

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 Legislature—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 oftentimes 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 persons. The views include the state capital at Sacramento, Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras, Yosemite Lake, in the Yosemite Valley, Yosemite Falls and Cliffs, Cliff House, San Francisco, Big Trees of Calaveras Grove, Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, Pickering Oranges at River Side; Seal Rocks and Seals at Santa Catalina Islands; Ostrich Farm at Pasadena, Yucca 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. Hoggins, James R. Keene, Luther Burbank, Stephen J. Field, Jacques Loel, D. J. Belasco, Mary Anderson, Charles Crocker, John Muir, Claus Sprickles, David Starr, Jordan Benjamin Ide Wheeler, George C. Perkins, 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 Harte, 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 Missouri 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 a 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 a 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 band 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 behind \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 short. Ralston was a great favorite, a 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 Lonoma," 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 a 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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assisted at all kinds of work, writing editorials and squibs and reports. I soon learned that he was a Canadian and that his father used to work for an old friend of mine in Toronto, Thomas McCrossin by name, as a hatter. That young fellow is now a veteran journalist, who was afterwards editor of the San Francisco "Examiner," and is now chief editorial writer for Mr. Hearst's daily paper in New York city and gets the largest salary of any similar writer in America. His name is Arthur McEwen.

Adolph Sutro was, I think, a native of Switzerland. He distinguished himself as a mayor of San Francisco. He was the man who erected public baths for the people at his own expense. He was a great man on the Comstock too, and made the Sutro tunnel. In this work he encountered great opposition from the men that held franchises for doing certain work for the mining companies. The Sutro tunnel was designed to furnish a new base of operations for companies whose shafts were down 2,000 feet or more. The tunnel was run through Gold Hill at a depth of 1,800 feet or more and gave the operators a decided advantage in working their mines at that reduction of depth. First he had a difficulty in getting his franchise from the legislature on account of the opposition of the men who were making money out of the conditions as they were then, and then impeded him in every way when it came to constructing his tunnel, but after long and many delays he finally succeeded in carrying out his project. He was then looked on as a benefactor and nothing was too good for him. I believe Sutro remained in California and did not betake himself to New York as so many others of the California mined men did.

While writing of the mining operators there is one thing I want to touch upon that is seldom or never referred to by writers on those "flush times." It was not alone by the gold mines that the operators made their money. I believe it was more by their operations on the stock market. Everybody then dealt in mining stocks and every possible device was used to deceive or stimulate the public. False reports were constantly circulated, new "strikes" were reported and new discoveries bruited about. There was great rivalry, too, among the leading stockholders and a desire to get a majority of the stock, so that there was deception and fraud constantly practiced. I remember one very tragic occurrence, when a diamond drill struck a great body of ore in a leading mine. The story went that a certain leading operator got a knowledge of this fact before anybody else and caused an "accident" to occur by which all the men then at work in the "shaft" or "drift" lost their lives. He did not want them to spread the news and by means of his brokers he was able soon to purchase all the shares available of that particular mine before any one else knew of the important discovery and was then enabled to become its principal stockholder at little cost. This circumstance was rumored abroad from time to time but there was never any investigation to ascertain the facts. I heard a newspaper man of Virginia City once declare he knew all about it but dare not publish it, as he would be sure to lose his life by assassination if he did. "At any rate" said he, "I would very quickly have to leave the country if I did."

WILLIAM HALLEY. (To be Continued.)

A Word to Young Men

George Zeigler of Kingston, a young man in a responsible and respected position who lately committed suicide by shooting himself, left "A Word to Young Men," in which he calls drink a curse. It had ruined him and was ruining more young men than any other thing. He asked young men to shun bar-rooms, and called on temperance workers and ministers "of all the churches in our fair Dominion, be they Protestants or Catholics, to take an active step in suppressing the sale and manufacture of liquor." He besought young men for God's sake to take heed, "for at last you will fall as I have. May my fall be a lesson to you which you shall never forget." He also left a personal and pathetic letter for his wife and five-year-old daughter.

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.

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 site, tradition, climate, 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 ornateness 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 misrepresentation 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 cardboard with historic outlines and 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 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 tenuity 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."

Delegates of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary from Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, New York, Oregon and California, elected Rev. Mother Martha as Mother-General.

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 small 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 5s. 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, which for obvious reasons, 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 a 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 Mr. 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 Communicants. "An Irresistible Force for Good," Says Archbishop O'Connor.

In addressing the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston recently, Archbishop O'Connell 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 place 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 Penance, 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 sentiment 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 Atundell 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." He would be able to do more good if he had a seat in the House of Commons.

A. O. H. Demonstration

The greatest demonstration ever held in Montreal by the Ancient Order of Hibernians took place on Sunday morning and Monday evening, the 18th and 19th inst., when the Order in Montreal passed to Mass on Sunday and held a grand patriotic entertainment on the evening following. The parade was largely attended, about 600 members being in line, and headed by the Hibernian Knights and the St. Ann's Cadets band, marched from Richmond street hall to St. Patrick's church to attend Mass in memory of those immortal three—the Manchester Martyrs. A grand concert and lecture were given on Monday evening, Mr. Matthew Cummings, National President of the Order in America, being the speaker. A banquet was afterwards tendered the President at the Grand Union Hotel, many prominent members of the Order and citizens attending.

HOME CIRCLE

THE DEAR GREEN ISLE.

(By Henry Edlin.)

Eileen, I've tasted hunger since I left the County Down...

Dear Green Isle!

He bids me tell of memories that fill my aching breast...

Dear Green Isle!

He bids me sing the beauty of the lovely liquid eyes...

Dear Green Isle!

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

The stork flew over a town one day, and back of each wing an infant lay...

OUR DEAD.

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

OUR DEAD.

Their voices, too, are stilled, the smiling eyes, the presence bright...

OUR DEAD.

With frail, sweet flowers we deck the mound...

Put oh! could we but truly know how much they need our prayers...

From Heaven's golden bars.

LOCAL VARIETY.

"Your heart is like an open car," So sang the poet bold...

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, Pikeville.

"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.

"Before Europeans had learned from the Moors the science of mathematics the people employed pebbles and beads for all kinds of calculations.

"The Rosary is a string of 150 beads divided by 15 larger ones into groups of 10.

"The 150 beads commemorate scenes from the life of our Lord and His mother, which are known as the five glorious mysteries.

"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.

"The frequent repetitions of the words of Scripture in the prayers composing the rosary are the expression of hearts overflowing with love, for repetition is the language of love.

"The word rosary means literally a garden of flowers. Among the Italians the word corona (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.

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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.

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

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 great 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, and itching skin diseases. If you follow directions we guarantee satisfaction, as a treatment for every form of piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has an unparalleled record of cures; 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

bons has ventured some statement based on the converts in the Arch-dioceses 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.

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 508.

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 28,000 Catholics, received last year 537 converts.

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.

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 affections 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 tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat until light.

Cream Rice Pudding With Apricots.—Wash well two tablespoonfuls 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 tablespoonfuls 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 of 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 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake on 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 as follows: One tablespoonful of butter, one even tablespoonful of sugar,

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Tomato Curry.—Scale and skin four large firm tomatoes, then cut into small bits. Pare and dice one large sour apple, chop fine one small onion.

Celery and Potato Salad.—Dice a sufficient number of cold boiled potatoes and minced celery in the proportion of two fine stalks to six medium sized potatoes. Mix together, add one tablespoonful of minced celery, moisten with salad dressing and stand in a cold place until chilled.

Frozen Tapioca Custard.—Put one cupful of tapioca in the double boiler with one pint of milk. Cook for one hour. Scald one pint of milk, add one cupful of sugar and cook for ten minutes. Add the tapioca with the milk in which it has been cooking and cook fifteen minutes longer.

Apple Ice.—Take one pound of ripe sweet apples, pare, core and slice. Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water, and when sufficiently cooked add the juice and rind of one lemon and the apples. Cover and simmer gently until the apples are very tender.

Plum Cake.—Cream two pounds of butter, add three pounds of brown sugar and beat to a cream. Add gradually three cupfuls of milk, beating all the while, ten eggs beaten light without separating, and three pounds of flour. Seed two pounds of raisins, flour thoroughly with a half pound of flour, and add to the latter, with one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Bake three hours in a very moderate oven.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

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.

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

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 250 acres can be acquired by one individual or company.

Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is issued upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

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The fee for recording a claim is \$5. The least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu hereof.

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The Children's Page

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 marshalled 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 platform 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 flap the ears, But their ears were far too small; And then he showed how to waddle 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 doggy 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 miry 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 dog 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.

That 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. We are all most refined and delicate, if I do say it myself, and must 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 saug 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 to hear 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 it 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, swash! Swish, swash! 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," cried 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 grandma'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. "Grandpa 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. And, as if in answer to her call, the grass was lifted from her, and she lay in the sunny field right before the little girl's eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the child, "here she is, my precious doll! I never was so glad in all my life!" "Nor I," said Jennie Bluebell to the rubber ball when she was safe in the house again. "I have had a dreadful time. My dress is laded, and I am afraid my shoes are, too, and I feel years older."

"I am older myself," said the rubber ball, who had a dimple in his cheek, which is always a sign of age in a ball. "But we are well loved, and that is enough to make any one happy." And I agree with the rubber ball, don't you?—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

They Wake the Torpid Energies. — Machinery, not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED.

Johnny was a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim: "Pooh! That's nothing! Who could do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe." Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it to-day at school. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew. It beats yours all hollow." Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing. "I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you need not try to draw, for girls can't make even a straight line." It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading and mamma and Alice were busy with their lessons. "At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously. "Pooh!" said mamma, contemptuously, "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly, for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so. Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing. "Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age." Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

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The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles. A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus side over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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generally loved father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the children continued their studies. "My flowers look so well. I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma. "Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What is the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening. When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocery's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he had "tipped the beam" at one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly: "Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs two hundred and twenty-five, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed; papa shouted, it was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter. Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes. "Papa," said he, "what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it." Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered whether he was as disagreeable as the older folks that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.

It Reaches the spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

ROVER A SMART COLLIE.

Until a few months ago he was known as the Black Diamond mystery. The Black Diamond Express is the fastest thing on the Leigh Valley, says the New York Sun. Going west the Black Diamond scoots over a crossing two miles east of Burdette, a hamlet in Seneca County, not far from Watkins' Glen, N.Y., at 7.30 o'clock every evening, if she's on time. The head of the Black Diamond is Conductor G. M. Pierce, of Buffalo, who, except for his big frame, reminds one greatly of the late United States Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.

One fine evening about a year ago Conductor Pierce noticed on a little elevation near the Burdette crossing a splendid Scotch collie, ears erect, watch narrowly the approach of the train. As it passed the crossing the dog turned deliberately and trotted back toward the hills.

The next night, same dog, same place; same result. Next night ditto, and so on for a week. Conductor became interested. So did all the other regulars on the train. They wanted to know why the dog came down from somewhere every night to meet the train. After a week had run by Conductor Pierce said: "I'll try an experiment to-morrow night, and we'll slow down a little at the crossing and see what happens."

After the train pulled out of Wilkes-barre, the following night, Mr. Pierce made up a bundle of the latest editions of the New York afternoon papers, and when the train approached the Burdette crossing he went out on the platform of the observation car and threw the bundle toward the dog. The collie gave a quick, sharp bark, wagged his tail furiously and bounded toward the bundle, which he picked up in his mouth and trotted away over the hills.

Every night thereafter the dog got his bundle of papers. All of the regular passengers on the train and all of the crew wondered where the collie carried his burden, to whom he belonged and what was his name. Conductor Pierce hit on a way of finding out. Into the bundle one evening he slipped his card, on which he wrote his address.

Not many days thereafter there came to Mr. Pierce's Buffalo home a letter from George M. Canfield, a well-to-do farmer of Burdette, in which the receipts of the papers were gratefully acknowledged, together with a little biographical sketch of the dog. His name was Rover; he'd been in the Canfield family since he was a puppy, was the chum of the children, herded the cows to and from pasture, drove the sheep and did pretty generally the work of a hired man about the farm. Whatever gave him the notion of going down to meet the train Mr. Canfield didn't know, but he had noticed many days before the first bundle of papers were brought home that Rover skeddaddled for somewhere immediately after he had brought up the cows from the pasture.

"And," continued the latter, "I have come to think since I have been getting the New York daily papers regularly that I'm probably 'the only farmer in the state living not far from 400 miles from New York who has the pleasure of reading editions of all the New York afternoon papers at his tea table. Somehow Rover must have gotten the old philosopher's notion that 'all things come to him who waits.'"

A LITTLE GIRL APOSTLE.

(From the Missionary.) Lillian — was the daughter of a Unitarian minister. When only 7 years of age she became acquainted with a little Catholic girl of her own age who had just begun to go to Mass. Delighted with all she saw and heard at church, the latter would speak of

it to her little Protestant friend, who, being of an affectionate nature and ardent temperament, soon conceived the desire of being a Catholic. The care and vigilance of her parents prevented her from accompanying her young friend to church, but she was permitted frequently to visit her home. After many entreaties she induced the mother of the little girl to take her to see a priest. To the surprise of the good father, who knew who her parents were, she told him that she wanted to be a Catholic, and begged him to baptize her. When he told her that he could not do so without her parents' consent, she began to weep and pleaded most earnestly, saying she was nearly eight years old; that she would always say she was a Catholic and be one, too. She said she felt that her parents, who idolized her, would let her have her way in this, as in all things.

Her father, who about this time had some misunderstanding with his church authorities, gave up the exercise of the ministry and began to engage in literary pursuits. He soon afterward removed with his family to N—, and was there prevailed upon by some Protestant acquaintances to send his two little daughters to a Catholic school, because of its well-known educational advantages.

Here the dear child had every facility for the pious practise of her own religion, but it was only after many fervent prayers and earnest pleading that she could induce her younger sister to embrace the faith. As she grew older her one desire was to see her parents enter the true fold, and in this she was joined by her sister. Prayers and sacrifices were multiplied. Their mother, who was a most gifted person and a writer of note, after much reading and study, became a fervent convert. Only their father remained out of the Church.

He was now quite elderly, was considered a remarkably learned man, and was the editor of a well-known literary magazine. His eldest daughter constantly begged him to read and study the truths of the Church, as her mother had done. To please her he finally consented to recite the Hail Mary daily, and soon after that began to show an inclination on his own part to examine seriously into the truths of faith. She was all anxiety to assist him to do so. Every mission or lecture that was given she would prevail upon him to go with her, and afterward to speak privately to the missionary father or lecturer. In this way he had argued with many, but, to her great disappointment, always came away unconvinced. "Now, father," she said to him one day, "you just have to come with me to St. S— (the academy from which she had lately graduated) and speak to Mother C—." He smiled at the idea, but went to please her. She insisted upon his telling all his doubts to the reverend mother, and our Divine Lord permitted that she should answer him in such a way, and so clearly and simply, that the venerable old white-haired gentleman, to her great confusion, went down on his knees and took her hand, which he reverently kissed, saying, with tears in his eyes: "Reverend Mother, you have convinced me; I now believe all the truths of your religion." He then went without delay to one of the Jesuit Fathers, with whom he had before conversed on religious subjects, and asked to be admitted into the Church. He requested that the ceremony of his baptism and that of his First Holy Communion should take place in the chapel of St. S—.

He was soon after confirmed and took the name of the Holy religious who had been instrumental in his conversion.

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ANNIE'S SURPRISE.

"I don't think it's so much fun to pick blackberries," said Elmer, as he trudged over the pasture lot toward the blackberry patch in the edge of the wood. "It does get sort of common," admitted Mildred, "and you can't eat berries all the time." "Say," said Elmer in sudden excitement, "there's a little girl with a pink apron right over there in our berry patch."

"Oh, dear, I hope she hasn't got all the big ones," said Mildred. "I'm going to chase her right away," declared Elmer, and he started toward the offender. The girl in the pink apron didn't run nor did she show the slightest fear when he approached her, so Elmer stopped to consider matters. You know you can't chase anyone if he persists in standing still.

"You get out of here," he shouted fiercely. "This is Farmer Hopkin's berry patch and he said I might pick these berries." Then Elmer picked up a very sharp stick.

"I'm not afraid, 'cause gentlemen don't hit ladies with sticks." "I wasn't going to hit you," he muttered. "Just trying to scare you." "But I'm not scared," she said, and

went on picking berries as fast as she could. So Elmer and Mildred turned their backs on her and began to fill their baskets.

But after a while the little girl in the pink apron said: "Say, I'm on a desert island and you are in a boat coming to me. Let's have this big patch for the island." "All right," said Mildred in delight, and she began picking berries as she went. Elmer followed more slowly. He was a little cross yet at having failed to scare the stranger. "Aho, there," shouted the girl. "Look at that big rock near the shore. My boat broke all to pieces on that."

"We'll be careful," said Mildred. Elmer couldn't withstand the charms of this game any longer. "It is just terrible hard rowing in such big waters," he said. "I know it is," was the sympathetic answer. "I do hope you won't get shipwrecked; but if you do, I'll help you out."

"Oh, I can swim," said Elmer, "and I could get my sister out. I can swim more than a hundred miles." After some very hard rowing they reached the island. The little girl, whose name was Annie, stood on the shore to welcome them. "I'm glad you came," she said. "I have been on this island ten years and it's a awful lonesome."

"Oh, I hope we won't have to stay ten years," said Mildred. "I would not like to be away from mother that long, and, besides, I would get hungry." "There's lots of things here to eat," said Annie. "This is Swiss Family Robinson's Island. Come over to the banana tree and pick a whole basketful."

It is surprising, but very true, that the blackberries tasted very different when one called them bananas, and the little baskets on the children's arms filled up much faster. The island was a most wonderful place. All sorts of fruit grew on the trees, and all sorts of birds and beasts lurked in the thickets. But Annie declared that all the animals were tame and her special pets, because Mildred was frightened when they spoke of seeing big bears or lions coming. They sat down to eat their lunch in a little nook in the bushes, which they said was the Swiss Family's cave.

Mildred was a generous little soul, and when she saw that Annie had nothing but bread and butter, she said they would have a picnic lunch all together. So Annie was given a share of the nice things that Mother White had put up for the children.

The afternoon waned too soon. Mildred and Elmer said good-bye to their new friend and started home. As soon as the bushes separated them, Mildred said eagerly: "Let's give Annie our berries. She hasn't any father, and her mother sells the berries to get money. Our mamma don't want any more, anyway. She said yesterday that she wasn't going to make any more jam."

"All right," said Elmer. "Let's go and put them in her big basket without telling her." So they did and I suppose Annie wondered how her basket got so full. "It's lots of fun picking berries," said Elmer, as they ran across the pasture with empty baskets.

"Yes," said Mildred. "Let's go again to-morrow." "We will," said Elmer.—Zelia M. Walters in Christian Standard.

HOW ANIMALS SWIM.

Most people think that all animals swim better than man, but a traveller asserts that this is not true. Camels, llamas, monkeys and giraffes never venture into the water if they can help it. Camels have been taught to swim when partly supported, and apes have been known to scramble across narrow streams when hard pressed, but llamas and giraffes always drown when forced into the water.

Nearly all other animals swim well on their first trial. Strange to say, certain members of the seal family which, when full grown, take their places among the best swimmers in creation, are at the beginning the most helpless.

The rodents are, perhaps, the most interesting swimmers. All the good swimmers among the rat family are also expert divers, and are able to raise or depress the body in the water at will. The paws of hares and rabbits in swimming are like an ill-ballasted ship, down by the head. Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water.

Roes, though good swimmers, move so slowly in water that a dog can outstrip them. The hippopotamus is, of course, at home in the water, but it is not so generally known that the elephant, too, is a splendid swimmer, and will often remain in the water thirty-six hours at a stretch, swimming all the time. As a general rule, they swim very deep in the water, only the top of the head and the back being visible, but occasionally—perhaps for their own satisfaction, or at the instigation of the mahout—they will swim high, even when they have a burden on their backs.

Of pigs it is commonly reported that they swim as if they were carrying their throats with their forefeet. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they dig their throats with their forefeet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

The lion fairly detests water. He will travel any number of miles to avoid putting his paws into it. In captivity a thimbleful of water thrown at him will make him jump back as if in great fear. When in the jungles, and he is forced to swim a stream, he does so exactly like a dog and very swiftly.

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SURE THING. Gunner—"And you say that tall man is playing for the heart of the beautiful Boston heiress. What chance has he? Why, he has a heart of ice." Guyer—"Oh, he'll capture her all right. He is an official of the ice trust."

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Moland, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble." "Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get 'Doan's'."

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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 DECRETS.

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 decretals, known in history as the false decretals of Isidore. We give again his language: "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." 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 Pon-

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, or 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. Febronius asserts that "with the help of Isidore and Gratian the Roman Court succeeded in changing its patriarchal 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 obdient Christendom. In the first century the Corinthians have recourse to Pope Clement. In the third century St. Cyprian is judged by Pope St. Cornelius. St. John Chrysostom appealed to Pope Innocent I. In 430 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 decretals 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 Pope had no hand in the preparation of the collection, nor, except in one particular case, any hand in the application. Whatever discipline this collection inculcates 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 (?) innuendos 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 Loreto, 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." We do not see the connection at all. What the decretals of Isidore have to do with the historical facts on the one hand or infallibility on the other, we fail to see. Few are better adepts at language than Bystander, and he knows that language conceals about as much as it reveals. The cloak under which prejudice hides its sneer at this time is a thin, worn-out and ill-fitting article, with unseemly rents, patches hardly hanging together. Infallibility and historical facts are mixed together with more attention to the soundness of the period than to the correctness of the statement. Miraculous facts are mingled with natural ones, and all dismissed with the same sneering self-assurance. To place St. Peter's visit or stay in Rome side by side with the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, is not worthy of a student of history. But to connect them both with infallibility is worse than ignorance; it is malice's first-born of prejudice. It is impossible to follow Bystander from one century to another, so that we must

limit out attention. St. Peter's being in Rome, belongs to the first century. The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius belongs as much to the twentieth as to several preceding. Now as to St. Peter ever being at Rome. The evidence upon this question is so varied, and so universal in its character, that all doubt has been long removed. Concerning the tomb of St. Peter, Marucchi, the great archaeologist, says that its authenticity is incontestable. Its testimony goes back almost to the Apostle's death. Caius, a Roman priest who lived at the end of the second century, and in the beginning of the third century is quoted by Eusebius, as saying: "I, however, can show the monuments of the Apostles. Monuments, histories, catalogues of Pontiffs, all testify to it. Tertullian thus writes: "Let the heretics publish the origins of their churches; let them display the order of their bishops in a flowing succession from the beginning, so that (we may see whether) their first bishop had, for author and predecessor, an Apostle or one of the Apostolic men. For in that manner does the Roman Church show Clement, ordained by Peter." Commencing with our own time and tracing back century by century, no unprejudiced visitor to the Eternal City can fail to trace the traditions and evidence of the spots sanctified by the blood of both the Apostles Sts. Peter and Paul. Let any critic go back to the time when Constantine freed the Christians, and built the first Basilica of St. Peter over the spot where the Chief of the Apostles was martyred, and beyond the time of Constantine—he will find the Christian centuries in undisturbed possession of this incontestable fact. The Romans are too proud of it, ever to fling it away in contempt. No other place claims the honor. Thither, to the city of the seven hills, have the centuries gone in pilgrimage, kings and peasants to pray at the tombs of the Apostles, and to confirm what Bystander hastily calls into question.

Shall It Be By Controversy?

There are some old-fashioned folk who in their relations with non-Catholics would bring back the spirit of controversy. A good priest in the last issue of one of our Catholic contemporaries made a strong plea for the revival of the contentious, rancorous methods in dealing with non-Catholics. His idea was to unsheathe the sword of the word and to brandish it in the face of the enemy, and he has nothing but condemnation for the methods of the non-Catholic Mission Movement, as organized about the Apostolic Mission House.

The religious situation in this country is entirely different from the situation that obtains in the old country. Three generations of public education have largely eradicated the ideas of definite, dogmatic knowledge from the minds of the people outside the Church. The people of this generation have no virus of formal heresy in their hearts. They are largely in the attitude of inquirers. They want to know what Christ teaches. They see that the Catholic Church is the great authorized teacher that possesses definite, knowledge and can speak as one with authority. They come to learn. What is the best policy to pursue with such people?

Is it to denounce them as heretics? When invited into the Catholic Church and our guests for the evening is it courteous to condemn them as "whited sepulchres," "a brood of vipers," etc. They want to know and the policy is to take them by the hand kindly and teach them in the spirit of Christ.

A few years ago in England a zealous priest started to give non-Catholic missions on the rancorous methods and he stirred up so much opposition and bitterness that he was never invited to repeat the experiment. Recently the mission work has been revived by Father Chase, and his companions on the non-controversial method, and he is succeeding wonderfully. Converts are not made by a club, nor are non-Catholics brought back to the faith by threats of the inquisition.

The spirit of the Mission Movement in America is the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, the greatest convert maker since the Reformation. It excludes all controversy and condemns all rancorous religious discussions. The world is weary of them. The policy is to show the inner beauty of Catholic doctrine and practice. If they knew the Catholic Church as we know her they would love her as much as we do. The motto of the missionaries to non-Catholics is: "We let other creeds alone we prove our own." While St. Francis de Sales was preaching to the Calvinists of his manner and language to these bitter anti-Catholics. They said: "He does more harm in a single day than we can undo in a month. He preaches to more heretics more as if he were one of their own ministers than like a priest, even so far forgetting himself as to call them his brethren, a scandal they lay hold of and triumph in, and they come flocking to listen to his honeyed words that flatter their ears and to talk of his fraternity." But Francis would not allow these criticisms to change his spirit or manner in the least degree. And he answered them with the same kindness with which he addressed Protestants: "I have never allowed myself to give way to invective or reproach without repenting of it; and if I have had the happiness of reclaiming heretics it has been by gentleness. Love is a stronger power over souls—I do not only say that severely—but than even any reasoning. By these methods he made 57,000 converts in the Chablais alone and by these same methods 25,000 converts were received into the Church in this country last year.

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 storm 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 optionally to 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 prescribed 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 twelvemonth. 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 Bishops.

In Spain also a Pope who had no training in diplomacy and statesmanship is showing the virtue of the soft answer that turneth away wrath. The Dominguez Cabinet, which represents a coalition of Liberals and Constitutional Democrats, is following to a certain extent the example set by the anti-clericals in France. But although it is resolved upon the introduction of civil marriages and upon subjecting to Government control those religious associations which engage in teaching, particularly those which have emigrated from France, it is expected to stop short of a rupture with the Holy See, partly because all its members are Catholics and partly because of giving any encouragement to the Radicals, who would start a rebellion in the northern provinces tomorrow if the Bishops and priests would say the word. According to a telegram sent from Rome on November 11th, an authoritative declaration has been made on the part of Pius X., that the differences between the Vatican and the Spanish Government have been much exaggerated by Spanish and French newspapers, and that, as a matter of fact, the negotiations between Rome and Madrid are most friendly.

The freedom accorded to Catholics in Russia by a recent ukase may justly be regarded by Pius X. as an achievement that reflects honor on his pontificate. There is no doubt that the instructions issued by him to Catholic Bishops in Russian Poland had much to do with preventing the outbreak of a formidable Polish insurrection, and they deserved requital at the hands of the Russian sovereign. In Prussia there are some signs of tension between Church and State because the Pope has thus far hesitated to comply with Emperor William's request that he co-operate strenuously in the process of Germanizing the Poles in the Province of Posen. It is scarcely credible, however, that a sovereign who remembers that a lesson administered to Bismarck will under any circumstances attempt to renew the Kulturkampf.

On the whole, it will be generally acknowledged that, although Pius X. has had to endure some of the severest trials to which the Papacy has been subjected since the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, he has emerged from them with dignity unimpaired and remains a sympathetic, interesting and impressive figure.

is sweetest in nature is laid low in preparation for the great resurrection of a coming springtime, seems a fitting time for Death to carry off God's choicest human flowers, and so we must with our wider spiritual vision, see that in the sudden death of Miss Mamie McCallum all was beautiful.

Ever gentle, kind and gracious, her chief of many charms was her great simplicity and earnestness of manner. Though she had been under the strain of ill health for some years, she was always patient and ever a zealous worker in the interests of her holy religion. She seemed like her pure gem that lies hidden in unfathomed depths but contains the greatest and rarest quality.

Her friends are many and each and all feel that life is richer for having known her. To her sorrowing family whose knowledge of her even far exceeds our own, we tender our sincerest sympathy and we beg that the Holy Mother of Dolours will impart to her afflicted mother the consoling sweetness of resignation.

Miss Mamie McCallum was born in Seaforth, and was for several years connected with the post office in Sebringville, and for the past fifteen years has been an efficient worker in Stratford post office.

Requiem High Mass was sung at St. Joseph's church, Stratford, where the remains were taken to Seaforth for interment.

Let all who have known and loved her now pray for her that she may soon gain the crown, for the attainment of which she spent her life so well. A FRIEND.

C.M.B.A. Initiation Banquet

Branch No. 77, C.M.B.A., Lindsay, says the Watchman-Warder, has made great progress during the last few weeks of which the members have reason to be proud. On Tuesday evening of last week twenty-seven new members were added to their already large membership. The Lindsay Branch is one of the most prosperous in the association, while their meeting and other rooms in connection, are second to none.

Grand Secretary Behan and Grand Medical Advisor Ryan, both of Kingston, assisted in the initiation of the new members.

At the close of the meeting an adjournment was made to the recreation rooms of the Branch, where about one hundred and fifty sat down to a banquet tendered by the society to the visiting officers. Excellent addresses were given by the Grand Officers, Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Rev. Father Phelan of Young's Point; Rev. Father O'Sullivan of Lindsay; President B. J. Gough, Dr. Blanchard and others. The usual toasts were drunk and responded to in song and speech, and the National Anthem closed one of the happiest meetings in the history of the Branch.

Lives Sacrificed to Anti-Jesuit Prejudice

The London Tablet of recent date noted that hundreds of lives were sacrificed apparently to religious prejudices in the recent typhoon at Hong Kong, by the refusal of some officials in that city to receive messages from the Jesuit Observatories. The telegram of Laffan's agency was as follows:

"The report of Sicaewi Observatory at Shanghai shows that a published warning was issued against the passage of a typhoon two days before it struck Hong Kong. The latter place was not warned because for years the Hong Kong Observatory has refused to exchange warnings with the Jesuit Observatories at Shanghai and Manila. The public feeling here is intense over this disclosure. The Observatory methods for years have been the subject of public comment. A commission of inquiry is now sitting."

The Rev. Robert Brown, S.J., one of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, writes in the Tablet of October 20: "I have been for the last four years one of the assistants at Manila of Father Algue, S.J., the director of the Observatory, having only returned to England within the last month and I can therefore claim to speak with some assurance of the relations which exist between the various Observatories of the Far East. I do not think that it would be rash to say that had no anti-Jesuit prejudice existed at Hong Kong the number of lives and ships lost would have been considerably smaller.

A few words of explanation as to the present condition of affairs. Before the founding of the Hong Kong Observatory the British authorities consulted Father Faura, S.J., the Director of the Manila Observatory, as to the advisability of their project; and his encouraging them to proceed, the work of installing the Observatory was at once set on foot.

For some years the two Observatories of Manila and Hong Kong exchanged daily observations and typhoon warnings; but as time went on the relations between them became from one cause or another somewhat strained.

At the time of the American occupation of the Philippines matters came to a crisis. The cause of the final rupture was the sending by Dr. Dohereck the Director of the Hong Kong Observatory, of a letter to the American authorities at Washington, in which he stated that the Jesuits of the Manila Observatory were unscientific and unreliable, and that they were in the habit of cabling sensational typhoon warnings to Hong Kong.

The American Secretary of War immediately sent word to Father Algue, S.J., forbidding him to cable any further warnings to Hong Kong. At once a storm of protest arose from all quarters. The Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce, the commanders of the fleets of the various nations then in those waters (including the English Admiral and Admiral Dewey, who was particularly emphatic) wrote letters attesting the value and reliability of the warnings issued by the Manila Observatory. Similar protests were forwarded to the American Government. Last of all, the Governor of Hong Kong declared that the letter of the Director of the Observatory had been written without his sanction and that the responsibility for it rested solely with Dr. Dohereck.

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

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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, Varines, 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, Raizeune 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 Patrik Flahven of Hamilton, died suddenly at St. John's Protectors, 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.

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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 as our brothers and must be 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 that 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 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 love—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."

Death of Mrs. P. Cullen, Hamilton

Mrs. Peter Cullen, wife of Peter Cullen, of the Palace Hotel, Hamilton, died on the 20th inst., in her 31st year. She was the daughter of Peter Courigan, West Picton street, and leaves three little children, two sisters, Mrs. Burton of New York and Miss Minnie at home. The funeral took place on Thursday morning from her residence, 283 West King street, to St. Mary's Cathedral. Interment was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, R. I.P.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred by the Royal University, Dublin, for the first time lately. The successful candidate was Mr. Conn Murphy, M.A. Mr. Murphy is secretary of the Catholic Graduates' Association and a prominent Gaelic Leaguer.

The Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., formerly president of Fordham University and now acting Bishop of Jamaica, W.I., has been appointed by the governor of that colony, Sir Jas. Swettenham, K.C., M.G., a member of the Jamaica Board of Education.

The death took place on the 24th of October in the Private Hospital, Eccles street, Dublin, in his 79th year, of Mr. Maurice Healy, father of Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. Deceased, who occupied the position of Clerk to the Union at Lismore, was the oldest Poor-Law official in Ireland.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY

The following are a few of the letters received from our subscribers during the past few months. Editors, like others, are grateful for words of appreciation. Letters such as these are the kind we like to receive: Editor Catholic Register, Toronto: Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find order for one dollar and credit it to my account in payment of subscription to the paper, and oblige.

I am pleased with your paper and think your editorials right up to date. JOHN H. BARRY, Brantford, Ont.

Editor Catholic Register: Please find enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription to October 21st, 1906.

I would not be without the Register at any cost. Yours respectfully, MORGAN DALTON, Kingsbridge, Ont.

Editor Catholic Register: Mr. Cronin,—I enclose you two dollars for the past two years' subscription.

Your paper is good and every family should have it. J. F. MICHAEL DALTON, Knitall, Ont.

Editor Catholic Register: Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed three (\$3.00) dollars for subscriptions due you for your valuable paper.

Wishing you every success, I beg to remain Yours respectfully, RICHARD FAGAN, Willow Grove.

Catholic Register Pub. Co., Toronto: Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed 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. A. MURPHY, Barrister, Cayuga, Ont.

Editor Catholic Register: Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find express 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 Confere,—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. 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.

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

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St. Catharines

On Sunday last there passed away one of the few remaining pioneers of St. Catharines church, Mr. Wm. Begy. The deceased, who was born in Bavaria, Germany, 87 years ago, was a man of sterling integrity, an earnest Catholic Christian, a kind husband and father, respected by all who knew him. He thus has in the truest sense received the reward of a long and useful life. He leaves a sorrowing widow and grown-up family to mourn his demise. The funeral took place from St. Catherine's church, where Rev. Dean Morris sang Requiem Mass. R.I.P.

William Hamian, who was in his 70th year, passed away at the home of his son-in-law, Timothy Loneragan, 183 Welland avenue, after a short illness. The deceased had been a resident of St. Catharines for the past fifty years, and was a highly respected member of St. Catherine's church. He leaves a family of two sons and four daughters to mourn his loss. R.I.P.

A pretty wedding took place on Saturday last week, when Rev. Father McColl united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mary E., eldest daughter of Michael O'Brien, and William Loomesore, both of St. Catharines. Mr. and Mrs. Loomesore will reside on William St., St. Catharines.

Rev. Father McColl of Peterboro, who was in the city lately calling on friends, delivered an eloquent sermon at vespers in St. Catherine's church on Sunday evening.

Good Doctrine

(Montreal Gazette.) Rev. Father Flynn, of St. Ann's, has been telling his people that a vote is an expression of liberty and a trust, and that those to whom it is confided should use it for the benefit of the community. When it is sold, he added, an election is determined not by the fitness of the candidate, but by how much money or liquor he is to give in return. Father Flynn's closing advice was that electors should mark their ballots in conscience and charity for the candidate they thought was the better man. Many longer sermons have conveyed a less impressive lesson. The doctrine is good and the application is like unto it.

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

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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 Walker, her friend, walked on the grass in the direction of the music. "Anybody you know here, Miss Llewellyn?" "I don't suppose so, Kenneth."

the refreshment tent now, the band having decided to rest for half an hour and recover breath, and Master Walker 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 Walker. "I'm awfully good at that. And tell us some of your adventures."

Mr. Conroy's Peach Paring

(Mrs. F. M. Howard.)

Mr. Conroy dallied with temptation. There were the peaches, luscious and juicy, every glowing peach an incentive to buy. "Only a dollar fifteen a bushel. Dirt cheap, Conroy," said the dealer, persuasively. A carload had come in and purchasers were an essential feature of the transaction.

"If Mrs. Conroy was at home I wouldn't hesitate a moment," replied Mr. Conroy longingly. "I believe I could do them up myself," he added impulsively. "I've helped Belle with her canning more than once."

"She would be so pleased to come home and find it all out of the way," artfully suggested the dealer. "You're right she would, and I believe I'll surprise her. Send up two bushels, Mr. Leslie, and I'll see you later."

The peaches were standing on the back porch when Mr. Conroy came home at night, and they did not look nearly so pink and tempting in the grey light of evening; the baskets also looked considerably larger. "I'll get up at daylight and go at them," mused Mr. Conroy as he got into his slippers and lit the gas. Daylight came at seven-thirty in Mr. Conroy's case, and the sun was beating into the kitchen with a blinding glare when he went out to begin the peach project. An hour later he presented himself at his neighbor's back door.

"Lend the preserve kettle? Why certainly. Reach it down, Genevieve, of that farther hook. Rather a warm day for canning, Mr. Conroy." Mr. Conroy raised a corner of the kitchen apron tied over his business suit, and wiped a perspiring brow. "You're right, it is, Mrs. Ashley, but I want to surprise my wife when she gets home with a shelf full of peaches. I saw some prime fellows at a bargain yesterday," and with an expansive smile, Mr. Conroy hurried away with his kettle.

Mrs. Asney went on with her morning's work abstractedly. The Conroys were particularly warm friends. "He never can do it in this world," she burst out at length. "He's sure to make an awful mess of it."

"A mess of what, mother?" asked Genevieve, hanging up the feather duster with unconcern. "Why those peaches, of course. He will be sure to burn the kettles—or himself."

ly, as that gentleman marched off whistling. The fame of the peach paring was spreading meantime, and one after another dropped in until the kitchen was filled. "I declare, if these baskets aren't like the widow's oil bottle in the Bible—the more we pare the more there are left," observed Mrs. Ashley. "I never saw fruit packed so close. You might as well order another dozen cans, Mr. Conroy; those you have will not begin to hold them. You and your wife will have peaches to sell this winter."

"Peach pie—peach shortcake, yum, yum. We'll have a church sociable or so, and serve peaches with whipped cream," said Mr. Conroy, with a beatific smile over his shoulder on his way to the telephone. At ten-fifteen a delivery wagon raged up to the door, and the wheels of industry were stopped while a liberal supply of delicious ice-cream and cake was served, amid much laughter and enjoyment.

"Now, Mr. Conroy, we shall elect you superintendent of the boiling, while we pare and prepare," said Mrs. Harvey briskly, as the party fell to work again, "and we shall certainly expect you to do your full duty."

England expects every man to do his duty, etc., etc., quoted Mr. Conroy with a wry face. Standing over a gas range and stirring hot, steaming stuff did not commend itself to him with the mercury capping around the nineties outside, but he could not well decline the election under the circumstances. He had found moments of leisure in which to steal away into the cool sitting-room, and refresh himself with a glance into the morning paper during the morning, but this duty business would keep him a close prisoner, or else the fat, otherwise the peaches, would be in the fire and burned on the bottom of these borrowed kettles and pans.

"I wonder how Belle ever endures it, this blundered housekeeping," he said to himself, as he stood over four bubbling craters, from which vicious, threatening mounds of imprisoned gas were constantly rising, as if longing to show him what they could do in the volcano line if he but relaxed a moment's vigilance. Perspiration was trickling down his neck and into his shoes, and the last semblance of starch had disappeared from his jaunty costume of the early morning. "I'll never laugh at her again if she wears mosquito netting to do her work in," he added, as his uneasy conscience recalled that he had been a stickler for the dainty morning wrapper and neckwear idea.

"Quick, quick, Mr. Conroy," called Mrs. Harvey, "that farther kettle is boiling over." The guardian of the boiling had ventured to draw out a soiled handkerchief and wipe his dripping countenance. The article had been used in many ways and places, and the result was weird, but Mr. Conroy's attention was riveted on the farther kettle and its eruption, and he did not see the smiles which circulated around the peach baskets which were not nearly emptied.

"If I ran as many ains as an octopus perhaps I could keep the conserved things from spilling," he grumbled as kettle No. 2 showed signs of wrath. "Run over now, run over. Think your boss isn't paying proper attention, don't you?" he added sarcastically, stirring away with his left hand while his right was busy with the other insurgent. Then the third kettle rose up in its might and really boiled over.

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Table with 5 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOUR OF VESTMENT, 1906, and THE ADVENT OF CHRIST. It lists the days of the month, the day of the week, the vestment color, and the feast or event for each day in December 1906.

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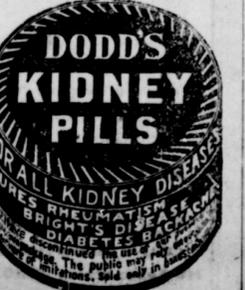
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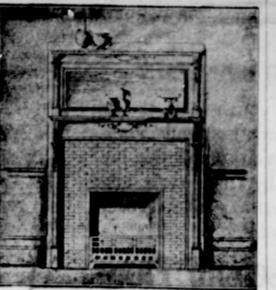
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Talk on the Holy Eucharist
(The Catholic Universe.)
The Holy Eucharist was prefigured
in the Old Law by the manna. The
manna was food for the body, the
Holy Eucharist is food for the soul.
That fell from Heaven for God's peo-
ple only; this came from Heaven for
the members of the Church only. That
was sent only in the desert to sustain
the people on their journey to the
promised land; this we have only dur-
ing our pilgrimage to our eternal
home and it will cease in Heaven.
As the destroying angel in Egypt
spared those who lived in houses
marked with the blood of the lamb,
so the demon loses power on souls
sprinkled with the blood of Christ in
Communion. While the reception of
the Holy Eucharist does not remove
temptation, it gives strength success-
fully to resist it.
In receiving Holy Communion under
either kind, that is under the form of
bread or under the form of wine, we
receive Christ whole and entire. The
glorified body of Christ is indivisible.
Each host or each part of a host is
not part of the body but the entire
body.
The hypostatic union can never
cease. We receive in Holy Com-
munion not the body and blood only,
but also the soul, because Christ's
body is now a living body.
We use an axiom the saying that
when one receives the whole of a
thing no one else can at the same
time receive any part of that thing.
Yet a thousand hearers receive the
whole of a speech or a sermon, and a
broken mirror will reflect our image
in each of the score of pieces. The di-
viding of the particles by the priest
does not divide Christ.
The promise of eternal life was
made equally to those that eat only
as well as to those who both eat
and drink. We call attention to the
following texts:
"If any man eat this bread he will
live forever." St. John vi., 52.
"He that eateth me, the same shall
live by me." St. John v., 158.
"He that eateth my flesh and drink-
eth my blood hath everlasting life."
St. John vi., 55.
Then St. Paul discloses that he who
eats or drinks unworthily is guilty of
the body and the blood of Christ.
Remark the or and the and. The un-
worthy communicant does not have
to take under both kinds to be guilty
of the body and blood of Christ.
When priests receive Holy Commu-
nion in sickness or in the sanctuary
when not celebrating Mass, they re-
ceive under one kind only.
The receiving under the form of
bread is only a matter of discipline.
But there are many good reasons for
it. There would be great difficulty in
giving the cup to hundreds; many can-
not bear the taste of wine; in some
countries there is great scarcity of
wine; then accidents might easily hap-
pen under the form of wine.
Catholics know that to receive Holy
Communion worthily they must be in
a state of grace. Food is of no avail
to a dead body, and the Holy Eucha-
rist is of no avail to a soul dead in
mortal sin.
Then the law of the Church, sanc-
tioned by Apostolic tradition, re-
quires communion to be received fast-
ing. This law does not bind in case
of danger of death.
Since we are told, "Let a man
prove himself," we should diligently
prepare ourselves for Holy Commu-
nion. We should be equally diligent
in making thanksgiving after Holy
Communion. We know that our Lord
was displeased with the ingratitude of
the lepers who failed to return to thank
Him.
It is related that St. Philip Neri,
of Rome, noticed that a person to
whom he had given Holy Communion
left the church almost immediately.
The Saint immediately sent two altar
boys with lighted candles and told
them to walk on each side of the man
to his home. We may imagine how
surprised he was when he saw the

**boys on each side of him walking
along with lighted tapers. He inquired
the reason and the boys referred
him to Father Philip.
The young man quickly returned to
inquire of the priest the reason for
sending the boys. St. Philip said:
"When the priest brings the Blessed
Sacrament to a home, candles are
lighted in honor of our Lord. The
same honor, it seems to me, is due
to one who carries the Blessed Sacra-
ment in his heart. You ought to have
remained in the church to make your
thanksgiving after Communion. We
should not be forgetful of God's pres-
ence, or fail to thank Him for His
wonderful gift to us."
Recognizing his fault, the young
man went to church to make his
thanksgiving. There are some who
ought to reflect on this lesson and
take it to heart.
There are two classes of people who
need to communicate frequently; those
who are perfect and those who are
not. The perfect need it to remain
perfect, and the imperfect that they
may become perfect. Our Lord says:
"Without Me you can do nothing."
Faith and piety impelled St. Mary
Magdalen of Pazzi to visit our Lord
in the Blessed Sacrament many times
a day. St. Aloysius spent most of
his free time before the altar. St.
Francis Xavier when he could took
his repose there at night and St.
Francis of Assisi visited the Blessed
Sacrament before any undertaking.
The emblem of faith and love is the
sanctuary lamp ever burning before
the tabernacle. There we get courage
and comfort in our spiritual combat.
There we will especially find verified
the words of Our Lord. "Come to Me
all ye that are heavy laden and I
will refresh you."
There are a number of varieties of
corns. Halloway's Corn Cure will
remove any of them. Call on your
druggist and get a bottle at once.**

The Curse of Gambling
(St. Thomas Daily Times.)
Holy Angel's church was well filled
last night with men. Rev. Father
McPhail said he was pleased to see
so many of them attending the mis-
sion regularly and faithfully, and he
was especially pleased to see the
large number before him last even-
ing, as his sermon was directed more
to the men than the women. Quot-
ing the text, "Watch ye and pray
that ye enter not into temptation,"
the speaker spoke strongly against
the great number of gambling dives
that exist everywhere, and the pre-
valence of the gambling habit among
the men. A persistent gambler, he
said, is always found to be an idler,
a loafer, and without ambition. What
little judgment a man shows, when he
works hard all week or all month,
and as soon as pay-day comes goes
to the dens and delivers his earnings
to the sharks. A gambling man never
moulds for himself a successful
career, and he makes his own life
miserable.
"Now, men, be men," continued
the speaker. "Show that your am-
bition is higher than to become a
confirmed gambler. If you have in-
dulged in this vice in the past, now
is the time to stop it, but you will
never be able to do so unless you
avoid the proximate occasion of it.
You must stop frequenting the places
where gambling exists, and in order
to do this you must pray."
What is prayer? Prayer is simply
conversing with God, praising or
thanking Him, expressing our love or
asking favors of Him. To pray it is
not necessary to know any special
form of prayer; neither is it neces-
sary to know how to read. It is
only necessary to give a humble ex-
pression of the heart. Christ Him-
self says we should always pray.
How can we always pray? We can
do so by offering to God all our
thoughts, words, and actions, and
by keeping ourselves in the state of
grace. It is not necessary to pray
in any special place. Of course, the
church of God is the house of prayer,
but we can pray on the street, in
the workshop, or any place. We
should pray as the poor publican did
who simply smote upon his breast
and said, "Lord, be merciful to
me, a sinner." One moment of
sincere prayer will help us to over-
come temptation.
Father McPhail gave an admirable
address on the Lord's Prayer, taking
it clause by clause and applying it
to the natural and supernatural lives
of his hearers. The rev. father's ad-
dress was a clear explanation of the
duty of prayer, and its importance.
"God has a right to our prayers;
everything belongs to Him," was the
thought impressed. Pray in tempta-
tion and especially on Sundays—not
necessarily the whole day, but more
than on the ordinary day—as it is a
day of refreshment for both body and
soul. The church has legislated re-
garding Sundays and holy days. She
obliges all to hear mass as a mini-
mum, but the spirit of the Church is
that the faithful also attend vespers
and benediction, which are offices of
prayer and praise, that they abstain
from servile work, except those of
necessity and mercy, and that they
pass the remainder of the day in rest
and innocent recreation.
Do not delay in getting relief for
the little folks. Mother Graves'
Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and
sure cure. If you love your child
why do you let it suffer when a reme-
dy is so near at hand?

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tal abstainers to see by a recent is-
sue of your excellent paper that his
Holiness the Pope has again shown
his great interest in temperance work
by sending a brief to the bishop-
president of the convention of the Ca-
tholic Total Abstinence Union of
America, held at Providence, R.I.
In the course of the brief his Holiness
says: "Following the example of
our predecessors, and especially
the latest among them (Leo XIII.),
to whom there seemed to be no greater
enemy of the teachings and com-
mands of Christ than the abuse of
strong drink, we heartily approve
the work of the Union. . . . We con-
firm the privileges accorded the Union
by Leo XIII. of happy memory."
The Pope then grants several indul-
gences, and concludes by saying: "It
is our hope that, by conferring such
abundant favors, not only bishops,
priests, and men of religious orders,
but also the rest of the faithful, may
resolve to bear witness to their re-
gard for the Union, and become mem-
bers of it."
Thus the head of the Catholic
Church on earth urges the practice of
total abstinence from alcoholic drink.
Physicians increasingly approve of the
same virtue. And our prison records
show that the sudden total depriva-
tion of drink to prisoners who have
been long addicted to it improves
their health. It has been said that
when adults who have been habitu-
ated to the use of drink take the pledge
they often relapse. If that is so it
simply shows the natural tendency to
backslide onto one's old vice or fault
—a tendency which can be conquered
by grace and a good, firm will, and
by avoiding the occasions of the vice.
But if there is really some difficul-
ty in inducing adults to become total
abstainers, there is no difficulty in
the case of children. Temperance
principles should be far more encour-
aged among Catholic children than
they are apparently. I do not know
of any Catholic children's temperance
society. Anglicans and Nonconform-
ists have a vast number of children
enrolled in their Bands of Hope and
other total abstinence societies for
children. As drunkenness is recogniz-
ed as one of the serious obstacles to
the conversion of England to the Ca-
tholic faith, it follows that a Catho-
lic children's temperance society
should be formed in most of the mis-
sions in England. I think the noble
children would like to join such and
their parents would be pleased to see
them do so. Not to help the spread
of total abstinence from alcoholic
drink amongst Catholic children in
England appears to be absolutely inex-
cusable. Our holy religion does not
increase by any means so quickly
in England as one would like to see;
but I think if we make our children
teetotalers we shall see it increase
much more. A professor of Gotten-
gen University has recently compiled
statistics of the religions of the
world, in which he states that (Ro-
man) Catholics number between 250-
000,000 and 260,000,000, and Protes-
tants, including all their sects num-
ber 185,000,000. This would appear
to show that Protestants, in spite
of the fact that they have increased
some four times more, proportion-
ately, than Catholics. This should
make us Catholics extremely zealous
for the progress of our holy faith;
and I repeat that one means to this
end is total abstinence, especially
amongst our children.
Monsignor Nugent, that splendid
temperance veteran whose death we
had to lament about a year ago, was
interviewed by a correspondent of a
contemporary not very long before
he died; and, touching on temperance,
the Monsignor said: "The League of
the Cross was never more needed than
at present, and he regretted the gen-
eral apathy towards it, especially on
the part of the priests. No man
could carry on such a work single-
handed; but if the priests, as a body,
would only take it up, and put life
into it, the people were ready to fol-
low." May these solemn words of
the Monsignor sink deeply into our
hearts in the future.
I would like this letter to be a
means of helping the temperance
cause amongst Catholics, but I am
not very hopeful about it, for I
have noticed on more than one occa-
sion that some good cause—some
social reform—has been most ably ad-
vocated for weeks, possibly for
months, by correspondents in your
paper and after the correspondence
has closed, I have not seen the least
visible, practical, good fruit result
from it. It was like a vain beating
of the air, and the words were ap-
parently "writ in water."
Our country spends £150,000,000 in
drink. There are many good objects
to which we Catholics can contribute
our money besides giving it to the
publican. Besides, His Holiness the
Pope, our own Archbishop of West-
minster is also intensely desirous
that temperance should increase
amongst English Catholics, and with
these great leaders there is every
hope that it will. It is a Catholic,
Christian work, for our Lord said,
"Except a man deny himself, and
take up his cross daily, he cannot be
My disciple."
Sure Regulator—Mandrake and
Dandelion are known to exert a pow-
erful influence on the liver and kid-
neys, restoring them to healthful ac-
tion, inducing a regular flow of the
secretions. These valuable ingredi-
ents enter into the composition of
Farnetee's Vegetable Pills, and serve
to render them the agreeable and sa-
tisfactory medicine they are. They are
few pills so effective as they in their
action.
The Winship Club of Boston, which
is composed of poets, artists, scrip-
tors, editors and like folk, entertain-
ed at a recent meeting, Father Con-
rardy, the missionary to Chinese lan-
guages. The gay dwellers of Paderma
listened attentively to the story of
the heroic priest, who had been the
companion of Father Damien, and who
has given up his life to the ameliora-
tion of the wretched condition of the
lepers of China.
President Sumner's style, com-
fort, service. 50c everywhere.

In and Around Toronto

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 Superiors and Sisters in charge of the institution are desirous 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 \$2,168.95 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.

Table with 2 columns: Parish Name and Amount. Includes St. Paul's (\$359.55), St. Basil's (\$313.11), St. Helen's (\$275.00), St. Mary's (\$273.01), St. Patrick's (\$248.81), St. Michael's (\$195.12), Our Lady of Lourdes (\$165.00), St. Francis (\$125.00), St. Joseph's (\$105.01), St. Peter's (\$102.81), Holy Family (\$101.10), St. Cecilia's, Junction (\$68.70), Holy Rosary (\$67.89), Sacred Heart (\$49.38), St. Leo's, Mimico (\$27.89). Total: \$2,168.95.

THE CYLLA.

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. Sec., Mrs. Moore; Rec. Sec., 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'Donoghue. 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. 29, in O'Neil'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

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M. 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice; Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College; Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Right Rev. A. Sweetnam, Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Wm. McLaren, D.D., Principal Knox College, Toronto. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are safe, effective, non-toxic, and require no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

vote of thanks was moved by Bro. E. J. Hare and it was ably seconded by Bro. Controller J. J. Ward.

Among the well-known members present were Ex-Provincial Pres. P. W. Falvey, Prov. Ins. Sec. Frank J. Walsh, County Pres. A. T. Hernon, Bros. E. J. Hearn, Controller J. J. Ward, J. T. Loftus and Joseph Cadaret.

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, on 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, Eglington, 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.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Grain (Wheat, Oats, Rye, Peas, Buckwheat), Seeds (Alsike clover, Timothy), Hay and Straw, Fruit and Vegetables (Potatoes, Apples, Cabbage, Onions), Poultry (Turkeys, Hens, Spring chickens, Spring ducks), Dairy Products (Butter, Eggs), and Fresh Meats (Beef, Lambs, Mutton, Veals, Dressed hogs).

Books make the best Christmas presents.

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

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

Royal Household Flour advertisement. Text: '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 Royal Household Flour 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.' Logo: Oglivie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. MONTREAL. 106.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited advertisement. Text: 'BEAUTIFUL WAISTS For Christmas. We have here a collection of beautiful waists that for breadth of assortment and style exclusiveness compares favorably with the offerings that are presented for the holiday season by the best of New York shops. It is quite the thing now you know to choose for a nice gift; it makes an appropriate present, one which expresses good taste and invariably gives a great deal of pleasure to the one receiving it. The collection of waists imported by us for the Christmas trade embraces lovely lace effects—pretty net waists—delicately printed liberty silk waists—fancy stripes and plaids in taffeta silks, and a very fascinating collection of dainty lingerie effects. These include hand embroidered and lace trimmed effects. 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. Waist Department Second Floor.' Logo: W.A. Murray & Co. 175 St. Nicholas St. Toronto.

Royal Baking Powder advertisement. Text: 'ROYAL Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE. Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder. Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder renders the food remarkable both for its fine flavor and healthfulness. No alum, no phosphate—which are the principal elements of the so-called cheap baking powders—and which are derived from bones, rock and sulphuric acid.' Logo: ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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. Rev. Father Whitney performed the ceremony within the altar rails and the church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. 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. The bride was the recipient of numerous gifts and the groom was kindly remembered by the hockey club. Among the guests were Miss Walsh, Miss Breen, Mr. Harry Owen of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Oglivie of Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kelman of Midland, and Dr. Kelman of Henderson, Minn. Books for Children.—It is a conceded fact that impressions made upon young minds are never totally effaced, therefore, if you desire to mould the future conduct of your little ones, you must necessarily pay strict attention to the reading matter given to them. Good, wholesome Catholic literature for boys and girls, at reasonable prices may be found at the store of W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto.

United Empire Bank of Canada advertisement. Text: 'United Empire Bank of Canada HEAD OFFICE CORNER OF YONGE AND FRONT STREETS TORONTO. IDLE MONEY—Funds awaiting investment, accounts of individuals, firms, corporations, fraternal organizations, charitable associations and ecclesiastical societies are invited. Careful and painstaking attention is given to all accounts, whether large or small. GEORGE P. REID, GENERAL MANAGER. Established 1856. P. BURNS & CO. Wholesale and Retail COAL and WOOD MERCHANTS HEAD OFFICE 44 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. Telephone Main Nos. 131 and 132. BRANCH OFFICES: Front street near Bathurst, Tel. Main 449; Princess street Docks, Tel. Main 429; 572 Queen West, Tel. Park 111; 426 1/2 Yonge street, Tel. North 1179; 324 1/2 Queen Street West, Tel. Main 1409.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA advertisement. Text: 'Dividend No. 2. Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent, per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the half-year ending November 30th, 1906, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after the First day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of Nov., both days inclusive. By order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, Oct. 17th, 1906. City branches open 7 to 9 o'clock Saturday—7 Church St.; Queen and Bathurst.

The Best Investment - A Fortune in Coal advertisement. Text: 'The first issue of stock of the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company has been entirely bought up, but the second, in limited quantity, goes on the market to-day at 50 cents a share. Its par value is \$1.00 and it is fully paid, non-assessable. The richest coal regions in British Columbia are owned by the company. They comprise 17,000 acres of coal land in the Nicola Valley, B.C., and, according to coal experts' reports, this immense area contains an inexhaustible supply of high-grade bituminous coal. The Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railways are conveying their lines into the Nicola Valley and will be able to handle the output of the mines expeditiously. The latter expert to have their road into the Nicola Valley by the end of the year. It offers a brighter investment outlook than did the Crow's Nest Coal Company when organized in 1896. The Crow's Nest Coal Company was organized in British Columbia in the year 1896. It was the only coal stock that had ever been offered to the public at large in the Dominion of Canada up to that time. The stock was put on the market in the spring of 1896, and sold to the people at ten cents a share. The first allotment was sold to school teachers, clerks, merchants, doctors, servant girls, carpenters and men and women in all walks of life. This brought about the most cheering and gratifying results, and poor men awake to find themselves independently rich from a small investment. For 200,000 thousand shares were secured, and to-day this amount of stock has a cash valuation of \$25,000, and last year 1000 shares brought a dividend of \$10,000 (\$10.00 per share). Coal experts and engineers who have seen our properties and the reason that we are so successful is that ours are as good, if not better, for the reason that we are situated in a great idewater (Pacific coast), and our coal is superior for steam, domestic and smelting purposes, and fully equal for foundry and smelters' work. Our company's coal is estimated by coal experts to contain one billion four hundred million tons of coal, such a vast quantity that the supply would last 500 years at an output of 10,000 tons a day. One engineer has estimated that our land on Coldwater river has a net valuation of one billion five hundred million dollars with the coal in the ground as a basis of calculation. Our shares will be increasing in value from year to year. The same has been the case with the Crow's Nest Coal Company's stock. In 1896 it reached the \$100 mark, and in the fall of the same year it sold for \$120, and to-day its market price is \$250. In order to realize similar profits you must get in now. Act on your own judgment. Two years from now the stock should begin to pay handsome dividends, and in another year or two may have a cash valuation on the market from the dividends it will then pay of at least \$1000 per share. This calculation is based on sound and conservative business judgment, and on well-tried laws of natural growth. It is quite safe to say that when the Amalgamated Coal Company shall have fully equipped its four properties on Coldwater River, in Nicola Valley, B.C., and has built up a market for its product, and can produce coal and coke on a large scale, which may require six to seven years to accomplish (taking the Crow's Nest Coal Company as an example), this stock should then be worth, on its own merit, from the dividend it then will pay, \$100.00 per share. Fathers, mothers and guardians who have the welfare of your children at heart, and want to provide for their future needs, write us for information and investigate our proposition carefully. You will thank us later for the advice given. Ask for written printed prospectus and reports, etc. We will show you samples of the coal and of the coke, and the assays of the coal from government officials and other authorities.

The Property - The Prospect - The Security advertisement. Text: 'The Property. The richest coal regions in British Columbia are owned by the company. They comprise 17,000 acres of coal land in the Nicola Valley, B.C., and, according to coal experts' reports, this immense area contains an inexhaustible supply of high-grade bituminous coal. The Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railways are conveying their lines into the Nicola Valley and will be able to handle the output of the mines expeditiously. The latter expert to have their road into the Nicola Valley by the end of the year. The Prospect. It offers a brighter investment outlook than did the Crow's Nest Coal Company when organized in 1896. The Crow's Nest Coal Company was organized in British Columbia in the year 1896. It was the only coal stock that had ever been offered to the public at large in the Dominion of Canada up to that time. The stock was put on the market in the spring of 1896, and sold to the people at ten cents a share. The first allotment was sold to school teachers, clerks, merchants, doctors, servant girls, carpenters and men and women in all walks of life. This brought about the most cheering and gratifying results, and poor men awake to find themselves independently rich from a small investment. For 200,000 thousand shares were secured, and to-day this amount of stock has a cash valuation of \$25,000, and last year 1000 shares brought a dividend of \$10,000 (\$10.00 per share). Coal experts and engineers who have seen our properties and the reason that we are so successful is that ours are as good, if not better, for the reason that we are situated in a great idewater (Pacific coast), and our coal is superior for steam, domestic and smelting purposes, and fully equal for foundry and smelters' work. Our company's coal is estimated by coal experts to contain one billion four hundred million tons of coal, such a vast quantity that the supply would last 500 years at an output of 10,000 tons a day. One engineer has estimated that our land on Coldwater river has a net valuation of one billion five hundred million dollars with the coal in the ground as a basis of calculation. Our shares will be increasing in value from year to year. The same has been the case with the Crow's Nest Coal Company's stock. In 1896 it reached the \$100 mark, and in the fall of the same year it sold for \$120, and to-day its market price is \$250. In order to realize similar profits you must get in now. Act on your own judgment. Two years from now the stock should begin to pay handsome dividends, and in another year or two may have a cash valuation on the market from the dividends it will then pay of at least \$1000 per share. This calculation is based on sound and conservative business judgment, and on well-tried laws of natural growth. It is quite safe to say that when the Amalgamated Coal Company shall have fully equipped its four properties on Coldwater River, in Nicola Valley, B.C., and has built up a market for its product, and can produce coal and coke on a large scale, which may require six to seven years to accomplish (taking the Crow's Nest Coal Company as an example), this stock should then be worth, on its own merit, from the dividend it then will pay, \$100.00 per share. Fathers, mothers and guardians who have the welfare of your children at heart, and want to provide for their future needs, write us for information and investigate our proposition carefully. You will thank us later for the advice given. Ask for written printed prospectus and reports, etc. We will show you samples of the coal and of the coke, and the assays of the coal from government officials and other authorities. The Security. Under British Columbia laws every Coal Company mining for coal and oil in that country must file with the minister of finance a certified copy of their articles of incorporation, if a foreign company, and also of the by-laws; in other words, the compact business within the borders of the province, and produce coal. And their books are subject to inspection every three months by the government agent, to whom a sworn statement must be made, and a tax of five cents per ton paid to the government for every ton of coal mined. This protects the small stockholders, as everyone interested has the right to know at all times just what the company is doing, and same. The government being an interested party, much greater production is afforded the small investor than in any other country. There is no field of investment more absolutely safe and profitable than coal mining.

OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY advertisement. Text: 'This is an investment which will not only yield you Big Dividends, but in all probability will increase in value 100 fold in the Next Five Years. DON'T PASS IT BY. Call or write for prospectus, reports, maps, etc., that will give fullest information. OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY BANKER AND BROKER MEMBER OF THE STANDARD EXCHANGE 61-62 Confederation Life Building, Toronto TEL. MAIN 2204.