do execution on the murderer with his own hands, rather than suffer him to be released.

They arrived at the magistrate's dwelling, however, without molestation (for the mob, as we have seen, were then intent on deeper schemes), and knocked at the door. As it had been pretty generally rumored that Sir John was proscribed by the rioters, a body of thief-takers had been keeping watch in the house all night. To one of them, Mr. Haredale stated his business, which appearing to the man of sufficient moment to warrant his arousing the justice, procured him an immediate audience.

No time was lost in committing the murderer to Newgate, then a new building, recently completed at a vast expense, and considered to be of enormous strength. The warrant being made out, three of the thief-takers bound him afresh (he had been struggling, it seemed, in the chaise, and had loosened his manacles); gagged him lest they should meet with any of the mob, and he should call to them for help; and seated themselves along with him in the carriage. These men being all well armed, made a formidable escort; but they drew up the blinds again, as though the carriage were empty, and directed Mr. Haredale to ride forward, that he might not attract attention by seeming to belong to it.

The wisdom of this proceeding was sufficiently obvious, for as they hurried through the city they passed among several groups of men, who, if they had not supposed the chaise to be quite empty, would certainly have stopped it. But those within keeping quite close, and the driver tarrying to be asked no questions, they reached the prison without interruption, and, once there, had him out, and safe within its gloomy walls, in a twinkling.

With eager eyes and strained attention, Mr. Haredale saw him chained, and locked and barred up in his cell. Nay, when he had left the jail, and stood in the free street, without, he felt the iron plates upon the doors, with his hands, and drew them over the stone wall, to assure himself that it was real; and to exult in its being so strong, and rough, and cold. It was not until he turned his back upon the jail, and glanced along the empty streets, so lifeless and quiet in the bright morning, that he felt the weight upon his heart; that he knew he was tortured by anxiety for those he had left at home; and that home itself was but another bead in the long rosary of his regrets.

CHAPTER IV.

The prisoner, left to himself, sat down upon his bedstead; and resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin upon his hands, remained in that attitude for hours. It would be hard to say, of what nature his reflections were. They had no distinctness, and

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleepless, nervous, irritable, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

saying for some flashes now and then no reference to his condition or the train of circumstances by which it had been brought about. The cracks in the pavements of his cell, the creaks in the wall where stone was joined to stone, the bars in the window, the iron ring upon the door—such things as these, subsiding strangely into one another, and awakening an indescribable kind of interest and amusement, engrossed his whole mind, and although at the bottom of his every thought there was an uneasy sense of guilt, and dread of death, he felt no more than that vague consciousness of it, which a sleeper has of pain. It pursues him through his dreams, gnaws at the heart of all his fancied pleasures, robs the banquet of its taste, music of its sweetness, makes happiness itself unhappy, and yet is no bodily sensation, but a phantom without shape, or form, or visible presence; pervading everything, but having no existence; recognizable everywhere, but nowhere seen or touched, or met with face to face, until the sleep is past, and waking agony returns.

After a long time the door of his cell opened. He looked up, saw the blind man enter, and relapsed into his former position.

"Guided by his breathing, the visitor advanced to where he sat, and stopping beside him, and stretching out his hand to assure himself that he was right, remained, for a good space, silent.

"This is bad, Rudge. This is bad," he said at length.

The prisoner shuffled with his feet upon the ground in turning his body from him, but made no other answer.

"How were you taken?" he asked. "And where? You never told me more than half your secret. No matter, I know it now. How was it, and where, eh?" he asked again, coming still nearer to him.

"At Chigwell," said the other.

"At Chigwell! How came you there?"

"Because I went there to avoid the man I tumbled on," he answered.

"Because I was chased and driven there, by him and Fate. Because I was urged to go there by something stronger than my own will. When I found him watching in the house she used to live in, night after night, I knew I never could escape him—never! and when I heard the Bell—"

He shivered; muttered that it was very cold, paced quickly up and down the narrow cell, and sitting down again, fell into his old posture.

"You were saying," said the blind man, after another pause, "that when you heard the Bell—"

"Let it be, will you?" retorted in a hurried voice. "It hangs there yet."

The blind man turned a wistful and inquisitive face towards him, but he continued to speak, without noticing him.

"I went to Chigwell, in search of the mob. I have been so hunted and beset by this man, that I knew my only hope of safety lay in joining them. They had gone on before, I followed them when it left off."

"When what left off?"

"The Bell. They had quitted the place. I hoped that some of them might be still lingering among the ruins, and was searching for them I heard"—he drew a long breath, and wiped his forehead with his sleeve—"his voice."

"Saying what?"

"No matter what. I don't know. I was then at the foot of the turret, where I did the"—

"Ay," said the blind man, nodding his head with perfect composure, "I understand."

"I climbed the stair, or so much of it as was left, meaning to hide till he had gone. But he heard me, and followed almost as soon as I set foot upon the ashes."

"You might have hidden in the wall and thrown him down or stabbed him," said the blind man.

"Might I? Between that man and me was one who led him on—I saw it, though he did not—and raised above his head a bloody hand. It was in the room above that he and I stood glaring at each other on the night of the murder, and before he fell he raised his hand like that, and fixed his eyes on me. I knew the chase would end there."

"You have a strong fancy," said the blind man, with a smile.

"Strengthen yours with blood, and see what it will come to."

He groaned, and rocked himself, and looking up for the first time, said, in a low, hollow voice

"Eight and twenty years! Eight and twenty years! He has never grown older, nor altered in the least degree. He has been before me in the dark night, and the broad sunny day, in the twilight, the moonlight, the sunlight, the light of fire, and lamp, and candle; and in the deepest gloom. Always the same! In company, in solitude, on land, on shipboard; sometimes leaving me alone for months, and sometimes always with me. I have seen him, at sea, come gliding in the dead of night along the bright reflection of the moon in the calm water; and I have seen him, on quays and market-places, with his hand uplifted, towering, the centre of a busy crowd, unconscious of the terrible form that had its silent stand among them. Fancy! Are you real? Am I? Are these iron fetters, riveted on me by the smith's

hammer, or are they fetters I can snapper at a blow?"

"Fancy! Do I fancy that I killed him? Do I fancy that as I left the chamber where he lay, I saw the face of a man peering from a dark door, who plainly showed me by his fearful looks that he suspected what I had done? Do I remember that I spoke fairly to him—that I drew nearer—nearer yet—with the hot knife in my sleeve? Do I fancy how he died? Did he stagger back into the angle of the wall into which I had hemmed him, and bleeding inwardly, stand, not fall, a corpse before me? Did I see him, for an instant, as you see now, erect and on his feet—but dead?"

The blind man, who knew that he had risen, motioned him to sit down again upon his bedstead, but he took no notice of the gesture.

"It was then I thought, for the first time, of fastening the murder upon him. It was then I dressed him in my clothes, and dragged him down the back stairs to the piece of water. Do I remember listening to the bubbles that came rising up when I had rolled him in? Do I remember wiping the water from my face, and because the body splashed it there, in its descent, feeling as if it must be blood?"

"Did I go home when I had done? And oh, my God! how long it took to do! Did I stand before my wife, and tell her? Did I see her fall upon the ground, and when I stooped to raise her, did she thrust me back with a force that cast me off as if I had been a child, staining the hand with which she clasped my wrist? Is that fancy?"

"Did she go down upon her knees, and call on Heaven to witness that she and her unborn child renounced me from that hour, and did she, in words so solemn that they turned me cold—me, fresh from the horrors my own hands had made—warn me to fly while there was time; for though she would be silent, being my wretched wife, she would not shelter me? Did I go forth that night, abjured of God and man, and anchored deep in hell, to wander at my cable's length about the earth, and surely be drawn down at last?"

"Why did you return?" said the blind man.

"Is blood red? I could no more help it than I could live without breath. I struggled against the impulse, but I was drawn back, through every difficult and adverse circumstance, as by a mighty engine. Nothing could stop me. The day and hour were none of my choice. Sleeping and waking, I had been among the old haunts for years—had visited my own grave. Why did I come back? Because this jail was gaping for me, and he stood beckoning at the door."

"You were not known?" said the blind man.

"I was a man who had been twenty-two years dead. No. I was not known."

"You should have kept your secret better."

"My secret? Mine? It was a secret, any breath of air could whisper at its will. The stars had it in their twinkling, the water in its flowing, the leaves in their rustling, the seasons in their return. It lurked in strangers' faces, and their voices. Everything had lips on which it always trembled—My secret?"

"It was revealed by your own act at any rate," said the blind man.

"The act was not mine. I did it, but it was not mine. I was forced at times to wander round, and round, and round that spot. If you had chained me up when the fit was on me, I should have broken away, and gone there. As truly as the loadstone draws iron towards it, so he, lying at the bottom of his grave, could draw me near him when he would."

"Was that fancy? Did I like to go there, or did I strive and wrestle with the power that forced me?"

The blind man shrugged his shoulders, and smiled incredulously. The prisoner again resumed his old attitude, and for a long time both were mute.

"I suppose then," said his visitor, at length breaking silence, "that you are penitent and resigned; that you desire to make peace with everybody (in particular with your wife who has brought you to this), and that you ask no greater favor than to be carried to Tyburn as soon as possible? That being the case, I had better take my leave. I am not good enough to be company for you."

"Have you not told me," said the other fiercely, "that I have striven and wrestled with the power that brought me here? Has my whole life, for eight and twenty years, been one perpetual struggle and resistance, and do you think I want to lie down and die? Do all men shrink from death—I most of all?"

"That's better said. That's better spoken, Rudge—but I'll not call you that again—than anything you have said yet," returned the blind man, speaking more familiarly, and laying his hand upon his arm. "Lookye, I never killed a man myself, for I have never been placed in a position that made it worth my while. Farther, am not an advocate for killing men, and I don't think I should recommend it or like it—for it's very gazarious—under any circumstances. But as you had the misfortune to get into this trouble before I made your acquaintance, and as you have been my companion, and have been of use to me for a long time now, I overlook that part of the matter, and am only anxious that you shouldn't die unnecessarily. Now, I do not consider that, at present, it is at all necessary."

"What else is left me?" returned the prisoner. "To eat my way through these walls with my teeth?"

"Something easier than that," returned his friend. "Promise me that you will talk no more of these fancies of yours—idle, foolish things,

quite beneath a man—and I'll tell you what I mean."

"I'll me," said the other. "Your worthy lady with the tender conscience, your scrupulous, virtuous, punctilious, but not binvally affectionate wife—"

"What of her?"

"Is now in London."

"A curse upon her, be she where she may!"

"That's natural enough. If she had taken her annuity as usual, you would not have been here, and we should have been better off. But that's apart from the business. She's in London, scared, as I suppose, and have no doubt, by my representation when I waited upon her, that you were close at hand (which I, of course, urged only as an inducement to compliance, knowing that she was not pining to see you), she left that place, and travelled up to London."

"How do you know?"

"From my friend the noble captain—the illustrious general—the bladder, Mr. Tapertit. I learned from him the last time I saw him, which was yesterday, that your son who is called Barnaby—not after his father, I suppose—"

"Death! does that matter now!"

"You are impatient," said the blind man, calmly; "it's a good sign, and looks like life—that your son Barnaby had been lured away from her by one of his companions who knew him of old, at Chigwell; and that he is now among the rioters."

"And what is that to me?" If father and son be hanged together, what comfort shall I find in that?"

"Stay—stay, my friend," returned the blind man, with a cunning look, "you travel fast to journeys' ends. Suppose I track my lady out, and say thus much? You want your son, ma'am—good. I, knowing those who tempt him to remain among them, can restore him to you, ma'am—good. You must pay a price, ma'am, for his restoration—good again. The price is small, and easy to be paid—dear ma'am, that's best of all."

"What mockery is this?"

"Very likely, she may reply in those words. 'No mockery at all,' I answer; 'Madam, a person said to be your husband (identity is difficult of proof after the lapse of many years) is in prison, his life in peril—the charge against him, murder. Now, ma'am, your husband has been dead a long, long time. The gentleman never can be confounded with him, if you will have the goodness to say a few words, on oath, as to when he died, and how; and that this person (who I am told resembles him in some degree) is no more he than I am. Such testimony will set the question quite at rest. Pledge yourself to me to give it, ma'am, and I will undertake to keep your son (a fine lad) out of harm's way until you have done this trifling service, when he shall be delivered up to you, safe and sound. On the other hand, if you decline to do so, I fear he will be betrayed, and handed over to the law, which will assuredly sentence him to suffer death. It is, in fact, a choice between his life and death. If you refuse, he swings. If you comply, the timber is not grown, nor the hemp sown, that shall do him any harm.'"

"There is a gleam of hope in this!" cried the prisoner.

"A gleam!" returned his friend, "a moon-blaze; a full and glorious daylight. Hush! I hear the tread of distant feet. Rely on me."

"When shall I hear more?"

"As soon as I do. I should hope to-morrow. They are coming to say that our time for talk is over. I hear the jingling of the keys. Not another word of this just now, or they may overhear us."

As he said these words, the lock was turned, and one of the prison turnkeys appearing at the door, announced that it was time for visitors to leave the jail.

"So soon!" said Stagg, meekly. "But it can't be helped. Cheer up friend. This mistake will soon be set at rest, and then you are a man again! If this charitable gentleman will lead a blind man (who has nothing in return but prayers) to the prison-porch, and set him with his face towards the west, he will do a worthy deed. Thank you, good sir. I thank you very kindly."

"So saying, and pausing for an instant at the door to turn his grinning face towards his friend, he departed.

When the officer had seen him to the porch, he returned, and again unlocking and unbarring the door of the cell, set it wide open, informing its inmate that he was at liberty to walk in the adjacent yard, if he thought proper, for an hour.

The prisoner answered with a sullen nod, and being left alone again, sat brooding over what he had heard, and pondering upon the hopes the recent conversation had awakened, gazing abstractedly, the while he did so, on the light without, and watching the shadows thrown by one wall on another, and on the stone-paved ground.

It was a dull, square yard, made cold and gloomy by high walls, and seeming to chill the very sunlight. The stone, so bare, and rough, and obdurate, filled even him with longing thoughts of meadow-land and trees, and with a burning wish to be at liberty. As he looked, he rose, and leaning against the door-post, gazed up at the bright blue sky, smiling even on that dreary home of crime.

He seemed, for a moment, to remember lying on his back in some sweet-scented place, and gazing at it through moving branches, long ago.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a clanking sound—he knew what it was, for he had startled himself by making the same noise in walking to the door. Presently, a voice began to sing, and he saw the shadow of a figure on the pavement. It stopped—was silent all at once, as though the person for a moment had forgotten where he was, but soon remembered—and so, with the same clanking noise, the shadow disappeared.

He walked out into the court and paced it to and fro, startling the echoes, as he went, with the harsh jangling of his fetters. There was a door near his which, like his, stood ajar.

He had not taken half a dozen turns up and down the yard, when, standing still to observe this door, he heard the clanking sound again. A face looked out of the grated window—saw it very dimly, for the cell was dark and the bars were heavy—and directly afterwards, a man appeared, and came towards him.

For the sense of loneliness he had he might have been in jail a year. Made eager by the hope of companionship, he quickened his pace, and hastened to meet the man half way—

"What was this! His son!"

They stood face to face, staring at each other, he shrinking and cowed despite himself, Barnaby struggling with his imperfect memory, and wondering where he had seen that face before. He was not uncertain for long, for suddenly he laid hands upon him, and striving to bear him to the ground, cried:

"Ah! I know! You are the robber!"

He said nothing in reply at first, but held down his head, and struggled with him silently. Finding the younger man too strong to him, he raised his face, looked close into his eyes and said:

God knows what magic the name had for his ears, but Barnaby released his hold, fell back, and looked at him agast. Suddenly he sprang towards him, put his arms about his neck and pressed his head against his cheek.

Yes, yes, he was; he was sure he was. But where had he been so long, and why had he left his mother by herself, or worse than by herself, with her poor foolish boy? And had she really been as happy as they said. And where was she? Was she near there? She was not happy now, and he in jail? Ah, no.

(To be Continued.)

FIRST MONTH—31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY 1906 Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and descriptions of religious events and feast days.

CANDLES For the Feast of the Purification. Strictly Rubrical. W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies, 123 Church St., Toronto LONG DISTANCE PHONE M. 2453

MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES S. ANARGYROS. Advertisement for Murad cigarettes featuring an illustration of a woman and child.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. Advertisement for Dodd's Kidney Pills with a circular logo.

Plain Tips 13c. per Box

The HOME CIRCLE

SHE ALSO HAD A PET. When the thin woman in the long gray ulster sat down in the subway car opposite the fat woman holding a bright little Scotch terrier it could be seen at once that they had points of common interest and that those points of common interest consisted of dogs.

GOOD LOOKS. While it is natural that girls should long to possess the charm of good looks, we wish they might understand how true beauty lies in kindness and self-forgetfulness.

HOW CAN ONE TELL A JESUIT? Everybody would like to be able to know a Jesuit when he met one. Is there any sign by which a Jesuit is discriminated from his fellow-mortals? Is the disguise of a Jesuit always impenetrable?

WOMAN'S NEED AT THE CRITICAL PERIODS OF HER LIFE AND HOW IT IS BEST SUPPLIED BY Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

We are sometimes asked why Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so successful in curing the ailments peculiar to women, and this is the explanation: The feminine organism is a regular network of nerves, and consequently requires an enormous quantity of rich, nourishing food.

of business and waited deferentially upon you in your own home—at least she had read of this in Dickens, or was it Scott?—a sleek, black-garbed man that glided as mysteriously as a Jesuit in and out of stately English houses.

But what of the glide mysterious as a distinguishing mark? Can we tell a Jesuit by his walk? We fear not. The glide will not do. It is not a reality; it is fictitious; it is unconventional.

THE HOME'S RULER. When baby's ill the greatest change occurs, the whole house through! The very rooms themselves seem strange, subdued and sad and "blue."

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR. Who comes dancing over the snow. His little soft feet all bare and rosy? Open the door, though the wild winds blow.

BABY AND THE ELEPHANT. There is something almost human in the attachment of one animal to another, but those strange freaks of affection are not uncommon.

It is an Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you."

NOW. If you have hard work to do, Do it now. To-day the skies are clear and blue, To-morrow clouds may come in view, Yesterday is not for you; Do it now.

If you have a song to sing, Sing it now. Let the notes of gladness ring, Clear as song of bird in spring, Let every day some music bring; Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say, Say them now. To-morrow may not come your way, Do a kindness while you may, Loved ones will not always stay; Say them now.

If you have a smile to show, Show it now. Make hearts happy, roses grow, Let the friends aroused you know, They love you have before they go; Show it now.

UNHAPPY WOMEN. There are some women who cultivate unhappiness. They brood over every little trouble and exaggerate every care.

At home no one has so many annoyances as these fretful women have, and away from home all their acquaintances are trying to get the better of them or to treat them in a way to give offence.

Hungering for happiness, they will not be happy with the happiness that is within reach. Always they look for felicity in the distance. They will be contented when the impossible happens in the way of good fortune or when to-morrow becomes to-day.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

PROMPTLY NAMED.

Some of Darwin's boy friends once plotted a surprise for the naturalist. They slew a centipede, glued on it a beetle's head, and also added to its body the wings of a butterfly and the long legs of a grasshopper.

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An unfortunate trait is this habit of unhappiness. It destroys cheerfulness. It deepens gloom. It is not only an affliction for the woman who has it, but also a torment to the whole family in her home.—Catholic Columbian.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, FLESHWORMS, HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, flesh worms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

I knew I was walking on the street behind Eleanor and another girl one afternoon, when the other girl told a bit of scandal about a schoolmate.

RIDDLES. What parts of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to dispose of? Articles.

SHE KNEW. A little Topoka girl came home from church, the other day, and was asked what the minister's text was.

PAPER NAPKINS AND TOWELS. Every one knows the value of paper napkins, and in many households the useful and inexpensive little squares have been substituted for linen napkins for breakfast and luncheon.

WHAT IT INDICATES IF YOU DO NOT TAKE A CATHOLIC PAPER. 1. That you have not been asked to do so.

NO APOLOGIES. "Do you mean malaria in Crimson Gulch?" inquired the stranger.

NO LONGER NEEDED. Her—I hear the count has broken off his engagement with that homely heiress. I wonder why?

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

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

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

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

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

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

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

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

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TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1906.

ATHEISM IN POLITICS.

Citizenship and government are too often regarded as rights instead of duties, so that God is more and more thrust out of the political world. All power is of God said the Apostle. Modern politics either ignore or deny it; so that "practical atheism" is assumed as a basis. The idea here expressed is developed into a volume entitled "The New Idolatry," in which the author claims that the conceptions of the American people as regards politics are practically atheistic. One evidence of this is the view taken of suffrage which is regarded "as a personal possession or privilege." It is not far to the conclusion that this possession may seek a market and offer itself up for sale. Precisely the same thing is true of official functions. "The right to hold office is easily interpreted as the right to use the power which the office gives for personal emolument." Another evidence of this "practical atheism" is the increasing lack of respect for law. The way in which citizens and officers alike ignore and defy the laws of the State or the city is, says this author, "a surprise to strangers and a grief to all good men." A third evidence is to be found in "the violence and recklessness of partisanship." The gravest danger and also the greatest evidence of this atheism is the oppression of the weak by the strong. "In this free country," writes this author, have appeared the most stupendous aggregation of power known to history. That they may be able by corrupt means to pervert the government which exists for the protection of the people, and thus to despoil the people for their own aggrandizement is certainly amongst the possible perils. Is not this evidence of the failure to recognize the presence of God in our national life? Such is the strong arraignment and charge of atheism made against his own country by an American clergyman. Nor does he see any power able to cope with these evils now assailing the very foundations of government. How could he? If the author's opinion is correct, if practical atheism is the cause of all this selfishness and wrong doing, then must there be a right-about turn. People must recognize the hand of and power of God over the nation as well as over the individual. There must be the practical acknowledgement that all of us are stewards, not full owners. The earth is the Lord's, not ours. Whatever rights we possess over it have their foundations in the duties we owe to God. Distributive justice like communitive justice cannot free itself from the account it must render of its stewardship. Nations are not immortal—nor have they, as nations, a soul. But nations through their officers are continually bidden to fear God and practice justice. The nation which fails in this by ruining the sanctity of the family, by educating its citizens in contempt of God, by not respecting the rights of minorities and of the weak, selfish grasp and sordid gain, looks only to its material interest—such a nation contains within its borders the surest elements of decay. It may outgrow the wealth of the East or the power of the Roman Empire; its life may be short or long—its failure is assured, upon its walls the divine Hand has written His decree. Though the author in question sees no power able to overcome these direful influences, we claim that the United States contains such a power not in the force of its own democratic institutions, but in the Catholic Church. Here is to be found the salt to preserve from crumbling corruption the neighboring republic whose material success threatens its own durability. It stands to reason that to exclude God from education in the schools is to exclude Him from the offices of the nation. It further stands to reason that to admit divorce is to break up the family, and thereby the nation itself. Now the one power in the United States which has stood for religious education and the sanctity of the marriage tie is the Catholic Church. When others are silent or open witnesses of these silent evils and political dangers the Church with all the power at her command insists upon them. Her task is not an easy one. The laxity of these very people who now begin to see

the danger, has operated strongly against her. They now lift their hands and shout for help, whilst all along they placed the causes, the dangers and the snares of social, irreligious and "practical atheism" in politics.

THEOLOGICAL MAGAZINES.

It is gratifying to witness the zeal displayed by some of our highest educational institutions. This zeal, not limiting itself to the lecture room or class work, not satisfied with the slow and unprofitable labor of book-making, hastens to extend its influence by magazines. Magazines have for some time been a channel for the exportation of scientific researches. Most of the universities and colleges of university standing have their bulletins which serve to extend to others the labors and results of professional study. The advantage of such periodicals can be readily seen. When a professor limits his teaching to the students of his class-room he not only narrows the sphere of his mind, but he confines his highest actions to those least able and least likely fully to appreciate them. Students are too apt to look at work from the standpoint of examinations. But a scientific publication reaches the graduates, those who by previous studies can appreciate it, and who, if they have leisure, can bring their own personal criticism to bear upon it. Such brochures have grown beyond their teens in most departments of mathematics and physical science. In France and other foreign countries the same is to be said of theology and philosophy. But it is only within the last year that such a periodical has made its appearance in the English-speaking world. The nearest exception to our statement is the Bulletin of the Catholic University at Washington. But this being intended merely for university circles, is hardly in the same class. Again it is to be remarked that both the American Ecclesiastical Review and the Irish Ecclesiastical Record—however excellent—are not in the same class. They stand apart; they satisfy a great want; and their work has been appreciated by thousands. They are not reaping in the same field as that which, white as it is unto harvest, has still only one laborer. This is the New York Review, edited by a Canadian, the Rev. Dr. F. P. Duffy, Professor of the Grand Seminary of Dunwoodie, N.Y., and published every two months under the auspices of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers. It is not our purpose to say much of the able, zealous and laborious young editor of this new Review. There was a time when Father Duffy gave the Catholic Register the fruits of his work. But he was called to a much more important sphere. Leaving Canada, he became affiliated to New York, in whose seminary he has been for some years a devoted professor. With superabundant zeal and talent he has launched out upon the rather hazardous venture of being the first to start a Review devoted to the publication of papers upon the higher studies of theology and kindred subjects. For "Auld Lang Syne" as well as for our interest in such subjects, we wish the New York Review a long life and successful, with the added wish that its scholarly editor will find in the Church of America zealous co-laborers to aid him in his laudable work. The second review of this kind comes from across the sea—from that great seat of Irish ecclesiastical learning, Maynooth. The first number is to appear this month. Its importance is thus set forth by the Freeman's Journal: "There can be little doubt that if theology is to hold its place among the sciences there is need of a special journal devoted to its service. Moreover that the extension of higher extension, involving as it must, the development of keen interest in almost every branch of science—may lead to a neglect or even contempt of theology. Give any department of knowledge the character of being crystallized or fossilized—incapable of development as other living sciences—and it will soon be condemned at the centres of thought and intellectual power." The timid need not fear that such reviews are intended to revolutionize ecclesiastical studies. Nor should any one conclude that by such reviews theology enters into competition with physical and other worldly sciences. Neither revolution nor contest is sought. A scholarly reason of the faith within us, a deeper though submissive investigation into the depths of wisdom and knowledge possessed by our Blessed Lord and bestowed in measure upon the doctors of the Church, more satisfactory answers to the misleading objections of rationalism—these are a few of the purposes of the new theological magazines. There can be little doubt that in the great court of public opinion theology must assume a stronger stand. It will always be on trial, always exposed to insult. The question: "What is truth?" will be continually put to it. It may be delivered over to a mob. Its dignity throughout must be maintained, its answer ready, its courage undaunted. Theology is too sublime a science, it has been too long in possession of truth to be thus driven from its stronghold or robbed of its birthright. A calm, dignified answer, a laborious development of learned investigation, an appeal to more numerous readers will undoubtedly do

good where professional class work is limited to the number of students and weakened by a tendency to routine.

There is another field lying close and leading up to theology—without a reaper. That field is Catholic philosophy. Cultivated with care in other parts of the Church it has in English speaking countries been sadly neglected. What little has been done is due to the Jesuits whose Stonyhurst series were a small beginning. A periodical along the lines of these new reviews is a sore need in the field of philosophy. Materialism, rationalism and positivism have it all to themselves—and they are making great use of their opportunities—much to the detriment of religion and the loss of souls. Here is a chance for our English-speaking Canadian Catholics to exercise their zeal, to show their learning and win new laurels.

"THE PEOPLE AND THE MASS."

Under the above title The Canadian Month for December has an article which if accepted as of general application, would show a very lamentable condition amongst Catholics regarding that greatest of all mysteries, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The writer begins with the statement: "Before the last gospel in some places the people begin to move out," then the further statement is made, "we have heard priests denouncing that fashion," and he writes then asks, "but do the people know the Last Gospel?" the inference being that the people do not know the Last Gospel, and consequently there is an excuse for them "moving out." Was ever anything so far-fetched? What reason on earth is there for the Last Gospel not being as well known as any other part of the Mass? But the writer goes on to insinuate that no part of the Mass is very well understood, for he says, "Would it not be rational to make children in school learn that (the Last Gospel) by heart, as also the opening psalm, etc., etc." Now, if it is reasonable for the people to begin to move out prior to the Last Gospel because they do not "know" it, the same line of argument would logically permit them to "move out" before the First Gospel or at the beginning of the Mass, or to carry the thought a little further the argument would permit them not to move in until the "Confiteor" which the writer admits children may be supposed to know, though he says nothing about adults having even this knowledge, and then to "move out" as soon as it, the Confiteor, is over. This same writer, after asking for instruction for the children, goes on to ask, "Would not Mass be heard by ordinary mortals, not all deep in prayer, if they were taught and from the pulpit, what in detail is the action of the Mass, its form and its subject matter?" ending this part of his plea by the following, "so without much trouble the Mass could mean more to worshippers than it does where is found the despairing practice of starting a Rosary aloud as soon as there begins the Holy Mass, so that the presumably hopelessly bewildered onlookers thereat may have something wherewith to pass more profitably the ordinarily ill-spent half hour." To say the least this language is peculiar and from one who, to use the writer's own word, is "presumably" a Catholic, it is indeed very strange, and to find the article in a Catholic magazine is even stranger. Where did the writer live when such a state of things existed—in Ireland "presumably," for he ends up with the following, "What is the use in Ireland at least, of denouncing people's indifference to the words of the Mass, if they are abandoned, not to say encouraged in their ignorance, just as Catholic children are with regard to the New Testament in those Catholic schools under free Catholic management, where it is never read."

Now, we venture to think that even in the most benighted part of Ireland there will not be found one soul who does not know that when the priest ascends the Altar to say Mass, he goes forth to offer to the God of Heaven the very same sacrifice that was first offered by the Son of God Himself on the hill of Calvary. If this is not sufficient, for a few pence may be bought a book in which the words of the Mass in Latin and English are found side by side, giving the exact details for those disposed to follow them. While we can ever and always learn something new and instructive about the ceremonies of our beautiful religion, the statement which describes us as being "hopelessly bewildered onlookers" at Mass is a statement which if true of any part of Ireland, which we very much doubt, has certainly no point and should have no place in a Canadian Catholic journal.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Toronto has a ring of old roosters strutting around the municipal barnyard who suffer from worse dreams than ever troubled the poet Dryden's chancier. It was by the wisdom of these experienced birds that the municipality secured cumulative voting from the Legislature. No sooner had the experiment been put into practice, however, than the cockles got together and agreed among themselves that it would never do to give Catholics so certain and efficacious an

instrument of electing one controller at least. They rushed again to the Legislature and effaced their own pet. The recent Municipal election having failed to work to any better advantage from their point of view, we may anticipate that they are already hatching out some new scheme which will see the light in the city's annual application to the Ontario Legislature.

From the same coop came the statutory provision that the casting vote in the Board of Education for the election of Chairman be allowed to the largest property owner on the Board. It never dawned upon our worthy friends that a Catholic member of the Board might be the largest owner. But as a matter of fact it has happened that Mr. Wm. Dineen has for two years been the largest property owner; and for two long years we have been edified by the Telegram's barbaric slogan, "Down with Catholic wealth." It is all very amusing, but it will come upon the Legislature this year as an old joke when the Toronto barnyard delegation comes along with an application to transfer the casting vote from the largest property owner to the member of the Board receiving the largest number of votes. It would be impossible then to have the vote in the hands of a Catholic, since Catholic members of the Board are not elected by the popular vote. There have been so many disappointments in the past to trim the Catholic rate-payers of Toronto by legislative devices that it would be rash to predict an end of the trouble? It seems to us that the best thing our friends can do is to strike off a copy of the old penal laws and ask to have them incorporated in the Municipal statutes to apply to cities over 200,000 population, the stereotyped disguise for the hand of Toronto before the Municipal Committee of the Legislature. It would be advisable we think for the Catholic rate-payers of the city to retain legal assistance to watch next session's Municipal programme.

A CENTRAL CATHOLIC HALL.

The utility of a Central Catholic Hall for Toronto is brought forcibly to mind by the pressing need of our charitable associations which have to do with the wants of individual parishes, but with the parishes generally. Though Rev. Father Minehan had barely opportunity to approach the subject at the recent meeting of the Children's Aid Society, yet sufficient was said to awaken those present to the desirability of having such a hall as a utilitarian centre for the working of our charitable organizations. At present the Bureau of St. Vincent De Paul Society is located in one of our large public buildings, where probably a fairly high rent is being paid. Office attendance and telephone are of course other items of expense. The office of the Children's Aid Society is located at St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter street. Here Mr. Hynes, the Agent, has his headquarters, and it is now proposed to give him much needed help in the shape of an assistant and to equip the office with a telephone. Now, these are two instances in which under favorable circumstances, such as the erection of the proposed hall would supply, amalgamation of some kind might take place, whereby the expenses, incidental to keeping two distinct offices open, might be considerably lessened, thus leaving a greater margin for the works which are the main objects of the organizations. Even if amalgamation is not possible or advisable, it is quite reasonable to suppose that a hall, erected on a business-like basis for the purposes outlined in the series of articles lately published on the subject in the Catholic Register, could accommodate our different societies at a much lower rental than could be obtained outside, simply because the conditions under which all charitable organizations work, would be taken into account, a consideration not looked for or expected when dealing with outsiders generally. These are but two instances to hand, many similar to which might readily be quoted. Here, then, are other reasons for accelerating the movement for the erection of the hall, the usefulness, convenience and desirability of which none can doubt, and the realization of which is hopefully looked forward to by many.

HON. L. P. BRODEUR.

The translation of Hon. L. P. Brodeur to the Department of Marine and Fisheries, forecasted in the government organs, will give satisfaction not only in Quebec, but in Ontario. Mr. Brodeur came into public appreciation in the first instance as Speaker of the House of Commons; but it is safe to say that no member of the Government has grown more rapidly in the estimation of the country than the member for Rouville since he has been administering the important department of Inland Revenue. He has brought system and energy to bear upon the problem of food adulteration, whilst his services on the Tariff Commission have been quite remarkable in every part of the country. Hon. Mr. Brodeur is widely known in Ontario, where, in addition to his official visits, he has had several opportunities of delivering public addresses that have been influential in no small degree towards advancing the mutual understanding in Ontario and Quebec of the national

tasks and responsibilities of the members of Confederation. We congratulate the Premier upon the proposed change that will give an able Minister wider scope for his clear-sighted energies

ALAS, THE GLOBE.

And so The Globe has been trying to make a Chamberlainite of Hon. Edward Blake. No wonder the old warhorse kicked the organ hard. It is bad enough to have Hon. G. W. Ross lose his head and puff up Chamberlain's drummer. But to place Hon. Edward Blake in the same boat! This is the last straw. Would it not be a good idea to put the Quebec tax on drummers upon this man who is working the Canadian field for Chamberlain?

THE MOTHERS OF ONTARIO.

From three different points of observation the social crime of Ontario, to which we have so often referred within the past ten years, was denounced last week. Mr. Rider Haggard, speaking in England, told what he had learned during a recent visit to Canada concerning our declining birth-rate, making a candid exception of the French-Canadians. Mr. Torrey, the revivalist now preaching in Massey Hall, did not hesitate to say that he believed many of the women sitting before him, if they were representatives of the mothers of the community, had committed most foul murder, because that is the only name to apply to the horrid crime with which the land is reeking. His Lordship Bishop Dowling is reported from Hamilton as having said: "The mothers of Ontario are murdering their unborn children, and it is the duty of the priests and bishops to raise their voices in protest." If the venerable Bishop's warning be taken to mean that the vice is beginning to attack Catholic homes, then indeed is the protest against its prevalent abhorrence imperative. So far the school statistics have completely cleared our Catholic families of even the breath of suspicion. But statistics do not begin to tell their tale until the evil has far advanced. Even though the warning be intended only against the danger of association or familiarity with those who do not conceal their deeds, it is high time it was heard publicly.

OBITUARY

A BRIGHT YOUNG LIFE ENDED.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Coughlin, Belleville, deeply sympathize with them in the sad affliction which came to them on the opening day of the new year in the sad death of their manly little son, who was drowned while skating on the Bay of Quinte. The little fellow was exceptionally clever. He was a sanctuary boy in St. Michael's church and a great favorite with his teachers and companions. He was particularly remarked for his great reverence for everything relating to our Holy Faith, and his loving attention to his little sisters. Being thoughtful beyond his years, his friends anticipated for him a bright future, but the Divine Hand which does all things for the best, called this beautiful flower ere the breath of temptation could tarnish its lustre. The morning of his death he received Holy Communion and served Mass, and like his angelic patron, Saint Stanislaus, he "fulfilled a long time in a short space." The funeral took place on Wednesday of last week from his father's residence, Church street, to St. Michael's church, thence to the cemetery, where all that is mortal of this dear little boy waits the summons of the angelic spirit gone before to that home where it is an eternal new year.

A FRIEND, Belleville.

DEATH OF EDWARD BLAIN.

Very sudden was the death summons which came to Mr. Edward Blain of Barrie, Ont., on Dec. 19th, 1905. Mr. Blain had spent the evening at the house of an old friend, Mr. Jas. Kerr, whose wife had died the day previously. He left about 1 a.m. for home, apparently in the best of health. About half an hour later he was discovered lying dead only a few feet from Mr. Kerr's door. Apoplexy is supposed to have been the cause of death. The late Mr. Blain was born in 1826 at Penrith, Cumberland, Eng., and came with his parents to Canada in 1852. They settled in Barrie, in which place Mr. Blain continued to make his home. A wife and grown-up family survive him.

Mr. Blain was a man of very exemplary habits and social disposition, and his death came as a great shock to a large circle of friends. The funeral took place on Dec. 21, to St. Mary's church, and cemetery, Very Rev. Dean Egan officiating.

SUDDEN DEATH OF POSTMASTER OF WESTPORT.

Mr. John H. Whelan, Postmaster of Westport, died very suddenly of heart failure. The deceased was well-known and esteemed in Kingston and Brockville and the surrounding country and his death was a great shock to many friends. The funeral, largely attended, took place on Sunday from St. Edward's church, Rev. Father O'Rourke officiating. A special train was run from Brockville, which took up passengers along the line until one hundred and ten were boarded. Amongst those in attendance were Mayor Stewart, representing the Corporation of Brockville, while the Dominion House of Commons was represented by D. Derbyshire, M.P., and the Ontario Legislature by John R. Dargavel, M.P.P. Mrs. Donnelly and Miss Tessie Whelan of Toronto are daughters of the deceased. R.I.P.

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Silver-Tongued D'Arcy McGee

(By W. F. Stuart, T. H. & B.)

(Thoughts gathered from Mr. William Halley's recent lecture on the great patriot, statesman, orator and poet.)

Of all the fine talent that graced dear old Ireland, There was one who was great, all our hearts will agree, In thought we will trace him at home and in travel, And call him the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

With eloquence burning, he kindled the nation, Till they bowed to his sway like the storm-circled tree; Both statesman and poet, he thunder'd his logic, For he was the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

Above all his reason arose his great nature, That revealed in beauty the boundless and free; His genius lent greatness to every emotion, And made him the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

With classic allusions and with wit the most polished, His intellect marshalled both sadness and glee; His tones now so tender, all hearts were vibrating, And hung on the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

A host will remember the night of the murder, A fend in the darkness behind him, we see, Aflame with dire hatred, his hand grasped the weapon That robbed us of silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

All over the Empire the sad news went flashing, O charm of the nation, what mourning for thee! And o'er the Green Island, how many were weeping, Beloved was the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

O shade of the mighty, the grave cannot conquer, Thy fame is still circling the land and the sea; O thou art immortal, the friend of thy country, Forever the silver-tongued D'Arcy McGee.

—Hamilton Times.

Hamilton, Jan. 1, 1906.

NEW ORGANIZER OF C.M.B.A.

W. A. G. Hardy, late principal of the separate school, Belleville, has resigned that position to accept the position of Grand Organizer of the C.M.B.A. of Kingston.

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Interesting Lecture

(Hamilton Spectator, Dec. 30.)

William Halley delivered a lecture last evening in the C.M.B.A. Hall, and the occasion was one which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. Mr. Halley is an old timer, and his reminiscences in the Catholic Register have been widely read and greatly enjoyed. Many people wanted to hear and see the veteran writer because of these articles. Again, the committee in charge had done hard work to make the affair a success, and the result was that there was a large attendance despite the unpleasant weather. Arthur O'Heir presided.

Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the great Canadian statesman, was the subject of Mr. Halley's address. It was an interesting lecture. His life was gone into by the lecturer, who pointed out and dwelt upon everything of interest in the life of McGee. And when he was assassinated he had endeared himself to Canadians so strongly that his funeral was larger than the Duke of Wellington's.

The following programme added to the pleasure of the occasion: Song, Mrs. Palmer's song, William Melody; recitation, Miss Gertrude Brick; song, Miss Lanley. Mrs. Thomas Cochrane was the accompanist.

SERMON

(Continued from page 1.)

after that which has gone astray, taking no rest until he finds it and when he has found it, he lays it upon his shoulders and brings it back home rejoicing and calling together his friends and neighbors, he says to them, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which was lost. Amen, I say unto you, there will be great joy among the angels of God over one sinner that doth penance." Who is this lost sheep if not the poor sinner who comes to Confession? and who is the Good Shepherd if not the priest who, by the sacramental words of absolution, pours oil and balm into the wounds of that poor soul, cleanses it from its sins and makes it pure and unspotted, an object of wonder and admiration to the angels themselves. And if there is so much joy among the angels of God over the return of the lost sheep, is there not greater happiness in the heart of the priest who brought it back to the fold of Christ?

Take the priest again at the side of the dying. Perhaps he has been called to help a poor sinner who is already in the throes of despair, and who is not prepared to give an account of his stewardship. The priest prays for him and consoles him—he works upon his heart and mind. He pictures to him the goodness of the Saviour who died on the cross for the sins of men, who forgave the penitent thief on Calvary, who is always ready to receive the prodigal son. By such words of charity and love he softens the heart of the sinner, opens it again to contrition and sorrow, and thereby to the mercy of God, and the priest has saved him. Is there not, I would like to ask, consolation in such works as these, in rescuing a poor soul from the very jaws of hell and despair? May he not apply to himself the words of St. John: "He who delivers the soul of his brother, shall save his own soul from death, shall secure his own salvation?"

You see then, dear friends, the dignity of the priests of God, the hardships of their calling, and the consolations with which God blesses them. Have then for them the respect due to such a dignity, for a curse is always on those who persecute them; help them to carry the burdens which have been put upon them, work with them in harmony and goodwill in whatever they undertake for your own good and that of the Church, pray for them that they ever remain true to their trust, and your love and co-operation will be one of the sweetest consolations of their ministry.

And you, dear Father, who have been invested with the dignity of the priesthood forever, who have taken upon yourself with a heart full of energy and good will, its awful responsibilities and manifold burdens, go up now to the altar of God and complete the sacrifice which you have begun. Offer it for yourself that God may always find in you a man according to his own heart, a true and zealous ambassador of Christ. Offer it for your parents who have, I am sure, earnestly longed for this day which brings to them unspeakable delight and consolation; offer it for the kind and holy Archbishop of this diocese, who, discerning in your heart, the genius of a true sacerdotal vocation, guided your footsteps towards the sanctuary; offer it for the priests of this congregation, who labor with so much zeal for the salvation of souls; offer it for all your friends and acquaintances who are here to-day in large numbers to share your joy and happiness, and may this First Holy Mass bring down upon you now, and for many years to come, the choicest graces and blessings of the Infant Jesus of Bethlehem, is the blessing I wish you. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

**J. J. M. LANDY**  
416 QUEEN ST., W.

WHY NOT

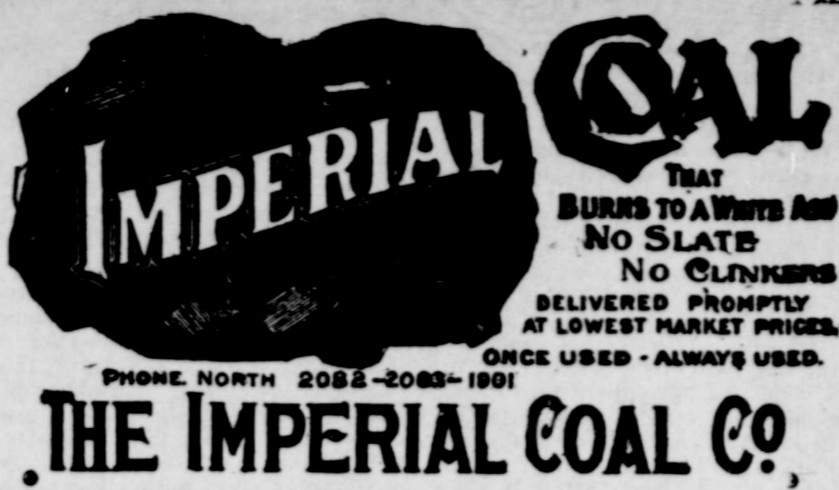
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Two Things Are Required—Intention and Attention

(From the Catholic Universe.)

People frequently use expressions the real meaning of which they do not appear to comprehend. They speak of attending Mass, assisting at Mass, hearing Mass, etc. We must not be mere lookers on; we must take part in the Mass. We must take part with the priest in offering a great sacrifice to God. We should unite not only with the priest whom we see as celebrant, but with our Lord Jesus Christ, the great High Priest of the good things to come. It is He who offers Himself upon the altar.

The celebrant reminds us of our participation when at the Orate Fratres he turns to the people and says: "Brethren, pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty."

During the canon of the Mass the celebrant says: "Remember, O Lord, Thy servants and all here present, whose faith and devotion are known to Thee, for whom we offer, or who offer to Thee this sacrifice of praise for themselves and all that belongs to them, for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their salvation and safety, and render their vows to Thee, the eternal, living and true God."

To really fulfill the precept of hearing Mass two things are required: Intention and attention.

An earnest intention requires earnest thought. You will hear Mass acceptably in proportion to the earnestness of your intention. A Catholic who is present in the church for some purpose and keeps to that purpose, for instance, to sketch or to write, could not be said to "hear Mass," or to "assist at Mass."

The intention is included in going to Mass for that purpose, as such an intention is virtual, but a distinct intention is better. Attention is to apply our mind to what we are doing. Otherwise we would deserve the reproach God made to the Jews: "This people honoreth Me with their lips, but their hearts are far from Me."—St. Matt. xv, 8.

When distractions are only another name for carelessness, they are sinful. Distractions may come without our fault, and then they are not sinful if we seek to overcome them. Coming late for Mass is a source of distraction to yourself and a cause of distraction to others. If you really wish to be devout at Mass, you ought to try to be in your place a few minutes before Mass begins. "Before prayer prepare thy soul and be not a man that tempteth God."—Ecc. xviii, 23. The nearer your pew or place is to the altar the less liable you are to be tempted during Mass. Too many want to see and to be seen.

Masses can be properly heard without any particular form of prayer. You may read the "Devotions for Mass," you may recite the rosary, considering the mysteries; you may meditate on the Passion, or you may follow thoughtfully the priest at the altar. But be mindful of the sacrifice and guard yourself by proper intention and attention.

Nine Postulants Took the Veil.

Peterborough, Jan. 3.—A most impressive service took place at the chapel of Mount St. Joseph this morning, when nine postulants received the holy habit. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor conducted the solemn ceremony. A large number of friends of the young ladies were present. Rev. Dr. O'Brien delivered a forcible and eloquent sermon, and music appropriate to the occasion was rendered by the choir of Mount St. Joseph.

Following are the nine postulants: Miss Susan McDonald, Belleville, in religion, Sister Mary Louise. Miss Teresa Turcotte, Quebec, in religion, Sister Mary Faustina. Miss Frances Whittaker, Montreal, in religion, Sister Mary Anselm. Miss Helen Conway, North Bay, in religion, Sister Mary Clare. Miss Nellie Greenan, Lindsay, in religion, Sister Helen of the Cross. Miss Marion Carveth, Peterborough, in religion, Sister Mary Gabriel. Miss Loretta Guiry, Ennismore, in religion, Sister Mary Etheldreda. Miss Katherine Costello, Ennismore, in religion, Sister Mary St. Roch. Miss Florence Dillon, New York, in religion, Sister Mary Berthille.

In addition to His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, the following clergy were present: Archdeacon Casey, Lindsay; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Father Mc-

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Coll. Rev. Father Galvin, Rev. Father Kelly, Peterborough; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Ennismore; Rev. Father McGuire, Downeyville; Rev. Father Bretherton, Hastings; Rev. Father Phelan, Young's Point; Rev. Father Crowley, Sturgeon Falls.

Celebrated Anniversary.

The members of St. Peter's T.A.S., Peterborough, celebrated the 6th anniversary of the organization by turning out in a body to Holy Communion at St. Peter's Cathedral. The attendance of members was the largest in the history of the organization. At the conclusion of the Mass His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, congratulated the members upon their splendid work in the parish and was sure that God would still continue to bless the society.

The members afterwards repaired to their hall, where they renewed their pledges and Dr. O'Brien briefly referred to the six years' history of the organization and held out great hopes for the future.

In the afternoon the new officers were installed by Rev. Dr. O'Brien. Following is the list: President—D. Holland. First Vice-President—J. E. Sullivan. Second Vice-President—D. Cushing.

Recording-Secretary—L. Bolin. Financial-Secretary—A. Lehane. Treasurer—Joseph Primeau. Guard—N. Tremblay. Marshal—H. Gainey. Assistant—F. O'Donnell. Trustees—C. Murty, chairman; J. A. Sharpe, J. Begley, J. Maher, N. Bibby.

The finances of the organization were never in better condition and the society is practically out of debt.

The dramatic section of the society will hold its first practice this week in the three act comedy-drama "Colleen Bawn," which will be presented on March 17.

LINES

Written in memory of the late Rev. F. M. Devine, P.P., of Osceola, who died July 14, 1905:

Gentle priest in vestments shrouded,  
Hushed thy voice forever now,  
Every heart in grief is clouded,  
Tear drops glisten on each brow.  
Is it thus we see thee, Father?  
Silent, cold in Death's embrace.  
Still o'er all we gaze in wonder,  
On the peace that wreathes thy face.

Thou to us wert priest and teacher,  
Sweet apostle, friend and guide,  
Leading all, the just and erring,  
To their goal—the Crucified.  
Now around thy coffin weeping,  
In thy dear, kind face we read,  
The story of thy heart's great love,  
Thy kindness true in hours of need.

Mother! Like the Queen of Sorrows,  
Bending o'er thy dear dead son,  
Moistening that cold face with tear-drops,  
Crowned by Aves one by one.  
Kiss those consecrated fingers,  
That so often bore to thee,  
Thy dear God in sweet Communion,  
Kiss them, whisper, "Lord for Thee."

Snowy heads in supplicance pleading,  
Droop beside the priest they mourn;  
Lonely ones, by him oft brightened,  
Felt their hearts with sorrow torn.  
Eyes grew dim as little children  
Round the coffin sobbing pressed,  
Touching tearfully and deeply  
Minor chords within each breast.

Brothers! Sisters! with your mother,  
On your bleeding Calvary stand,  
See behind the clouds that lower  
His bright home—the Heavenly Land.  
There, where countless seraphs hover,  
Where ebriums golden plead,  
Crowned, your son and brother waits  
you,  
Waits, his own to God to lead.

Many suns shall dawn in splendor,  
Shedding joys, all heartiest, deep,  
But we'll miss our kind friend sleeping  
where  
Where the bowing willows weep.  
To his grave we'll often wander,  
Lilies plant about his head,  
"Requiescat in pace," murmur,  
Farewell, farewell, holy Dead.  
—M. R.

Famous Explorer and Diplomat Dead.

A prominent French-Canadian diplomat and explorer has just passed away in the person of Mr. Francois Mercier, Montreal. The deceased had been suffering from an attack of heart disease, and the end came very unexpectedly at his residence, 608 St. Denis street.

The late gentleman was born in St. Paul l'Ermite in 1838, developed a love for travel and adventure at an early age. At eighteen he left his home and after spending a few months in St. Paul, Minn., and in St. Louis, Mo., he enrolled in the Northwest Company to engage in the fur trade. He operated between the Missouri river and the Rockies, his career as a trader being marked with many thrilling experiences with the Sioux Indians, who at that time had not been completely subjected by the American Government. On more than one occasion he was obliged to retreat to the forts, while pursued by redskins. He acquired a fortune in the fur trade, and became a man of independent means.

He claimed he was the first white man that ever explored Alaska which was at that time a Russian possession, and at the time of its purchase by the United States he was

one of those who went to Russia to negotiate with the Government. Subsequently, his knowledge of Alaska caused him to be appointed by the United States as a member of the corps which fixed the boundaries. During his first trip to Europe, Mr. Mercier was engaged by the Paris Geographical Society, to cross the Behring Strait in a canoe in support of the contention that the inhabitants of this continent originally came over from Asia. He performed the voyage with safety and was decorated by the society for this and other services. Mr. Mercier was for a long time the sole Canadian collaborateur to the Geographical Society of Paris, and in this connection published several interesting works dealing with his travels and discoveries. His collection of Alaskan fossils was bought by the Dominion Government.

Mr. Mercier was instrumental in bringing about the first movement to evangelize Alaska, having induced Bishop Clut and Seigers to start missions there. For this he was decorated by Pope Leo XIII., who received him at the Vatican. This was the first favor of the kind to be accorded to a French-Canadian.

Mr. Mercier was also decorated by the United States Government for his services in Alaska. A lot of his fortune was spent in charitable work and providing education abroad for those of promising talents. By his father's side he was cousin of the late Honore Mercier, and of Mr. Joseph Royal, former lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories.

He leaves three brothers, Felix, Eugene and Moise Mercier, and two sisters, one of whom is Mother Superior of the Congregation Notre Dame of Quebec, and the other of the Congregation Notre Dame of Laprairie.

Father Cronin's Will.

The will of the late Rev. Patrick Cronin, D.D., editor of the "Catholic Union and Times," of Buffalo, provides for bequests of \$100 each to more than a dozen institutions in and around Buffalo. To Bishop Colton of Buffalo are bequeathed the deceased's shares of stock in the Buffalo Catholic Publication Company, the testator expressing the wish that the legatee shall apply all sums paid out or to be paid as dividends upon said stock toward the construction and maintenance of a school in the parish of the Church of the Ascension, at North Tonawanda, N.Y., of which Rev. Dr. Cronin was rector. The residue of the estate is bequeathed to the deceased's brother, Edward Cronin of New York.

Religious Reception.

A reception into the House of Providence, Kingston, took place on Wednesday, Feast of St. Genevieve, when the following young ladies were received: Harriet Quinn, Micaville, Sister M. Louis; Emily and Elizabeth Tierney, Ottawa, Sisters M. Veronica and Leo; Mary McMahon, Chesterville, Sister M. of the Seven Dolours; Margaret Gavin, Malloytown, Sister M. Peter; Mary and Ellen Traynor, Carleton Place, Sisters M. Lignori and M. Gerard.

Monument to Bishop Macdonell

At St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, on Sunday last, an initial meeting was held for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Bishop Macdonell, whose request it was to be buried in the graveyard adjoining the church, where the remains of his parents are interred.

The New World Magazine

While many of our Catholic papers and magazines appeared in festive attire more than ordinary during the Christmas-tide and gave of their brightest and best in the way of literary matter, the New World of Chicago was amongst the very happiest, both in the gala nature of its attire and in the pleasing nature of its contents. Enclosed in covering of bright warm crimson, fittingly embellished with the leaves and berries of the holly, came essay, song, story, news and illustrations, all of a very high order. The new editor is to be congratulated.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John F. Mallon has just been appointed Manager of the branch of the Home Bank at the old headquarters of the Home, Savings and Loan Co., Church street.

Miss May Graham of Stratford, who has many friends in Toronto, was received into the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, on the 28th ult., taking the name of Sister M. Frances De Sales.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER OF the estate of Bridget Whitty (otherwise known as Bridget Whitty) late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, spinster, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 38 of Chap. 120, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of November, 1905, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Rev. John L. Hand the executor of the last will and testament of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, on or before the 25th day of January, 1906, their Christian and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims, and statement of their accounts (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 25th day of January, 1906, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased, among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and the said Executor will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him or his said solicitors at the time of such distribution.

DATED at Toronto this 26th day of December, 1905.

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Secretary

Ian MacLaren on the Confessional.

One thing I have learned, and it has kept me from criticizing the Roman confessional with the high spirit of many Protestant writers. There are certain situations where a man or woman must confide in some person to obtain advice or sympathy, or simply to unload the soul, and there is no one to whom it is more becoming they should turn than a sincere and honorable minister of Christ. For one thing he knows more of life, if he has been a receptive person, than even a lawyer or a doctor, and he is bound by every sacred secrecy. During the course of his life he has become the depository of many hidden sorrows and family tragedies. He has been with people through many a cruel trial of which the world knows nothing, and has suffered with them in ways even his nearest friend does not suspect.—Ian MacLaren, in the British Weekly, November 17.

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### The Pedlar's Pack

(Concluded from last week.)

"Now, I have found out that it pays me better to sit down in my office here and write out a little order for what I want and send the letter through His Majesty's mail—and have the goods come up the lakes by the first convenient opportunity. Then the good-natured merchant added: 'Well, here's the Pedlar's Pack—you can have it for the ten days or even a month, free of charge or rent. At the end of that time you can return it, if you find the business of peddling an unprofitable profession. If you find there is money in the business, why you can give the wholesale house of Jackson & Co., a wholesale order in the lines of Ribbons and Laces.'

"And the yens?" asked the Sieur.  
"Well—for the fun of it—I will write down to one of the Banks below and find out the par value of the rate of discount of the 'yen,' as you call it, or whether it is negotiable in this country at all, and I will let you know what they say. In the meantime, you could leave one or two with my wife just to look at as a souvenir or memento, so to speak."

"Thanks ever so much, for your kindness," said the Sieur.  
"Indeed, we are ever so much obliged," said the Sessional Writer.

Then the Sieur put his hand in the bag and took out a handful of shining yens and put them on the counter before the merchant's fair wife, and said: "In case it should be that you should not see us pedlars again—please keep these as a little memento or souvenir of this very auspicious occasion. If we stay in the country of course we will often call and see you."

"Well, now, we'll be a-jogging along," said Mr. Williamson. "Good-bye, all."

The farmer and his wife and the two gentlemen-pedlars cordially shook hands with the merchant and his fair wife, and then the journey home again began.  
The Sieur before leaving the store received from the merchant the little invoice mentioned.

Not very long afterwards the gentlemen-pedlars started for Summertrees, carrying between them their "Pedlar's Pack." The arrangement was that within as short a time as possible the good man and his fair wife were to follow the guests to Summertrees.

And thus it was that as recorded at the end of the first part of this romance, two sun-browned and wind-browned pedlars marched into the library at Summertrees, thus interrupting the grave and sad conversation in progress between the members of the Summertrees household, and acing in a deep basso-profundo-soprano, alto, contralto and mezzo-soprano tone of voice, as it were:

"We've ribbons and laces To set off the faces Of pretty young sweethearts and wives."

"Oh, Elfie, here are two gentlemen pedlars," cried Miss Retta to Miss Elfie. "Isn't it nice?"

"If we had known they were coming we need not have sent our little order with Mrs. Williamson," said Miss Elfie.

"Sit down, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home," said the kindly laird, handing a chair to each of the visitors.

"You must be tired carrying that heavy pack. Have you travelled far this morning, gentlemen?"

"Not very far, sir," thank you," answered the Sieur.

"But it is a warm day, gentlemen, and you must be tired carrying that heavy pedlar's pack," said Miss Elfie, kindly.

"Come on, Retta, let us go and get a cup of tea for the gentlemen."

"No, thank you, indeed," replied the Sieur. "It is not very long since we had breakfast, and we really have not travelled far this morning. You are all very kind."

"Vive la Reine," said M. Machele, in a loud undertone to his joint minister plenipotentiary and joint ambassador extraordinary.

"Vive la Reine!" answered the Sieur.  
Everyone in the room heard the words, but did not at all understand what was meant, and looked at one another in a perplexed sort of way.

"Cannot we show you, young ladies, some of our ribbons and laces—our stock in trade—as it were?" asked the Sieur, presently.

"Why, certainly, if you would be

so kind—and if it would not be too much trouble. But, oh, perhaps you had better not—I forgot we do not need anything in the way of ribbons and laces just now. You see, yesterday morning a good friend of yours and her husband were going to 'The Corners' and we asked the lady kindly to purchase a few ribbons for us at one of the stores there. It was probably late when they reached home—it is a long journey to 'The Sue'—as some folks call it, and the roads are rough, so I suppose our friend could not very well bring us the ribbons last night. But we expect them over to-day. They are really very nice people and very kind. So you see we would be putting you to a great deal of trouble for nothing."

"Every firm has a business motto, or should have one. We understand Mr. Jackson at 'The Sue,' or 'The Corners'—whichever it is—has two business mottoes. Ours will be, eh, pardner?" (looking at M. Machele—who was looking at Miss Retta), "No trouble to show Goods."

"I guess that'll be all right," answered the Sessional Writer, apparently waking up out of a reverie.  
"Well, then 'here goes,' said the Sieur, as he proceeded to undo the fastenings of the big leather portmanteau, whilst all the occupants of the library gathered round and watched the operation with curious eyes.

Having undone the fastenings, the Sieur opened wide the big valise. It contained two large compartments. In the one firstly opened was a small neatly folded little packet; in the other were two little slips of paper—one neatly folded and twisted as if by fair, feminine hands.

"You must have got nearly sold out, gentlemen, or else been robbed on the way," said the laird pleasantly.  
"I thought by the way you 'uns carried that pack when you came in that it weighed most half a ton!" said old John.

Then everyone laughed.  
"Well," said the Sieur, "one thing is certain, we cannot show you what we have not got, can we? Now, let us see what is in this little packet."

Then the gallant Sieur opened the packet and displayed to the admiring eyes of everyone three pieces of silk ribbon, each a yard long and respectively of the colors blue, pink, and crimson, and each three-quarters of an inch wide.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Retta, to M. Machele, who could not help looking at her very often—in fact old John afterwards declared M. Machele looked at Miss Retta constantly and without intermission from the time the gentleman pedlars came into the room—but then old John always was a great fellow to joke—that we sent away our order yesterday. You gentlemen seem to have got exactly the color and shade of ribbon we ordered yesterday—and exactly the length and exactly the width."

"It is apparently one of those peculiar circumstances which you might call a 'co-incidence,'" said her father, laughing.  
"I don't understand it at all," said old John, a-gazing curiously into the cavernous depths of the big valise.

"It beats all," he added, a-rubbing his hands.  
"Perhaps if we look in this other compartment or room, the mystery may be unraveled," said the Sieur.

Then he shut the first compartment and opened the second—the one on the left hand side.  
"Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued the Sieur, as if he were a showman addressing an audience, "I have in my hands two small pieces of paper. One reads as follows, that is to say in the manner and in the words and figures following—videlicet—

"1 yard blue ribbon ¾ inches wide.  
1 yard pink ribbon ¾ inch wide.  
1 yard crimson ribbon ¾ inch wide."

"Why, that is exactly the order I gave yesterday, and I believe that is the very paper I wrote, too. Please let me see it, won't you?" asked Miss Elfie.

"Certainly, here it is, my liege," answered the gallant Sieur, handing the young lady the paper and bowing low.

"I wonder what he means by calling Miss Elfie 'my liege,'" said old John to the laird in a loud undertone.

"But he means well anyway—and he said it very politely. Perhaps then they are furriers and it may be a furrier word."

"Why, this is exactly the same order which I wrote out yesterday morning and gave to old John to hand to Mrs. Williamson! Didn't I, Old John?"

"Sartainly," answered that gentleman, a-rubbing his head hard and speaking in a very perplexed sort of way.

"Are you sure you gave my note to Mrs. Williamson, old John?" continued Miss Elfie.

"Sartainly," answered old John. "Then the old man bent down low and peered anxiously into the cavernous depths of the big leather valise; then he cautiously put his hand into one compartment and then into the other, and felt them."

"I was feeling to see whether it was a real valise or only an imaginary one," explained old John to the amused spectators. "You see, the bull thing seems to me like a fairy tale—like one of those fairy tales 'The Bonnie Leddies' tell us about sometimes. Here suddenly come two strange gentlemen pedlars—just as if they had come out of a book—they are apparently 'furriers' by their accent—then they bring with them a big pedlar's pack which seems so heavy when they carry it that it appears to me to weigh at least half a ton—then they open it and what's in it? Nothing, as I can see, but this little wee packet of ribbons—the very ribbons which 'The Bonnie Leddies' ordered yesterday; that is on this side of the valise—and on the other side there is nothing but two little pieces of paper, and one of 'em is the very identical note Miss Elfie wrote with her own hand and gave me yesterday mornin' to give to Mrs. Williamson—and I did give it to her sure. It beats all—that it does—it beats the Dutch."

Then, amidst the loud and repeated laughter of all present the old man carefully examined the interior of the valise again and exclaimed:

"I know what it is—it's magic. These gentlemen are conjurers—magicians. You folks had better 'look out.' Here the old man commenced to 'edge away' from the circle, saying: 'I've heard tell of conjurers and magicians afore. They do say they can do most anything. You'd

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better look out. They say there was a magician once came and gave a show at 'The Corners' and he could do most anything—make a fire in his stove-pipe hat and not burn it up—make all sorts of things come out of it—lots of things—dozens of handkerchiefs, and aprons, and all sorts of things—and even eggs—and they do say even a like chicken—he brought out of that hat and it burning 'like Sam Hill' all the time. I say the hill business is magic and these gentlemen are not pedlars at all—they are conjurers and magicians. You want to look out. You 'Bonnie Leddies' once read to me about such people in 'The Arabian Nights.'"

Here everyone laughed heartily, and the laird said: "I fancy it is only a co-incidence and not magic."

"I don't know anything 'bout any co-incidence or any magic," said the good wife, who had stolen on tip-toe into the room, followed by her good man—also on tip-toe—and who had been interested spectators of the more recent proceedings, and interested auditors of old John's eloquence, 'but my good man and me knows these furriers well; they are real friends of ours, and they are stopping at our house. They only left there about a couple of hours ago—or so—and they very bouquets they wear are from your 'pansy beds.' Then the good lady, more particularly addressing the 'Bonnie Leddies,' continued: "You know we always calls 'on your pansy beds,—that is, yours as well as ours—because they are really more yours than ours."

"Then the good wife continued: "Them's your own ribbons, Bonnie Leddies; the fact is that these gentlemen-pedlars rode in with my good man an' me to the 'Pur,' yesterday. They had bin intendin' to lay in quite a stock of ribbons an' laces fur to start with in their perfession—but when it came to the butin' of 'em it turned out that tho' they had lots of money—a hull bag full to fact—it was no use; their money was not the right kind, and so they had to wait a while afore they could lay in what you might call a wholesale stock. On our way down I handed 'em your little order, thinking they might like to fill it, sayin' they was goin' into the ribbon business. I know you would not mind."

"Certainly not," said the 'Bonnie Leddies.' "So the only ribbons they bought were these ribbons which I paid for out of your own money—and here's the change, my dear."

Here the good wife handed to Miss Elfie the change—and my good man has the tobacco which was ordered."

Here that gentleman produced the article mentioned—"and the gentlemen pedlars has the bill—or the 'invoice,' as I think Bro. Jackson called it—of the ribbons."

"Here, my liege, certainly, is the 'invoice' or 'statement current,' or whatever the merchant called it," said the Sieur, handing to Miss Elfie the other little paper which was on the left hand compartment of the pedlar's pack.

"Well, old John," said the laird with a gay laugh, "you see I was right for once and you were wrong for once; it was not magic—only a peculiar co-incidence."

"I guess you were right and I was wrong, 'as you generally are,' as the old saying is, laird," replied Old John, also laughing.

Then the Sieur and the Sessional Writer took a little walk to the house of the neighbor—the next house on 'the Sue road' from Summertrees. They carried with them the pedlar's pack; they had borrowed from Mr. Jackson at 'The Corners,' and giving the pack to the kind neighbors, they asked them "would you mind, next time you are going to 'The Sue,' handing this valise to Mr. Jackson, the general merchant? He kindly lent it to us two or three days ago." And on being told by the kind people that they would be glad to return the valise the very next Saturday, as they were going in themselves that day, the envoys said "thanks ever so much," and returned to Summertrees.

When old man Jackson opened the valise on Saturday afternoon he found inside a small piece of paper, bearing these strange words:

"Thanks ever so much for the use of this 'pedlar's pack.'"

(Signed) D'ULRIC SIEUR, MACHELLE.

Ministers Plenipotentiary and Ambassadors Extraordinary from The Land of the Grimalkins.

Old Brer Jackson was alone in the store at the time the valise was returned. His fair wife was busy in the house behind the store, baking a pie for dinner—a deep apple pie—one of those pies Old Brer Jackson particularly liked.

So he went back into the house and said, "Susan! Susan Mary, my dear! Just see the 'funny words' them two furriers have writ in the valise we lent 'em t'other day!"

The fair Mrs. Jackson had her fair arms in the baking tin up to her elbows—and the dimples in her fair arms looked pretty in the flour, and in fact altogether she made a charming picture; as people used to say, "Sis Jackson always does look well."

After her husband had read the paper to her slowly three times, the lady remarked: "Wa'al, that here paper shows three thi,gs anyway:—

"First, that them gentlemen were

### Won by a Head

"To-night, Tansy—to-night! Take it straight to him at Holly Lodge. Tell no one; watch your chance. It's as vital to me as—Lochnivar and b's Cesarewitch are to you. You know what that means. I trust you alone. I have heard my uncle's own lips say that you are immaculate. Immaculate!"

A queer little flush crept into Tansy's lether-like face. Only faintly he understood that last imposing word, but the white and delicate little hand had gripped his own iron paw with a caressing supplication more than thrilling. Turned forty, he still carried the name of trainer's "head boy"; perhaps, being a woman, she accepted the word "boy" in its literal sense. What did she know of stable dietion? She had come 'titting across here like a spirit, struggling to be calm, her beautiful brown eyes searched the zone of twilight as if she feared every deeper ebreak of shadow might move. She had crushed the letter into his inner pocket, and now stood looking back at the big, dim mansion, as if dreading the return journey.

Tansy, starting too, could make nothing of it. Of course he had heard the rumors from the house, but what were they when Lochnivar was within four days of winning the Cesarewitch and putting up a record in time and stakes for the stable? That—that must happen; Tansy stood there as certain as he was that the moon lay over the woods like a hatless scimitar.

"I'll do it," he said. "Don't you go worrying Miss Greta!" he said, huskily. It was excusable; he had been living in a sort of tentative ecstasy lately. "Listen! Put every penny-piece you've got, every bangle you wear, on Lochnivar!"

"Hush—don't!" She twisted only her face, that looked of a sudden like white marble in the moonlight. Her throat seemed struggling against an explicable suffocation. "I loathe the name—never wish to hear it spoken again—never!" And then, as Tansy stood appalled, waiting for the rush of sob to crown all, she faced round—a smile dancing in the dilated eyes.

"No, no! You'll think me mad. My uncle's own grand, wonderful horse, whose name is to be on all the world's lips!" she said, with quick breath-catches. "Is he all right, Tansy? Might I have just one more, pamp at him before the day? Is he safe to win?"

"Safe?" Tansy turned at the door of the zinc-protected stable, his tone a study, all else forgotten. "Ask his lordship! He'll win, turning round and winking at his field. Haven't they told you what he beat the other day, and the time? Haven't you heard—"

"But this other great horse—Valhalla—that they say—" Her voice trailed off expectantly, breathlessly.

"Valhalla! Look here, Miss Greta!" He glanced all round, as with an instinctive idea of listening touts even there. "Don't go by the market. It's a coup—a bigger thing than we ever dreamed of till that trial was run. He stood at sixes yesterday; you wait! Step softly! There he is, the beauty! Tight as a gun, all silk and whipcord; no 'coughing' at the last hour with Lochnivar!"

He had sunk to a whisper, as if the atmosphere were sacred. And the awe seemed to steal into Lord Poolminster's neck and ward. She craned forward with shining eyes and parted lips, watching as though the great horse standing almost motionless there, its glossy skin iridescent as satin, were to-night something more than human.

"Bound to win!" Tansy caught that semiunconscious, quivering whisper from her lips as she turned. Greatly it puzzled him.

"What's to beat him?" he asked, as the door closed. "You can't go against the clock, Miss Greta. I've heard of many 'dead certs' in my time; I've known only one—Lochnivar for the Cesarewitch. Can you see your way, missie?"

She had paused, a hand pressed to her eyes. He thought once again how fragile and sweet she looked, as that glint of moonlight caught upon and haloed the fleecy wrapper flung about her dark head. Tansy worshipped her herself, but no one ever knew that. In his pocket at this moment lay the letter for Mr. Noel Braddon, the gentleman for whom fate destined her—unless, indeed, the vague rumor was true of some tragic hitch only spoken of in whispers.

"You'll take it—your won't fail me?" she breathed, as with a sudden shaft of misgiving.

"Tansy's word on it!" She was moving away. Hardly knowing, he tip-toed just behind. And, all of a sudden, the queer thrill ran through him, and through Miss Greta too. She trembled to a standstill; she had gripped his arm with a tightness that was to leave its mark.

"Tansy!" They were close to the house—so near that that sword of amber light from a swiftly-opened door on the terrace there ran almost to their feet. His slow brain failing for the moment to take in what he saw, Tansy stared.

Two figures were silhouetted against the light. One was Lord Poolminster's. He had waved his hand and turned away; there was a challenging scornful significance in his stiff attitude that framed all the rumors in a flash. And the other tall man, who stood there so seemingly unmoved, cigar smoke wreathing from his lips—

"Why—?" Tansy's mechanical gasp was cut short. Lord Poolminster's voice, deep and booming, carried across with a never-forgotten finality.

"Will you go? I have said all I wish to say to you. Take any steps

furriers; it says 'from the land of the Grimalkins.'"

"Second, it shows that them gentlemen were distinguished furriers, having all their 'er' titles and names which you read over."

"In fact, they're probably some kind of noblemen."

"Thirdly, it shows they were thankful—grateful; it says 'thanks ever so much.'"

Then Brer Jackson thanked her for the interpretation, kissed her and returned to the store, and she returned to the making of that deep-apple pie.

It is needless to say that for many years that mysterious note was safely preserved as a precious relic and keepsake among the archives of the Jackson family at "The Sue."

you please, but while she remains my ward—you understand!"

"Why, it's Mr. Noel Braddon himself—here—now!"

His hand clutching the letter in his pocket, Tansy turned to look into the face beside him. It was rigid, almost death-like; that picture of the two men seemed to hold the dilated eyes in a spell. What was it? What sword hung, waiting to fall?

"Quite still!" her lips moved. "He is here, but—but I was not to know or to see him. It is private—man to man; my uncle dared me—made me promise not to stir from my room. Tansy!" She was shrinking back from the sword of light, her figure in one tremble. That last moan seemed for herself alone. "Oh, if I dared—but no, it's life or death to him; he said so. Put yourself in my place to-night—the place of a woman who loves so well, and yet knows—"

It trailed away; she seemed to master herself by a supreme effort for that love's sake. No word would take shape in Tansy's throat. To him it seemed as if the air were slowly thickening—as if he stood upon the threshold of some curtained, mysterious room. Even the tentative glory of Lochnivar's great day faded into a dim background. Staring back from the balcony into the flickered, wide eyes, he grasped but the one incredible truth. The tender little heart beating so close to him was to be broken. She must stand mute and see the man she loved practically ordered of the premises and out of her life. Lord Poolminster was suddenly shattering their happy dream—his friendship for Mr. Noel Braddon, a neighbor and sportsman, had swung round into an icy hostility as sinister as unatfathomable.

"He—he sha'n't!" Braddon's figure had stroffed away down the gravel path and Lord Poolminster had shut out that light with a bang, when Tansy found his thick arm hugged tightly around the slight little figure.

The Flaggng Energies Revived—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression and reviving the flagging energies.

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

She seemed to come to herself with that muffled little sob, and then she had vanished somewhere in the shadow. Tansy half realized, sprinted along by the shrubbery, and stepped out as if nothing had happened.

"Sorry, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"Wrong? No. Come here!" The trainer drew him forward by the sleeve impressively. "Turned that key on Lochnivar? Very well; keep it. For the next four nights his lordship 'll want you to look that door on the inside, and keep a good look-out in there till morning. You'll get your sleep in the daytime. It's just on nine o'clock. Start straight away!"

"Now."

The word died instinctively in Tansy's throat. A mechanical jerk to his forelock as they turned away;

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

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"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

"The note! To-night—you promised!"

### FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO.,  
179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

"He sha'n't! He couldn't—he don't mean it—all the world knows what he thinks of Greta! There'll be a judgment on him. Don't you fear it! I'll see Mr. Braddon before midnight; I'll make him know you ain't weepin' or worrin'. It'll all come right for them weddin' bells. You jest go in quiet, and wait till his lordship's all alone after supper, and then put this little arms round his neck, and jest—"

Tansy had never spoken such words before in his life, such jumps had never yet swelled in his throat. All else forgotten, that sweet little figure held so preciously close, he was sweeping along on the tide of suppressed indignation, when that sharp, incisive voice rang across from the paddock buildings behind.

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed—the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre—and concentrated. Then—and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives"—one more atom of bitter principle from the orange peels is forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process—one of the most remarkable achievements of the age—the juices are made stronger, and many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruit-a-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered.

See a box. At all druggists.

then he stood still and still looking at space. There was nothing strange or unexpected in the order—that post of honor fell naturally to himself; it was the stunning coincidence of it in that moment. That letter! The trainer's word was traditional law; his own pride in the stable's triumph was incalculable; and Lochinvar was the most sacred thing breathing on earth at the moment. But—how to let the dearest little woman on earth know that he could not keep his promise?

He got his rugs went dazedly into the stable, fastened the door, turned on a low light, and sat watching the great animal as it stirred at intervals in its box of splendid isolation. Till long after midnight, the letter burning in his hands, he listened and waited in the vague thought that some telegraphic message must surely bring Miss Greta tapping. And then, as daylight broke, he found that his hot fumbings had unstuck the envelope and reduced the precious enclosure to a soft ball. He would not look at her love-words—no, no; but he knelt down to straighten out the letter respectfully ere he returned it to her hands. And, doing so, he gradually became aware that he was fast gripped in the tentacles of some nameless mystery. He sat there and realized that the letter entrusted to him was no word upon it—he held a perfect blank.

One more velvety-blue dusk had settled down. The fateful day was nearer by twenty-four hours as Tansy turned the key to Lochinvar's box. The footsteps of Lord Poolminster and his trainer were just dying away. All was well. He drew out an evening paper, and allowed himself a long, vast chuckle. It was leaking out; the odds about Lochinvar were steadily shortening. He could almost hear the roar of the crowds as Lochinvar carried the black and sea-green first past the post. Valhalla—bah!

He heard twelve strike. He got uncertainly to his feet. Anything amiss? No; the horse stood still as a statue—fast asleep. Then—what was that? A stealthy, straining sound on the sloping roof. Lochinvar heard it; he stirred uneasily. All the stories, real and otherwise, he had ever heard of attempts to "get at" a favorite hummed in Tansy's brain. Beyond the thick glass of the window, just beyond Lochinvar's stall there was some shadowy, sinister interception of the starlight. He clenched his teeth and waited.

Creak—creak—creak! The bolt was giving. Lochinvar had swerved as on an equine prescience. Then, inexplicable silence. Taken right? All the blood in his veins seemed to simmer. Tansy turned the key softly tip-toed out, and made a sudden dash round the zinc wall, his thick fingers feeling out to clutch some dastardly throat.

A rope ladder, and a man crouching at the foot as if ready to run. He saw nothing more; the figure had turned and was racing across the open space. Beyond the paddock there was a wall—the figure cleared it; half-breathed, Tansy rose at it blindly, and came down with a crash. When the thunder had died out of his brain the chase was hopeless. There was nothing for it but to limp hastily back—and to stand stupefied. The rope ladder was gone—vanished as without hands. Was he dreaming? Had the Cesarewitch turned his brain? He had clutched the stable-bell rope. He hesitated to rouse the whole place and admit his fiasco—would it be believed? Nothing had happened; Lochinvar stood safe and sound—that was everything. Best, perhaps, to hold his tongue till daylight. He relocked the door, and sat down in a sort of stupor.

What was that? He swayed up once more, just as one struck. Nothing except that Lochinvar had slid down suddenly on to his straw mattress. Tansy watched irresolutely; he had seldom known the horse to sleep in that way. His whim—disturbed, little doubt. He lashed out his fore-foot on being touched—went off to sleep again. Tansy crept back and wiped his forehead resignedly.

Wan fingers of daylight were feeling their way through the stable's chinks when that shaft of real, ghostly misgiving went through Tansy's heart. Lochinvar, as if scenting the mushroom meadows and his early morning gallop, got on his forelegs. He tottered—swayed—and rolled back. Almost whimpering with fear. Tansy stooped. The great liquid eyes looked glazed and wild; there was damp heat on the silken coat. One glance, one moment of paralysis, and then Tansy was running off as for dear life. Lochinvar!!! It seemed to him as if all the sleeping world around must wake to the revelation with a vast shout. "Lochinvar scratched for the Cesarewitch!"

"Dosed—drugged—ruined!" It was the trainer's whisper, thick with passion, as he knelt back from the stall. "Look for yourself. . . . A lie—a tale! You villain, you've something to answer for here! Fly—fly for Lord Pool-

minster! And not a word to a soul!" To Tansy all the rest seemed muffled and unreal. The news had filtered out; the place was under a spell. He had seen the "vet" coming and going; had watched Lord Poolminster's haggard face pass and re-pass; had heard the hated whispers that there was still a hope left—that the great horse was gaining bit by bit on the baneful torpidity and making heroic efforts to run beside the trainer in the walled enclosure. And so the long hour crept by.

The great day at last! Like a man in a dream Tansy wandered alone in the deserted grounds. He knew only that Lochinvar had travelled the day before and would go to the post; his own dream of witnessing the race and sharing the triumph was shattered—he was keeping out of sight, heart-broken, under a cloud of doubt and suspicion. Unless a miracle happened that day the cloud might never lift in his life.

He had strayed into the shrubbery. A turn in the shadowy paths and he was suddenly face to face with Lord Poolminster's niece and ward. Till that moment he had almost forgotten her—forgotten her letter and her tragic love affair. And Miss Greta—she stood as still there as if she had come upon a ghost, the beautiful brown eyes staring out of a white worn face. A moment they faced, just as if they had never met before. Something strange was in the air. Then—he would never know why—as she went to glide back Tansy took that stumble forward. Husky words had rattled in his throat, and could never be taken back.

"Miss Greta! Face me! You know something; you can clear me—and you will!" "Tansy, spare me—spare me!" It came in a strangled sob that he would never forget. "It is killing me. For his sake—no mine—keep your brave silence. Oh, promise!" "His sake?" he repeated. He scarcely knew the strength of his grip upon the slight little arm.

"It was for him—to save him eternal ruin, I believed!" came her whisper, like that of a child frightened in the night. "Mr. Noel Bradon—yes; my husband that was to be. Tansy! He worked upon my love for him till I was mad—mad with dread. He had gambled and lost his estate; and he had borrowed money everywhere, and staked it all upon that other horse, Valhalla. Then, too late, he heard of Lochinvar's trial. It was the last straw, and he was weak—perhaps vile. He had threatened to shoot himself if I refused to help him. I had to listen to find out all that was going on. That note—that blank note was to get you out of the way; and you had the stable key that he wanted. Oh, you not that look, Tansy! It failed; you were too good, too honest to leave your post. You see it all? That next night his desperate alternative succeeded. He meant to lure you away in pursuit, if only for a moment, while someone—someone crept in and gave the horse the two tiny capsules in sugar that he said would not—would only deaden it for a day or two. And then—"

"Someone?" Tansy's hollow voice echoed, as hers trailed off. In the far distance he could seem to hear the racecourse roar. He was trembling. It was past three o'clock. Another Cesarewitch had been added to history.

"Yes, the woman speaking to you—Miss Greta! I did it, for him! My love, my fear, made me obey him to the last letter. I crept in; I hardly knew what I was doing. One of the capsules fell—wasted—and I dared not stay to complete the work. I took away the rope ladder he had brought; I fled back like a hunted thing; it haunted me! Oh, Tansy, spare him the final blow for my sake!"

A long tense silence, while Tansy stood with closed eyes, his grip never relaxing. Then—then he had whispered steadily:

"Miss Greta, I'll do that—I'll live under the blame, if you'll promise here and now never to take his name—never to wed the blackguard who could use a pure, good love like that. Hever mind me; promise for his sake—and yours!"

And at last it came—the faint, struggling little breath, that told how heart had been swaying in the balances against conscience. "You're right, I won't—I promise!"

They stood in a suspense that could not seem to break, and then—Tansy drew in his breath of a sudden—dashed a hand to his eyes. He had heard a bell—seen the telegraph messenger race past—seen the servants' locking out.

"Hark!" Her trembling hand was pressed in his. "It's here—it's over!"

And across the open space rang the fateful message, followed by a wild cheer:

"Black and sea-green. Lochinvar first, Valhalla second. Short head." "Miss Greta," Tansy whispered, "it's the greatest day of my life—and yours."—London Tit-Bits.

Appreciation of the Japanese Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, mucilage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, in the opinion, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchinson, 158 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Wood's and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, these pills have the trade mark and price 25 cents.

Love's music is never perfect without the chords of pain. Obstacle is often only another way of spelling opportunity.

No man ever broke his back under his brother's burden.

You are not likely to slay the enemy by drawing a long bow.

A niggardly purse in the pocket becomes a thorn in the side.

Many a man mistakes a floating indebtedness for a sinking fund.

Tears over to-day's broken toys blind us to-morrow's treasures.

Many a man thinks he is mellowing when he is only getting moldy.

You cannot cure your sorrows by taking them out in a wheel chair.

The fear of reputation often taken for the love of righteousness.

He who has a good word for no one cannot have the word of God for any one.

Many a man thinks he is virtuous because he feels virtuous when he sees others happy.

The reason some are not wedded to one bad habit is because they are courting so many.

When folks get to fighting over creed the enemy takes his forces to another part of the field.

When you have to do with those who are blatantly honest it is time to buy more padlocks.

Some folks rely upon first impressions; others only decide after mature deliberation. The percentage of mistake is equal.

Wise is the courageous man who knows when it is necessary to be afraid.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

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Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. 115 Bloor, O.

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Church Bell and Chime Bells. Best Copper and Tin Only. THE W. VANDEZEN COMPANY. Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1857

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

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

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Death Claims during year \$38,517.00 Rate per 1,000 means Insurance in force 5.56 per cent. Average annual Death Rate 14 yrs. 2 1/2 mos. - 3.54 per 1000 The lowest rate on record for any Company of same age.

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CLOSING OF MISSION FOR WOMEN.

The closing of the Women's Mission going on during the past week in St. Joseph's Parish, under the direction of the Passionist Fathers McCloskey and Barrett, came to an impressive close on Sunday at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the women of the parish and from outside assembled until every available inch of space was occupied, even the aisles and gallery being utilized, and until there was gathered so large a congregation as was never before in the history of St. Joseph's. The brightness of the festive season was still in the air and in the surroundings and the many gleaming lights and varied foliage of the altars aided in imparting an air of joyousness to what was in every sense a happy and memorable occasion. A week of hard work, and to many perhaps a week of doubts and fears, was now happily ended, nothing remaining but to receive last words of advice and farewell from lips that throughout the week had, early and late, poured forth words of exhortation, instruction and warning. The recitation of the Beads opened the exercises, and the closing sermon preached by Rev. Father McCloskey, was from the text, "be faithful unto death and I will give you the crown of life." The Rev. speaker referred briefly to the work of the past week and then warned his hearers that the danger now to be feared was that of a relapse; temptations were sure to come, the world, the flesh and the devil were still to be met in mortal combat, and the shield he would leave with them was the thought of Heaven, the reward promised to all who persevere to the end. Father McCloskey then gave a vivid portrayal of the departing soul and the entrance of the just into eternity, where the first sound that falls upon the ear is the voice of the Divine Master, giving welcome in the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over few things, I shall place thee over many." Then followed one of the most gracious word pictures of heaven which has ever been one's lot to hear. In heaven, said the speaker, martyrs in crimson robes will meet with groups of virgins clad in snow-white vesture, and the many choirs of angels shall join and converse with the myriads of saints who, coming up from earth, shall receive the reward of all who have fought the good fight. Group shall visit group and the Blessed Virgin, Queen and Mother, shall converse lovingly with the many who on earth sought her intercession and prayers. She will repeat to them the story of Nazareth and go over again the history of the Little Infant at Bethlehem, and of Him who advanced in age and wisdom and grace, even to the day of terrible Calvary. Then the Lord Himself, the loving and majestic centre of all beatific joy, will appear and He will show to all the wounds now glorified and the crown of thorns transformed into a diadem resplendent. Friends shall meet, those we loved and those who loved us, and the meeting will be without alloy, for there shall be no parting forever more. In speaking of eternity, Father McCloskey showed by an apt illustration how even the thought of time is impossible in heaven. If, he said, it were announced that a little bird were appointed to go every thousand years and gather one grain of sand and one drop of water until the whole earth was so disposed of, and if it were known that then, but not until then, the joys of heaven should disappear, how miserable would be the knowledge for to know that an end would come even at so remote a day would destroy all present enjoyment. But in heaven there can be nothing but complete and supreme pleasure, therefore there can be no thought of any but an eternal existence. All were advised to keep the picture of heaven perpetually in mind, for with that as an incentive, present temptations and allurements would assuredly be overcome. The sermon throughout was an eloquent and strong presentation, and in the portrayal of the delights of the heavenly Jerusalem the speaker reached a high and impressive height of oratorical effort. After the sermon the women renewed their baptismal vows, and the Papal Benediction was then given, the huge mission-cross being used in giving the blessing, and then removed to be erected later at the opening of the mission for the men. Rev. Father Canning, the pastor of St. Joseph's, and Rev. Father Barrett, assisted at the exercises. The girls of the choir sang several hymns to the Blessed Virgin during the collection and the boys in the sanctuary sang the hymns for Benediction. The success of the Mission is vouched by the entire satisfaction of the Pastor and by the words of Rev. Father Barrett, who pronounced the attendance and earnestness to have been "wonderful" and considering the size of the parish, the hope expressed at the opening, that it might surpass all former missions, was perhaps altogether and in every way fulfilled.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Holy Name Society of St. Basil's Church was held at that church on Sunday, Jan. 7th, at 3.30 p.m., about 180 members being present. Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., spiritual director, spoke a few words of advice and instruction to those present on the object of the Society. He especially dwelt on the necessity for all members to observe the rule of attendance at Holy Communion in a body four times a year. Rev. J. R. Teely, C.S.B., D.D., who had kindly consented to address the meeting, delivered an eloquent and scholarly discourse on the Holy Name of Jesus, and on this society which was founded to do honor to that Name. It was expected that the members would exhibit zeal, fortitude and fidelity, and would appreciate the grandeur and nobility of their vocation in being associated so closely with the Holy Name. Their's was the work to lessen blaspheming by that Holy Name—first by example, and then by gentle words of advice and encouragement. True and faith-

ful associates of this society will have their reward where pain is no more, and will be associated in glory with Jesus.

VISITING THEIR ALMA MATER.

On Friday afternoon last the lecture room of the De La Salle Institute was the scene of a pretty gathering when the teachers and pupils assembled to welcome two of the past pupils, lately ordained to the Holy Priesthood. The programme, which was an informal one, began at about 3 o'clock, when Rev. Father Drohan, C.S.B., and Rev. Father Kelly, the guests of the afternoon, were conducted by Rev. Brother Odo Baldwin to seats on the platform. This was followed by selections in vocal and instrumental music and a few impromptu speeches by some of the pupils. At the close of the programme the Rev. Fathers addressed encouraging words to the boys, pointing out the importance of a religious education and of faithful correspondence to a divine vocation. They expressed their great pleasure at meeting once more their old teachers and again viewing the scenes of their happy school days and impressed upon the present pupils the necessity of making the best of their opportunities. Before leaving the Rev. Fathers visited the different departments of the Institute.

PRESENTATION BRANCH 15, C.M.B.A.

At the last meeting of Branch 15, C.M.B.A., held Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1906, the President, Bro. H. E. R. Stock, presented Bro. L. A. D'Entremont with a silk hat donated by Bro. Frank M. Clancy for having secured the most members for Branch 15 during the year. The Chancellor, Bro. T. F. Callaghan, then installed the officers for 1906, as follows: Chancellor, T. F. Callaghan; President, H. E. R. Stock; 1st Vice-President, Dr. E. F. Woods; 2nd Vice-President, Thomas McCann; Recording Secretary, E. V. O'Sullivan; Assistant Recording Secretary, T. J. O'Leary; Financial Secretary, Wm. Moran, 284 Huron street; Treasurer, F. M. Clancy; Trustees, Joseph Moroney, E. V. O'Sullivan, T. F. Callaghan, E. J. Walsh, W. J. Ryan.

SEPARATE HIGH SCHOOLS.

A plea for separate high schools was made by Rev. Father Rohleder at the final meeting of the Separate School Board for 1905. Replying to a vote of thanks he pointed out that separate schools in Ontario are handicapped to a certain extent. He expressed his belief that if Catholic children in this Province were extended the same privileges as in Quebec in regard to separate high schools the local school boards could show better results. Mr. John Hall, Assistant Secretary, presented the financial statement for the past year, which showed an overdraft of \$7,052, about \$1,000 less than the previous year. The receipts were \$67,812, which included taxes, \$52,133; Government grant, \$3,870; bank overdraft, current account, \$7,052. The chief items of expenditure were: Furniture, \$1,669; interest on debentures, \$8,357; sinking fund, \$4,292; capital account, \$2,316.80.

MEETING OF CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of the Board of Management of the Children's Aid Society, took place in St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter street, on Monday evening, and despite the cold a fair number of members were in attendance. Rev. Father Murray of the Cathedral was in the chair and Mr. Matthew O'Connor, President of the Society, and Mr. P. Hynes, Agent, were both at their post. The usual routine business was transacted, the Agent's report showing that during the past three months 90 cases of dependent, neglected and delinquent children were brought to the notice of the officials, said cases affecting the interests of 34 children. This number were disposed of in various ways, four being made wards of the Society. This last addition leaves the Society with 17 wards, for whom they are anxious to obtain good comfortable homes. The treasurer's report, which showed the financial standing to be quite satisfactory, showed also a new item in the shape of collections from boxes stationed in different public buildings, said collections amounting to \$22.06 for this, the first quarter. The outstanding accounts for the past three months reported that one of the committee, Mr. Hanretty, had brought in ten new members together with the fine sum of \$70.00, the result of his canvass. A letter of regret at being unavoidably absent, together with a cash contribution, from Dr. McKenna, was read. In his letter the doctor said: "In my professional capacity I am often in a position to observe the results that have been obtained in the Industrial School conducted by the good Sisters at the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, and the results are simply wonderful. I have seen wild-eyed little creatures rescued from the most vicious surroundings, transformed within a year or two into modest little girls with an air of refinement about them not to be surpassed by the majority of the children who have never been separated from good influences. The exercises in the school-room, at the piano and in the singing classes, are such as you would expect to find only in an academy devoted to the education of growing girls. I enclose my mite in aid of the good work."

It was reported that the conference of St. Vincent De Paul of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, had sent in a donation of \$50.00, and Messrs. Pape and Hanretty were appointed to look after the collection boxes. The question of procuring an assistant to the Agent, Mr. Hynes, and also that of securing a telephone for the office were left in the hands of the officers. Rev. Father Minahan broached the subject of a Catholic Hall, which would afford rooms for just such meetings as the one then in progress. Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., made a

forcible appeal for more protection and greater margin in the case of infants, illustrating by a case in point where a child had been released admittance into different institutions because the mother in wishing to relieve herself from it was unable to lay down a certain stipulated amount. On the other hand it was argued that the mother being young and strong, was able to earn the requisite amount. Many points pro and con were argued in the case ending in the request of Mr. McBrady that the Advisory Board of the Society be advised that it was the consensus of opinion of the meeting that while in this instance no officer or individual was blameable, still it was thought that greater margin should be allowed in special cases, such as the one instanced. Rev. Father Minahan supported Mr. McBrady and Mr. Matthew O'Connor, the President, promised that if the child in question were again located, steps would be taken to place it under Catholic influences without further delay.

During the evening Mr. O'Connor drew attention to the fact that for the first time in the history of the society, one of its wards had married while still a ward. The late ward had now a little ward of her own and to mark this first event Mr. O'Connor proposed that a sum be placed in the bank to the credit of the child, there to remain until she was twenty-one, or until she is turned married. Nothing definitely was done in the matter.

Rev. Father Murray, in his closing remarks, as chairman, thought that the assistant to the Agent should have it as one of his duties to look after cases of truancy in the schools. The meeting then adjourned. Note.—The 17 wards now in care of the society are open for homes amongst the Catholic families of Ontario. Nothing would encourage the officers, who are working so hard for those children, more than the prompt offer of such homes for those now ready to accept them.

MEN'S MISSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

The mission for the men of St. Joseph's Parish, going on this week as a continuation of the good work inaugurated a week ago, by Rev. Fathers McCloskey and Barrett, is proving in every way most satisfactory. At the 5 and 8 o'clock Masses each morning the church is well filled and at some of the exercises, chairs have to be brought into requisition to accommodate the overflow. The fervor and devotion of the men are on a par with that of those who shared in the work of the first week. It is expected that His Grace the Archbishop will be present at Mass and at the closing on Sunday next.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN RADEY.

The head of a large and respected family of St. Francis Parish has just passed away in the person of Mr. John Rahey of 46 Brookfield street. Mr. Rahey came with his family from Elora to Toronto some years ago, and was since at different times a devout member of St. Mary's, St. Helen's and St. Francis' parishes. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from the parish church to St. Michael's Cemetery, where interment took place. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF VINCENT BERO.

The funeral of Vincent Bero took place from St. Francis Church on Tuesday morning, when a High Mass of requiem was sung by Rev. Father McCann. The deceased, who was the son of Mr. Vincent Bero of Arthur street, a well-known resident of the West End, was only twenty years of age, and had been ill but a few days with appendicitis when he died. He is survived by his parents and two sisters. R.I.P.

MR. FRED CARNEY.

Among recent deaths is that of Fred Carney, which took place on January 8th at 171 Rose avenue, the home of his grandfather, Mr. John Ross. The funeral took place this morning (Thursday) from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. R.I.P.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of St. Michael's Hospital, desire to express their appreciation of the kindness received during the Christmas season. The many gifts from their many friends tended greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the patients in their charge, and in their behalf and their own, the now extended to their patrons and friends most sincere thanks.

INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart during the present month is "The coming elections in France." Speaking of the needs of this now revolutionized "Elder daughter of the Church," the Canadian Messenger says: "No nation needs intercessors at this moment so urgently as France. Her present attitude is belying her historical past. During fourteen centuries France had been one of the most profoundly Christian nations. No other in the history of the Church has sent so many devoted men and women to spread abroad the teachings of Christ; none has labored so strenuously for the spiritual uplift of the heathen. Every continent has heard the voices of the sons and daughters of France preaching and teaching. In this hemisphere alone French priests and nuns have been found from Alaska to Patagonia. The role of France has been so prominent in the work of evangelizing the pagan peoples of the East, and in bringing them to a knowledge of the true God, that un-

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til lately it has been to her that our foreign missions have looked for protection. Realizing the truth of the above ought to make the associates in Toronto in common with those throughout the world, enter most heartily into the spirit of the intention prescribed by the Holy Father, an intention in which Canadians everywhere should join with special fervor.

DEATH OF MRS. T. K. ROGERS.

Towards midnight of Christmas there passed to her eternal reward Mrs. Mary A. Rogers, wife of Mr. T. K. Rogers of the Registrar General's Department of this city. The deceased lady had been feeling ill for only a few days, and up to about 10.30 o'clock had been conversing with relatives, when she retired. Towards midnight she summoned her husband to her side, and without the slightest warning to him that anything of such terrible moment was about to happen, breathed her last. Mrs. Rogers was born in Quebec and had been, for upwards of 40 years, a resident of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's parishes in this city. Of a genial and very kind disposition, especially with those to whom she was well known, it was often said of her that to know her was to love her. Her great charity to those in suffering, her heart overflowing with sympathy to those in distress, a cheery word at all times to those afflicted brought consolation to many a parished and poor family in the parishes where she was best known. She will be missed by all her friends, and especially by those with whom she was well acquainted.

Her funeral took place on the 28th of December from the residence of her nephew, Mr. A. J. Gough, 46 Leopold street, to St. Patrick's church, where, after solemn High Mass had been offered for the repose of her soul, the body was interred in the family plot in Mount Hope Cemetery. The floral tributes were very numerous, testifying to the esteem in which she was held among her friends, and among those noticed was a beautiful floral tribute from the Registrar General's Department, and also one from Council 347 of the

Knights of Columbus. The pall-bearers were six nephews of the deceased. The chief mourners were Mr. T. K. Rogers, her husband, Mr. T. J. Day of Guelph, Mr. Joseph Walsh of Stratford, Mr. Alexander Walsh of Stratford, Mr. B. J. Gough of Lindsay, E. D. Gough, A. J. Gough, R. P. Gough, James E. Day, Fred A. Day, Guelph, Dr. T. F. MacMahon, John MacMahon, Mr. Bryan MacMahon, and Mr. Chas. MacMahon of New York.

Amongst others noticed in the funeral cortege were Mr. Patrick Burns, James W. McCabe, Mr. Frank P. Lee, Mr. A. J. Cottom, Mr. John L. Lee, Mr. W. T. J. Lee, Mr. L. J. Cosgrove and Mr. M. P. Doherty.

The Registry extends to Mr. Rogers its deep sympathy in the hour of his affliction. May the soul of the deceased lady rest in peace.

The Metropolitan Bank

Annual Statement Shows a Year of Progress. The detailed statement of the affairs of the Metropolitan Bank as at December 30, 1905, published elsewhere, shows that the past year was in every sense one of satisfactory progress for the institution named. Profits, after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, were \$120,085.55, being more than twelve per cent on the paid-up capital. A perusal of the statements will show that the bank is carrying on a very large business on a sound basis, and is entitled to rank among the foremost of Canada's financial institutions.

Immense Seminary Opened

With the opening of the immense seminary for priests at Austin, it is stated that the initial step has been taken towards making the diocese of Chicago the greatest centre of education in America. Other buildings will be added and eventually a Cathedral. Five millions is the sum named as the expenditure.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Statement of the Affairs of the Bank as at Dec. 30th, 1905
Liabilities: Notes of Bank in circulation \$ 887,592 50, Deposits not bearing interest 770,294 06, Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 1,969,814 86, Deposits by other Banks in Canada 88,125 61, Balances due to Agents in United Kingdom 55,885 04, Capital Stock paid up \$1,000,000 00, Reserve Fund 1,000,000 00, Rebate on Bills discounted 20,150 51, Dividend Number Four, payable January 2nd, 1906 20,000 00, Former dividends unclaimed 42 00, Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward 133,133 34, Total 5,945,037 92

Profit and Loss Account
Dividends Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 \$80,000 00, Written off Bank Premises 10,000 00, Dec. 30, 1905—Balance carried forward 133,133 34, Total \$ 223,133 34

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