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The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

"The Golden Story of California" in Munsey's Magazine for November—A More Than Twice Told Tale—Recollections of the Men and Circumstances Mentioned—Poets and Story Writers—The Great Mine Operators—McKay, Flood, O'Brien and Fair—An Irish Mayor, Sheriff and Chief of Police—United States Senator—A Murphy Legislation—The Press Largely in Irish Hands—The Hibernia Savings Bank.

In "Munsey's Magazine" for November I find a glowing description of the State of California, its climate, its products and its people, by Mr. Newton Dent. Who Mr. Dent is I do not know, but I know or did know the State of California well. I have read such eulogies as this before. In fact they appear periodically. There are interests behind those leading publications that believe in advertising, and this is one of their ways of doing it. Sometimes and often it is the railroad corporations; sometimes the hotelkeepers and sometimes the real estate owners. All are interested in bringing eastern and southern people and capital to the Pacific Coast, because "there is money in it." Accompanying the present article are 46 half-tone illustrations of views and personages. The views include the state capital at Sacramento, Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras, Mirror Lake in the Yosemite Valley, Yosemitte Falls and Cliffs, Cliff House, San Francisco; Big Trees of Calaveras Grove, Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton; Picking Oranges at River Side; Seal Rocks and Seals at Santa Catalina Islands; Ostrich Farm at Pasadena; Yuca Cacti at Hesperia; Drying Raisins at Fresno; and the Garden of the Mission of San Jose. The portraits are those of Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, John W. McKay, General Fremont, Collins Potter Huntington, Henry George, Adolph Sutro, Darius Ogden Mills, Leland Stanford, James B. Hogg, James R. Keene, Luther Burbank, Stephen J. Field, Jacques Loel, David Belasco, Mary Anderson, Charles Crocker, John Muir, Claus Sprinkles, David Starr, Jordan Benjamin Ide Wheeler, George C. Peckin, Frank P. Flint, James D. Phelan, Irving M. Scott, Eugene E. Schmitz, U.S. Senator George Hearst, and his son William Randolph Hearst, Gertrude Atherton, Ambrose Bierce, and Edwin Markham. Many of these men are dead, some for many years; and but few are young and new to the public eye. The poets and literary men are Joaquin Miller, "Mark Twain," Bret Harte, Henry George, Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham, and one lady, Gertrude Atherton. Although those persons made their reputations in California most of them did not remain there. Miller and Bierce, I understand, are yet there; Harte and George left there long ago and both are dead; Mark Twain and Edwin Markham are now living in the East, but where Gertrude Atherton is residing I cannot say. Henry George I knew personally very well and admired him very much for several reasons. He had strong Catholic and Irish sympathies and his family are Catholics. Markham, too, is a broad and generous soul and is, I believe, of good old Irish stock. Bierce is English, talented and unscrupulous. Bret Harte in writing his stories, adopted the Missourian dialect as that of the California miners, because I suppose the Missourians were the first Americans on the ground among the gold diggers, and their dialect was the most peculiar of any. Gertrude Atherton wrote stories of early California life and the habit and manners of the Mexicans, who preceded the Americans, and, I believe, without slandering them. They were known as the "native Californians," and are admitted to have been generous and hospitable people, though not up to time in modern methods.

But those whose names are mentioned above are not the only literary people who won distinction in California. Daniel O'Connell I knew fairly well. He was a literary man during my days in the Golden State. He was a nephew of the great Dan himself and resembled him very much. He was associated with Henry George in publishing a daily paper called "The Post," in San Francisco, but got more credit as a writer of verses, which a few years since were gathered into a volume that I saw reviewed in a Chicago paper. The reviewer remarked it was a wonder that so excellent a poet was so little known. It was during my time, there too, that Charles Warren Stoddard, afterwards, and I believe still, connected with the Catholic University at Washington, won distinction as poet and descriptive writer. For five years he travelled in Europe and elsewhere, writing letters of his observations for a San Francisco Sunday paper, and I looked for them regularly. He went away dressed like any other American citizen and came back in the garb of a monk, so that foreign Catholic influences had made a decided impression upon him.

The next group of noted Californians that are mentioned in this Munsey article is the successful miners. The only one of these whose portraits are printed are John W. McKay and Adolph Sutro. McKay was an Irishman and a Catholic. The writer styles him as "one of the greatest civilization builders." In

early life he was a blaster. He became a multimillionaire through his part ownership of the Bonanza mines of the Comstock lode. Others associated with him were Flood and O'Brien and Fair, well known names now, but their owners are dead. McKay was a very enterprising, very generous man, whose memory is more respected than any of the great and successful Californians. I had a friend residing in Oak Park near Chicago, who told me this story of Flood and O'Brien: "Before I came west long ago, I was a farmer in Massachusetts. Two Irishmen came to me at one time during the California gold excitement, looking for work. I gave it to them and they proved to be such good hands that I intended to keep them. But it was not long before they gave me notice that they intended to quit. I told them I liked their work and would raise their wages if they remained. They agreed to remain a little longer at any rate, and they did; but news came of new and great discoveries of gold in California and they said they would stay no longer, as their intention was to go to California, and off they started. Their names were Flood and O'Brien, the same men that were afterwards associated with McKay and Fair in the Bonanza mines, and who became immensely rich." When Flood and O'Brien started the Bank of Nevada in San Francisco, there was a tremendous rivalry between them and the Bank of California with D. O. Mills as president and William Ralston as manager. But Ralston at that time was the bank and the bank was greatly interested in Nevada mining matters, having a monopoly in most of the mining utilities from which millions of dollars were acquired annually. This Ralston was a great and generous soul, liberal to a fault and public spirited beyond any of his contemporaries. His life if written would make one of the most interesting romances ever written about early California days. It was he who built the great Palace Hotel, on which he spent over \$3,000,000. Both banks had their friends and the stories that were purposely circulated about their doings—about Ralston and Mills on the one hand and Flood and O'Brien on the other—were both alarming and shocking. At any rate Ralston went under, the bank failed and the great financier and promoter ended his life by drowning. Then there was a commotion among the big capitalists. John B. Feltren, a great lawyer and scholar, whose Irish father had been head of a great eastern university, was the attorney of the Bank of California, and undertook to restore it to its former position and standing. This he did by getting the millionaire stockholders to double the amount of their stock. The man who was mostly responsible for the downfall of Ralston, it was said, was D. O. Mills, the president, who ordered an investigation of Ralston's account with the bank, when it was discovered that the manager was between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 short. Ralston was a great favorite, great entertainer, and a great promoter, but a very extravagant man. D. O. Mills did not remain long in California after that, notwithstanding his magnificent home at Belmont, but went to New York and carries on even now some magnificent enterprises there. But he had the name of a cold, sordid man.

The Irish race was splendidly represented in California in those days. They figured well in every line and branch of business. The mayor of San Francisco was one Frank McCoppin, who from his personal beauty, was styled "the man of faultless physique"; one of the United States Senators to Washington was Eugene Casserly, a great lawyer of San Francisco; the Sheriff of the County of San Francisco was Matthew Nunan, a big Irish brewer; many of the Superiors were men with Irish names and mostly all of the police force with Captain Lees, an Irishman, at their head. Murphy, Grant & Co. were owners of the largest wholesale dry goods house on the coast; Mr. Grant, however, was a Californian. Murphy was then a great name in California. The State Legislature was called by the San Francisco "Chronicle," the Murphy Legislature," because it had six Murphys in it. There were beside those that I have mentioned, "Murphy of San Raphael," "Murphy of the Big Trees," "Murphy of Lomona," and "Murphy of San Jose."

San Francisco had at this time, too, one of the largest savings institutions in the world in the Hibernia Savings Bank, and I doubt if even at this day there is another anywhere possessed of a larger amount of deposits. The name of the founder of this bank I cannot now bring to mind, but the Tobin family have been identified with it from the beginning, and have the management of it now.

The press, too, was largely in Irish hands. The "Alta-California," the oldest paper in the state, was owned by Frank McCrellish and edited by Col. John McComb. "The Examiner" was partly owned by "Don Philippe Roach" and edited by a young Irish lawyer, who has since been made a judge. The "Morning Call" was edited by Mr. Higgins; "The Chronicle," the De Young paper, was edited by Denis McCarthy, a young Irishman from Australia, and so on. Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose and Stockton, also had Irishmen as owners and editors of their newspapers.

Right here I want to mention a circumstance personal to myself. I established a weekly county paper for Alameda County, at Oakland. One day a young man applied to me for a position wherein he might learn journalism. He appeared bright and willing, but I knew nothing about him. I employed his services, however. He

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Need of American Catholic Art

Charles D. Maginnis, a Catholic architect of repute, writing in the *Brickbuilder*, takes exception to a system of architecture which he traces to Munich, which, to his mind, symbolizes most of the influences which have retarded the healthy growth of Catholic art in America.

Munich is the pernicious principle of art in control of commerce. It is the multitude of domestic and foreign plaster shops for turning out stereotyped saints by the thousands, it is the combination of western factory interests which is flooding the country with hideous altars and pews and confessional boxes, it is the so-called architect who makes merchandise of his plans, scattering them over the land in defiance of all the determining principles of site, tradition, climates, local resources and natural environment. Munich is the smart man with the catalogue.

Of capable architects, who are eager to give their best service to the cause of ecclesiastical art, there are many. A little investigation will reveal them, but "personal and parochial considerations" should not weigh in favor of the incompetent.

It often happens that the incapable architect is a very decent sort of a fellow, who causes a considerable flow of the milk of human kindness, but the folly of employing him to design a church can be demonstrated by arithmetic. Suppose \$50,000 was to have been appropriated for the erection of a parish church capable of seating one thousand people. A fifth of that sum will suffice to build a comfortable, weather proof structure of the requisite capacity and equip it with all physical essentials for congregational worship. Four-fifths, therefore, of the appropriation is intended to secure an expression of architectural dignity in keeping with the solemn destination of the building. Even an ignorant or ordinary mechanic may intelligently guide the expenditure of one-fifth of the appropriation, but since he cannot reach an artistic issue, \$40,000 must be wasted under his hands. A big sum of money to go to nothing. It was spent for art, and art is not the result, but something which is not to be argued into a resemblance to it by any degree of parochial approval.

Some of the clerical contributors have touched upon the economic condition of the architect's problem. It is, indeed, a very vital matter, since the amount of money available in a given case may not only determine the degree and character of its elaboration, but may control the entire organism and style of the building. It is customary to speak of a limited building fund as a stultifying condition, as if it must necessarily make for inferior architecture, as if there existed some essential affinity between the artistic value of a work and the intrinsic cost of the materials of which it is made. As a matter of fact, the element of cost has no relation whatever to artistic beauty. Very often cut granite and polished marbles serve only to emphasize the inherent ugliness of bad design. Such is the alchemy of art, that an unpretentious brick church, with the mark of gifted hands upon it, may have more artistic value than the Cathedral.

"Are we not sick and tired of the illiterate misapprehension by which our sacrifice is made to strive by a system of architectural shams after more merit than it really has? Is it not a monstrous libel upon the splendid spirit of Catholic giving to thus mistranslate it into an expression of smirking hypocrisy, designed to impress the neighbors?"

Who is confident enough to say that there is no insidious mischief done to the faith of the worshipper in that shock of disillusionment with which he perceives on the walls of the church the lie which is designed to deceive him?

But the real nature of architecture is violated most commonly in the unintelligent effort to achieve beauty that has no architectural authority.

"Architectural illusions may, of course, be created out of the card-board with historic outlines—wood proportion of parts, but architecture must have organism as well as form and the form and the organism must be so intimately wedded that one is the felicitous expression of the other.

And yet, out of this scenic point of view, we constantly see flimsy materials used to stimulate the rich externals of enduring masonry. Buildings profess to be of stone on the flimsy title of a veneer or the aisle walls, leaving the insincerity of the profession to be demonstrated by the wooden clerestory and the copper pinnacles.

Gothic churches are still constructed of wood with meaningless pointed arches, their proud buttresses built of pine boards,—a triumph of the ten-penny nail.

In the interior, lath and plaster, besides fulfilling their legitimate function of wall-covering, are persuaded into historic forms for which their properties utterly unfit them. Rarely is there any expression of vitality."

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

IRISH EXHIBITION

A Permanent Exhibit of Goods Manufactured in Ireland to be Established in Dublin

(From the Dublin Independent.)

It will be welcome news to everybody interested in the industrial movement that a permanent exhibition of goods manufactured in Ireland is about to be established in Dublin. This laudable project, which is entitled to the heartiest support, is about to be undertaken by the Irish Art Companions, an organization that has already accomplished much useful work in the direction of popularizing Irish manufactures.

For the past twelve months the Show Room of the Irish Art Companions at 27 Clare street, has been used as a sale depot by the smaller home industries and the success that attended the experiment has been so great that it has now been decided to utilize the same premises, together with the Exhibition Hall at the rear of it for the purposes of a permanent exhibition of manufactures representative of the whole field of Irish industrial enterprise. The necessary initial outlay will not, it is expected, be very considerable, and should the project meet with success, as there is every reason to hope that it will, it is proposed to still further increase the area of the Show Rooms. The amount of space at present available is 4,000 square feet, and the wall space 11,645 square feet. Spaces for exhibition cases, for example, and illustrated show cards will be let from £5. a year upwards. It is not proposed, however, that a profit should be made on the undertaking. The charge mentioned will be devoted to defraying necessary expenses, such as the salaries of assistants, rent, etc., and for this purpose also a small percentage on orders booked will be levied. Any surplus arising after the payment of working expenses will be devoted toward the further development of Irish industries.

The goods shown in the windows will be changed at least twice a week, each exhibitor receiving the benefit of this special form of display in turn. In the case of perishable goods, carriages, or large agricultural implements, it would be impracticable to exhibit in the ordinary way, illustrated placards will be displayed giving the names and addresses of the manufacturers, and the retail warehouses at which these goods can be procured.

Goods received will be classified under these heads:

1. Samples for exhibition only, for particulars of which inquiries will be referred to the agents named by the manufacturers.

2. Samples exhibited on the understanding that wholesale orders only are to be booked, the goods to be subsequently delivered direct from the factories in the ordinary course.

3. Samples exhibited on sale or return, in wholesale or retail quantities.

It is intended also to connect with this store of samples a Central Information Bureau, in which any inquirer, wholesale or retail, may learn at a moment's notice the names and addresses of the makers of all commodities, and the names and addresses of their retail agents. The Irish Art Companions have already prepared a list of Irish manufacturers for this Bureau, but as this is probably imperfect and incorrect, they will be glad to receive correct names and addresses from every manufacturer in Ireland.

The advantage of such a Bureau are obvious. As has been said, the Companions do not propose that it shall be profit-making concern. They desire only to extend the opportunity of co-operation originally confined to the cottage industries, to the general trade of Ireland. One often hears complaints regarding the difficulties of obtaining certain classes of Irish manufactured goods, but in future the intending purchaser need but call at the Clare street Bureau, and he will be directed at once where to go. It is only by some such co-operation, as is indicated in this scheme, the Companions point out, that the smaller industrial workers of Ireland can ever become known to their fellow countrymen, or can hope to press forward into the larger markets of the world.

Dr. Windle, President of the Queen's College, Cork; Dr. Douglas Hyde, and M. R. A. Anderson, of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, have consented to act as a Vigilance Committee on behalf of the exhibitors, to see that the financial part of the scheme is faithfully adhered to.

Applications for space, in writing only, will be received by Mr. P. J. Gleeson, Secretary, at 28 Clare street, Dublin, from the 14th of November, on and after which date the premises can be seen by any prospective exhibitor.

All applications will be attended to strictly in order of arrival, but classed under four heads, representing the four Provinces, so that each Province may have equal treatment.

The best variety of Catholic Devotional articles in Canada. That is a big statement for a Church Goods House situated in the Province of Ontario to make. But it is a fact nevertheless. Outside of New York City and some of the larger American Catholic centres there is not a larger variety kept in stock to be found of Catholic Devotional Articles than is shown by the enterprising house of W. E. Blake, 123 Church St., Toronto, Canada. If you are contemplating the purchase of an acceptable Christmas gift the Register by all means invites you to visit this establishment. Open every evening during December.

NOBLE ONE THOUSAND

An Army of Young Men Communists. "An Irresistible Force for Good," Says Archbishop O'Connor.

In addressing the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston recently, Archbishop O'Connor reminded his hearers of a truth Catholics should nowhere be permitted to forget—namely, that Catholic progress means not so much increase of numbers as increase of effort in the right direction.

"I am told," he said, "that a thousand men of this organization are in the habit of going once a month to Confession and Holy Communion. Here, I believe, is a tremendous force for progress in the right direction which is silently clearing away the obstacles and bringing you infallibly into your rightful place—a power compared to which all boasting and accusation and vulgar pushing for place is not only zero, but a minus quantity . . . That noble thousand who, no matter how busy, how distant from home, how driven for time they are, each month go apart from the noise and the confusion, and the false values, and the false allurements which surround them, enter the silence of their own souls, count up the errors, the mistakes, and the weaknesses, put them in full view of their own consciences, unburden themselves of them all in the Sacrament of Penitence, then go forth to receive strength in Holy Communion. That is really preparing for the future. That is really changing conditions, while others who do not really mean it are merely talking about it. That holy practice is making strong men who will be needed and whose presence must be felt throughout the whole community. That is making clean hearts, pure minds, and honest consciences. That influence is creating noble lives with strong purposes; the kind of men to be trusted in any position. The men with a conscience never dimmed; these are the men who will be heard from soon when the people have grown tired of deception. Work and prepare. This is the work which prepares.

"If that number can be increased here in this city from one to twenty thousand, we should have such a force for good as nothing could resist. A magnificent, permanent, Catholic sentinel of high spirituality in the daily life of our people, which would soon compel attention and would sweep away forever every remnant of prejudice. Then indeed might we well be confident of the future."

Catholic Priests in the House of Lords

The following account of the coming of an English priest to a title is taken from the New York Freeman's Journal:

By the death recently of Lord Arundell of Wardour leaving no children, his brother, who is a Catholic priest, succeeds to the title as Lord Arundell of Wardour. His accession (observes the Catholic Herald) "adds another to the very few examples there have been in modern times of Catholic priests entitled to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The last one was that of the Hon. and Right Rev. Mgr. Petre, who succeeded, twenty-two years ago, on his father's death, as thirteenth Baron Petre. During the nine years that he enjoyed the title the late Lord Petre took no part in political life, nor did he ever even take his seat in the House of Lords. As the new Lord Arundell is in his seventy-third year, and has lived for a considerable time in great retirement at Bourne mouth, it is not probable that he will figure as an active politician any more than did Lord Petre."

In a newspaper interview Father Arundell said he hardly knew what his future arrangements would be, and being questioned, "Of course, your lordship will be going away from us now," he answered, "Don't be too sure of that. It does not follow by any means that I shall be leaving you. Remember that the successor to the Baronetcy of Sir Wm. Heathcote, who was a Jesuit priest, preferred to go on with his work amongst the poor and needy rather than take over the management of the estate with its farms and lands. One thing is certain, whatever happens, I shall have nothing to do with the estate at Wardour; in fact, it is left to the Lady Arundell for life. I shall have an allowance, and, of course, a seat in the House of Lords. If he had a seat in the House of Commons,

A. O. H.



THE DEAR GREEN ISLE.

(By Henry Edlin.)

Eileen, I've tasted hunger since I left the County Down
To carve a slice of fortune from the heart of London town;
The night's been black and dreary, and the sky's been overcast,
But the rosy dawn is breaking, and I see the light at last.
I'll soon be back in Ireland (how I wish myself there now!)
With the guineas in my pocket and the laurels on my brow;
For the Editor has written, in his most persuasive style,
To ask me for a poem on the

Dear

Green

Isle!

He bids me tell of memories that fill my aching breast
With longing for old Ireland, and the ones I love the best;
He bids me sing the praises of the mountains and the loughs,
And the waterfalls that tinkle as they tumble from the rocks.
But I seem to see a cabin on a hillside bleak and bare,
And I feel a widowed woman's trembling hand upon my hair;
And I hear my mother's blessing as she begs me at the stile,
To return before God takes her from the

Dear

Green

Isle!

He bids me sing the beauty of the lovely liquid eyes
That shine like stars in heaven when the rain has washed the skies;
But I fear me I'm no poet, for the same I cannot do,
Through thinking of the lovelight in the sweet grey eyes of you!
So my dream of fame is over—just another might-have-been—
And I'll have to write explaining to the Editor, Eileen,
That I cannot write the poem, for I'm thinking all the while
Of a cabin and a colleen in the

Dear

Green

Isle!

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

The storm flew over a town one day, And back of each wing an infant lay; One to a rich man's home he brought, And one he left at a laborer's cot. The rich man said, "My son shall be A lordly ruler o'er land and sea." The laborer sighed, "Tis the good God's will, That I have another mouth to fill." The rich man's son grew strong and fair, And proud with the pride of a millionaire. His motto in life was, "Live while you may," And he crowded years in a single day. He bought position and name and place, And he bought him a wife with a handsome face, He journeyed over the whole wide world, But discontent in his heart lay curled Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss, And life seemed hollow and gold was dross, He scoffed at women, and doubted God, And died like a beast and went back to the sod.

The son of the laborer tilled the soil, And thanked God daily for health and toil. He wedded for love in his youthful prime, And two lives corded in tune and time. His wants were simple and simple his creed, To trust God fully, it served his need, And lightened his labor and helped him to die with a smile on his lips and a hope in his eye, When all is over and all is done, Now which of these men was the richer one?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

OUR DEAD.

(Written for Western Watchman.) Their forms have vanished from our sight,

Their voices, too, are stilled; The smiling eyes, the presence bright, Alike, in death are chilled. Within the graveyard's silent realms Where joy may hardly tread, Where pent-up grief the soul o'erwhelms— They sleep—our blessed dead.

With frail, sweet flowers we deck the mound That tells us where they lie; And kneel to kiss the sacred ground To which they rest so high, While picturing them as far above The wondrous world of stars, Waiting us in pitying love From Heaven's golden bars.

Put oh! could we but truly know How much they need our prayers— Could we but know what chains of woe Confine those souls of theirs Within the Purgatorial Halls Of Justice, stern and dear— From which their cry for freedom falls On God's unanswering ear.

We would not squander precious time In useless flowers and tears, But with the sacrifice sublime Abridge their suffering years; And, armed with alms for their relief Who languish thus in gloom, Constrain our God to end their grief And call His children home.

—Jennie M. Buhlinger.

LOCAL VARIETY.

"Your heart is like an open car," So sang the poet bold; "Your heart is like an open car," Because it's icy cold."

WHAT THE ROSARY MEANS.

The following explicit and beautiful explanation of the Rosary is from a sermon preached on a recent occasion by Rev. M. J. Riordan, pastor of St. Charles' church, Pikesville. "The custom of using beads or pebbles, for the purpose of telling prayers is a very ancient one. It is practised by the Buddhists and it is said to have existed among the Jews. Some of the early Christians whenever they had a certain number of prayers to say, adopted it to enable them to concentrate their minds and hearts on God while the beads told the number.

"Before Europeans had learned from the Moors the science of mathematics the people employed pebbles and beads for all kinds of calculations. They used to count by placing calculi or pebbles in wooden grooves, a practice from which calculus, a branch of mathematics, derives its name. In course of time pebbles gave way to beads, which were used so generally for the counting of certain prayers that the word bead came to mean prayer.

"The Rosary is a string of 150 beads divided by 15 larger ones into groups of 10. The large beads denote Pater Nosters, or Our Fathers, while the small ones call for Ave Marias or Hail Marys. A Gloria is recited at the end of each decade upon the large bead.

"The 15 decades commemorate scenes from the life of our Lord and His mother, which are known as the five sorrowful, the five joyful and the five glorious mysteries. The string of beads ordinarily used has but five decades, which are jointed to three Aves, a Pater Noster and a cross upon which the Apostles Creed is recited.

"The 150 small beads correspond to the Psalms of David. It was the custom of the early Christians to recite the Psalms at their devotions, and those who could not read recited 150 vocal prayers, which were counted by changing pebbles from one pocket to another or by passing a bead on a string through the fingers.

In this form, the rosary, which was known as the 'people's psalter,' was recited until the thirteenth century. St. Dominic then wished that its recitations should be accompanied by meditation upon the scenes in the life of Christ. To him therefore, is given the credit of the present arrangement of the rosary, whose one great object is to impress upon the mind truths connected with the Redemption.

"The rosary is sometimes called the breviary of the laity, having been for centuries the vade mecum of those who could not read. A Venetian traveler who visited England at the beginning of the sixteenth century writes that in that country 'the women carry long rosaries in their hands, and anyone who can read takes the office of Our Lady with them and with some companion recites it in church, verse by verse, in a low voice, after the manner of churchmen.'

"The word rosary means literally a garden of flowers. Among the Italians the word crown (corona), or wreath, is used, the string of beads suggesting to the minds of those imaginative people a chaplet of spiritual roses to decorate and crown their Madonna.

"The frequent repetitions of the words of Scripture in the prayers composing the rosary are the expression of hearts overflowing with love; repetition is the language of love. Those who love each other never tire of repeating or hearing protestations of affection."

NUMBER OF CONVERTS.

The Apostolic Mission House has recently collated some extremely valuable statistics of the number of converts received into the Church every year in this country.

They are valuable because they furnish ground for some accurate and reliable statements. Heretofore it has been only guess work. Cardinal Gib-

The Danger and Distress of Piles
AND THE CERTAINTY WITH WHICH THIS OBSTINATE DISEASE IS CURED.

BY

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

It is a mistake to look on piles or hemorrhoids as merely an annoyance, for they are serious and dangerous, as well, and in their chronic or aggravated form bring keen distress and the ruination of health.

The cause of piles is very different in different cases, but there is always relief and with regular treatment thorough cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is nothing severe or disagreeable about this treatment, for by its soothing influence it helps almost as soon as applied. You feel the benefit, and know for a certainty that it is doing you good.

On the circular which goes with every box of Dr. Chase's Ointment are given full instructions as to the use of the ointment for itching, bleeding piles and protruding piles, anditching skin diseases. If you follow directions we guarantee satisfaction on a treatment for every form of piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has an unparalleled record of cures; 80c a box, at all dealers, or Edマンson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

bons has ventured some statement based on the converts in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, but these figures now given out by the Apostolic Mission House are based on the exact returns from 29 of the dioceses in the country.

It is altogether strange that the conversions to the Church in this country a few years ago was so much of a negligible quantity that in most of the dioceses in the country there was no record kept of them. The number of baptisms was recorded but no distinct rubric was accorded to the baptisms of the converts. But now in most of the well organized Chancery's offices there are preserved accurate statistics of the Converts who have been received, and probably in a few years when the number of converts increase there will not be a single Chancery office where the returns of conversions will not be an important item in reports.

However, according to the recent returns at the Mission House and published in the November issue of the "Missionary," 29 dioceses whose aggregated Catholic population amounts to 4,310,130, show up 8,352 converts to the Church. This proportion is 1 in 506. If this same proportion is maintained throughout the 103 dioceses in the country there would be a total of 25,056 converts received into the Church in this country every year.

It is interesting to study the figures: A few facts seem to be apparent. In the dioceses where a positive organized effort has been made to reach the non-Catholic the number of converts is very large, as for example, New York diocese receives 1,500 converts each year and so small a diocese as Mobile, Alabama, with only 20,000 Catholics, received last year 537 converts. In these two dioceses there have been missionaries to non-Catholics for the last ten years.

New York has had its apostolic band of six missionaries while Mobile has had two missionaries from the Mission House. They are now reaping their harvest. In dioceses where there has been no organized non-Catholic mission work the number of converts is very scanty. These indisputable facts demonstrate that wherever efforts are made to get converts they are secured in large numbers.

The figures from Mobile diocese are very remarkable—537 converts, or 1 in 55 of the Catholic population. If this same proportion were maintained throughout the country the number of converts would be 250,000, but in its notable proportion Mobile stands out unique.

It would be interesting to learn how many of these 25,000 were received by the religious orders and how many by the regular parochial churches. From information derived from other sources it appears the largest proportion of converts are received by the ordinary parochial clergy. Of course their churches are by all odds the more numerous, but it is also true that the diocesan priests as a rule have the parishes on the frontiers where the best work of conversions is done.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all afflictions of the throat and lungs.

RECIPES.

Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style.—Boil until tender four good-sized sweet potatoes, peel and mash them, add a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat until light. Turn into a baking dish, smooth the top, brush it with butter and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

Cream Rice Pudding With Apricots.—Wash well two tablespoonsfuls of rice and cook in a double boiler with one pint of milk and one inch of stick cinnamon.

When it has absorbed the milk add one cupful of milk, then cook until tender. Take out the cinnamon, add two tablespoonsfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of gelatin which has been soaked in a little cold water. Stir in one-half of a cupful of cream which has been whipped until thick, and turn into a border mold. Set away until firm, then turn out on a platter, put canned apricots in the center and serve with the apricot syrup.

Fresh Tongue With Raisin Sauce—Wash the tongue, place in a kettle, cover with cold water and bring quickly to the boiling point. Add one carrot, scraped, one leek, two onions each stuck with two cloves, one tablespoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of whole peppers tied up in a bit of thin muslin. Cover and simmer slowly for four hours, then remove the skin and trim off the roots. With a sharp knife cut the tongue into thin slices and arrange it in its original form on a heated platter. Pour the sauce and garnish with boiled chestnuts.

Rice Waffles.—To one scant cupful of cold boiled rice add one cupful and a half of milk, stirring that there may be no lumps. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and two well-beaten eggs, sift in two cupfuls of flour. Add one tablespoonful of butter, melted, and two heaping teaspoonsfuls of baking powder. Bake at once.

Roast Goose.—Always dress a goose the day before cooking. For several hours before cooking soak in salt and water. Make a dressing of Irish potatoes, boiled and mashed, a lump of butter, a minced onion, season with salt and pepper. Fill the body of the goose and place in a pan, grease with butter and pour in a teacup of water. Baste frequently until browned. Serve with onion gravy and apple sauce.

Corn and Sweet Potato Scallop.—Left-over bits of corn and sweet potatoes can be made into a very nice scallop by filling alternately a baking dish, and seasoning each layer with salt, pepper and butter. Have the last layer potatoes. Make a sauce with onion gravy and apple sauce.

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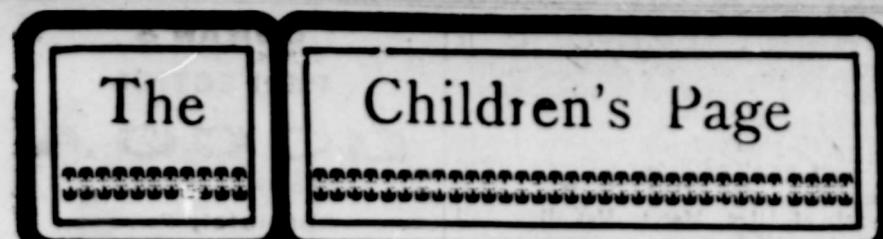
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THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

The great white elephant left the show.
He said he was too refined; The ways of a circus did not suit His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I Should be teaching school," said he; "And all the animal little folks My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty schoolhouse near He marshaled them all one day; 'Twas in vacation time, and so The children were all away.

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese,
Were put to work with a will; But the squirrel and fox to the plat-form went.

Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school The various things he knew; "There's much not down in the books," said he,

"That you ought to know how to do."

And first he showed how to nap the ears,
But their ears were far too small;

And then he showed how to wave the trunk,

But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school That the scholars accomplished well Was when he called in the peanut man And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school And packed up his trunk to go; "For, after all, my talents," said he, "Are best displayed in a show."

—St. Nicholas.

UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," says good old farmer Bray,
"Put on your things; 'tis market day; Let's be off to the nearest town—

There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot! No, we'll leave old Spot behind."

But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,

And soon made up his doggish mind To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,

And joy came into the farmer's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,

But I'm very glad he's left at home. He'll guard the barn and guard the cot,

And keep the cattle out of the lot."

"I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot.

The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started home just after dark— Home through the lonely forest. Hark!

A robber springs from behind a tree; "Your money or else your life," said he.

The moon was out, yet he didn't see The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he barked, old Spot he whined;

And Spot he grabbed the thief behind And dragged him down in mud and dirt,

He tore his coat, he tore his shirt. He held him with a whisk and bound, And he couldn't rise from the mity ground;

While his legs and arms the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;

And now a hero, grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day;

And everywhere his master goes, Among his friends, among his foes, He follows upon his horny toes,

The little hog under the wagon.

WHAT TOLD GRANDMA.

The sun is bright, the sky is clear, But grandma says a storm is near; And when I asked how she could know,

She said the peacock told her so, When perching on the old fence rail, He screamed so loud and dropped his tail;

And the shy cuckoo on the wing Repeated over the same thing; And "More wet!" all the bob-whites cried

In the grassy meadows hide; The soot that from the chimney fell Came down, it seems, this news to tell;

The kettle sang the self-same tune When it boiled dry so very soon; The grass this morning said so, too, That hung without a drop of dew; And the blue swallows, flying low Across the river, to and fro.

So all these told her very plain That ere the evening it would rain; But who told them, and when, and how?

That's what I want to find out now.

THE BEST LIFE.

Do not hurry,
Do not worry,

Grip your purpose and be true.

Days must measure
God's own pleasure

When this truth is plain to you,

Then be steady,

Always ready;

Never murmur; do your part.

Light each duty

With the beauty

Of a wholesome, happy heart.

SMOKERS' CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

THE LOST DOLL.

There was once a doll whose name was Jennie Bluebell. She was named for a maiden aunt and a flower, and she was very proud of it.

"You do not meet many dolls with such a name," she said to a rubber ball that lived in the same house with her.

"No, indeed," said the ball, who had no special name of his own.

Jennie Bluebell had black hair and blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and on her feet were painted gilt shoes that shone like gold.

"I am made of china," she said to the ball, "and so are the vases in the parlor. They are my near relations. As I am all most refined and delicate, if I do say it myself, and be handled with care."

"Can you bounce?" asked the ball, politely.

"Bounce!" cried the doll. "Horrible! Not one of our family ever did such a thing."

"It is easy to do," said the ball. And he rolled off the table where he had been lying and bounced on the floor, for he was very active.

While he was doing this, the little boy and girl to whom the toys belonged came running in. It was their playtime, and they were going to a meadow near their home.

"I'll beat you there," said the little boy to his sister. And he picked up the ball from the floor and hurried away. The little girl followed him; but she was so afraid of dropping Jennie Bluebell, whom she carried in her arms, that she could not run fast, and she was still on the road when the little boy climbed the meadow stile.

There was grass planted in the meadow; but on one side near the fence there was a narrow path which led to an oak-tree, and under the tree no grass had been planted, for it was the children's play place. Their father had hung a swing in the tree for them, and there was a sand pile on the ground underneath the spreading branches, and the birds sang overhead the livelong day—oh, it was a pleasant place, and the children loved to be there.

"Let's play catch with my ball," said the boy, when his sister had reached him.

"As soon as I make a bed for my doll," she answered. And she parted the long grass that grew like a hedge about the playground and laid Jennie Bluebell down in it very tenderly.

"How glad I am," thought the doll, "that I am not thrown about like that poor rubber ball. My nerves could never stand it."

The rubber ball would have laughed at her, for he was having a glorious time. "How glad I am," he said to himself, as he flew from one child to the other, "that I do not have to keep still all the time like the china doll. This is what I call fun."

The children thought it was fun, too, and they played until the dinner bell called them to dinner.

"I'll get to the house before you do," said the little boy.

"Wait, wait, till I get Jennie," called his sister. "I put her right here, at least I thought I did. Why, I can't find her," she cried as she hurried from place to place. The green grass all looked alike to the anxious child; and, though she parted with her hands again and again, hoping each time to see Jennie Bluebell's smiling face looking up at her, the dear doll was nowhere to be found.

The little boy ran back to help her search; but it did no good, and at last they both gave up looking and went away sorrowfully.

"Perhaps the fairies have taken her away," said the little girl, who was almost crying.

"Or a rabbit," suggested her brother. "Father saw one in the field yesterday."

But rabbits or fairies had nothing to do with the lost doll. She lay all the while in the very spot where the little girl had put her. The grass had swayed back into place and hidden her from sight; and, though she called, "Here I am, here I am," with all her might, she could not make herself heard.

"I shall have to lie here all the rest of my life," she cried. "And I wish something would fall on me and break me to pieces right now."

She did not really wish this thought; for, when a cow that had gotten into the meadow came walking by with her heavy tread, the doll called out, "Be careful where you step."

It was lonesome in the meadow, and the doll longed for some one to keep her company. 'Tis true that a family of beetles, who had their home under an old log in a corner of the field, came out to look at her and even crawled on her dress; but she had nothing to say to them, and was glad when they went away.

"I shall not close my eyes all night," she said to herself when it began to grow dark, and she did not.

She lay on her back and stared into the darkness till the rooster crowed for morning, and the sky grew bright again.

Almost as soon as it was light she heard a noise in the meadow. Swish, swish! Swish, swish! It sounded.

The farmer was cutting his grass with his sharp-bladed scythe, but the doll did not know this; and, when the grass in which she lay fell down in a heap upon her, she thought the end of everything had come.

"What in the world has happened?" she asked a grasshopper, who had been caught in the fall.

"That is just what I should like to know myself," at ached he. And he struggled up toward the sunlight, and never came back; for it was difficult traveling in a new-mown field.

The children did not come to the meadow that day or the next, and the doll gave up all hope of being found.

"They have gone to visit their grandparents," she said. "I heard them talking about it the day I was lost. They have forgotten me, and I shall never see them again."

The very next day, however, they came to the meadow to help their father rake the grass, which the sun

by this time had dried into sweet-smelling hay. They had been on a visit, sure enough; and as they worked they talked of the things they had done while they were away from home. The china doll could hear every word they said.

"I rode grandpa's horse to water two times all by myself," said the little boy.

"And I fed grandma's chickens every day with corn," said his sister. "Grandma plants corn in his fields," said the boy. "You can't rake corn."

"I love to rake hay," said the girl, and mamma says that I may find Jennie Bluebell when all our hay is raked."

Ah! how the china doll's heart leaped with joy when she heard that! "Here I am, here I am," she cried.

As it is, she is, and she was very proud of it.

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"No, indeed," said the ball, who had no special name of his own.

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"Can you bounce?" asked the ball, politely.

"Bounce!" cried the doll. "Horrible! Not one of our family ever did such a thing."

"It is easy to do," said the ball. And he rolled off the table where he had been lying and bounced on the floor, for he was very active.

While he was doing this, the little boy and girl to whom the toys belonged came running in. It was their playtime, and they were going to a meadow near their home.

"I'll beat you there," said the little boy to his sister. And he picked up the ball from the floor and hurried away.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1906.

CATHOLICS AND THE Y.M.C.A.

His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton having announced to his people that they cannot receive the sacraments and at the same time remain members of either the Y.M.C.A. or the Y.W.C.A., it has caused no little comment. Why it should we do not understand. It is a simple law of the Church that in matters divine, which will include religious service of all kinds, Catholics cannot associate with non-Catholics. The question is not whether these services take place in a Protestant church or a public hall. It is the communication with the religious service which is forbidden. And the Bishop of Hamilton states that this is the reason of his pastoral action. When the Y.M.C.A. was started the religious character was quite definite. It was, in fact, the only feature of these associations. Afterwards a social element was introduced, a gymnasium was run in close connection. This idea was still further developed by the addition of athletics. In this evolution the sectarian tendency was by no means lost sight of, unless by young people who wished to avail themselves of a good gymnasium. The fact that religious meetings are held there shows that the managers have but one policy, and that the athletics are a snare to catch the unwary. Social gatherings are one thing. There is no objection, unless for other reasons, to them; but religious gatherings such as take place in these associations, under whatever guise they may appear are contrary to Catholic faith and practice. Nor in such practice can we be accused of bigotry. Bigotry is not the question. It is a question of obedience to the Church and adherence to principle. Socially we are glad to meet with all our neighbors. In all the walks of temporal life we join hands to practise charity, to build up our common country, and to live in peace and fellowship. We have no fault to find with the Y.M.C.A. or any other similar society. The word of the venerable Bishop of Hamilton was not to these associations. It was a word to his own flock. What we can do, and what we should do, is to imitate them by supplying our cities with well managed Catholic associations of a similar character, so that means of physical culture may be at hand.

THE FALSE DECRETALS.

From our extracts of Bystander's paragraph we reasonably conclude that the impression which his statement conveys is that the Pope in his judgment of certain facts as well as of his official prerogative of infallibility has for his warrant the forged decrets, known in history as the false decrets of Isidore. We give again his language: "In the midst of these marvels, and with the forged decrets of Isidore as a warrant in his hands, sits the infallible keeper of religious truth." To many this will mean that the warrant of the Sovereign Pontiff for his decisions on supreme questions and his government of the Church, is some forged document of the dark ages. Others, somewhat instructed, may conclude that the only authority for papal supremacy is the book of Decretals, without any previous assumption of such authority. A third class of readers will dismiss the statement as false in foundation and misleading in application. The case in point exemplifies a principle. By what authority does the Pope judge of miracles or other ecclesiastical causes? Secondly, by what authority is the Pope the "infallible keeper of religious truth?" He is supreme judge and teacher by the guarantee that he is the lawful successor of St. Peter, to whom was entrusted the care of the whole Church. In regard to the act of judgment the Pope proceeds as a judge in other courts would proceed. And in decisions concerning facts he may leave individual churches or religious communities in undisturbed possession without being more positive. The Chair of St. Peter is a case in point. Whilst this chair is to be revered for its antiquity, its authenticity going back to the seventh century, and its tradition to the very time of St. Peter, its case is not by any means weakened even if no Sovereign Pou-

tiff has testified to it or committed himself to a decision upon it. Were the Pope judge of this chair, he would take the evidence, sift it, and act as he frequently has to act in relation to facts. What have any decretals to do with it? Nothing, unless some previous Pope made a decree upon the subject.

What are these false or forged decretals of Isidore? The name is given to a collection of canons, some of which are genuine, others supposititious, a third class apocryphal, which though forged long before the time of Isidore, were placed by him in his collection, and lastly interpolated canons, of those which are corrupted by Isidore's additions. This collection was issued without any consent or connivance of the Roman Pontiffs. Secondly, the privileges of the Holy See are not founded, as is insinuated by Bystander and as others have asserted, upon them. Febrinius asserts that "with the help of Isidore and Gratian the Roman Court succeeded in changing its papal and patriarchal rights into an ecclesiastical monarchy." Granted that Isidore, or whoever the author may be, glorifies the Apostolic See this glorification was not unfounded. On the contrary it rested upon the surest basis of ancient apostolic tradition and discipline. Long before the ninth century the Pontiffs exercised these prerogatives in the face of obedient Christendom. In the first century the Corinthians have recourse to Pope Clement. In the third century St. Cyriacus is judged by Pope St. Cornelius. St. John Chrysostom appealed to Pope Innocent I. In 439 Pope Celestine hears the cause of St. Cyril of Alexandria against Nestorius. The early history of the Church teems with these appeals, showing conclusively that supreme jurisdiction was vested in the Roman See and was acknowledged to be so by Christendom. Another proof that this collection was not contrary to ancient discipline is the ease with which it was received. There was no disturbance, no resistance against the new discipline. The forgery was not discovered for centuries. Things went on as usual. A satisfactory reason for not discovering their forgery was that there was a lack of literary criticism though not a want of faith. The decrets were sound in faith, and were in keeping with ancient canons. It was through their literary defects their authenticity was called in question by Cardinal De Cusa in the fifteenth century. The Popes had no hand in the preparation of the collection, nor, except in one particular case, any hand in the application. Whatever disciplining this collection indicates does not receive the force of law by reason of itself, but by virtue of preceding and subsequent constitutions and by force of recognized consuetude. We see therefore how ill founded is any assertion that these Isidorian Decretals are a warrant for the exercise by the Sovereign Pontiff of his supreme power and prerogative.

ANOTHER PARAGRAPH.

For one who pledges himself never to write anything against the Catholic Church, Bystander has a peculiar way of keeping his promise. In our issue of last week we noticed some of the statements made in one of his paragraphs in the Weekly Sun. We propose to call attention to some more of his respectful (?) intuitions which appeared in a letter the week after. Speaking of the wish on the part of some critics requesting the Holy Father that he allow St. Peter's tomb to be opened, Bystander says: "He (the Pope) must have smiled at the request, as no doubt he is well read in ecclesiastical history, and must know well how much reason there is for believing that St. Peter was at Rome, or had there a memorial tomb." Nor does he stop with St. Peter. Half a dozen other matters are suggested as subjects for antiquarian investigation: the Chair of St. Peter, the holy stairway, the Tre Fontane, the translation of the House of Loretto, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and the exudation of the bones of St. Andrew at Amalphi. He thus concludes: "In the midst of these marvels and with the forged Decretals of Isidore as a warrant in his hands, sits the infallible keeper of religious truth."

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Pius X's Pontificate

(From the New York Sun Nov. 18.) Since the Patriarch of Venice became Pope under the name of Pius X, many difficult problems have been pressed upon his attention which, unlike his predecessor, he was not qualified by long experience in diplomacy and statecraft to solve. What was to be the relation of the Papacy to the civil power during his pontificate, not only in such stormy centres as Italy and France, but also in Germany and Russia, and even in Spain? To none of these problems has a definite solution yet been found, but it must be acknowledged that in more than one instance the interests of Catholicism have been upheld with sagacity and skill, and that Pius X. has thus far succeeded in avoiding in any country a bitter war with the civil authority such as was waged between Leo XIII. and Bismarck.

In Italy it is manifest that the relations of the Vatican and the Quirinal are more amicable than they have ever previously been since the loss of the Pope's temporal power. Pius X. has not, indeed, revoked the mandate by which faithful Catholics were forbidden to take part in Parliamentary elections, but he has suspended it sporadically by leaving its enforcement optional with the Bishop in each diocese. It is well known that the effect of the suspension has been to strengthen materially the Conservative party in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and there is reason to believe that a still more marked recoil from Socialism will be witnessed on the next appeal to the electors. There is no doubt that the royal Government would welcome an intimation of a willingness to accept the subvention allotted to the Pope by the Italian Parliament some thirty-five years ago, together with the arrears, which now amounts, with interest, to tens of millions of dollars.

It is true that Pius X. has given no such intimation, and still depends for support on the voluntary contributions of faithful Catholics; but he must see with satisfaction the striking change in the attitude of the civil power, which, formerly hostile, has now become conciliatory and friendly. In France, too, the same method of proceeding, "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," has averted collisions that might have caused a civil war, for, although refusing with firmness to sanction the cultural associations presented by the separation act, the Pope has carefully refrained from any provocative word or act, and has given the Radicals and Socialists no excuse for the exhibition of anti-clerical rancor. The result has been that the Clemenceau Cabinet has put the most liberal construction possible on the text of the separation act, and has announced that Catholics will be at liberty to worship in the churches for a year from December 11th; and although other Church property will be taken possession of by the Government on the date named, it has been hinted that this might be transferred by a Ministerial decree to cultural associations, should such be formed during the coming twelvemonths. The spirit of forbearance thus evinced by the civil power is obviously a response to the calm and gentle, though unwavering, tenor of the Pope's encyclical to the French Bish-

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We desire to draw the attention of our many customers to the fact that we carry an immense stock of

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JOTTINGS

The Parliament opened at Ottawa on the 22nd inst.

It is rumored that Hon. G. W. Ross, the ex-Premier of Ontario, will be shortly called to the Senate.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster has approved of the work of establishing the Catholic Federation in the archdiocese.

Five boys, scholars of St. Paul's College, Varennes, a few miles below Montreal, were drowned while skating on the ice a few days ago.

By the death of William Blair Bruce at Paris, Canada has lost one of her most gifted sons, and the world one of its few great marine artists.

Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, presented Dr. C. B. Coughlin with a gold-headed cane and an address on leaving for Belleville.

Rev. Richard Carey was ordained to the priesthood on Saturday morning at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, House of Providence, Kingston.

Sisters Martel, Raizeneau and LeFebvre of the Grey Nuns, Ottawa, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their religious profession on Wednesday last.

Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., D.D., Provincial of the Oblate Fathers, has returned from Rome, where he went to attend the general chapter of the Oblates.

Bishop Foley of Detroit was seventy-three years old on Nov. 5th, and on Dec. 20th will attain the golden jubilee of his priesthood. The latter event will be celebrated in January.

It is reported from Rome that Archbishop Farley of New York will positively be elevated to the Cardinalate at the next consistory to be held by the Pope sometime during the latter part of this month.

In recognition of the services rendered by the Sisters of Notre Dame at Brandon, the city council has voted a by-law, which exempts the Sisters' school from taxes for twenty years.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough officiated at the marriage of Miss Mary M. Porter, daughter of the late John Porter of Toronto, and Mr. William Kellar of Peterborough.

At the Christmas ordinations this year St. Joseph's seminary, Baltimore, in charge of St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions, will give four newly ordained priests for negro missionary work in the south.

Bourke Cockran, America's greatest orator, was married last week in the Catholic Church, New York, to Miss Annie Ide, daughter of the Governor-General of the Philippines. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McKinnon, an old friend of Mr. Cockran's.

Brother Patrick Flaherty of Hamilton, died suddenly at St. John's Proctory, West Seneca, after stepping into a cold bath. The shock, acting on a weak heart, caused his death. Deceased was only 18 years old and a great favorite with the children.

Rev. Father John H. McDonald, the newly ordained priest, and nephew of Archbishop Gauthier, sang High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning. The Rev. gentleman is possessed of a rich cultivated voice which was easily heard in all parts of the big Cathedral—Kingston Canadian Freeman.

J. J. M. LANDY
418 QUEEN ST., W.



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The Church and Social Form

The sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. D. B. Stafford, of Washington, at the recent dedication of a new marble pulpit in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Philadelphia, has attracted a great deal of attention, says the Catholic Universe. Dr. Stafford preached on Socialism, declaring the adjustment of social problems to be the most absorbing consideration before the world at the present time.

"In inaugurating this pulpit," said Dr. Stafford, "we could not do better than to enunciate Catholic principles and the Catholic message to the moral world. Socialism is the question of the day. It is not agnosticism. It is not atheism. It is a solemn question, and we must approach it with profound sympathy, for when we say 'socialism' we say ten thousand things. When one proclaims himself a socialist he conveys no definite idea of his beliefs. The title conveys a thousand ideas, from the wildest Utopian dreams to the highest ideals. It is our duty to understand it, to enter into it, to treat it with sympathy, to endeavor to find out the truth in it, and when found to accept that truth. We must give the right hand of fellowship to every man who is working for the amelioration of the workingman's condition, no matter how wild his dreams. Let us not forget that these views are held by men with devoted hearts, and men animated by such a spirit are our brothers and must be met met in such a spirit and with understanding."

The speaker enumerated, as disclosing the causes of the growth of Socialism, the history of the past, when thousands of laboring people were obliged to live on a scant allowance and whose existence could not be called living; when the man with a wife and children could not make adequate provision for them, and when the man in a castle on the hilltop looked down like a god on the little things of earth.

"The memories of those days are not eradicated from the minds of men. Leo XIII., who desired to be called the Pope of the working people, said we must approach this subject sympathetically, even when presented by those who advocate extreme views, and treat them in the right way, for it is natural for them to make a mistake and to forget that if they tear down society they must build up society. If the present is the best man can do, after all these ages, how can we hope to build by destroying? It would be as if a man, attempting to improve this beautiful church, would tear it down and begin again, using the broken stones."

"The radical Socialists are opposed to Christianity because they do not understand the Church. They say: 'You Christians live in eternity. You make this world a hell and look for your heaven hereafter. You are guilty of social vices most monstrous, and your doctrine makes a man not think of the things of this world. We want to bring about a condition which will make this earth a heaven. In order to bring this about we must tear down. We wish to bring about a condition in which every man, woman and child will be blessed with peace and plenty, and not be forced into the world to eke out a miserable existence. That is our cult, our religion, our hope.'

"To the Catholic Church is opposed, and we must oppose it. We must show them what is the true Catholic teaching and show them that the Catholic Church is the highest socialism; that the Catholic Church is the totality of socialism, which contains for humanity not only what is best in eternity, but in time. Her desire, as that of her Divine Founder, is that when the children shall cry for bread they shall not receive a stone. He and she pray: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—that is, that justice shall reign on earth as it does in heaven. And again, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' God intended that man should have bread to sustain this life as well as the bread of the soul. He intended that every child of God should have food for his intellectual, spiritual and physical needs. Any other intention is not Christian. Christ broke bread with the multitude. He went down to Cana to the marriage feast of His humble neighbors to add to their happiness. All the necessities of man are holy things. God did not intend that he should physically starve any more than He intended him to spiritually starve. That is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. That is the highest socialism that can be enunciated. That is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which is for the highest happiness of mankind, both here and hereafter, and it is a pity that it is not understood by men who work laboriously for the uplifting of humanity, and yet oppose the Catholic Church. If they only understood her charity, if they only understood her social point of view, they would be her allies."

"One thing is necessary for the Church and for us, and if I had voice and power enough I would say it to all the world—that what is needed in the Catholic Church to-day is a greater manifestation of life—a greater manifestation of love. There is needed to-day a greater manifestation of love and life on the part of our bishops, on the part of our priests, on the part of our people, if we are going to hold the world, if the future is not going to slip away from us. We will have to get out in the fight. We will have to love the world more than ourselves and make sacrifices for it. We will have to love humanity with a crucifying love. If we do, we shall win the people, and if we do not, we shall not win, and we shall not deserve to win. Do not neglect to do until the question has grown too large. There is necessity for action now."

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES J. O'MALLEY,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed three dollars for subscriptions due you for your valuable paper.

Wishing you every success, I beg to remain Yours respectfully,

RICHARD FAGAN,
Willow Grove.

Yours truly,

J. A. MURPHY,
Barrister, Cayuga, Ont.

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Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find my cheque for three dollars in full of subscription for the past three years.

Continue to send the Register. I like it very much and like to have it in the hands of my family.

Yours truly,

J. F. MICHAEL DALTON,
Kintail, Ont.

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RICHARD FAGAN,
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Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find my order for two dollars (\$2.00) for two years' subscription to your valuable paper—1904 and 1905. Wishing you every success in your hard battle for truth, honesty and justice towards all mankind, I remain

Yours truly,

JAMES BYRNE,
Hamilton, Ont.

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Confrere.—Will you not kindly see that the Catholic Sun is placed on your exchange list? Having grown familiar with your excellent journal, I miss it as one does the face of an old friend. I have placed you on our list and hope to see, in the near future, your publication regularly. I assure you it will be a welcome visitor.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar, being subscription for your paper for 1905.

I am well pleased with the Register and get it regularly every week.

M. CURTIN,
Seaforth, Ont.

Thanks His Supporters

Lindsay, Nov. 24, 1906.

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—Allow me through the Register to return my sincere thanks to the teachers of the Separate schools throughout the province for electing me to the Advisory Council of Education. Trusting that my conduct will ever merit their confidence,

Yours truly,

JOHN ROGERS,
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FOUNTAIN, 'My Valet'

A YOUNG DIPLOMATIST

The proudest sometimes unbend, and the Botanical Gardens were, for one afternoon, thrown off their usual reserve. Ordinary folks had only to come across Regent's Park from Chester Gate and present a card at the entrance to the gardens and the bowler-hatted old gentleman at the gate welcomed them as though they were most important members. Miss Llewellyn and Master Kenneth Waller, her friend, walked on the grass in the direction of the music.

"Anybody you know here, Miss Llewellyn?"

"I don't suppose so, Kenneth."

"You don't know many people, do you, Miss Llewellyn?"

"Very few."

"Wonder at that," said the small boy, "because you're not bad looking, you know. Did you use to come here when you were well off? Do they sell lemonade here?"

"Seems possible. You think that everybody ought to have plenty of friends."

"Plenty of friends," said Kenneth, wisely, "but one in particular. Wonder how old you are?"

"That," said the young woman, good-temperedly, "is the only question, Kenneth, that you must never put to a lady."

"I should guess," he said critically, as they sat down in the low chairs near the refreshment tent and watched the people, "that you were about twenty-six." Miss Llewellyn gave a quaint gesture of horror. "Well, twenty-five, then. Fancy!" The small boy whistled amazedly. "Twenty-five and not married yet?"

"Young man," said Miss Llewellyn, blushing and affecting a tone of great severity, "I find your conversation much too personal. You would like lemonade, I think, and two pieces of cake."

The scarlet-coated band, perched on seats near the glass house, with a crowd of smartly-dressed folks in front of them, started a cheerful selection from a comic opera.

"Of course," said her candid guest, with cake at his mouth, "I don't mean to say that you mightn't get married even now. I had an aunt once who was close upon thirty before she could get any one to look at her."

"The instance is encouraging, Kenneth. Don't eat too fast, mind."

"Still," said the youth, wisely, "if I were a girl, I should be careful not to miss a good opportunity. Are those orchids they're carrying there? Hasn't that chap got a brown face who's telling the men where to take them? Seem to have seen him somewhere before. Shouldn't like to be an orchid, should you, Miss Llewellyn? Why, you'd have to grow out in South America, and people would have fearful trouble to find you, and risk their lives—Hullo! Brown-faced chap's coming this way."

Miss Llewellyn looked up, and then looked down again quickly, and for a moment her face went rather white. Her hand trembled as she held it out.

"Mr. Bradley," she said. "How do you do? I did not expect to see you here."

"I did not expect to see you again anywhere," he said.

There was a pause that comes after the formalities of greeting. Master Waller, not having spoken for quite half a minute, felt that he was in some danger of being overlooked, and coughed.

"This is my little friend, Kenneth Waller," she said. "Kenneth, this is Mr. Bradley."

"What's the matter with your face?" asked the small boy. "Have you been abroad?"

Mr. Bradley placed a broad fist on the round table and leaned down toward Master Waller good-naturedly. He seemed as confused at the meeting as Miss Llewellyn, and as unprepared for conversation.

"I have been abroad, young man. I've been hunting orchids."

"Are you home for good now?" asked Kenneth.

Miss Llewellyn gripped the parasol that rested in her lap with both hands.

"I can't do any good at home," said Mr. Bradley. "I am off or to South America in a day or two."

"Why don't you stay in London?"

"Nobody asks me to stay."

"Should have thought," said Master Waller, "that you could have got somebody to do that. Have you got any foreign postage stamps about you?"

Friendship between the two gentlemen was cemented and made permanent by the production of several foreign stamps and an envelope to place them in. People were coming up to

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the refreshment tent now, the band having decided to rest for half an hour and recover breath, and Master Waller invited Mr. Bradley to take a chair.

"You don't mind?" asked Bradley of Miss Llewellyn.

"Not at all," she said politely.

"May I smoke?"

"Let me strike the match," interposed Master Waller. "I'm awfully good at that. And tell us some of your adventures."

"They wouldn't interest Miss Llewellyn."

"Girls don't count," said Master Waller.

"Tell me. Make it," said Master Waller, appealingly.

"I'm awfully good at that. And tell us some of your adventures."

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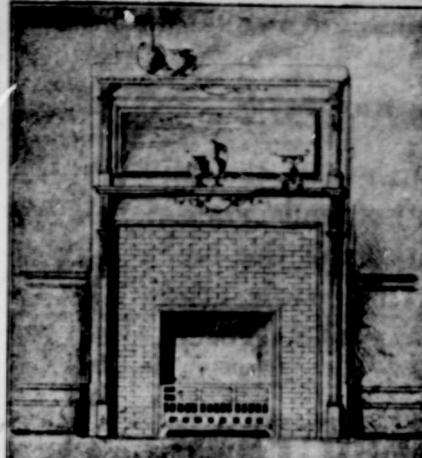
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OFFERTORY COLLECTIONS FOR SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE.

Appended is a list of the offertory collections taken up in aid of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside. The Superior and Sisters in charge of the institution are desirous, through the Catholic Register, of expressing their thanks to the various parishes and to all who contributed so generously, more generously even than usual. While all have done well the first three parishes, namely, St. Paul's, St. Basil's and St. Helen's, have not only eclipsed all others, but have likewise surpassed their own showing in any former year. For all this those in charge are sincerely grateful. The aggregate of \$2,468.95 is indeed handsome and the comforts it will bring to those for whom it was given will certainly be many and tangible. Nevertheless, it would be well that the little ones of this institution be still kept in mind. The collection now taken up is the last great relief that will come to the Orphanage in the usual way until the annual grant, which is due next August. Meantime this beneficent home with its many little ones depends altogether on the Providence of God and the kindness of our citizens. It is perhaps a mistake to say citizens; doubtless outsiders too often think of and contribute towards the maintenance of the Orphanage. From now until Christmas especially is the time to keep the little ones in view, because so much will be expected by each and every child at that blessed time, and the money lately collected will long before that have probably vanished. As is well known to every thinking individual, the expenses of this institution must be very great. As was pointed out last week, the collections of all the churches do not more than cover necessary repairs. This being so, it is easy to see that provisions, clothing, toys—in short anything useful or recreative for children, will find a welcome at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside. Our Catholic people in the country have not many occasions for exercising their benevolence in this way. Here, then, is ample opportunity of which we hope to hear that only a hint is necessary for many to avail themselves.

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St. Basil's 315.11
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St. Peter's 102.81
Holy Family 101.10
St. Cecilia's, Junction 68.70
Holy Rosary 67.89
Sacred Heart 40.38
St. Leo's, Mimico 27.89
Total \$2,468.95

THE C.Y.L.A.

At the last regular meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, which took place at the home of Miss Ferguson, 110 Bloor street, on Monday evening, the annual election took place. For the coming year the officers are: Pres. Miss Hart, Vice-Pres., Mrs. O'Neill, Cor. Secy., Mrs. Moore; Rec. Secy., Miss Maud Landy; Treas., Miss D. Entremont; Ass't. Treas., Miss M. Monaghan.

The literary part of the work of the evening was a very interesting paper on St. Catherine of Alexandria, the patroness of the association, by Miss Soucie, and a paper on the element of love as found in the poems of Tennyson, by Miss M. O'Dohogue. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Moore, 195 Bloor St. east.

MUSICAL RECITALS.

During the past week several recitals were given in the Nordheimer music rooms on the beautiful Steinway art pianos. While all these instruments are of exceptional merit, musically speaking, the gem of the collection from an artistic point of view is the "Robin Hood," a magnificent specimen of the grand piano, with exquisite decorations on raw oak. Many other beautiful pianos were found in the artistic rooms and these together with the courtesy of the staff, made the visits a rare treat. To this delightful abode of the divine art, visitors as well as buyers are always welcome.

LECTURE BY MR. THOS. F. CALLAGHAN.

Div. No. 4, A.O.H., held their regular meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 20, in O'Neill's Hall, Parliament street, and an address was given by Bro. Thos. Callaghan, Separate school trustee, on "Catholic Education," which surpassed anything of the kind heard by the audience for a long time. In his address Mr. Callaghan showed the wonderful grasp he has of school matters and his wonderful ability in retaining statistics. In the course of his address he referred to the educational standing of Italy, Germany, France, Ireland, United States and Canada, and showed that Catholic schools are superior to public or national schools in morality and education. The speaker closed his magnificent address by urging the members to give their children a good Catholic education in order to fit them for the great battle of life. A hearty

Newmarket Weddings

St. John's Church, Newmarket, was the scene of a very interesting wedding at 6:30 on Wednesday morning, Nov. 7th, when Mr. Nicholas Yawman of the Office Specialty Works, and Miss Annie Dolan, second daughter of Mr. Thos. Dolan of Newmarket, were united in the holy sacrament of matrimony, the ceremony being performed within the altar rail. The bride, attired in a travelling suit of navy blue with hat to match, and carrying a shower bouquet of cream roses, was given away by her brother, Mr. John Dolan. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Dolan, who was daintily attired in light gray and carried pink roses. Rev. P. Whitney officiated and at the conclusion of the ceremony addressed the wedded couple on the duties of the state into which they had entered.

The wedding party then repaired to the home of the bride, where the wedding breakfast was served amid the congratulations of many friends, after which Mr. and Mrs. Yawman left on the morning train for Buffalo, Rochester and other points. Numerous and valuable gifts

More than one best?

When you ask your grocer to send you the best flour, he sends you—his best. When you know the best flour and order by the name, the choice is not left to the grocer. Many grocers handle

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as their leader. They have found it the safest flour to recommend because its results are sure and its purity is unquestioned. If your grocer's best is not Royal Household, insist on his getting it for you. The benefit will be mutual.

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DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

The members of Varsity Literary Society entertained the other members of the school on Friday last. The treat was in the form of an illustrated lecture on Chemistry by Messrs. Thomas Boland and Arthur Ramsperger, students of the School of Practical Science.

The subject was dealt with briefly from its early beginnings, through its various stages of development. Several interesting and highly instructive experiments were successfully performed to show the nature and properties of oxygen and hydrogen and to illustrate various other points treated.

Much praise is due the young gentlemen for their skill in handling the apparatus and the pleasing charm of their explanations. The pupils who study science manifested great interest throughout. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer by Joseph Torpey.

NO DAMAGE TO ST. MONICA'S.

On examination of the tower of St. Monica's Church, Eglinton, it was found that, contrary to report, no damage was done by the recent storm to the structural part of the work, but that some metal work in the course of erection was displaced by the gale.

WALKER-LYNCH.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Paul's church on Monday morning, the 19th inst., when the Rev. Father Hand united in marriage Miss Margaret Lynch, daughter of Thomas Lynch of Munro street, formerly of Guelph, to Mr. John Mortimer Walker of this city, late of Inverness, Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Walker will reside at 1018 Shaw street.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Grain:—
Wheat, fall, bush \$0.73 to \$0.74
Wheat, goose, bush 0.68 0.69
Wheat, red, bush 0.74
Barley, bush 0.54 0.55
Oats, bush, new 0.39 0.41
Rye, bush 0.75
Peas, bush 0.80
Buckwheat, bush 0.55
Seeds:—
Aisike clover, fancy \$6.30 \$6.60
do., No. 1 6.00 6.20
do., No. 2 5.25 5.40
do., No. 3 4.50 4.80
Red clover, new 7.20 7.50
do., old 6.50 6.90
Timothy, No. 1 1.50 1.80
Timothy, No. 2 1.20 1.40
Hay and Straw:—
Hay, per ton \$14.00 \$16.50
Straw, bundled, ton 16.00
Straw, loose, ton 9.00
Fruit and Vegetables:—
Potatoes, bag 0.75 0.80
Apples, bbl. 1.00 3.00
Cabbage, per doz. 0.30 0.40
Onions, per bag 0.75 0.80
Poultry:—
Turkeys, dressed, lb. 0.14 0.17
Geese, per lb. 0.10 0.11
Hens, per lb 0.09 0.10
Spring chickens, lb. 0.10 0.12
Spring ducks, lb. 0.10 0.12
Dairy Products:—
Butter, lb. rolls 0.27 0.32
Eggs, strictly new laid, dozen 0.40 0.45
Fresh Meats:—
Beef, forequarters, cwt. \$4.50 \$5.50
Beef, hindquarters, cwt. 7.00 8.00
Lamb, dressed, lb. 0.09 0.10
Mutton, light, cwt. 8.00 9.00
Veals, prime, cwt. 9.00 10.00
Veals, common, cwt. 7.00 8.00
Dressed hogs, cwt. 8.50

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

Blake's Catholic Church Goods House, 123 Church street, Toronto, Canada, have over 3,000 titles of books on its shelves.

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Prices range for Lingerie Waists, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.5, \$5, \$6, \$7.50, \$10, and up to \$20.

Silk Waists, \$5, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50 and up to \$35.

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testified to the esteem in which the young couple are held.

On Monday, Nov. 5th, Mr. Thos. Doyle and Miss B. Kelman were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride, attired in a travelling suit of navy blue with hat to match, and carrying a shower bouquet of cream roses, was given away by her brother, Mr. John Dolan. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Dolan, who was daintily attired in light gray and carried pink roses.

Rev. P. Whitney officiated and at the conclusion of the ceremony addressed the wedded couple on the duties of the state into which they had entered.

The wedding party then repaired to the home of the bride, where the wedding breakfast was served amid the congratulations of many friends, after which Mr. and Mrs. Yawman left on the morning train for Buffalo, Rochester and other points.

Numerous and valuable gifts

The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts and the groom was fondly remembered by the hockey club.

Among the guests were Miss Walsh, Miss Breen, Mr. Harry Owen of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie of Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kelman of Midland, and Dr. Kelman of Hendersson, Minn.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. K. Kelman of Midland, was gowned in point d'esprit over white taffeta with valenciennes insertion and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss M. McCaffery, was suitably gowned in cream serge and carried crimson roses.

During the offertory the Ave Maria was rendered by Miss N. Kennedy. Breakfast was served at the bride's home, after which the happy couple left for Detroit.

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