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PRICE FIVE CENT

PASTORAL LETTER AND MANDEMENT

Of Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of
Montreal, Inaugurating a Crusade
Against Intemperance.

PAUL BRUCHESE, by the Grace of
God, and of the Apostolic See, Arch-
bishop of Montreal.

To the secular and regular clergy,
to the religious communities and
to all the faithful of our Diocese,
greeting, peace and blessing in Our
Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Beloved Brethren:
For a long time the problem of
alcoholism has been deservedly preoccupying
the minds of moralists, economists
and legislators.

Nevertheless, every year, in the different
countries of the world, appalling
statistics show the progress of
that terrible plague, and the necessity
of more and more energetic resistance
against its invasion.

As we have already often stated in
our pastoral visits, it is time theoretical
statements and unfruitful lamentations
should be left aside.

The moment has come for all to
enter the path of practical realizations.

All initiatives must group together
and form a holy league; private initiatives
and public initiatives, civil,
political and religious initiatives for,
without any intention to establish a
comparison between the Province of
Quebec and the other provinces of
Canada, between the Canadian Con-
federation and the other States of
America, or of Europe, it is an undeniable
fact that we are suffering from
the evil of alcoholism. That
malady has already attacked our vital
sources, and it threatened to deeply
vitiate them. The ravages which
it makes among our people are more
baleful and greater than the so dreaded
ravages of phthisis, of which it
is, anyhow, the sinister purveyor.

And we beg you to remain, dear
beloved brethren, that we do not
solely refer to the vice of drunkenness
carried to its extreme excesses,
to that drunkenness which deprives
man of the use of his reason and
sometimes throws him on the pavement
like a brute. Oh! that kind of
intemperance has a special ugliness
of its own, it is so vulgar of its nature
that the great majority keep away
from it with disgust. It carries in
its proximate and immediate
consequences such shameful blemishes
that it is held in abhorrence. It
may be said that it constitutes, even
here below and without delay, its
own punishment, and its own check,
especially among the higher classes of
society.

In a general manner, the evil to
which we refer has not that hideous
and brutal aspect. Its form is rather
latent, its effects are generally
slow to appear. But it is none the
less pernicious, and no social sphere
is closed against it.

Properly speaking, alcoholism does
not consist in an act of intemperance
nor even in several acts of intemperance
separated one from the other by
pretty long intervals. There is evi-
dently in this a more or less serious
disorder, a disorder and a fault that
may lead to formal alcoholism, but
which do not yet constitute it. Alco-
holism is a condition, a morbid con-
dition, which is acquired either by
often repeated ebriety, or by the habit-
ual use of strong liquors, even if
taken in small quantity each time.

It is a gradual poisoning. In a
word, it is chronic intemperance,
with or without ebriety.

According to the data of medical
science, no poisoning is more disas-
trous. It attacks the whole organs
of the human body, especially the
brain, the kidneys, and lungs, the
heart, the liver and the stomach. It
lessens the strength; it troubles, re-
volutionizes and paralyzes all the
faculties. It calls forth any number of
diseases, and complicates them all in
a singular manner, when it does not
render them incurable. It often leads
to insanity, or to suicide, and al-
ways leads more rapidly to decrepitude
and to death.

You consider no doubt in your
minds, beloved brethren, that this
picture of the physical ravages of
intemperance is very sombre. So it
is. But do not conclude that it is
overdrawn or exaggerated. All those
facts could be signed by some famous
medical authority. They have been
borrowed from the most scrupulous
honesty from the best writings
of which the medical profession,
now so methodical in its investiga-
tions and so conscientious in its
statements, can boast.

Besides, nothing is easier than to
verify its correctness. It matters
little whether your personal experi-
ence be long or short, or whether
your field of observation be large or
small. Do not your recollections un-
fortunately bring to your mind too
many instances of ruin caused by al-
cohol? Have you not seen power-
fully built bodies waste away, the
choicest intellects get out of balance,
strong wills collapse, hearts naturally
tender and kind get so perverted
and hardened as to become cruel? In
most cases, were not those catastro-
phies a manifestation of the work
of the alcoholic poison?

Still, if the sad effects of intemperance
reached only the individual who
renders himself guilty thereof, the
habitual drinker! But such is not
the case. Alcoholism has terrible re-
percussions. Here one is unwillingly
brought to think of the unavoidable
and so painful consequences of the
sin of our first parents on the whole
of human nature. Oh! how often
have you not wept over that initial
vice, over that corruption and those
disordinate concupiscences deposited
within us by the sin of Adam and
Eve?

The person, addicted to alcohol does
not act otherwise. Christian parents
and young men addicted to drink, you
poison the children to be born from
you. You will answer before God
for all the evil which you cause
them. Does not your crime, in cer-
tain respects, resemble the fault com-
mitted in the garden of Eden? Your
sons and your daughters were re-
deemed in the blood of Christ. Is it
not, in some way, that blood which
you profane? It is the price thereof,
anyhow, which you disregard and con-
temn.

Can any one conceive more complete
aberration? Thus to compromise the
future of one's own children, their
health, their honor and even their
eternal salvation, rather than give
up a miserable habit, rather than de-
prive one's self of a passing satisfac-
tion? Prefer to drink drop by drop
one's own ruin and that of one's fam-
ily, rather than practise the rules
of Christian sobriety, rather than
slightly mortify one's self every day?
If, at least, one could do the laws
of temperance, if one could fail to see
and understand the lessons of ex-
perience. Vain efforts! Atavism ex-
ists, experiments are no longer need-
ed. Nobody now contests the ravages
of alcoholism in the family, and as
a rigorous consequence its deleterious
effects on society and on the race.

The children of drinkers are down-
fallen beings. With life they receive
in their organs the germs of disease
and of death. A terrible thing to
say, before being born they have
been poisoned by their father. Of
course, the agent of degeneracy and
of destruction which circulates in the
veins of those poor children, is more
or less active according to the degree
of intemperance of the parents; but it
is there, it does its murderous work.

What a subject for reflection,
dearly beloved brethren, what a
subject for meditation! With what
gloomy remorse such a thought must
torture the conscience of a man ad-
dicted to alcohol! Is there a more
odious crime and one more against
nature?

What generations will those sickly,
infirm, anomalous, physically and
mentally diseased beings produce in
their turn unless an exceptional grace
gives them the courage to react?

For the honor of our race and of
our religion, we want sound and ro-
bust families, a strong and vigorous
society. I pray you, let us no longer
exhaust within ourselves the
sources of life, let us no longer con-
taminant them with the habit of al-
cohol. Let us avoid all excesses in
the use of liquors. The sacrifice, if
sacrifice there be, is worth while a
thousand times.

Yet, as terrible as they are, the
physical ravages are the least among
those produced by alcoholism. Its
consequences appear much more dis-
astrous when considered in a moral
sense.

All vices lower and degrade man,
they soil and disgrace his existence;
often they blench his honor and the
name of his family, they always de-
base his dignity. None of them, it
strikes us, is viler than intemperance.
That vice carries with it such humil-

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ating ugliness that it sometimes
renders its victims insufferable to them-
selves and contemptible in the eyes
of their fellow-beings.

We will not go any further with
that picture. You are familiar with
it. Preachers have more than once
placed it before your eyes in retreats
and missions.
Let us simply recall to your mind
that alcoholism, as well as ebriety
and drunkenness, in the ordinary sense
of the word, is by its nature a very
active ferment of bad instincts, of
vile passions, of impure lust, of crimi-
nal suggestions. Well! what is
there to wonder at that a drinker,
even if he never got intoxicated,
should fall an easy prey to so many
plagues? Is it not well known that
the habitual use of alcohol disturbs
the normal working of our organs,
dims the intellect, weakens the will
and deadens the moral sense. The
union between soul and body is too
close, too intimate to prevent those
two portions of our being from hav-
ing reciprocal influence one upon the
other, and that is one of the main
reasons of Christian mortification.

When not properly regulated and
when satiated, the lusts of the flesh
rebel against the soul and reduce it
to slavery. The saints were well
aware of this phenomenon, and that
is the reason why they subdued their
body and unceasingly preached pen-
ance, self-denial, sobriety in all
things.

There would be no end to it, dear
beloved brethren, if we undertook
to describe all the evils produced
by alcoholism. Jointly with the docu-
ments furnished by medical men and
moralists, we would bring up the
statistics prepared by economists and
magistrates.

Those figures would be sinistraly
eloquent. The registers of insane
asylums, of prisons and of penitenti-
aries have been patiently gone over,
the records of civil and criminal
courts have been honestly studied.
Well! the mind is literally stupefied
when examining the results of such
investigations. The proportion of
judicial sentences and sequestrations
brought on by the abuse of liquor is
such that, a disappearance of said
abuse occurring, two-thirds of the
courts would no longer work, for
want of clients, and most of the pris-
ons and asylums would be complete-
ly deprived of their inmates, as
shown by most correct calculations.

Everywhere in our dear country, as
in other lands, would come a happy
regeneration, a recrudescence of phys-
ical health and of intellectual and
moral vigor, the almost uninter-
rupted reign of peace, of concord, of
honesty and of charity.

Political economists have asserted
that, with temperance, we would also
see great public and private prosper-
ity flourish on the whole surface of
the globe. Pauperism would be a
thing of the past. To save would
become an honor, and old age would
be provided with shelter, clothing and
food. Stoppage of work would be
unknown. Strikes would hardly ex-
ist. Children would attend school
more assiduously, instead of fading
away in the atmosphere of factories.
Fathers of family and young men
being no longer enticed by clubs or
saloons, would gladly hasten to reach
the home in the evening, and mothers
and maidens would greet them with a
smile or kind word.

This would be a return towards pa-
triarchal customs, a return to Chris-
tian traditions, because the empire
of evangelical sobriety would have
taken the place of the empire of al-

coholism, and the Lord blesses all
those who obey his precepts. Thus, in
accordance with the teaching of Leo
XIII., repeated by Pius X., the great
social question would be solved. A
lovely picture, pleasant promises,
some will say perhaps—but idle fan-
cies of utopists and dreams of theo-
rists.

Not at all. Let the drinking cease,
let alcoholism be banished, and those
promises will soon become realities.

The economists have not simply
made assertions, they have also fur-
nished unquestionable proof of the
correctness of such assertions. In-
temperance collects from both the
wealthy and the poorer classes fan-
tastic amounts. Would one believe
it? the alcohol consumed in our cities
and country districts costs more than
both meat and bread combined. Add
now to this foolish squandering of
millions the enormous amount of
salaries lost each year by drinkers,
the sums of money which alcoholism
ingulfs in insane asylums, prisons,
hospitals, doctors' offices and drug
stores. To this tremendous heap of
millions, and again so many other
millions shamefully eaten up by all
those vices to which alcoholism fatal-
ly leads, and calculate whether it is
exaggeration to state, with the statis-
ticians, that three-fourths of the
poor are or become so through their
own intemperance or that of others.

Then go on with another operation.
Place all those lost or squandered
millions in active service, distribute
them in salaries. Is it not evident
that you thereby at once restore ne-
cessity and more active life to trade and
industry; you introduce comfort and
happiness in the homes; you furnish
beneficial employment to both mental
and manual energy. The health of
the body is restored, the health of the
soul is restored, and as a blessing for
both the holy law of labor which is
respected, and for sobriety which is
observed, comes forth the prosperity
which you had some hesitation to ex-
pect.

The word of God does not pass
away, dear beloved brethren. Fulfill
the maxims of the gospel, be sober,
be mortified, do not squander his
gifts, never allow the poison of al-
cohol to destroy or weaken the pre-
cious faculties which he has placed
within you, do not defile that beau-
tiful image of Himself which beams
on your forehead, and you will ever
be blessed. You will stand in need
of nothing. He has promised it to
you; serve him, keep his command-
ments, all the rest shall be added
unto you.

We will not insist on the develop-
ments that those truths and those
exhortations admit of. Both will be
presented to you in your respective
parishes by missionaries who will act
as our mouth-pieces. Hear their
preaching with an attentive mind and
a docile heart. They will be for you
the envoys of the Lord. It is in the
name of your very best interests that
they will beseech you to temperate
and even to use your efforts and
your influence to stop the surge of
alcoholism, which spreads everywhere
physical, intellectual and moral ruin.
Following the example of our vener-
able predecessor, Bishop Bourget, our
watchword will be to found temperance
societies in every locality, with-
out exception. Those local societies
will form together a holy league, en-
dowed with precious indulgences. The
cross—which is still found in the old
families, and which, in its truly evan-
gelical poverty and austerity, preach-
es mortification with such persuasion

that cross where Christ was offered
vinegar and gall to drink, for the re-
mission of our sins, such will be the
new rallying sign of those Christians
who will choose to enlist in the holy
league against intemperance.

Please God that this cross may oc-
cupy a place of honor in every Cath-
olic home! It is a great battle
that we are about to undertake, with
one consent, dearly beloved brethren,
a pitched battle against a terrible
enemy supported by the infernal re-
gions; we need the weapons of the
cross. But, with it and through it,
we shall conquer. In hoc signo vinces.
Let every man come and stand close
to that divine standard; fathers of
families, young men, children, all
Christians, irrespective of age, fortune
calling or social position. The great
point is to save the souls; but the
safety of the family, of society, and
of the nation is also concerned.

For those reasons we make an ap-
peal to all persons of good will, and
more especially to the active and
persevering support of the constitu-
ed authorities.

In such a work of moralizing and
preserving the masses, those authori-
ties can do much, provided they have
a sincere will.

The Church will do her part, the
best and most efficient part, by using
the supernatural teachings, remedies
and assistance which she has received
from heaven and which it is her mis-
sion to dispense to men.

Private initiative will display its
zeal in a number of instances, either
by example, apostleship, lectures on
the dangers of alcoholism, anti-alco-
holic teaching in the schools or else-
where. In this latter connection, we
deem it advisable to recommend the
excellent manual of Rev. Canon Syl-
vain. That small pamphlet deserves
the many praises given it, and the
lessons contained therein are within
the reach of all intellects.

The civil authorities know what
measures to adopt in order to fight
that plague and avert its terrible
results. Their dispositions are known
to us, they will not hesitate in the
face of duty. Limitations in the
number of hotels, restaurants, sal-
oons and all retail liquor shops; suf-
ficiently high taxes on such establish-
ments, license taxes and sale taxes;
rules and regulations calculated to
maintain therein order and morals;
vigilant and active control over the
daily observance of such rules; effi-
cient repression of all transgressions,
especially the sale of spirituous liquors
on Sundays and to minors; and,
above all, absolute refusal of a li-
cense to persons not having a perfect
reputation of respectability and hon-
esty; such are, dear beloved breth-
ren, the principal preventive and
repressive measures which it would be
desirable to see in force everywhere,
in the country municipalities as well
as in the cities. They already exist
to a large extent at least, in our
laws.

But it strikes us that they are not
always observed, that they are not
even always applied. That is a great
misfortune for society, and we en-
treat you all to repress those offences
every time you can do so. First of
all, give charitable warnings, and if
need be, complain to the authorities.
Your energy and constancy will final-
ly triumph. The public authorities
are fully interested to see that they
are supported, for, we repeat it, they
have at heart that work of purifying.
But, dear beloved brethren, a
thinker has said with much appro-
priateness: "Legal as well as tax re-
medies will remain powerless to stop
the evil of intemperance and the
plague of alcoholism, if they are not
supported by moral and religious re-
medies. It is not sufficient that the
drinker should find it more difficult
to satisfy his passion; he will over-
come such obstacles, and he will de-
rive himself of everything rather than
give up drinking. He must be
brought on to have a desire to
amend."

We will close with this and sum
up the will, therefore, is what must
be acted upon first of all. How can
this be done? By the two first means
which we have mentioned: considera-
tion of the disastrous effects of al-
coholism in the individual, considera-
tion of its disastrous effects in the
family and in society. But we will
meanwhile considerations of a religious
nature, the teaching of the truths of
the gospel, the awakening of Chris-
tian feeling, the preaching of penance
and mortification, the stimulant of
good example, so many things which
the temperance missions and the holy
league against alcoholism are going
to permanently establish in each pa-
rish of our diocese.

May the Immaculate Virgin, Mary



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grant her all powerful protection to
those missions and to those holy
league, which we place under the
guardianship of the regenerating cross
of her divine Son!

After invoking the holy name of
God and consulting with our Vener-
able Brethren, the canons of our Cath-
edral, we have decided upon the
following regulations:

1. The clergy shall be the first to
set an example of the temperance
which they must preach. Conse-
quently, in the presbyteries and religious
communities, on the occasion of pas-
toral visits, of gatherings for retreats
and missions, of visits from priests
or laymen, before or after meals, no
alcoholic liquors shall be taken.

2. We request all families to do
the same thing, to entirely give up
the deplorable habit of offering and
of taking spirituous liquors such as
brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, etc., on
the occasion of gatherings, soirees,
dinners, visits, and especially the
visit and festivities of New Year's
Day. Let all kinds of alcohol dis-
appear from our homes; let us use it
only in cases of necessity and upon
the doctor's order. The pastors will
not fail to refer to that subject when
giving advice to their parishioners.

3. We implore young men and fa-
thers of family not to enter saloons
and bar-rooms except for serious rea-
sons; not to drink there intoxicating
liquors, and especially to give up
the, alas! too common practice of
"treating." We would feel happy to
see all honest men league together
against that social disorder which
brings so many evils both to the
family and to individuals. We particu-
larly entreat the citizens who form
the leading classes and the members
of the liberal professions to preach
by their example in this respect.

4. We request the priests, the prin-
cipals of colleges and teachers in
general to often refer to intemper-
ance, in the class-rooms, and to adopt
all possible means to inspire the pu-
pils with horror for that vice.

5. We order that all perishes
work be commenced at once to es-
tablish temperance leagues or so-
cieties: 1, among the children up
to the age of eighteen years; 2,
among young men; 3, among the
heads of families. Saint John the
Baptist shall be the patron of those
leagues, the members of which must
pledge themselves not to use spirit-
uous liquors, except in cases of sick-
ness and of real need. Those so-
cieties already exist in some parishes
and do the greatest amount of good.
Their rules and regulations, as well
as the spiritual favors secured for
them, will be made known in the near
future. We simply mention for the
present what is most essential and
what should call forth the effort and
zeal of all, of the people as well as
of the clergy.

6. We particularly entrust the
preaching of temperance to the Re-
verend Franciscan Fathers whom we
herby appoint apostles of that great
work in our diocese. The pastors
will invite them to come and preach
to their parishioners at such dates as
will seem to them most favorable, but
will not wait until they come to es-
tablish the societies we have refer-
red to. Each pastor must commence
to establish these societies without
delay, by making an appeal to the
good will of his parishioners. They
may for this purpose take advan-
tage of the meetings of the League of
the Sacred Heart, and especially of
the retreats and missions.

We specially and urgently request
the greatest zeal in attending to the
children and young men, upon whom
we must rely to form the sober gen-
eration of the future.

7. It is also our will that those
temperance societies be founded in
our colleges and our University. The
students of those important institu-
tions are, they know it, the subject
of our greatest solicitude and our
deepest affection. It is our ardent
desire that they may become one day
men of character and of principles,
men of science and of virtue, for the
glory of the Church and of their
country. They will become all this
in as much only as they are really
temperate. Let them call to mind
the number of fine talents premature-
ly destroyed by the poison of al-
cohol. We do not wish them to have
such a sad fate, and that is the rea-
son why we are so anxious to see
sobriety and temperance honored in
our colleges and in our University.

The present pastoral letter and the
present mandement shall be read and
published from the pulpits in all the
churches and chapels where public
worship is held, on the first Sunday
after they are received.

Given at Montreal, under our hand
and the counter-signature of our
Chancellor, the 20th day of Decem-
ber, 1905.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.
By order of His Grace,
EMILE CANON ROY,
Chancellor.

P.S.—This pastoral letter can be
read in two sections, but the enact-
ing part thereof must be read at all
the masses as early as next Sunday.

Controller Ward

As we anticipated, Controller Ward
has again made a successful run and
been placed amongst the leaders in
carrying off the votes of his appre-
ciative fellow-citizens. The many
years—for he has worked in the ser-
vice of the city since earliest man-
hood—of active, honest and all-round
work of Controller Ward in the Coun-
cil, has won for him the recognition
of his fellow-citizens, and the fine
vote in his favor is the result. High
praises are yet in store; meantime
congratulations on the present suc-
cess are in order, and such congratu-
lations the Catholic Register heartily
tenders.

Gold Jubilee of a Cathedral
The Cathedral of the Immaculate
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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"There'll be no murdering, my dear. Not a bit on it. I tell you what, though, brother," said Dennis, cocking his hat for the convenience of scratching his head, and looking gravely at Hugh, "it's worthy of notice, as a proof of the amazing equality and dignity of our law, that it don't make no difference between men and women. I've heard the judge say, sometimes, to a highwayman or house-breaker as had tied the ladies, neck and heels—you'll excuse me making mention of it, my darlings—and put 'em in a cellar, that he showed no consideration to women. Now, I say that there judge didn't know his business, brother, and that if I had been that there highwayman or house-breaker, I should have made answer: 'What are you a-talking of, my lord? I showed the women as much consideration as the law does, and what would you have me do? If you was to count up in the newspapers the number of females as have been worked off in this here city alone, in the last ten year,' said Mr. Dennis thoughtfully, 'you'd be surprised at the total—quite amazed, you would. There's a dignified and equal thing, a beautiful thing! But we've no security for its lasting. Now that they've begun to favor these here Papists, I shouldn't wonder if they went and altered even that, one of these days. Upon my soul, I shouldn't."

"I know it, I was sure of it!" cried Dolly. "My dear father's at the door. Thank God, thank God! Bless you, Sim. Heaven bless you for this!" Simon Tappertit, who had at first implicitly believed that the locksmith's daughter, unable any longer to suppress her secret passion for himself, was about to give it full vent in its intensity, and to declare that she was his forever, looked extreme, foolish when she said these words, the more so as they were received by Hugh and Dennis with a loud laugh, which made her draw back, and regard him with a fixed and earnest look.

"Miss Haredeale," said Sim, after a very awkward silence, "I hope you are as comfortable as circumstances will permit of. Dolly Varden, my darling—my own, my lovely one—I hope you're pretty comfortable likewise."

Poor little Dolly! She saw how it was; his her face in her hands; and sobbed more bitterly than ever. "You meet in me, Miss V., said Simon, laying his hand upon his breast, "not a pretence, not a workman, not a slave, not the victim of your father's tyrannical behavior, but the leader of a great people, the captain of a noble band, in which these gentlemen are, as I may say, corporals and sergeants. You behold in me, not a private individual, but a public character; not a mender of locks, but a healer of the wounds of his unhappy country. Dolly V., sweet Dolly V., how many years have I looked forward to this present meeting! For how many years has it been my intention to exalt and enoble you! I redeem it. Behold in me, your husband. Yes, beautiful Dolly—charmer—enslaver—S. Tappertit is all your own!"

As he said these words he advanced towards her. Dolly retreated till she could go no further, and then sank down upon the floor. Thinking it very possible that this might be maiden modesty, Simon essayed to raise her, on which Dolly, goaded to desperation, wound her hands in his hair, and crying out amidst her tears that he was a dreadful little wretch, and always had been, shook, and pulled, and beat him, until he was fain to call for help, most lustily. Hugh had never admired her half so much as at that moment.

"She's in an excited state to-night," said Simon, as he smoothed his rumpled feathers, "and don't know when she's well off. Let her be by herself till to-morrow, and that'll bring her down a little. Carry her into the next house!"

Hugh had her in his arms directly. It might be that Mr. Tappertit's heart was really softened by her distress, or it might be that he felt in some degree indecorous that his intended bride should be struggling in the grasp of another man. He commanded him, on second thought, to put her down again, and looked moodily on as she flew to Miss Haredeale's side, and clinging to her dress, hid her flushed face in its folds.

"They shall remain here together till to-morrow," said Simon, who had now quite recovered his dignity—"till to-morrow. Come away!" "Ay!" cried Hugh, "Come away, captain. Ha, ha, ha!" "What are you laughing at?" demanded Simon sternly.

"Nothing, captain, nothing," Hugh rejoined; and as he spoke, and clapped his hand upon the shoulder of the little man, he laughed again, for some unknown reason, with tenfold violence. Mr. Tappertit surveyed him from head to foot with lofty scorn (this only made him laugh the more), and turning to the prisoners, said: "You'll take notice, ladies, that this place is well watched on every side, and that the least noise is certain to be attended with unpleasant consequences. You'll hear—both of you—more of our intentions to-morrow. In the mean time, don't show yourselves at the window, or appeal to any of the people you may see pass it; for if you do, it'll be known directly that you come from a Catholic house, and all the exertions our men can make, may not be able to save your lives."

With this last caution, which was true enough, he turned to the door, followed by Hugh and Dennis. They paused for a moment, going out, to look at them clasped in each other's arms, and then left the cottage; fastening the door, and setting a good watch upon it, and indeed all round the house.

"I say," growled Dennis, as they walked away in company, "that's a dainty pair. Muster Gashford's one is as handsome as the other, eh?" "Hush!" said Hugh, hastily. "Don't you mention names. It's a bad habit."

"I wouldn't like to be him, then (as you don't like names), when he breaks it out to her; that's all," said Dennis. "She's one of them fine, black-eyed, proud gals, as I wouldn't trust at such times with a knife too near 'em. I've seen some of that sort, afore now. I recollect one that was worked off, many year ago—and there was a gentleman in that case too—that says to me, with her lip trembling, but her hand as steady as ever I see one." "Dennis, I'm near my end, but if I had a dagger in these fingers, and he was within my reach, I'd strike him dead afore me!"—ah, she did—and she'd have done it, too!"

"Strike who dead?" demanded Hugh.

"How should I know, brother?" answered Dennis. "She never said; not she."

Hugh looked, for a moment, as though he would have made some further inquiry into this incoherent recollection; but Simon Tappertit, who had been meditating deeply, gave his thoughts a new direction.

"Hugh!" said Sim. "You have done well to-day. You shall be rewarded. So have you, Dennis—There is no young woman you want to carry off, is there?"

"N—no," returned that gentleman, stroking his grizzled beard, which was some two inches long. "None in particular, I think."

"Very good," said Sim; "then we'll find some other way of making it up to you. As to you, old boy," he turned to Hugh—"you shall have Migs (her that I promised you, you know) within three days. Mind. I pass my word for it."

Hugh thanked him heartily, and as he did so, his laughing fit returned with such violence that he was obliged to hold his side with one hand and to lean with the other on the shoulder of his small captain, without whose support he would certainly have rolled upon the ground.

CHAPTER II.

The three worthies turned their faces towards The Boot, with the intention of passing the night in that place of rendezvous, and of seeking the repose they so much needed in the shelter of their old den; for now that the mischief and destruction they had proposed were achieved, and their prisoners were safely bestowed for the night, they began to be conscious of exhaustion, and to feel the wasting effects of the madness which had led to such deplorable results.

Notwithstanding the lassitude and fatigue which oppressed him now, in common with his two companions, and indeed with all who had taken an active share in that night's work, Hugh's boisterous merriment broke out afresh whenever he looked at Simon Tappertit, and vented itself—much to that gentleman's indignation—in such shouts of laughter as bade fair to bring the watch upon them, and involve them in a skirmish, to which in their present worn-out con-

dition they might prove by no means equal. Even Mr. Dennis, who was not at all particular on the score of gravity or dignity, and who had a great relish for his young friend's eccentric humors, took occasion to remonstrate with him on this imprudent behavior, which he held to be a species of suicide, tantamount to a man's working himself off without being overtaken by the law, than which he could imagine nothing more ridiculous or impertinent.

Not abating one jot of his noisy mirth, for these remonstrances, Hugh reeled along between them, having an arm of each, until they were in sight of The Boot, and were within a field or two of that convenient tavern. He hopped by great good-luck to silence by this time. They were proceeding onward without noise, when a scout who had been creeping about the ditches all night, to warn any stragglers from encroaching further on what was now such dangerous ground, peeped cautiously from his hiding-place and called to them to stop.

"Because (the scout replied) the house was filled with constables and soldiers; having been surprised, that afternoon. The inmates had fled or been taken into custody, he could not say which. He had prevented a great many people from approaching nearer and he believed they had gone to the markets and such places to pass the night. He had heard the people who passed and repassed, speaking of them too, and could report that the prevailing opinion was one of apprehension and dismay. He had not heard a word of Barnaby—didn't even know his name—but it had been said in his hearing that some man had been taken and carried off to Newgate. Whether this was true or false he could not affirm.

The three took counsel together, on hearing this, and debated what it might be best to do. Hugh, deeming it possible that Barnaby was at that moment under detention at The Boot, he was advancing stealthily, and firing the house, but his companions, who objected to such rash measures unless they had a crowd at their backs, represented that if Barnaby were taken he had assuredly been removed to a stronger prison; they would never have dreamed, he said, of keeping him all night in a place so weak and open to attack. Yielding to this reasoning and to their persuasions, Hugh consented to turn back, and to repair to Fleet Market, where, it seemed, a few of their boldest associates had shaped their course on receiving the same intelligence.

Feeling their strength recruited and their spirits roused, now that there was a new necessity for action, they hurried away, quite forgetful of the fatigue under which they had been sinking but a few minutes before, and soon arrived at their place of destination.

Fleet Market, at that time, was a long irregular row of wooden sheds and pent-houses, occupying the centre of what is now called Farringdon street. They were jumbled together in a most unsightly fashion, in the middle of the road, to the great obstruction of the thoroughfare and the annoyance of passengers, who were fain to make their way, as they best could, among carts, baskets, barrow, trucks, casks, bulks, and benches, and to struggle with porters, tucksters, wagoners, and a motley crowd of buyers, sellers, pickpockets, vagrants, and idlers. The air was perfumed with the stench of rotten leaves and faded fruit, the refuse of the butchers' stalls, and of all garbage of a hundred kinds. It was indispensable to most public conveniences in those days, that they should be public nuisances likewise; and Fleet Market maintained the principle to admiration.

To this place, perhaps because its sheds and baskets were a tolerable substitute for beds, or perhaps because it afforded the means of a hasty barricade in case of need, many of the rioters had straggled not only that night, but for two or three nights before. It was now broad day, but the morning being cold, a group of them were gathered round a fire in a public-house, drinking hot puri, and smoking pipes, and planning new schemes for to-morrow.

Hugh and his two friends being known to most of these men, were received with signal marks of approbation, and induced into the most honorable seats. The room door was closed and fastened to keep intruders at a distance, and then they proceeded to exchange news.

"The soldiers have taken possession of The Boot, I hear," said Hugh. "Who knows anything about it?" Several cried that they did; but the majority of the company having been engaged in the assault upon the Warren, and all present having been concerned in one or other of the night's expeditions, it proved that they knew no more than Hugh himself, having been merely warned by each other, or by the scout, and knowing nothing of their own knowledge.

"We left a man on guard to-day," said Hugh, looking round him, "who is not here. You know who it is—Barnaby, who brought the soldier down, at Westminster. Has any man seen or heard of him?"

They shook their heads, and murmured an answer in the negative, as each man looked round and appealed to his fellow; when a noise was heard without, and a man was heard to say that he wanted Hugh—that he must see Hugh.

"He is but one man," cried Hugh to those who kept the door; "let him come in." "Ay, ay!" muttered the others. "Let him come in. Let him come in."

The door was accordingly unlocked. A one-armed man, with his head and face tied up with a bloody cloth as though he had been severely beaten, his clothes torn, and his remaining hand grasping a thick stick, rushed in among them, and panting for breath, demanded which was Hugh. "Here he is," replied the person he inquired for. "I am Hugh. What do you want with me?"

"I have a message for you," said the man. "You know one Barnaby?" "What of him? Did he send the message?"

"Yes. He's taken. He's in one of the strong cells in Newgate. He defended himself as well as he could, but was overpowered by numbers. That's his message."

"When did you see him?" asked Hugh, hastily. "On his way to prison, where he was taken by a party of soldiers. They took a by-road, and not the one we expected. I was one of the few who tried to rescue him, and he call-

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Dr. Stephen E. Strong, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

ed to me, and told me to tell Hugh where he was. We made a good struggle, though we failed. Look here!"

He pointed to his dress and to his bandaged head, and still panting for breath, glanced round the room; then faced towards Hugh again. "I know you by sight," he said, "for I was at the crowd on Friday, and on Saturday, and yesterday, but I didn't know your name. You're a bold fellow, I know. So is he. He fought like a lion to-night, but it was of no use. I did my best, considering that I want this limb."

Again he glanced inquisitively round the room—or seemed to do so, for his face was nearly hidden by the bandage—and again facing sharply towards Hugh, grasped his stick as if he half expected to be set upon, and stood on the defensive.

If he had any such apprehension, however, he was speedily reassured by the demeanor of all present. None thought of the bearer of the tidings. He was lost in the news he brought. Oaths, threats, and execrations were vented on all sides. Some cried that if they bore this tamely, another day would see them all in jail, some that they should have happened. One man cried in a loud voice, "Who'll follow me to Newgate!" and there was a loud shout and a general rush towards the door.

But Hugh and Dennis stood with their backs against it, and kept them back, until the clamor had so far subsided that their voices could be heard when they called to them together that to go now, in broad day, would be madness, and that if they waited until night and arranged a plan of attack, they might release, not only their own companions, but all the prisoners, and burn the jail.

"Not that jail alone," cried Hugh, "but every jail in London. They shall have no place to put their prisoners in. We'll burn them all down; make bonfires of them every one! Here!" he cried, catching at the hangman's hand. "Let all who're men here, join with us. 'Shake hands upon it. Barnaby out of jail and not a jail left standing! Who joins?"

Every man there. And they swore a great oath to release their friends from Newgate next night, to force the doors and burn the jail, or perish in the fire themselves.

CHAPTER III.

On that same night—events so crowd upon each other in convulsed and distracted times, that more than the stirring incidents of a whole life often become compressed into the compass of four and twenty hours—on that same night Mr. Haredeale, having strongly bound his prisoner, with the assistance of the sexton, and forced him to mount his horse, conducted him to Chigwell, bent upon procuring a conveyance to London from that place, after carrying him off on before a Justice. The disturbed state of the town would be, he knew, a sufficient reason for demanding the murderer's committal to prison before daybreak, as no man could answer for the security of any of the watch-houses or ordinary places of detention, and to convey a prisoner through the streets when the mob were again abroad, would not only be a task of great danger and hazard but would be to challenge an attempt at rescue. Directing the sexton to lead the horse, he walked close by the murderer's side, and in this order they reached the village about the middle of the night.

The people were all awake and up, for they were fearful of being burned in their beds, and sought to comfort and assure each other by watching in company. A few of the stoutest-hearted were armed and gathered in a body on the green. To these who knew him well, Mr. Haredeale addressed himself, briefly narrating what had happened, and beseeching them to aid in conveying the criminal to London before dawn of day.

But not one man among them dared to help him by so much as the motion of a finger. The rioters, in their passage through the village, had menaced their fiercest vengeance any person who should aid in extinguishing the fire, or render the least assistance to him, or any Catholic whomsoever. Their threats extended to their lives and all that they possessed. They were assembled for their own protection, and could not endanger themselves by lending any aid to him. This they told him, not without hesitation and regret, as they kept aloof in the moonlight and glanced fearfully at the ghostly rider, who, with his head drooping on his

breast and his hat slouched down upon his brow, neither moved nor spoke.

Finding it impossible to persuade them, and indeed hardly knowing how to do so after what they had seen of the fury of the crowd, Mr. Haredeale besought them that at least they would leave him free to act for himself, and would suffer him to take the only chaise and pair of horses that the place afforded. This was not acceded to without some difficulty, but in the end they told him to do what he would, and go away from them in Heaven's name.

Leaving the sexton at the horse's bridle, he drew out the chaise with his own hands, and would have harnessed the horses, but that the post-boy of the village—a soft-hearted, good-for-nothing vagabond kind of a fellow—was moved by his earnestness and passion, and, throwing down a pitchfork with which he was armed, swore that the rioters might cut him into mince-meat if they liked, but he would not stand by and see an honest gentleman who had done no wrong reduced to such extremity, without doing what he could to help him. Mr. Haredeale shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him from his heart. In five minutes' time the chaise was ready, and this good scapegrace in his saddle. The murderer was put inside, the blinds were drawn up, the sexton took his seat upon the bar, Mr. Haredeale mounted his horse and rode close beside the door; and so they started in the dead of night, and in profound silence, for Leaden.

The consternation was so extreme that even the horses which had escaped the flames at the Warren could find no friends to shelter them. They passed them on the road, browsing on the stunted grass, and the driver told them, that the poor beasts had wandered to the village first, but had been driven away lest they should bring the vengeance of the crowd on any of the inhabitants.

Nor was this feeling confined to such small places, where the people were timid, ignorant, and unprotected. When they came near London they met in the gray light of morning, more than one poor Catholic family who, terrified by the threats and warnings of their neighbors, were quitting the city on foot, and who told them they could hire no cart or horse for the removal of their goods, and had been compelled to leave them behind, at the mercy of the crowd. Near Mile-end they passed a house, the master of which, a Catholic gentleman of small means, having hired a wagon to remove his furniture by midnight, had had it all brought down into the street to wait the vehicle's arrival, and save time in the packing. But the man with whom he made the bargain, alarmed by the fires that night, and by the sight of the rioters passing his door, had refused to keep it; and the poor gentleman, with his wife and servant and their little children, were sitting trembling among their goods in the open street, dreading the arrival of day and not knowing where to turn or what to do.

It was the same, they heard, with the public conveyances. The panic was so great that the mails and stage-coaches were afraid to carry passengers who professed the obnoxious religion. If the drivers knew them, or they admitted that they held that creed, they would not take them, no, though they offered large sums; and yesterday, people had been afraid to recognize Catholic acquaintance in the streets, lest they should be marked by spies, and burned out, as it was called, in consequence. One mild old man—a priest, whose chapel was destroyed, a very feeble, patient, inoffensive creature—who was trudging away, alone, designing to walk some distance from town, and then try his fortune with the coaches, told Mr. Haredeale that he feared he might not find a magistrate who would have the hardihood to commit a prisoner to jail, on his complaint. But notwithstanding these discouraging accounts they went on, and reached the Mansion House soon after sunrise.

Mr. Haredeale threw himself from his horse, but he had no need to knock at the door, for it was already

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DR. D. J. COSTELLO, member of the internal staff of the General Hospital, Ottawa, and who has extensive experience, states:—"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' with most beneficial results in obstinate constipation and biliousness, and found their action mild and non-irritating, and yet more curative than any medicine ever used previously. I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to those suffering from these complaints. At all drug stores or sent postpaid on receipt of price. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

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open, and there stood upon the step a portly man, with a very red, or rather purple face, with an anxious expression of countenance, was remonstrating with some unseen person upstairs, while the porter essayed to close the door by degrees and get rid of him. With the intense impatience and excitement natural to one in his condition, Mr. Haredeale thrust himself forward and was about to speak, when the fat old gentleman interposed: (To be Continued.)

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile, relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.



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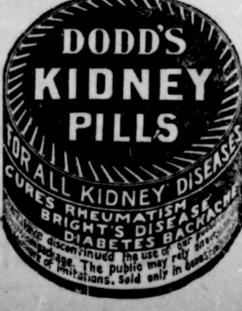


Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENT, and HOLY INFANCY. It lists the calendar for January 1906, including Epiphany and various feast days.

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

The HOME CIRCLE

POOR SMITH.

An ordinary man named Smith, living in an ordinary house in an ordinary town, gave \$10 to a charitable cause and his name was printed in the semi-annual report in due course.

all your noble sports and matches, as all bodily exercises tend to prevent anything bad from finding a place in your hearts and to keep you from sloth, which is the father of all vice.

A GENTLEMAN.

There is probably but one definition of the word gentleman, yet there are many ways of expressing that definition. Thackeray gives perhaps the most direct and pleasing expression of the word in the following: "To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to use them in the most graceful outward manner."

At another time the great novelist defines a gentleman in these words: "Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle; men whose arms are generous, whose truth is not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small?"

THE GIRL WHO WORKS.

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs?" "Oh, no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is mine; what is y-y-yours?"

"The girl who works," says the Paulist Calendar, "smiles at you from behind the desk, or the counter, or the printer's case." She is like a brave mountaineer already far up the heights, ever climbing upwards, always rejoicing. She has no time to sit down and mope and nurse the blues.

A HORNET'S NEST.

"Fair Passenger—'What's the matter, captain? You look quite worried.' Captain—'The fact is, madam, our rudder's broken.'"

She wonders why her friends don't flock about her, court her and call her "dear." It is because she never goes anywhere without a hornet's nest. She has it with her and is always giving it little shakes. Everybody knows how a hornet's nest acts when some one shakes it. She makes unkind remarks about every one and criticizes her best friends when their backs are turned.

THE DEATH OF AN OLD DOG.

Pope Pius X. made this little speech to the boy athletes who held a contest in the Vatican gardens a few weeks ago: "Our Lord Jesus Christ," said he, "used to meet with His best friends amongst the young, and I, looking at you now, can tell you that I love you. More than a father, I am a brother and a friend to you, and as such I admire, praise and bless your sports. I admire, praise and bless with all my heart,

The professed dog-lover above all things delights in reading about the death of a dog, and this little bit from Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's coming novel, a Beadick in Arcady ought to please the most tearful of them.

TO A VIOLET.

The Physic Habit THE RESULT OF USING SALTS, CASTOR OIL, ETC., INSTEAD OF THOROUGHLY CURING CONSTIPATION BY

Dearest little flower, Would that I might be Modest, sweet and gentle— Just like thee.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Mother—Harold, I'm surprised to see you so discourteous to your sister's little friends.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

Oh, a dose of salts will fix me up all right," you say, when the bowels become constipated and the liver and kidneys sluggish and congested.

Red is the signal for danger everywhere. Even in the far-away Society Islands the natives are bound to rush to the rescue when the red signal light is seen.

JUVENILE RIVALRY.

Constipation and intestinal indigestion cannot possibly be cured until the liver is made active in its work of filtering bile from the blood and pouring it into the intestines, where it acts as a natural cathartic, hastening the process of indigestion, and the removal of waste matter from the body.

First Little Girl—My papa is very tall. Second Little Girl—My papa is as tall as the garden wall. First Little Girl—My papa can look over it. Second Little Girl—So can mine, when he's got his hat on.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A DARING FEAT.

In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one greyhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with the aid of his perfectly trained horse, was slipping the greyhound catch it. Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small unwooded creek by the time I was within fifty yards. The little wolf tried to break back to the left. Abernethy headed it and rose almost over it, and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then he wheeled and came toward it. Again it galloped back, and just as it crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pounced it by the hind leg and threw it. The coyote was a scruff, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse in one hand and thrust the other with a rapidity and precision ever greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did—that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth. With his knees he kept the wolf from using his fore paws to break the hold until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured this coyote it was entirely free, the dog having let go of it, and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not twenty yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhound standing beside him and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes Fortescue and Lambert came up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

DARING OF LIONS.

It has been said many times that lions are cowardly brutes, but of the many lions with which I have had personal dealings, expected and unexpected, the epithet cowardly is the last I should consider appropriate in describing them. I have been charged by a lion, and he certainly did not look cowardly. I have come face to face at a distance of some 20 feet, with a family party of half a dozen, fortunately full fed. They stood, with quiet dignity, looking at us, and then slowly moved away, stopping every few yards to stand and look again. There was neither fear nor meanness in their appearance or behavior.

I have seen lions stalking game, and I have myself been stalked by them. If I could have encouraged myself with the conviction of their cowardliness when I was the quarry and they the hunters, it would have put a different aspect on the situation. We were at this time living in a station over seventy miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and when man eating lions took possession of the one road which led to this link things became serious.

A large troop was reported, and the natives maintained that this troop ran along in the grass parallel with the caravan road (a path some ten inches wide), and, having selected the most edible member of the caravan, jumped upon him like a flash, and, seizing him, disappeared as quickly as they came. Our small runners, attached to whom were a couple of native police armed with rifles, were several times attacked. Finally, as the wall party was camping one night, fortunately for it, with a native caravan, the lions became so bold that, in spite of fires, they sprang upon a native and carried him off into the bush—Mrs. S. L. Hinde in Blackwood's Magazine.

The professed dog-lover above all things delights in reading about the death of a dog, and this little bit from Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's coming novel, a Beadick in Arcady ought to please the most tearful of them.

There has been a big happening in Arcady, writes Mr. Sutcliffe, and Cathy has cried; and I myself have felt a nasty feeling in my throat. Old Flick is dead; I found him outside the door of my dressing-room when I went down for breakfast. Flick was an old dog, and full of sores and great old age; it was pitiable to see him waddle through the winter of his life, but to the end he was Flick, and we loved the beast as if he had been a sort of foster-brother. The way of his going was pathetic. Undoubtedly the dogs have subtle instincts denied to us, and in no direction is their "other sense" so keen, so delicate, as when death nears a threshold. It may be their own death that they foreknow; it is oftener the death of some human comrade. Search as you will through stories of the Northern lands, and you'll find constantly a shuddering faith in the dog's power of prophecy when he howls beneath the windows of a homestead; search as you will, you will find the dog has a peculiar place in men's lives, so that one is tempted to believe the old legend true when it says that erring souls are prisoned in these bodies, condemned to work out their purgatory fighting ever against that so-called dumbness which is only after all a foreign tongue.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parnee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

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

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry

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TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1906.

THE NEW ARTICLES.

As stated in our issue of last week, we propose to make a brief reference to the Articles of the United Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists.

The first and seventh Articles are a public confession of faith in the Unity and Trinity of God and the Incarnation.

Article II. is a sorry failure. It is all the worse coming immediately after a good clear belief in the Trinity and Unity of God.

Article III. is a sorry failure. It is all the worse coming immediately after a good clear belief in the Trinity and Unity of God.

Article IV. is a sorry failure. It is all the worse coming immediately after a good clear belief in the Trinity and Unity of God.

which have their source in the plenitudes of Him who is the Splendor of the Father.

It is hardly necessary to follow the many other points of the various articles quite so closely. They are replete with the usual errors of the so-called reformation.

One other point before closing. The Committee refused, at least tacitly, to reassert the sacramental character of matrimony.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The result of the municipal elections is accepted by the press of the city as a surprise; and with the cheerful idiosyncrasy that belongs to newspaper explanations of such matters,

The choice has gone against Boss Flavelle, it would appear. We are sorry for Mr. Spence. It was none of his fault.

THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGY.

One of the great outworks in the defence of the faith is philosophy. And of all parts of philosophy psychology is the fort which once taken leads directly to complete religious surrender.

there a human psychology? The conclusion is that psychology is a chapter of physiology. There is just as much reason, according to these materialists, to maintain that there is a human chemistry as that there is a human psychology.

At the outset we may say that it was hardly decent, though characteristic of the Toronto press, to start a disputation over Mr. Prefontaine's portfolio before that statesman had been twelve hours dead.

THE CENTRAL CLUB.

Last week we promised to say something in this issue with regard to a Central Club for our city, and its relation to outside interests.

Our argument against the sectional Toronto press is, that the state before all other considerations deserves and must command the ability of the best qualified men in the land.

sure and comfortable reception may be obtained, or where a temporary home may be had in which Catholic influences of any kind may be met with.

SECTIONALISM AND STATESMANSHIP.

We have grown so accustomed to the sensorious sectionalism of some of our Toronto contemporaries that many offensive absurdities for which they are responsible, slip from time to time into the channels of political comment without meeting due reproof or criticism.

ART IN OUR CHURCHES.

Not long ago we were told that Canada was away behind in the matter of art. The assertion caused a great hubbub, and of course we resented it and perhaps rightfully so.

Look at the new British Cabinet with its over-powering Scottish representation. The national vision of the British elector overlooks all thought of sectional origin in the consideration of political leadership.

Our argument against the sectional Toronto press is, that the state before all other considerations deserves and must command the ability of the best qualified men in the land.

that there is in the country such a thing as governing talent and that if it has not been grown in Ontario it is none the less Canadian because grown in Quebec.

It is sheer narrowness that would suggest absolute provincial lines in the selection of Ministers. This narrowness is not shared by the people.

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The St. Vincent De Paul Bureau

That the St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information has done noble service since its establishment a short time ago can be testified to by a large number of persons who have secured employment and others who obtained good employments.

Mother of Rev. Father Dumouchel, C.S.B., Dead

Mrs. Dumouchel, mother of the Rev. Father E. P. Dumouchel, the Vice-President of St. Michael's College, has just died at her home in Windsor, at the age of ninety years.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Spent His First New Year in Toronto Fifty-Five Years Ago—The Seat of Government Then Moved to Toronto From Montreal—Some of the People He Remembers That Were Here Then—There Was no Bishop but an Administrator, Father John Carroll—A Catholic Aristocracy—Other People of Worth and Merit.

It is fifty-five years since Old-Timer spent his first New Year's Day in Toronto. The Government had shortly before moved here from Montreal and Lord Elgin had taken up his residence in Elmsly Villa. Who the Mayor of the city was at that time I forget, unless it was William H. Bolton of the Grange, or Henry Sherwood. There was no ecclesiastical head of the Catholic diocese here then, as no one had been appointed to succeed Bishop Power, the first Bishop of Toronto, who died of the immigrant fever in 1847. Father John Carroll was administrator. He came here from Niagara-on-the-Lake, where he was the parish priest. He lived to be a very old man and died in Chicago. What priests were his assistants I do not remember, but there was but one place of Catholic worship in the city in use, and that was the Cathedral, which was not then quite finished. St. Paul's was the first Catholic church, built in 1826, but was not in use in 1850, or rather until the advent of Bishop de Charbonnel, which was later in the same year. There was not an English Catholic newspaper then in Canada, nor until the establishment of the "True Witness" in Montreal, during the same year, by Mr. George E. Clerk. The "Mirror," however, was published here by Mr. Charles Donlevy, and was partly a Catholic paper, partly an Irish paper, and partly a political medium, supporting the Reform or Baldwin side of the House. Mr. Donlevy was not himself a writer or an editor, and the late Dr. Workman and a man named McKenna, wrote articles for it. Mr. Charles Clarke, who then did not have the title of "Col." before his name, was a contributor to its columns over the "nom. de plume" of "Reformer," and was an advanced reformer. Dr. Workman, as a writer for the "Mirror," devoted his pen to criticizing the city council, and Mr. McKenna wrote Irish and Catholic articles. The circulation of the "Mirror" was very limited for the want of proper exertion.

The accession of the parliamentary people shortly before made quite an addition to the Catholic population. Louis H. Lafontaine was the Lower Canada premier, and Attorney-General for Lower Canada. He was a stout man of pleasant appearance, and I believe a good Catholic. Mrs. Lafontaine, too, I have a good recollection of. She was rather stout, too, and a very amiable lady, who, I mistake not, was chief. She lent a willing hand to all church enterprises and charitable objects. R. S. M. Bouchette, Commissioner of Customs, is another of the French gentlemen that I have a recollection of. He was in exile, I think, in Bermuda, after the rebellion of 1837, but was pardoned with a number of others, after Baldwin and Lafontaine came into power, and Lord Elgin was Governor-General. M. Cauchon, editor of "Le Journal de Quebec," filled one of the ministerial offices at this time. Cauchon was an indefatigable worker and rose by dint of great exertion, to the position of Commissioner of Crown Lands. Thomas Devine was here at this time, and if I mistake not, was a map maker, in the Crown Lands Department. Mr. Moore Higgins, of an old Toronto family, filled a position in one of the departments. So did Mr. William Kelly, a relation of his, who afterwards was appointed superintendent of the Boys' Reformatory at Penitanguishene. Mathew Ryan was a prominent man in the Inspector-General's office, when Mr. Hinc's was head of that department. He had the signing to do of all the provincial notes. The circulation of those notes, I believe, was given to the Bank of Montreal. Samuel B. McCoy was another man who came up with the Government. He seemed to have but occasional employment in one of the departments for he also accepted occasional newspaper work. I got acquainted with him through Mr. Bernard Cosgrove, who then had a bookstore here on King street, a little west of Church street. Myself and three other printers attempted the establishment of Toronto's first daily newspaper, named "The Daily Express," and he and an Englishman named Izard, were their editors. It was Izard who suggested the name of the new paper, after the Daily Express of London. Toronto was not then ripe for the new venture and its career was cut short, when McCoy found editorial employment on the "Mirror," with a limited salary.

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Diamond Setter, Jeweller, Watchmaker and Optician. 416 Queen St. West. Phone Main 2758. Toronto, Can. Mail and Phone orders promptly executed.

He was a fine scholar, a great and an eloquent speaker. He died in my arms where we boarded together on Frederick street. He was a native of the County of Limerick.

There was something of a Catholic aristocracy in Toronto in 1850, but principally confined to the female sex, and mostly, if not all belonging to the Sherwood family. The foremost lay member of the Church in those days was Captain John Elmsly, who was a convert. His father was a chief justice—Chief Justice Sherwood. The latter had a large family, the female members of which were Catholics. But there was a senior lady member—Mrs. Boulton of the Castle. She was the wife of Henry John Bolton, who had at one time been a judge. He was then in politics and represented the County of Norfolk in the parliament of United Canada, and although of old Tory stock, used to present advanced political ideas in parliament, but he had no following. He was antagonistic to Mr. Hinc's, whom I once heard him call in his place in parliament a "rotten politician." Old Mrs. Bolton, this man's wife, was the premier dame of the Catholic aristocracy, when I came here. Then came in succession Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Dr. King, and Mrs. John Crawford. Dr. John King was a professor of medicine in Toronto University, and one of the ablest physicians in Upper Canada. He was an Irishman born. He was not very popular with his fellow countrymen, because his affiliations politically were with the Tory party and the Family Compact. Mrs. Crawford was the wife of John Crawford, a well-known barrister, who afterwards became a member of parliament for Toronto, and under confederation, a lieutenant-governor of Ontario. Mr. Crawford was a very amiable Irish Protestant gentleman. A brother of his was at one time, before confederation, member of parliament for Brockville.

H. Quetin St. George, a Frenchman, was one of the Catholic aristocracy. His occupation was that of wine merchant, with a dash of romance attached to his career. He was one of a French Colony that came to York County in the days of the French revolution, and settled in one of the localities in the north end of the country, but ended in disaster, so in time all returned, excepting the Quetin family. It is said that Mr. Quetin arrived in this country on St. George's day. He was an agreeable gentleman and well liked. Another French Catholic, who ranked among the aristocracy, was Mr. De la Haye, the French master in Upper Canada College, and was greatly respected.

Col. Baldwin of the Gore was a Waterloo soldier, who was largely respected here. Although from Cork, the same county that Dr. Warren Baldwin, the father of the great reform leader, came from, they were not relatives. He was often called to preside at meetings of his Catholic fellow countrymen here. He raised a regiment of his fellow countrymen at the time of the rebellion of 1837, and had them uniformed at his own expense, but was never recouped by the government.

Captain McNamara was another Waterloo soldier, who resided here. I think he married into the aristocratic Baby French-Canadian family. He was a nice old gentleman who lived a retired life on Richmond street, a little west of Church. "Tom" McNamara, a well-known printer and publisher of those days, was a nephew of his.

Lawrence Hayden was a gentleman of worth and refinement, who was related to the Robert Baldwin family. He held a prominent position in Osgoode Hall among the law courts. He was Irish too, and after him is named Hayden street in the north end of the city.

Maurice Scollard occupied a position in the Bank of Upper Canada in 1850 and until the bank ended its career. He was an Irish gentleman, who was greatly respected. He was full of humor, good at repartee, benevolent and kind, but did not marry until well advanced in years. After him is called Scollard street, also in the north end of the city.

I know not who else to classify among those leading people, but there were others just as good, but who were new-comers. Among the business men whom I was acquainted with in 1850 and afterwards, were D. K. Feehan, who was agent for the Montreal Type Foundry. He was not long married, and was considered a good deal of a gentleman, educated, well read and discriminating. He is remembered for being the founder of the Toronto Savings Bank, and No. 2 Military Company, composed of Catholics. He was also one of the founders of the Catholic Institute in 1852. He was a good financier, a good soldier and a good man, until he met domestic disaster through a mixed marriage. He left here but what became of him is not known to a certainty. It is supposed, however, that he went to Mexico and there joined Maximilian's army and met his death.

Hayes Brothers were a family of merchants here in 1850. They occupied two large warehouses a little east of St. James' Cathedral on King street. One house was devoted to wholesale groceries and the other to hardware. In 1854 they went into shipbuilding and built two fine vessels at Coldwater, but at that time there was no demand for lake craft, and the enterprise ended in great loss to them. The brothers were Martin and Thomas. There was another brother named Barry, who now resides at Ottawa, who married a Miss Collins, whose father was one of Toronto's earliest newspaper men who was persecuted and ruined by the tyranny of the Family Compact. Michael Hayes was another brother, who received a university education at St. Louis. He was educated for the law, but took to the press and started the Catholic Citizen newspaper, which flourished for a time, but was sold to James G. Moyland and Jas. Mallon and changed to the Canadian Freeman, in the interest of T. D. McGee. There is another brother in Chicago, who is a Jesuit priest, connected with the Jesuit College.

The father of this great family was a medical man, Dr. Hayes, but did not practice here. He owned real estate and gave his time largely to the interests of the Church and acted as a temporal adviser to Bishop Charbonnel. I understand all are dead except Barry, at Ottawa, and the Jesuit Father at Chicago, who is head of the Catholic Truth Society there. Dr. Hayes, the father, came here from Cork, Ireland. WILLIAM HALLEY.

William Halley Recalls Incidents of Thomas D'Arcy McGee

(Hamilton Herald, Dec. 30.)

William Halley, Toronto, the well-known Old Timer who has been writing recently in a reminiscent mood of Hamilton and Hamilton people, gave a very interesting lecture in the C. M.B.A. hall last night on Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor, and Canadian Statesman. Mr. Halley treated his subject in a judicial manner, not only eulogizing D'Arcy McGee, but mentioning some of his failings as well. At the outset of his lecture, and again at its conclusion, he expressed regret that there was no shaft or monument to the memory of this great man.

Mr. Halley told of McGee having been born in County Louth, Ireland, in 1825, and educated in Wexford county. He came to America on the same vessel as Mr. Halley, Mr. McGee being then seventeen years of age and Mr. Halley ten. This was before McGee had returned to Ireland and taken a prominent part in an intended Irish uprising in Scotland, and he left the British Isles disguised as a priest. He had been on the staff of the Dublin Nation, which newspaper was started in 1842, and was suppressed before McGee sailed for America. The various experiences of McGee as a newspaper man were recounted. His brilliancy was shown in the fact that not long after he went on the Boston Pilot as subscription solicitor he was editor of the paper. He was only eighteen years of age then. He gave 2,000 lectures in the United States, and his oratory charmed all who heard it.

Among McGee's failings was that he did not stick to the same friends, and sometimes he did not stick to the same principles. He differed with his friends a great deal. McGee went to Montreal from New York, where he had been editing a paper called the American Celt, and he started the New Era in Montreal. He began the movement which resulted in confederation, and the articles of confederation were drawn up by him. Within a year of his arrival in Montreal he was elected to parliament, where he made a name for himself in a short time by his eloquence and patriotism. He was called a rebel, but he was not a rebel in Canada. His assassination by Whalen was spoken of by Mr. Halley, who said the assassin was worked up by British spies to commit the deed.

Arthur O'Heir was in the chair. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks to the lecturer was passed and a hope expressed by the chairman that they would often have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Halley. A pleasing musical program was given by the following: Solos, Mrs. Palmer, W. J. Melody, and Miss Hanley; recitations, by Miss Gertrude Brick; Mrs. Cochrane was the accompanist. Miss Brick is a clever young elocutionist.

Rev. Father Harty, B.D., Will Lecture

As announced in the Register last week, Rev. Father T. Harty, B.D., of Killarney, who is visiting America for the purpose of raising funds to complete the O'Connell Memorial Church at Cahirciveen, the birthplace of the Liberator, has arranged for a lecture and concert in Toronto. Father Harty has enlisted the co-operation of a number of prominent Irish Catholics of the city and leaders of the various national societies for the purposes of his meeting which will be held in Association Hall on Thursday, Jan. 18th. The choir will be taken by Hon. J. J. Foy, who will be supported by other leading citizens. First-class talent has been engaged for the musical portion of the evening. The subject of Father Harty's address is well set forth in the following letter written by the Mt. Rev. John Mangan, Bishop of Kerry, and presented to Father Harty on his departure from Ireland. We hope the demand for tickets will be general and prompt. Tickets are on sale at John P. McKenna's, Yonge street, W. E. Blake's, Church street, and J. M. Landy's, Queen street west. A preliminary meeting of the committee will be held this Thursday evening at St. Vincent's Hall. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

The Palace, Killarney, Jan. 1905.

We cordially endorse and approve of the appeal Canon Humphrey O'Riordan, P.P., Cahirciveen, now makes to Irishmen at home and abroad for funds to complete the O'Connell Memorial Church.

It is not quite creditable that this great National Church, founded well nigh a quarter of a century ago as a monument to O'Connell, the great Irish Tribune, at his birth-place, still remains unfinished—a by-word and a reproach for the foe and the stranger to scoff and point the finger of scorn at. The Memorial Church, indeed, if left much longer in its present unfinished state, would come to be regarded not so much a monument to O'Connell as a memento—a sad memento in stone—of a nation's ingratitude to one of its greatest benefactors and most illustrious sons. Such apathy and indifference to the memory of the mighty dead—the heroes and great men and worthies of the land—would soon incur the stigma and merit the reproach of national ingratitude.

But we hope that the slur will be wiped out and the reproach taken away as the result of the effort, that is now with commendable zeal being made to complete and furnish and adorn this noble edifice until it becomes what it ought to be, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, a national monument of which Irishmen may be proud, a worthy memorial for all time of O'Connell's name and fame.

It must never be said that the church of O'Connell's own parish and a monument to 'the Liberator,' was left unfinished for want of funds. O'Connell deserved better of his country. Irishmen are proud of O'Connell and justly proud. For his

is unquestionably the brightest name that adorns the pages of our country's history—one of the few of those immortal names that are not born to die.

If Irishmen are proud of O'Connell then, as well they may, and take credit to themselves for being his countrymen, let them be grateful also, and show their gratitude now by contributing to complete this noble church to the memory of the most distinguished Irishman of his own and perhaps of any other age.

We hereby authorize and depute the Rev. Fathers T. Harty and D. Finnegan, two young priests of our Diocese to go and solicit subscriptions for this object among their fellow-countrymen abroad in the greater Ireland beyond the seas. We earnestly commend them to the charity of the faithful, priests and people, everywhere they go. We bespeak for these two devoted priests an hospitable reception at the hands especially of the ever faithful Irish Catholics in America and the Colonies—exiles from Erin in these foreign lands.

Our generous faithful Irish people were never yet appealed to in vain for a good and noble cause; and what cause could be better or more noble than that of God and country, of Faith and Fatherland, of civil and religious liberty and equal rights for all men—the sacred cause that will be associated forever with O'Connell's name for which he spent himself and was spent, to which he devoted his life to the neglect of his own party interests, of which he was the able, eloquent and unflinching advocate in his time.

(Signed) JOHN MANGAN, Bishop of Kerry.

Home Bank's Fine Home

The Home Bank of Canada on Jan. 2nd threw open its doors to the public, adding one more to the country's substantial banking houses. The new head office with its massive Grecian columns stands one of the most impressive houses of the city, and is the most conspicuous structure near the juncture of King and Yonge streets. The Home Bank is the logical issue of the Home Savings & Loan Company, which for a great many years was a factor in the finances of the city. Tuesday of this week it entered the list of chartered banks, with 9,000 depositors and with a record of deposits exceeding three and a half million dollars. The old office at 78 Church street will be continued as a branch, and a branch is being conducted on Queen street, near Bathurst. Arrangements have been completed for the immediate erection of a large banking office on the northeast corner of Queen and Bathurst streets.

It is in the palatial head office that interest more immediately centres. Passing under the great pillared entrance, one is first impressed with the vault-like ceiling that carries with it the idea of solidity. At the rear is the great concrete treasury vault with its time locks and the Holmes electric burglar call service. In the massive concrete door are heavy steel back bars six inches apart and running vertically as well as horizontally. Inside this again are two big burglar-proof safes.

The treasury vault is impregnable. An explosion that would make an impression upon it would startle the whole city. Contiguous to this is the book vault, equipped with steel cabinets and steel book trucks for moving the heavy ledgers and office records. Adjoining the vaults are the offices of Lieut.-Colonel James Mason, General Manager and Director, and of Major J. Cooper Mason, D.S.O., Manager of the Toronto branch. Major Mason is the son of Lieut.-Col. Mason, and won the distinguished Service Order in South Africa. From his office a full view of the interior of the bank may be obtained. The receiving and paying tellers' cages are all fitted with the latest safety ideas. In the basement cloakroom accommodation and other comforts and conveniences for the staff are provided.

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Father O'Leary Appreciated

A few days ago an enthusiastic admirer of Father O'Leary, the zealous priest of Collingwood, entered the office of the Catholic Register and declared his belief that it was a shame that all the work Father O'Leary was doing was never noticed in our paper. The visitor had scarcely begun to enumerate the many works of his pastor when we cordially agreed with him, and before he concluded our enthusiasm was quite equal to his own. He also brought with him the following clipping from a Collingwood paper, showing the high place its parish priest holds in the estimation of all classes and creeds: "It would be a distinct loss to the cause of education, as well as to that

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THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION 59 Yonge St., Toronto

of brotherly love, if the Rev. Father O'Leary should fail to be re-elected at the head of the poll to the Board of Education. In a town where there are no Separate Schools, it would not be consistent with our boasted British fair play to deprive his church of representation. But apart from this, Father O'Leary, by his culture and training, his great executive ability and his unfailing wisdom and courtesy in dealing with his colleagues, and with teachers and pupils alike, is peculiarly fitted for a seat at the Board. We are justly proud as a town that sectarianism has never embittered our public or social relations as citizens, and it is gratifying to know that Father O'Leary is being supported generously by those of all creeds and classes.

In seven months after taking charge Father O'Leary paid off the debt of \$1,500,000. Through his influence a beautiful bell in memory of the late Thomas Long, has been erected at a cost of \$1,000.00. A handsome sanctuary lamp has been presented by Mr. M. P. Burns, and adoring angels in statuary by Mrs. Thos. Enwright. Interior decorations have been done to the church, cement sidewalks laid and an ornamental fence put up. The choir with its efficient organist, Miss Doherty and its newly appointed director, Miss Roseland Patton, a young lady who has just returned from finishing a musical course in Germany, is now the best north of Toronto. The Christmas music was especially fine. A sanctuary boys' choir and the children's choir for the early Mass have both been established. A Literary Society is also on a solid footing, and its vitality may be gauged from the fact that on a recent occasion it made during one night's entertainment the sum of \$700.00 for church purposes.

From all this it is easy to see that Father O'Leary and his people are one and that the same affection which bound him to the people of St. Mary's, Toronto, is reproducing itself in his greater charge at Collingwood.

Found at Last

Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

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The Pedlar's Pack

(By Frederick Rogers, D.C.L., author of "In the End—Being the Romance of Two Worlds.")

Reprinted with the permission of the author and his publishers from Part III. ("The Search for a Queen") of "The Nonsense Stories; Le Roman d'une Pussie Chat"—E. M. Renouf, corner St. Catherine and University streets, Montreal.

So the two men leisurely strolled along the pretty cow path and soon reached their camp fire again. Then they refilled their pipes and threw themselves on the grass before the smouldering logs.

"Now, as to our plans, Machele. I'll unfold to you a little plan of campaign which I have roughly sketched out in my mind. Only roughly, mind you. If the general plan meets your approval as an 'outline' we can easily—between us—fill in the details and minutiae and thus complete the sketch."

"All right, mon Sieur—go ahead, if you please," said Machele.

"Now, it has occurred to me that in order quickly to pick out a queen, we must make what 'politicians' call a 'house to house canvass'; in other words, we must pay 'domiciliary visits,' as it were, to as many houses as we can—we must visit as many houses as we can—in as short a time as possible. Now, how are we going to do this? Well, one plan which suggested itself to me was that we disguise ourselves as strolling tinkers and go round from house to house—singing lustily and in a deep baritone—basso-profundo style of voice:

"Pots to mend?
Scissors to grind?
Umbrells to mend?"

"But there were one or two objections to that plan. First and foremost, I did not know a single thing about the art of mending either pots or umbrellas. Then as to scissors I felt afraid I might spoil them if I attempted to sharpen them. The fact is I was afraid I could not be a success as a strolling tinker. Of course you might understand the art of mending pots and umbrellas and of grinding scissors. You are so skilled at most anything you tackle, old fellow, that it would not at all surprise me even to learn you were an expert and adept in the art and handicraft to which I have referred."

"Not I," said Machele.

"But anyway, I thought it would be more desirable if an avocation could be picked on and followed in which we could each distinguish ourselves. Then, happily, I thought of the profession or avocation of a strolling pedlar."

"A strolling pedlar!" dreamily repeated M. Machele.

"Yes, that's it—capital thought—'happy thought'—as the saying is—wasn't it?" enquired the Siour.

"Please go on and explain—I don't quite see," answered his friend.

"The fact is, mon cher, it is just the vocation, profession or line of life in which we can greatly distinguish ourselves and in which we can have lots of fun—and the most important factor, or perhaps I should say feature, is this: By following the art or profession lastly named, we can probably obtain an audience in a less space of time and with a far greater number of domicelles—both fair and brunette—than we otherwise could. Why, we will go through this whole country carrying between us a 'pedlar's pack' containing ribbons and laces and a-singing in a deep baritone—basso-profundo—contralto—alto-soprano—tenor and mezzo-soprano tone of voice—as it were, so to speak—these so beautiful and so pathetic lines:

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

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Machele.

"It is no laughing matter," resumed the Siour. "You remember we not only have within a short time to see a great many ladies—fair and brunette—but we have to decide as to their relative merits. Can you think of or suggest any better method?"

"None! The idea is first-rate in every respect. It, of course, naturally took me by surprise at first. But I'm already getting used to the idea, and I feel already that I like the avocation—in fact that I am rapidly becoming, as it were, an ornament to the profession—and I like the Song of the Order, what were the words again? Oh, yes, I've got 'em."

"And here the sensational writer rose to his feet, bowed to an imaginary audience, placed his right hand over his heart and commenced to sing in a deep falsetto—as it were—voice, the words:

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

"Well done, indeed, my fellow pedlar," said the Siour d'Ulric. "That is all right. We'll succeed admirably. Don't you see we can travel from house to house and be a welcome guest in every house—high and low—great and small—they'll all welcome the travelling pedlars. We could not have hit on a happier expedient. All ladies—both fair and brunette—just 'dote'—as the saying is—on 'ribbons and laces,' and you see we have no idea at all where we may expect to find our Queen who is to be—perhaps in shepherd's cot, perhaps in Ancestral Hall—it matters not; she'll want to see our 'ribbons and laces' and so we'll see her. Do you see? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Siour.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his friend in unison.

Then Machele said in a reflective tone: "There is one thing, though, we need; in fact we can't get on without it."

"What's that?" anxiously asked the Siour.

"A supply of ribbons and laces with which to fill our 'Pedlar's Pack' afore mentioned."

"That's right—I have already thought of that," said the Siour, looking relieved.

"We brought with us a good supply of 'em. What we'll do will be to find out the name and address of the nearest dealer in such articles—make straight for his store or shop, and fill up our 'pack' or valise—by the way, we'll also have to buy one—then we're ready to sing our pretty little song and to commence active business. We'll sell our merchandise very cheap, Machele. 'Small profits and quick returns' had better be our motto."

"Certainly," answered the Sessional Writer. "We'll meander down the valley—first thing in the morning and interview the owner of these two 'cow bosses.' We'll find out the road to the nearest dealer in ribbons and laces, and then we'll make tracks. We won't let the grass grow under our feet, will we, mate?"

"No, sir," said the Siour. "Now let us put an extra log or two on this fire and get to sleep. It may turn a little chilly 'fore morning, especially as the wind is from a cold quarter."

Inside of ten minutes each of the tired voyagers was in the "Land of Nod"—wherever that may be, and sleeping soundly.

This was the gentleman—Old Man Jackson, as he was generally called—who now came out of the little railroad office and came a-walking down the street, playing with the heavy seals on his watch-chain as he walked—a little playful habit he had.

"It's something in the wholesale way, is it?" he asked, addressing the good man and his wife and the two "farmers"—who stood together "in a bunch," as it were.

"Well, Mr. Jackson, the fact is these two gentlemen are furriers and they did wish to buy a pedlar's pack and a few ribbons and laces."

"Oh, I see," said the merchant, proceeding a little way down the counter and commencing to take down some boxes containing pretty ribbons and opening them up to the admiring eyes of all present: "Here's some of the finest ribbons ever imported into this Continent of British North America. I do feel sure—real silk, woven by the hand on the far-famous looms of Lyons—that is in France, you know. The house in Mont Royale with whom I deal only import the very best goods, you see."

"And I've most any width you could want—and as to prices, I'll make the price very reasonable. How many yards can you handle? Perhaps I had better cut you some from each roll?"

"We are ever so much obliged," answered the Siour. "We would like to invest in a fair stock of ribbons and also in a fair stock of supplies you have them also. It depends upon the price and upon the extent of our 'em."

"Yes!" What are 'em, my dear sir?" asked the astonished merchant—adding—looking at his fair wife—"I never heard of such things afore; did you, my dear?"

"No," answered the fair lady.

"Never heard of 'em'—why, they are 'the current coin of the realm'—as we read in the school books at school," answered M. Machele.

"The current coin of the realm?" repeated the merchant. Of what realm? This is a part of Great Britain, of course. We are a Crown Colony under British rule, you know that?"

"Ah, to be sure; perhaps after all the 'em' will not pass current here," the Siour answered reflectively.

"Let us see one of 'em anyway," asked the merchant, and the Siour untied the heavy bag of coin which he had been carrying in his hand so far and so long. Then he put his hand in the bag and brought out to the admiring eyes of the merchant and his fair wife and the honest yeoman and his fair wife, a few shining yens, saying as he did so: "I fancy they are all right—they're just as they came from the bank. I was in a hurry coming away and I sent a boy carrying to the bank with a cheque and asked him to bring me a bag full of yens, and here they are."

"You're sure they are not counterfeit?" asked the merchant, his eye travelling instinctively towards the big placard of warning hanging up in the store.

"Oh, I guess not," answered the Siour with a laugh.

"What bank did you say?" pursued the cautious merchant.

"The Traders Bank of Hionburg—they also have branches or agencies at other points—Catburg and Pussburg, and I think Tomlinson's Landing. It's a well-known bank, one of the oldest in the Kingdom."

"It's a strange thing, but I do not seem to be able to recall the name! 'Traders' Bank of Hionburg?' Wait a minute, kindly—I'll go into my office and get out our bank directory; it gives the names of the leading banks in Canada and the States and their European correspondent."

It is known everywhere.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not known.—Wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Electric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

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In a couple of minutes the merchant returned with the book in question—bound in red—and said: "I should easily be able to find 'Hionburg,' as the places are given in an index—alphabetically—that's as they come, you know—accordin' to their first letter. Now let's see" (putting his big forefinger down on the page) "here's 'M'—now let's see—Micauburg—Micauburg—Micauburg—don't seem to be any such place. What's the name again of those other places you mentioned?"

"Catburg, Pussburg and Tomlinson's Landing. I am not sure whether there is a branch at the last place, but I think there is."

The merchant wrote the names down with a pencil on a piece of wrapping paper which was lying before him, and then looked for the names. And then he rubbed his head again and said: "Pears like I must have heard 'tell of some of those places."

"Are they well-known places?" he continued, looking at Machele.

"Sure," answered that gentleman. "Micauburg is the capital, you know—the seat of government. The Houses of Parliament are there—the noble and hereditary house of Sieurs and the Commons' House, you know."

"I must, of course, have read or heard tell of all them things," said the merchant, "but I can't really place any of 'em just now." And it is very strange I can't find any mention of 'em in the Bank Directory. I pay three dollars a year for this book and it must be right."

In the meantime the merchant's fair wife had been looking at the pretty coins—and all of a sudden she exclaimed:

"Why, King William isn't here at all—nor the late King George either! It's some other King—King-Grim—Grim—I can't make out the letters very well."

"His Majesty King Grimalkin the First," said the Siour. Whereat he and M. Machele took off their caps.

"Cat ascending up on its hind legs on top of a Crown," continued the lady.

"Why, certainly," said M. Machele. "A Grimalkin—in other words a Pussie-Rampant—as the Heralds say—surmounting the Crown Royal."

"Well, all this seems very strange, but it must be all right. You gentlemen, I am sure, would not attempt to pass counterfeit money in this 'ere store. I noticed you reading the 'Warning' hung up. There may be such places as you say and such a King as you say. This book may not be entirely complete, and this is a wonderful age in which we live, to be sure. What is the name of the country from which you furriers have come?"

"The Land of the Grimalkins," promptly answered M. Machele; "and a fair land it is, to be sure."

"But," my dear sir, I proposed his cautious wife, the trouble is that even if you do take this bag of 'em—as I think the gentleman call 'em'—or a certain number of them—what'll we do with 'em? If your whole sale houses in Little Muddy York, Mont Royale, or Trois Rivières will take them in payment of your accounts or in part payment, well and good. You could send 'em down next time you are remitting. But if they won't take 'em—what can you do with 'em? You could write to 'em and ask 'em, or you could write to one of the banks in those towns and ask 'em what a 'yen' is worth—whether they pass current at par or at a discount, and if so, what discount. If they won't take 'em at all nothing could be done with 'em except perhaps to send 'em to some place where they buy curious coins and such."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Jackson, you have spoken like a prudent wife," said the Siour.

"Aye, aye," said Machele.

"Now, I'll tell you what we'll do—with your permission"—continued the Siour. "At present we will only give a very small order—one we may, perhaps, in a sense, be said to have received on our way hither, this very morning. My friends here have the money—good undoubted money—with which to settle for the order. Then as to a pedlar's pack—you can perhaps lend us a big valise or portmanteau which will answer for the name as a 'pedlar's pack.' As security for its return you may keep as many handfuls of the 'yens as you wish. We will either return the valise within ten days from to-day, or we will buy it from you or else purchase a new one."

"Right glad we will be, sire, to go thus far to oblige you," said the merchant. Then turning to his fair wife he added: "My dear, will you kindly see if we have a valise or portmanteau or something which will answer for a pedlar's pack to lend those gentlemen—pedlars?"

"Certainly," said the lady, as she lightly tripped away.

"Now for the order, gentlemen," said the merchant, briskly.

The Siour handed him the order, which he read after putting on his spectacles, and then said: "Where that order is easily and quickly and cheaply filled. Our mottoes, you know—I saw you reading 'em'—are: 'Small profits and quick returns' and 'Live and let live.' Now, gentlemen, you perhaps had better let Mrs. Williamson pick out your ribbons for you. The fair sex are better judges than we are of such things."

"Did you say the lady's name was Mrs. Williamson?" asked M. Machele.

"Why, certainly," answered that lady. "What would you think it was? By what name would you have called me if you had been speaking of me to some one else?"

"I think I would have probably called you," answered the gay Sessional Writer. "The lady who owns the lovely pansy beds."

"And so would I," said the gallant Siour. "And I would have called her good husband 'the honest yeoman who owns the two 'cow bosses.' However, now we know your names, we will be able to call you 'Mr. and Mrs. Williamson'—that is, when we are speaking to others. Of course when we are speaking to one another we will probably still use the pretty and romantic appellation we have mentioned."

"Ha! ha! ha! Pretty good," laughed the gude man and the merchant in unison.

"What funny folks you furriers are to be sure!" said the faire gude wife. Meanwhile the lady picked out the ribbons she thought pretty and the merchant with his scissors had cut off the proportion required and had deftly and neatly done up the order in a small packet. Then the country man took out her purse and handed to the merchant the necessary funds. The merchant as he looked at the coin proffered him, said with a smile: "This is what you call 'good and lawful money of Canada.'" Then he added: "I will make out a little invoice of the goods and hand it to the gentlemen pedlars." As he did so he said: "Gentlemen, this is my first invoice or statement current to your firm. Hoping this will be the beginning of a business between us which will be mutually satisfactory and eminently profitable."

By this time the fair wife of portmanteau, bearing a large valise or portmanteau. As she brought it to her husband she said: "My dear, this is the only valise I can find. It is one you take with you when you go down below sometimes to buy goods. You have not used it for over ten years, and it may be an equally long time afore you go below again. You know we've found we can order our goods equally well by letter, and it saves a big bill of expense."

"Right you are, my dear. I don't suppose I'll ever use that valise again. I think it better to order goods by letter. You know then just what you want and what you are ordering. But when one goes below to buy goods he is apt to 'lose his head.'"

"How 'lose your head'?" asked the Siour. "I don't understand."

"Well, you see, when a country merchant reaches Little Muddy York or Mont Royale, or Trois Rivières—or any other place, I suppose where merchants most do congregate—as they say in the old play—his arrival soon becomes known. And between you and me and the lamp-post, he is treated a little bit too kindly—made a little bit too much of. Now, suppose I reach the town at four o'clock this afternoon—about eleven o'clock, when I have just finished my dinner and am smoking a quiet pipe in my room—a knock comes to the door and in comes a gentleman who shakes me cordially by the hand and says, afore I can gasp for breath, so to speak: 'Mr. Jackson, the well-known merchant of 'The Corners.' How do you, sir? How have you enjoyed your long journey from the great North Land? Really nice weather, isn't it? I thought you might be a little lonesome, and I thought I would just drop in and ask you if you would not accompany me and some of 'the boys' to the theatre. MacFarson is going to take the part of The Ghost in Hamlet, and he makes a jolly good Ghost. And so he drags me away to the theatre. Then when the play is over he says: 'I say, Jackson, I would like to take you over to the Club and introduce you to some more of 'the boys.' And so keeps me out of bed until three or four in the morning."

Then he leaves me to sleep. But he does not leave me for long. About nine o'clock that morning just when I am finishing my breakfast, he calls on me and says, 'Can't you ask the waiter to bring me a cup of coffee? I'll drink a cup with you, if you'll be so kind.' Then after breakfast he lights our pipes and stroll down street and first thing you know he or his firm has not got me booked for a hull lot of things, which I don't want and which remains on my shelves unsold for ever so long. They mean well, of course, I suppose; the goods look all right and are all right, and probably are all just 'The style,' and are 'just in the prevailing fashion'—as they assure me—and they probably would 'sell like hot cakes' in some other locality; but they don't sell well at 'The Corners'—as I find out—and so I am put to more or less inconvenience, perhaps even loss, in the matter."

(To be Continued.)

Robert's Visit

Robert was very fond of his neighbor, Captain Somes. It seemed so wonderful that this man had been round the Horn—to the head of the Baltic Sea and to Spain and Australia; it was more wonderful that he had found his way back.

"But, Captain Somes," Robert asked one day, "the waves all look alike. How did you know whether to turn to the right or the left?"

"You come over to supper with me to-night and I will show you a little instrument that told me just which way to go," said the captain; and this invitation filled Robert with importance for the remainder of the afternoon. When he was being washed and combed and made ready for the visit he began to have some misgivings, and to wish that his mother were going, too. There would be no one to attend to his napkin—for he was only six years old, and he knew things were so apt to go wrong at tables. He wishes that the captain had brought that queer little instrument told quite naturally about it. But it was too late to change the plans, for there was to be an early supper for him, so he could be back at bedtime.

"Now, remember, Robert," his mother said, "be sure to say 'Yes, I thank you,' and 'No, I thank you.'"

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Robert remembered this when he saw the table set in snowy linen and when the captain helped him into a great leather chair at the end of the long table. All went well until the maid passed some delicious tarts. "Yes, you can eat some of those," said the captain, "can't you?"

Then Robert blundered. "No, I thank you," he said, and then he could have cried, for the maid took him at his word and set them out of his reach. He looked down at his plate and turned very red.

The captain sat eating the tarts with a relish, and telling him funny stories all the while. Presently he said, "Aren't you a little sorry you didn't have a tart?"

Robert choked and answered hurriedly, "Yes, I thank you." At least this was true.

"Well, well," said his friend, "that is a mistake that is easily corrected," and smiling a little. "Kitty, you put the tarts right beside Robert's plate and let him help himself."

Placed at being right this time, Robert's spirits revived and he was soon talking and laughing in his old, happy way. He was not sure, however, that he really liked visiting until they were in the library, and there he saw the wonderful compass and heard the strange thing about the little finger always pointing to the north. It seemed a very small thing to be so much help in finding Australia.

When Robert's big brother called for him he told the captain what a splendid visit he had had.

"You aren't sorry you came, then?"

"No, thank you," said Robert.

"And you will come again?"

"Yes, I thank you," said Robert; and that he went home, feeling that he had the right words in the right place, and that he had an uncommon reason for being proud of himself. — Mrs. J. Stafford in Youth's Companion.

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SOGGARTH AROON

When I served on the English mission, frequent house-to-house visits in my district formed, as I remember with mixed feelings, no unimportant part of my ordinary duties. This system of visitation is undoubtedly a very useful, or rather a very necessary one for the interests of religion in the non-Catholic atmosphere of an English city.

To go among them was a source of pleasure to me in one sense, and of pain in another. It was a pleasure to receive their warm, friendly Irish welcome; and it was a saddening, painful thing to see how indifferent many of them had grown in the practice of their religious duties.

I confess it often brought a lump into my throat to see, in my rounds among them, an aged Irishwoman sitting by a cold, cheerless grate, or stove, in some miserable sium-house with a sad, far-away look in her tear-dimmed, weary eyes, plainly tokening to my fancy that she was dreaming of a cottage in holy Ireland, situated, mayhap, on a pleasant green hillside or in a smiling valley, in which she spent her happy girlhood, but which she could never see again.

Some time after I was fairly settled down in the Mountain Parish, the bright thought struck me that, as I was overburdened with work, I might, profitably to my people, and with agreeable variety to myself, introduce the English system of house-to-house visitation among them.

In the excess, perhaps, of my zeal, and as I afterward thought, in the superabundant exuberance of my missionary enterprise, I accordingly started off one fine morning for a round of visits, taking the leading road, or rather "boreen," up the mountain-side.

I had a blackthorn in hand, and was armed with the census book which my predecessor had compiled. I may say, in passing, that I considered this book defective and incomplete in many particulars; and it was my intention to bring out an improved and amended edition of it, with marginal notes regarding the different entries,—notes that might, perhaps, prove useful to future curates.

Yes, your reverence, with the help of God. Sure, what other consolation have we but our mass and our religion, thanks be to God for everything!" I noticed, after I had made some few visits, that my going around in this manner, book in hand, caused no small commotion among the people. They were not used to see their curate perambulating the parish in this systematic way, except when on his "outsquest"; and as that was then over and past, it evidently puzzled them to know what could possibly be the object of this strange manoeuvre of mine.

seemed certainly a plausible and not improvable one. Some houses were forewarned of my coming by lynx-eyed youngsters who saw me from afar and scurried home from the meadows or cornfields to startle the household with the news: "The priest is coming!" In such cases I found the kitchen "swept and garnished," and the woman of the house and her daughters in immaculate aprons, and with hands and faces suspiciously clean and fresh-looking for a working-day. In other cases, however, my advent was not noticed in sufficient time for the womenfolk to make so elaborate a toilet. Then, if the man of the house happened to be within, he would come to the gate of the "bawn" and hold me in conversation, in order, as I judged, to give the women time "to put a face on the house," and perform a hasty ablution.

The good woman of the house, however, generally held her ground and received me, all unrepresentable though she might be, in an apron made of cheap gingham. Although I waved the matter as utterly beneath my notice, she would insist on making profuse apologies for having been "caught in the dirt," and bewailing her want of foreknowledge of my coming; while at the same time she wiped a chair for me to "sit and rest"; and brushed dog, cat or hen out of the way, in a strenuous effort to show me all the attentions possible in the circumstances. I charitably tried to make it appear that I did not notice the embarrassing situation, although I could not help seeing many laughable things while seemingly absorbed in my census book. I think, anyway, that I observed more than the most suspicious of them would give me credit for; but it was with a sympathetic eye, not a cynical or unfriendly one.

As for the little children, they showed no disposition to evade me, no matter how utterly and unappealingly unrepresentable they might happen to be. Despite frowns and mute warnings from the women to induce them to stay in the background, they crowded around in their scanty, well-ventilated garments, and regarded me in wide-eyed wonder, and the more irresponsible of them ventured so far as to finger my bran-new, silver-mounted umbrella—one of my Liverpool presents—with hands recently employed in kneading a mud-pie.

"It's very hard to keep a stitch of clothes on them at all, Father," one woman said by way of apology for the scarecrow, tattered appearance of a half-dozen gossamers of hers. "The way they tear and tatter and flitter everything, they'd want clothes made of leather, so they would. Sure, I'm worn out tryin' to mend for them; for it isn't often poor people can buy new clothes for their children, the creatures, God help them!"

In this manner I continued my visitations for a few hours, correcting my predecessor's census book in many particulars, and adding copious annotations. When I inquired, however, about ages in order to supply omissions which I found here and there in the book, I got rather dubious information. The girls were not sure about their natal year; and their mothers, through "bad memory" and the "confusions" of life, had quite lost count of Mary's or Bridget's age. It dawned on me at last that, as the girls were unmarried, and had a seasoned look about them, to boot, there might possibly be good and sufficient reasons for withholding from me the desired information. In consequence of this suspicion, I made no further inquiry regarding the age of young women who seemed to me to be more than thirty. I let the blanks in the age column stand.

Moreover, after a few trials of this imported English system of visitation among my mountain folk, I concluded it was a work of supererogation. Fishing for souls was unnecessary here. I was struck, too, with the ludicrousness of having to play a game of hide-and-seek with my parishioners when I swooped down on them thus in all the unpreparedness, disorder and chaotic confusion of a small farmer's house on working days. In any case, there was no necessity for "Mahomet to go to the mountain," for the mountain came freely enough to Malomet. Indeed, I was not long in the parish before my cottage became a sort of Mecca, so numerous were the visitors from among my flock who came to these interrogations, the people thus challenged looked at me in surprised astonishment, or, as I imagined, in suppressed amusement, apparently uncertain whether or not I was serious. When they understood that I was in earnest the answer generally was:

All this, no doubt, was very flattering to weak human nature, and calculated to foster in me an overweening opinion of my own consummate wisdom and importance. But the corners had been pretty well rubbed off me by my English experience, a circumstance that made the chances of my being spoiled by kindness here more remote than might otherwise have been the case. Hence, although the Mountain Parish was my first curacy in my diocese, it found me a veteran missionary—in my own estimation, at least. I must, however, indicate some few of the multifarious offices I was now called on to undertake as curate of this obscure Arcadian parish. I speak of course of offices and honors of a quasi-secular kind, thrust on me, willingly, by my parishioners, and not immediately or directly concerned with my purely spiritual duties. It was plain to me that these faithful, devoted people regarded me,

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In and Around Toronto

MISSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

A Mission, unique in respect to the fact that it is the first ever given in the city under the direction of the Passionist Fathers, is now in progress at St. Joseph's parish, Rev. Father Norbert McClosky of Dun-

Form III., Seniors.—Excellent—E. Boisseau, F. Ellard, J. Griffin, E. Galvin, J. Gibson, P. Hynes, A. Maloney, H. McEvay, R. O'Connor, F. Plumbtree, H. Woods, J. Wallace.

SAID FIRST MASS.

The Church of St. Francis was privileged to begin and end the year in an exceptional manner. On Sunday, Rev. Father Drohan, C.S.S.B., whose home is in this parish, sang High Mass assisted by Rev. Father Finnigan, C.S.S.B., as deacon and Rev. Mr. Morley as sub-deacon.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN RELIGIOUS.

The death of Sister Mary Regina Brennan of St. Joseph's Community, which took place on January 1st, removes a Sister well known both in and outside Toronto as one of the most excellent amongst the teachers of the Community of which she was so exemplary a member.

MRS. MARTIN J. BURNS.

To the home of Mr. Martin J. Burns, 99 Grange avenue, Christmas Day, brought sudden and great sorrow, for with but a few hours warning it deprived a husband of one who had been his life's partner, and deprived four sons of a loved and loving mother.

MRS. DENNIS LYNCH.

The death of Flora Loury, widow of the late Dennis Lynch, occurred at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. John Meade, of Danforth road, Scarborough.

FATHER FITZPATRICK APPRECIATED.

Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, who is doing such good work along educational and scholastic lines, was at the annual closing of the schools, presented by the pupils of his High School, and by the teacher and pupils of the school section with an address and handsome presents, appreciative of his labors in their behalf.

Hibernians in North Lanark

Irishmen of Almonte to the Front.

A wave of Hibernianism has been passing over a great portion of the great County of Kennebec for some time, and instead of exhausting itself where it originated, as waves of popular enthusiasm frequently have, has actually invaded the neighboring County of Lanark, where it has received fitting demonstrations of welcome, more especially in the picturesque town of Almonte on the banks of the Mississippi, where Irishmen with their sons and their grandsons marked their approval of and devotion to the principles which it symbolizes on the night of Wednesday, 12th inst.

The Hibernian gathering at Almonte on the night of Dec. 12th was both large and respectable, and was composed of the Gaels who have made that pretty town their home. Amongst those present I recognized the familiar faces of Messrs. P. C. Dowdall, M. J. McCabe, Patrick Daly, John Fay, Thomas Walsh, John Ryan, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Wm. McGrath, Edw. McCabe, James Malone, James O'Donohue, James Byrne, B. Grace, P. Meehan, Michael Malone, John Maxwell, R. O'Sullivan, E. O'Reilly, John O'Reilly, Wm. Carroll, B. Meagher, James Maguire, Edw. Horan, J. J. Hourigan, V. Cullen, John Fitzgerald, M. Erwin, M. Traynor, John McGrath, F. Malone, E. Hogan, Michael Hogan, Wm. Maher, P. McGrath, P. Malone, J. Hartnett, Thos. Lambe, B. Bolton, M. Kennedy, L. Dowdall, T. Timms, Timothy McAuliffe, etc., etc.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the Rev. Father Harkins took the chair and had on either side of him Rev. Canon Corkery of Pakenham, Rev. Father Kavanagh of Huntley, Messrs. M. Harvey, Arnprior; John Slattery and Patrick Daley, both of Almonte. The initial number was vehemently encored. The next was a violin duet ably rendered by Messrs. Bolton, McGrath and Malone.

The chairman, in commencing the feast of reason delivered a most interesting address. And then called upon Rev. Canon Corkery of Pakenham. The Rev. Canon introduced himself to us as "the baby of the diocese" although he had not proceeded far when we made the discovery that the "baby" had grown to be a man as well as a Canon, and that from the platform, as well as from the pulpit he can talk to us words of wisdom.

Father Kavanagh of Huntley was the next speaker introduced and before he had uttered many words the audience felt that a new leader had arisen.

Father Kavanagh is comparatively a young man, born in the Township of Goulburn, County of Carleton, who, since his ordination, not many years ago has successively filled the incumbency of the parish of Metcalfe, Ont., as well as that of St. Malachy, Que., and I am pleased to say that in both places are many whose prayers have followed him. His appointment to Huntley is of a recent date, hence people around Almonte had not an opportunity of hearing him, such as I hope the future may offer.

Mr. John Slattery of Almonte was loudly called upon and responded with a sound, practical address, which was well received. After an interesting speech from Mr. Patrick Daley of Arnprior, a gentleman who seems to

be a citizen of the whole province, was introduced.

I had occasion, in my imperfect report of an A.O.H. gathering at Arnprior, to tender some friendly advice to this gentleman, but he will not take it, and at Almonte "bobbed" up with as much serenity as he always does.

The proceedings having terminated, about 70 members of the local Division, with their friends, adjourned to the hotel of D. J. McDonald, where an ample spread embracing every delicacy, was placed before us, and needless to say, ample justice was done. Speech and toast and sentiment were the order, and it was only when the small hours appeared that the party separated, sorry to part and happy to meet again.

RAMBLER.

The Canadian Catholic Union

(Contributed.)

Last Saturday evening in McConkey's Palm Room, the Canadian Catholic Union held the annual meeting to which the members invited their lady friends and which was known as "ladies' evening." The dinner was served promptly at 6.30 in the usual good style.

Dr. W. H. Drummond of Montreal read from his poems on French-Canadian life and was ably assisted by a musical programme. Dr. Drummond delighted the 150 who attended. Through his engagement at Massey Hall on the previous evening had taxed his voice, Dr. Drummond was in fine fettle and rendered the several selections in a manner that only the leading Canadian poet can. That all present enjoyed the reading goes without saying, for there was the additional pleasure of being presented to the famous poet and the grasp of the warm hand of the large-hearted and noble Canadian.

On motion of Rev. Father Canning, seconded by Mr. Jas. E. Day, the audience tendered their thanks to Dr. Drummond through the chairman of the evening, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan. Messrs. Fulton and Thompson sang solos in rare fashion and Master Ernest Seitz rendered several choice piano selections.

During the course of the evening about an hour was spent by those present visiting among their friends. This was another pleasing feature of the evening. All passed off splendidly, making an ideal meeting for the members and friends of the Canadian Catholic Union.

Notice to Creditors

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

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 38 of Chap. 120, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, who died on or about the 4th day of November, 1905, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Rev. John L. Hand the executor of the last will and testament of the said Bridget Whitty, deceased, on or before the 25th day of January, 1906, their Christian and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims, and statement of their accounts (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

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

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

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