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The Catholic Register.

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

Vol. IV.-No. 52

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMI ₹ 24, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Two Christmas Eves.

(A STORY FOR THE REGISTEE)

"Don't Lislicth, don't take on so, my girl, 'twas the will of God.
"Ay, Joe, I know that but 'tis hard, ye don't know how hard."
"I do know, lass. I do know, and I feel for ye, it were a cruel blow to less the hittle one; dest think I don't care?"
"No, no, husbaud. I know how for dony owere of her. but ye can't feel it as I do, goin' out as ye do most every day ye can't miss her like me. that has to stay home and think of her every minnit in the day, and mind how shy used to run overywhere after me: till when I remember that she is gone, and I shall never hear her little feet patter in' about, and her sweet voice callin' 'mammy, mammy' again, my heart well nigh breaks," and the poor woman laid her head on her husband's shoulder and burst into tears.

He, poor man, helpless as men always are before the tears of a woman, could only stroke her hair, an I whisper words of consolation in her car. They were humble fisher folk, but their hearts beat tender and loving bomeath their coarse olethes, and they were sore hearts too, on this Christmas Eve, that should have been so joyous in spite of poverty, and seant living; for had they not buried their only child, protty four year old Mary, just a month ago to-day. So Lisbeth wupt unrestrainedly, and Joe, clumsy, tender hearted fellow, tried to comfort her, his own oyes full of tears, and his breast aching in sympathy with his wife's grief. Their little cottage stood almost on the brink of a steep cliff down which a path led to the beach, where Joe's beat was drawn up high and dry just at the foot of the recks, which overhung the shore osufficiently to afford a safe shelder for it in bad weather. Soveral other cottages were scattered about at short intervals, for Bleakheld was in the estimation of the inhabitants at tleast a fishing village of considerable importance, the cliff path, from I recovering herself with an effort, she reached the proceed the proceed the procedular to compete the procedular to the form a neal behind the door, and wrapping it around her head and

about at short intervals, for Bleakdone was in the estimation of the inhabitants at least a fishing village of considerable importance, the chief catch being herings, which were also salted and cured, the latter portion of the work being done by the women and girls. Being situated upon a particularly dangerous part of the coast, where wrecks were of frequent occurrence, Bleakdone boasted a lifeboat, the crow being made up of volunteers among the hardy fishermen. The sun was just about to set in a red and angry looking haze, there had been a gale the day before, and the wind was still blowing in strong hard gusts, lashing the white crosted waves hither and thither, till they burst at last upon the beach with a dull sullor roar, and flung out far reaching arms, which grasped overything movable and sucked it back into the seething and angry soa.

ngry sea.

Joe looked out of the little window, at

angry sea.

Joe looked out of the little window, at the high billows of foam far out upon he water. "Twill be a turrible night again, I'm afeard, 'Lisbeth," he said.
"The wind is gettin' up, an' the sea 'ud most swamp the lifeboat, I reckor.."
'Lisbeth acquiesced wearily, she had sat down in a low chair before the fire with her chin buried in her hands, and was gaxing with tear reddened eyes inthe fire. Joe glanced at her anxiously he knew she must be roused from the state of tehtargy into which she seemed to be falling, but how to rouse her, or indeed, what to do at all, he scarcely knew. He debated the possibility of taking her over to her mother's, a good from miles inland, and had just decided that the scheme was impracticable in the present state of the weather, and the low spirited condition she was in, when a sound, faint and distant, but reverberating through the little cottage like a message of woo, reached the strain his cyce over the fast darkening sea.

tion, and leaving ner seat, sne rusned-towards him and flung her arms around his neck.

"Don't go, loo for my sake, don't go, you will be drowned, I know you will hely can do without you, they can't get to the ship in such a sea, don't go!"

"Why, Isboth," said doe staring at the half hysterical woman, "'taint you, surely, you to go and beg doe Wilmot to shirk his duty! I wouldn't a believed it; no, no." As his wife's consense in the star of the same of turned a deaf ear the same of the same of the same of the same as a said say I see the float, an'no man shall say I see the float, and the float of the same of the same shall say I see the float of the float on ship in disters, let me go, "girled," The tone was sterner than he intended: the clinging arms relaxed, a look of agnosised repreach came into the tear dimmed eyes, and his wife foll to the floor in a dead faint.

"My God!" exclaimed Joo in alarm. He knelt down beside the motionless figure, and took one of the cold hands in his. "She'll die if I leave hee," he muttered, in an agony I despair. Just at this juncture a shout faint and : "uflied, but still audible, came in at the open door. "Joe Wilmot Joe!" Joe arose, love struggling with duty, at length the latter conquered, and with a last despairing glauce at the pre-strate figure, he answered, with a stentorian shout. Comin' and sprang through the door and down the cliff path at a breakneed, speed. Partly aroused by her husband's shout. Lisbedi opened her oyes and shout. Lisbedi opened her oyes and her head and shoulders, steggs account into the howing what had occurred, she resched the top the float and weak, took her off her foet, but recovering herself with an effort, she reached the top of the cliff path, from whence strugglied to a feet and still faint and weak, took now the steep

it was the cry of a ship in distross, that some sound so terrible to hear, but doubly so on this day of all days; the eve of Christmas, when everyone on land and sca is proparing for the joyous festivities of the morrow.

Joe turned to his wife, "Dost hear it lass?" he asked. "Hark! there it is again, the minute gun, tisa ship our The Needles for sure, 1 must be going they'll be getting the lifeboat—" auddenly he age they are the properties of the morrow." Even as he spoke the open the properties of the work of the mount of the distance twist us and the wreck." Even as he spoke his car snapped in two with the tremer days if the mount of the mountains of sea that were rolling in shore. The distance is a the more relative to the morrow than two hours don't he was nearly preciping that the value he was the object to the list of the mountains of sea that were rolling in shore. The wind the distance that may be said therefore." Even as he spoke his car snapped in two with the toment days the shock. Recome from those kept for such emergencies, from the was nearly preciping in the the room, his clothes driphing with wet, and his face almost white with a suppressed combine. "For heaven's sake come quick, Joe Wilmot, they're laurching the life bar." The tide's dead against us, boys." The tide's dead against us, boys. The tide's dead against us, bo

The captain caught this suggestion and in-tautty acted upon it, the beat's head was turned to the wind with considerable difficulty and the crew pulled with a will right in the teeth of the howing gale. When the captain considered that they had covered the distance necessary to enable the wind to carry the line in the direction of the simple against the teeth of the simple gave the order to fire. With a loud hiss the tery messenger sped upward into the air carrying with it the siender line attached to a stout cable, that in its turn would carry salvation to the agenical watchers on the ship.

With breathless anxiety the crew of the life-boat watched the flight of the rocket. Would it miss? It fell short of the ship, and the order was given to tack to leeward. Another rocket went up, and again missed. Calculating the distance to a nicety they fired again, and this time a shout wou up, the line had fallen clear over the wrock. It was instantly scized, and the life boat aided by strong arms from the doomed ship began to make headway against the tade. All this time the ill-fated schooner had been graiding and rasping on the terrible rocks, overy wave washed clear

A Christmas Carol.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

Hark! the joyous chimes of Christm Ringing on the midnight air, Bring to mind those merry tidings, Tidings brought by angols fair. See, the ground in white is mantled. And the snowlakes still descend; Pale and ghostly, struggling monobles With the hush'd surroundings blend.

With the finish of surrountings below.

Look, the faithful fast are flocking.

To assist at Midnight Mass;

Coming, whispring up the readway.

Thro' the portals wide they pass.

View the church, adorned and brilliant

Sending thro' our souls a thrill;

Hear within the choir's sweet chantings

"Peace on earth, to men good will."

At the altar bright with splendor, Stands the priest enrob'd in white Stands the priest enrol'd in white Loud and solemn peals the organ, Praise to Him, the King of Might. Thurifers their censers swinging, Acolytes their torches bear, Thousands kneel in adoration. Off'ring up their humble pray'r.

Backward look thro' bygone ages, Travel over time and space, When the King of Kings became the Man-God Savier of our race. oor and lowly was the dwelling Of the Babe of Bethlehem, In a rude-wrought crib reclining, Sov'reign with no diadem.

While some lonely shepherds reaming Tend their flocks upon a hill, List! they hear strange voices chanting

"Peace on earth, to men good will."
Lo! the heaven's sudden brightness, Joyful anthems fill the air : ome news is there narrated

Hail, then, Christmastide with pleasure, And rejoice upon that morn; For our God, the Infant Savior, To redeem mankind was born.

To redeen mankind was born. Beg of Him the grace, hereafter To dwell fore'er above In the Mausion of His Father, Boundless Source of Endless Love Montreal, December 1896.

over the decks broadside on, and threatened to swamp the vessel.

"She can't hold out much longer," said Joo Wilmot, auxionsly, "I don't here to do much good, sho's rolling and lashing about like a live thing,"

"Some on 'en can get over the lime anyway," said Harry, "We shall be sure to pick some o'nu up."

"Some on 'en can get over the lime anyway," said Harry, "We shall be sure to pick some o'nu up.

"It's the child!' exclaimed Harry and the cream of a control, the combined of the charming about like a live thing," it around his waist, he plunged one more, faint and exhausted though the combined one was, into the sea, and struck out for the spit where to white object was last seen. Buffeted by the angry waves, binaded by spray and almost deaded and they sould show that they were gong to take hoack it show owith them out of biose. Indied they sow it have to be with object was last shor with them out of those hundred and fifty souls they would have foreseen what they were gong to take heack it show owith them out of biose. Indied by spray and almost deaded and the combined roar of wind and shing towards the ship and, bursung against her hull, forced her over till her rigging almost touched the sea, at the same time the water, forced onwards by the health of the combined roar of wind and the first own of the man the crew of a struct and the first own of the man the crew of a struct and the first own of the man the crew of the were with a pretty gold to ket that the first own of the man the crew of the were with a pretty gold to ket that the first own of the man the crew of the were with a pretty gold to ket that the combined roar of wind and the first own of the man the little structure of the charming that the combined roar of wind and the first own of the man the little structure of the charming that the special pretty of the man the little structure. It is the child!" the structure of the charming that the special pretty of the combined roar of wind and water, force of the were it with the special pretty of

Doat, the recer of which had almost forgotten the wareke, as them all the about the face of their control. Her alteration was acculated to it almost income, and the state of the control of the state of the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the state of the control of the state of the state

i which the other girls and women were bobliged to perform, and when she removerated with them. Jor would wave bits pipe. "Your father an mother was genti-folks, hassic, and any your kin were workers to claim yor, they shant any event women to claim yor, they shant any event women to claim yor. They want and they were a comen to claim yor, they shant any and and you will be bright and want and you will be would and they were to him, and would she go and bu kely laty, she would say." No thank you were a which Joe would rour and ask' risbeth to listen to the your work want would not a were were they was standing at the window, bother out over the weat much as Joe had done out over the weat much as Joe had not very bright for a face only just convalenced, and things did not look very bright for a Morry Christmas on the morrow.

Joe had gene down to the village to a willings the form the weath of the work would not the work willings the your things to go will and arms some money, it is a shame that I should be a burden on the work willings to your had had a willing, which turning and the sky looked lower the willings will be a burden on you like this you are not a burden of you had been had on the work of the your work of your had had a child of your own, tell will have so had an allowed. I would not the your had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had had a child of your own, tell work you had you had

le-

Santa Claus in a Dilemma.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

The Re-istre.

Ing the funny little reindeer sleight be-bled up and down over the house tops and around the chimneys at a rate that would have made a norvous person shudder, if there had happened to be one among the mottey crowd of pessengers seated in it. Fortunately, however, they were all gifted with strong nerves, and the sensation of travelling on the roof did not affect them at all. As for the diver, jolly old Santa Claus, he was perfectly indifferent to any possible danger: he was so used to it he never thought anything at all about it, he had come over from Germany every year for hundreds of years in that fisshion and never had an accident.

So away they rattled and clauged, the jolly old face crowned with the queer peaked cap, peering out from among the motely collection of toys dolls, drums, trumpets, horses, donkeys, neahs arks, story-book, puzsles, and hundreds of things, "to numerous to mention, as the reporters say. There was one lovely doll in particular, dressed as a bride, who coupied the place of honry in the sleigh. Her husband a handsome young prince was sented beside her. These two had only just been married and this was their wedding trip, thy were very great people in Toyland where Santa Claus comes from, fact the prince was the son of the king of the toys, who is brother to Santa Claus, so twas his own nephew and nicee whom Santa was taking as a preseent to some fortunate little [IT]. You may be sure he knew they would be well taken care of, for Santa Claus goes around to all the different houses every night for a week before Christmas and listenens at the keyhole, so like her than the nicest toys.

"Dear me," said the princess, "what a very long way it seems, have was only further to go?"

nicest toys.

"Dear me," said the princess,
what a very long way it seems, have
we got much further to go?"

'No, my dear," replied Santa,
only a few roofs further on, and there

am nearly frozen," grumbled

"I am nearly frozen," grumbled a big drum, "I'm sure my parchment will crack as soon as the boy I'm going to gives it a thump."
"Wrap the buffalo robes over you, then, and don't grumble like that or you will burst yourself," said Santa Claus. It was not surprising to anybody to hear the drum speak, for in Toyland all the toys can talk, it is only when they come down to earth that they lose the power of speech, and become as we see them in the stores, but every night, when everyone is sound asleep the toys come to life again and toll each other all their experiences.

sound asleep the toys come to life again and tell each other all their experiences.

"Here we are!" said Santa Claus, suddenly, as the reindeer stopped short just under a large chimney, "this is your destination prince and princess, and also that of the rocking horse, gun, noah's ark and picture book; wait a minute," he continued, as all the toys mentioned tumbled out of the sleight: "I must go down alone, first, and see that all is ready for the princess, lend a hand, will you, my bo? Steady, there, that's all right, be ready to hand clloriosa down, when I call." and puffugand grunting with his exertions, Santa Claus elowly elimbed down the chimury. Everything was silent for a time, the prince listened intentify for the pronounced call. At last sounds became audible, more like numsted grunts proceeding from some-body lying underneath a feather bed than anything else.

"What is the matter?" asked Gloriosa anxiously.
"I don't know, my love, I cannot make out what he says," replied her husband.

"Perhaps he's stuck," suggested the noses ark.

The noises and grunts became more audible every moment.

"He will wake people up if he makes

audible every moment.

"He will wake people up if he makes that noise, whatever can be the matter?" said the princess, thoroughly slarmed.

larmed.

"Hush, I'll call him; uncle uncle!"
nouted the prince down the chimney,
what's up, are you stuck?"
"No.0-0," came a mulled voice in
sponse, followed by another inarti-

tesponse, followed by anomalic culste grunt.

"I can't make out what he says, except that he ien't stuck, I cannot think—hark, no, yes—he's coming

except that he sent stucs, I cannot think—hark, no, yes—he's coming op!"

Bure onough, a moment afterwards the jolly old face as red as a poppy, bobbed up over the top of the chimney. Beerptody siezed him and dragged him to safety, and then began a storm of questions, "what? why? where? who? which? &c. "O, do be quiet, children It exclaimed Santa, at last, mopping his face with a large red handkerchief. "give me a minute's peace, and I'll tell you, I've nearly lost all the wind I ever possessed," where upon a brownie siezed a pair of toy bellows and energetically puffed a current of air at him. "There, there, that will do; I'm very much afraid those children down there will find

WRITTEN FOR THE RECISTER.

"Cannot you think a way out of the difficulty, princess?" asked Santa Claus.

Now the princess was a fairy in her own country, and a very clever one too, and besides she felt so sad to think her little mistress should be so bitterly disappointed that she began to think her little mistress should be so bitterly disappointed that she began to think her little mover on the she had in Toyland everyone felt certain she would hit upon some plan of getting them out of the dilemma, and they were not mistaken.

"Do you know where the pantry is, uncle?" she asked at length.

"Yes, I think it is somewhere at the back," replied Santa Claus. "I,—now, yes I know! the pantry dor opens right on to the garden, but why do you want to know?".

"You shall see, if you will drive us round to the back of the house. I will explain my plan."

"All right, tumble in everybody, come up, Beauty and Flash (to the reindeer), steady there we are," and he pulled up just on the margin of the roof overlooking the garden at the back.

roof overlooking the beautiful princess peeped over. "Is that the pantry door down there?" she asked, indicating a door in the wall just below them, down which a drain pipe led from the channel on the roof.

"Yes, my dear."

the roof.

"Yes, my dear."

"That is all right then, it could not be better now, where is the little gray mouse?"

Instantly a tiny clockwork mouse ran from the bottom of the sleigh where he had been lying snug and warm and sat upon his haunches at the princess' feet. She immediately sang in a very sweet voice:

"Little groy mouse with the sharp, sharp teeth, Run down the wall to the door beneath, Gnaw 12 you never gnawed before, And gnaw 2 big hole in the pantry door."

Gnaw as you never gnawed before,
And gnaw a big hole in the pantry door."

Away southed the little fellow down
the drain pipe, and presently they
could hear the crunch, crunch of his
teeth on the wood-work. Suddenly
he rushed up the wall again, trembling
in every limb and crouched down
under the princess' gown.

"The cat!" exclaimed everybody.
Sure enough when they looked over
there was a big tabby eat with great
eyes as big as omeralds and as bright,
glaring up the wall at them.

"What's to be done now?" said
Santa Claus almost in despair. "Its
nearly half past two, and it will never
do for me to be caught out in day
light, nobody would ever believe in me
any more. Think again Gloriosa."

Bo Gloriosa began to think again;
presently she asked: "Where is the
little French poodle?"

Out popped as small French poodle
with his hair cropped to make him
look like a lion, and he too sat up on
his hind legs in front of the princess,
who began to sing:
"O poodle, O poodle, there's a pussy cat
there.

"O poodle, O poodle, there's a pussy cat there, And she frightened my little mouse into the

air.

Look over and see where the pussy cat sits,
Then jump down and frighten her out of
her wits."

The poodle looked over cautiously till he could see where the wicked green eyes were looking up so hungrily, and when he had made sure where Miss Grimalkin was, he gathered himself up, and over he went, very nearly alighting on top of the scared cat. Sput—spit! fung! and over the fence she flew, never stopping to look behind her.

"Now you can go down aga'n, mousey," said the princess, and the little mouse crept down again and began industriously gnawing at the pantry door.

"I will go down and see how he is getting on," said Santa Claus after a few minutes waiting. "I'll call up to you as soon as the hole is large enough, then you must come down as cautiously as possible."

cautiously as possible."

So he went down, and presently he called cut, "I can get my head in."

A few minutes more and he exclaimed, "I can get my shoulders in." At length he called up, "Come down, my dear, I can get right in."

Come building feward in the other

"I can get my shoulders in." At longth he called up, "Come down, my dear, I can get right in."

So bidding farewell to the other toys, the prince and princess, the rocking horse, gun, Noah's ark and picture book climbed down the drain pipe and stood beenle Santa Claus. The little monse and the poodle would not leave the princess, so they all entered the dar. and silent house together. They soon found the children's room, and there on the beds were three little curly heads dreaming blissfully of the full stockings which had had such a narrow escape of boing empty ones.

'Good-bye, my dears,' whispered Santa Claus, and the next moment he was gone, a faint tinkle on the roof was heard for a moment and then—silence, and sleep.

"Goodness me I" exclaimed Sarah Jane the next morning when she entered the pantry the next morning in search of cidibles for breakfast. "If those mice aint been and bored a hole right through the door, whatever can have come to that there cat.' She must have eaved em through, for they haven't touched a thing on the sholves."

the shelves."

Sarah Jane was English and had
not been over very long, which per-laps accounted for the closed damper;
the little grey mouse could have
accounted for the hole, by of course,

the groy mouse could have accounted for the hole, by of course, he could not speak.

When the children discovered that the damper had been shut all night their consternation and wonder were unbounded.

"Papa," said Gerty. "However do you spose Santa Claus got in?"

"With the damper shut," said Bobby.

"An all de doors looked!" piped little Chris.

But papa was busy examining the

But papa was busy examining the little clockwork mouse and winding it up to run about, so perhaps he did not hear the question. At all events he did not answer it. TRRESA.

Some Live Weight,

How often do we hear it said of a man and woman who are wealthy, that they are of "great weight", in the community amongst which they reside. Without vouching for the wealth of the Havey family of Araprior. I will give the suggested avoirdupors weight of five of them: namely Thomas, Robert, Michael, his wife and sister, who any day, in morning costume, and without their breakfast can tose the other end of the beam with 1100 pounds into the air. The Mesers Havey with their sister, are children of the late Mr. James Havey, whose sterling honesty placed him in possession of great 'weight' amongst the first generation of settlers along the Ottawa Valley. Sand Point.

MAGAZINES. How often do we hear it said of a

MAGAZINES.

Bonahoe's a Splandid Vumber

Bonho's a Spleadid Namber.

Bonho's a Spleadid Namber.

Tho December Donaboo's is decidedly a Christmas number. Electoral topics and other subjects of general interest are discussed from varying standpoints, but the persuance of the subject of the subject of the subject and other subjects are discussed from varying standpoints, but the persuance of the subject of

Gladwick, Mary B. O Sullivan and G. L. de Cidoucha.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the threat and lungs from viscid phlogm, and a mediately relieves and frees this is the best medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the threat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syzup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given urbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, alults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Professor Garner has failed in his efforts to phon graph the language of the apes in Africa. He went to the wrong place. If he had gone to Boston or Detroit he would have been able to get at least one phrase for record in any A. P. A. jungle. "Tellwiddepope!"—Boston Pilot.

نظماتتاملنا Alms of Monsieur L'Abbe.

OHN I. OBSCRET IN THE COSMOSOLITAN

The Reverent Father Francis after three years of missionary labor in the lonely wilds of Alaska, had been bidden by his superior to return to of wilization and exploit the needs of the Innuit, those untutored Eskune for whose good he had been consuming his vital force. Not infrequently does it beful those who penetrate to the remote lonelinass of this frozen North, with the isy steristic, it is achingly silont stretches of tundra, and its goading desolation, to dissipate their reason there. The mind suscembs to the oxhausting isolation of the Arotic.

Father Francis returned to more congenial conditions with his montal faculties unimpaired and his heart as hotly jealous to labor for the good of his rude Alaskans by lecturing in the East as he had been to toil for them in their own barren habitat.

One morning, after a very successful lecture the evening before, he was yet more beartoned over the financial success of his venture by a postal money order, from Prance, which he found in his mail. It had been for warded from Washington, which he had visited some weeks before. It was from Marseilles, whence the good Abbe Francois X avier Brune! sent to Father Francis the noble donation of thirty nine lundred francs for the Alaska mission.

Seven hundred and eighty dollars was a protty windfall. The accompanying letter from the beneficent abbo of the warm South was a most fitting concemitant of such holy prodigality: "I have read with abundant edification, my reverend father;" the letter

panying letter from the beneficent abbo of the warm South was a most titting concomitant of such holy prodigality:

"I have read with abundant edification, my reverend father," the letter ran, "of your labors in Alaska I have been moved to send you my modest alms for the benefit of these helpless sons of the frozen North, esteeming it a priviledge to co-operate in so noble a spiritual work, and, despite my unworthiness, to become thereby a participant in its rewards."

Certainly a very consoling letter, charming and thoroughly French in style. Gallic ascoticism does not eschow academic elegance in its period. Father Francis smiled at the "modest alms," but this minimizing touch accorded with the magnanimity of a French priest who contributes ogoodly a sum to a mission not in charge of French missionaries. Probably this generous abbe was even more open-handed to the missions cultivated by their priestly sons of France.

oultivated by their priestly some of France.

He sent the order to the postal authorities in Washington, asking, them to convert it into one payable at a New York office. He promptly received in roply an order for thirty-received in roply an order for thirty-six cents, with a note that the transfer from a foreign to a domestic order involved an expenditure of three-cents.

cents.
Thirty six cents!

conts.

Thirty six cents!
For a moment, Father Francis stared in blank amazement at this rediculous sum. What could it mean? Of course, there was evidently a grolesque mistake somewhere. But how had they hit on thirty six cents? Why cents? Why thirty-six? They said they had docked three cents, so they must have read it thirty-nine. Suddenly the good pricet burst into a long hearty laugh. It had dawned on him. The order from the abbe read 'trente neul' cents.' Thirty nine hundred (francs understood, of course) But these delightfully droll people in Washington had read it as "thirty-nine cents," had subtracted three cents and sent him thirty-six.

It was a most amusing misappre-

vasing on may read to as "thirty-nine cents," had subtracted three cents and sent him thirty-six.

It was a most amusing misapprehension, but annoying, too. Father Francis looked at the order in this new light and acted as a "devil's advocate" against his own view of it, to see if there could be anything said for their side. A French abbe, especially one in the South of France, would not be likely to even know the English word "centa." But if he had used the word in English he would have put the "trente-neuf" in English, too Again, had this good abbe intended to cend such a feather-weight donation several thousand miles away to the scattered Eskimo of an enormous country like Alaska, he would at least have bought a two-frame money-order, which would have been forty cents.

The more he reasoned it out, the more Father Francis felt convinced that the Washington postal authorities had made a comical blunder. But as it was a micunder-standing that deprived his Innut of seven hundred and seventy nine dollars and sixty one cents, it could hardly be termed slight.

He returned the order to the authorities, setting forth these reasons for items.

donare and saxy one cents, it could hardly be termed slight.

He returned the order to the authorities, setting forth these reasons for declining to accept a version of the abbe's postal-order in such accordance with the "modest alms" of that worthy's letter. The order was returned to him unchanged, the post-office people contending that they had read it correctly and adding that the difference in moneys between the two-franc piece, or forty cents, in Franco, shrink to thirty-nine cents in America. Father Francis shook his head sadily over such perversity, but perceived that he had no choice except to write to the Abbe Brunel and tell him how tangled up his contribution was. He felt that the warm-hearted man would

have much simple merriment over the opera-bouffe complication and

the opera-bondis complication and would promptly write, secaring to the Innut their imperied hundreds.

In due course, a thin letter floated over the Atlante. With a smile of anticipation the Alaskan missionary tore it open and read it. The olegant diction of the opestle did not prevent the clearest clucidation of the point at issue. This benefactor of foreign missions, with much fervor and retorical afluence, wrote that the worldly goods at his command were few, but that happly, the good God regarded very little the sum bestowed in His name, since the intention and spirit of the donor were the recoious thing. Hence he (Monsieur I Abbe), when there were a few francs in the Sunday collection more than usual, was wont to gratify his prediction for foreign missions by sending some measure of such surplus to help plant the cross in romote and unconverted regions of the earth, albeit that his offoring, as in the case of Father Francis and Alaska, could be totted up in "sous."

There was not so much oily, sweethearted laughter in the air as the hardworking priest of Alaska mastered the Abbe Brunel's scheme of charities. The theology of the French clerice prisition was unassailable. One could not but accord his alms the oulogy due to "the widows mite." So Father Francis after a light, valedictory sigh to his Innuis vanished hundreds, rallied quickly, thanks to skeen sense of humor of the most supporting quality, and proceeded to diagnose the abbe's alms. The forty cents which that worthy had consecrated to Alaska in France, had sinked this to thirty two cents. Five cents on the letter to the abbe breught; it down to twenty seven. To take the order into New York from Jersey City where Father Francis was, meant a five cent car fare to the post office. The return trip involved a like disbursement. Total, twenty-six cents, which, subtracted from the twenty-seven cents, left the abbe benefactor to the Alaska mission to the extent of one cent.

Francis' modest valuation, was not precious to justify its outlay for such a result.

How to expend the Abbe's cent so as to do the most good to the mission might prove matter for thought. One may to avoid any mental strain on the subject would be to consider it merged in the ten thousand dollers deriving to the Alaska mission from Father Francis' lectures. But since the alms of the Abbe had formed the subject of an international correspondence, it seemed fitting that one cent's worth of something definite should go to the frozen North as the result of this elemosynary tribute from the tropical South. It preserved its dignity better. When the time arrived for his return to a living death in the grim cheoriessness of his mission, Father Francis set his face courageously toward the Pole, alboit with the conviction that his next departure from Alaska would be not for the United States but for the kingdom of heaven. Three months after his return, the distribution of prizes took place at the school of the Sisters of Saint Anne at Kozyrevsky, on the bank of the Yukon, where was the Mission of the Holy Oross. Father Francis was to confer the awards.

the awards.

The Innuit boys and girls of the school had so faithfully responded to the efforts of the Sisters in their behalf that among the foremost who were entitled to prizes, there was a difference of only a few marks, four or five having almost statined the absolute maximum of two thousand.

difference of only a few marks, four or five having almost attained the absolute maximum of two thousand.

A small boy, Eralok, was the first winner, Erminook, a little moon faced Eskimo maiden, was the secone. Hu man nature is the same the world over. This diminutive girl student of the Yukon felt as aggrieved at failing to win the first prize as an aspirant to a "fauteuil" in the French Academy could do over his failure to be selected to the Forty Immortals. Erminonok was bathed in tears of mortified ambition that little Eralok should have outstripped her in the race.

It is Innuit etiquette in taking a present to turn the back on the donor, thrust out the hand behind and grasp the proffered gift. In more civilized centers the back is not turned on a benefactor till the offering is secured. Another artless feature exhibited by the small fur-clad prize-winner was to retreat with their right hand, clutching the reward of merit, held straight out from the body.

Father Francis was glad chat the primitive etiquette of the Innuit caused the winners to back up for their awards. For although his warm heart pitied poor little Erminonok, heart-broken over her failure to win the first prize, he could not for the life of him prevent his benign lips from relaxing into a smile when he perceived that, with no provision on any one's part of its special fitness, the prize destined for the artlessly weeping little maid was a small red, cotton handkerohief!

The sweet smile on the priest's lips was intensified by the irresistibly comic appearance cut by Emionok's chunky little figure as she retreated, mufil-1 in her park, or native tunic, with its flaring hood made of skins of the wild goose.

Hardly had he recovered his normal gentle gravity, when Father Francis descried on one of the back seats another child who proved a yet more potent tax on his sympathy. She was a smaller girl than Erimonok but was a smaller girl than Erimonok but was fathoms deeper in tearful angulsh. He asked the sister the reason for this hittle one's tears.

"Poor litte Mumyulee I replied the

Ittido one a tears.

"Poor litte Mumyulee I' replied the Sister regretfully." She fell just one mark below the number necessary for a price. I am afraid the dissappointment may discourage her, for she really worked very hard."

Father Francis looked at the diminutive Niobe, watering her blasted hope with fruitless tears. It seemed to him a case where eligitly tempered justice would be a worthire ritrue than the Spartar rigor of exactly righteous compensation. A thought struck him that brought a twinkle to his soft blue oyes.

oyes.

'How much does one of these hand-kerchiefs cost? he asked softly.

"Oh, not more than a cent, really. We buy the material and make them ourselves."

One cent! The unapplied alms of the Abbe Brunel came like a flash to Father Francis' mind.

"Get me one, Sister. I will give you the cont for it," he said with

you the cent for it," he said with decision.

Then he told the children that, thanks to a kind benefactor of the mission, far, far away in a land where it was always sunshine, and by a sea that was blue and smiling, an extra prize was to be bestowed on this occasion, and that it would be awarded to Mumyulee of her exceptionally good record in behavior and scholarship.

When it was brought home to Mum yulee's shattered mind that after all she was to receive a prize, her disk of lear-washed countenance was brighter from beaming happiness than from its excite ablution. With a thread as light as air, which approved her name of Mumyulee, "Pretty Danoer," she tripped forward bresthlessly, backed up for her prize and proudly retreated with the "Abbe Rume Special Reward" fluttering from her tiny brown hand, like the banner of a triumphant procession of the Commune.

"I am not sure," Father Francis

mune.

"I am not sure," Father Francis thought, still with the humorous twinkle in his clear eye and a pathetic smile playi, g on his lips, "that it would be good to have it known how long an arm so small an alms can have. There might be a depressing excess of nickle contributions to the foreign missions."

A METHODIST PASTOR

He Tells About One of His Congrega-tion Who Had Bright's Disease.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure

Was the Medicine That Gave Her Complexion the Glow of Health and Removed the Puffed Appearance From Her Face.

Hamilton, Ont. Jan. 21, 1895.

Mr. Ryckman.

Drar Sir—I have been conversing this day with Mrs. E. Clarkson, 188 Hamah street east, this city, who claims to have received great benefit from the use of "Kootenay Care," which is sold so generally by you at the present time. Her special trouble was Bright's Disease and was of nine years standing. It was so pronounced by two physicians. While she does not claim to be completely cured, having taken only four bottles of the remedy, yet she feels so much better that she does not hesitate to recommend its use to anyone allicted as she has been. The pains in her head have entirely ceased, and almost from the back. The complexion wears the glow of health, and the puffed appearance is gone from the face. She has increased nine pounds in weight in two months, and is thoreby encouraged to believe that "Luch has improved her physical condition will ultimately accomplish a complete cure.

J. VAN WYCK,

Pastor Gorostroet Methodist Church.

It is the glistening and softly speken-lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend and the care-less lie of each man to himself that east that black mystery over humanity through which any man who pierces we through which any man who dience we thank as we would thank any man who dug a well in a desert.—Ruskin.

UNEQUALIED—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyon-dinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Trouxas' Ectivernic Out for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temperary relief but noze would effect a cure. I have now been free from the discressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look most profound.—Landor.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA"

TRAT ROCKS THE CRADLE BULES THE A correspondent has forwarded me the following letter, which as a matter the following letter, which as a matter of justice and courtesy, I feel constrain-ed to insert, although my space is limited, and I had intended to talk upon

imited, and I had intended to talk upon matters pertaining to the season:

Tenento, Dec. 12, 1896.

Draw "Tenent" I think your idea of forming a Needlework Guild is a good one, and I heartly hope your offorts may be crowned with the success they deserve. But for the honor of the Catholic ladies or a certain band of Catholic ladies or a certain band of Catholic ladies of Toronto, I cannot allow you to remain in ignorance that for twenty years a society for clothing poor children has existed in a parish in the north-western part of the city. This society is theroughly well organized, and year after year does splendig work among the poor of its parish. It nover has to be re organized as it is never dis-banded.

At its last meeting in the Spring, the

ou, and year are year or speciment work among the poor of its parish. It nover that to be re organized as it is never dis-handed.

At its last meeting in the Spring, the election of officers for the following Winter takes place, in order that there of the control of the first Thursday of October the On the first Thursday of October the On the first Thursday of October the One of the control of the Astendard and the place of the Control of October the One of the One of October the One of the One of October the Oc

Ingus cashy too a tray of the parish poor, and funds would not hold out if donations were made beyond the limits of the parish. I must beg of you, dear "Teresa," to permit me to take exception to your remarks on our mothers" "samplers." They were not all "monstrosities." The writer has in mind her mother's sampler which is treasured in the family. It is not upon "coarso canvas," but upon canvas so exceedingly fine as to make the work a marvel. There is upon it some quite artistic shading and blending of solors, and some verses are beautifully worked in a fine, even stitch. Art has made rapid strides during the last half of our contury, and it is our privilege to live in the midst of much that is half of our contury. and it is our privilege to live in the midst of much that is half of our contury. And it is one privilege to live in the midst of much that is affect to contury and to some of upon the conture and mothers. Are we better women than they were? Wo may be more ertistic, some of us may be more "advanced," but I am certain of one thing; in our mothers' day no young woman would even have been heard to make the "prond beast" that she did not know how to hold a needle. One lesson we can learn from the old "asmpler," two, I might say—patience and neatness, the latter of which especially I fear the women of our day sadly negloot.

**Pronce of the content of the latter of which especially I fear the women of our day sadly negloot.

**Pronce of the content of the latter of which especially I fear the women of our day sadly negloot.

I am exceedingly glad to hear of the noble organization of which my correspondent speaks; I think it promises much for the succe s of the Needlework Guild, though the latter would necessarily be quite distinct from purely parochial work, and would be in a position to entertain applications from every parish and charitable institution in the city. "Dorothy's" renark about the requests for aid received by the society from other parishes shows the necessity for some general organization that will be albe to take into consideration the medical take into consideration the district in which they live.

In case there should be any misconception regarding the Needlework Guild, rang "Dorothy's" description of the methods pursued by the society, I may say that the work done for the Guild will be done in the member's spare time, entirely at her own option, and any members not able to go to the expense of purchasing their materials, will be aupplied with some by the Guild, from the funds contributed by honorary members and thus everyone, no matter how humble their station, will be enabled to help, if they can wield a needle.

I am sorry if my remarks about the "samplers" have burt my correspondcrt's feelings. I am very far, indeed, from calling them all "monstrostites." I have soon some exquisite examples of that kind of work, which would put these hurrying, machine made days, with their lack of patience and neatness, was recalling a laugh I had with a dear old lady, over what she used to call her "studies in want of perspective," but in spite of the un she used to make over her ugly "samplers," she was a most exquisite needlewoman, and always used to say her beautiful work was a result of the neat and even stitches necessary in sampler work.

sat and even stitches necessary in mplor work. I do not "despise the days of our grand-others," my dear "Dorothy," nor do I notder that we are better women than ey were; on the contrary I think that e, "davanced 'as some of us unformately are, might learn a great deal relooking backward to the examples ey set us, particularly in "patience of neathers," qualities in which, as yen y, we are sailly deficient. At the me time, however, the world is processing, and we with it. We can uchitakend still nor go back, we must wance with the times, and while we as far as possible to adapt ourselves

to thom and to changed circumstances and surroundings, we need not necessarily loco sight of the virtues and cocollences of the women whose work remains, a lasting moment to their industry. But one cannot be always preaching, and if I, at times, relax the tone I generally adopt. I trust my readers will not think my views and changed, or that I despise enything that is good and womanly, whether it is to be found in the days of urgrandmothers or those in which we ourselves must hvo, and try to do our duty.

While the Christman bells are ringing, And the Christman authoms rise, And the Christman authoms rise, Joining those the saints are singing. In the contra of Paradise, Let us tune our hearts to gladness, And to all our brothron say.

"Though thy lot be mirth or sadness, Peace be thine, this Christman Day."

Remarkable Instances of Longevity.

(For THE REGISTER :

iFoa The Reastra |

It accurs that the higher one ascends in hyperbe can latitudes, the greater is his chance of living to a ripe old age. Various proofs of this fact have recently come to my knowledge, a few of which can the proof of the fact resting place as Scheenbore, in the Province of Queen as Scheenbore, in the Trovince of Queen, who died at the age of 100 years and two months Mr. Mechan, was a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, and the months Mr. Mechan, who died at the age of 100 years and two months Mr. Mechan, was a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, and the think of the county of Cork, Ireland, and the think of the county of Cork, Ireland, and the months Mr. Mechan, was a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, and the months of the county of Renfrey, after having completed the intervewent have of the county of Triperary, Ireland,

But neither the old men, nor yet the low of the low wear as a file of the county of the the low one was a native of the county of the the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the low was a native of the county of the l

seventh year of 'his life. Mr. O'Brien was a native of the country of Tipperary, Ireland.

But neither the old men, nor yet the old women, are all consigned to the tomb. Mr. Andrew Whelan, of Almotte Island, is still in the flesh, and, from evidences recently shown to me, he is going to cling to the flesh from evidences recently shown to me, he is going to cling to the flesh and from evidences recently shown to me, he is going to cling to the flesh for some years to come. Mr. Whelan's mental and physical faculties are marvellously healthy, considering the fact that 97 winters have blanched his hair; of which there is now but little left.

But the men are not the only beings here who induge in the delights of a long life. Looking around me, I capy Mrs. Mousseau, a lady of Irish lineage and of strong Irish sympathes, and adopted a very worthy French Canadian naune—an act which, to use her words, "she has never yet regretted." Although Mrs. Mousseau has passed the innet y-soventh milesten in life 5 jour ney, she has yet time and planty of strength to do her own lone work. Nor is this all her labors, as the two acres of potatoes which, and he two acres of potatoes which, and a two acres of potatoes which and a New Your correspondents beat this.

Potewawa, Dec. 10, 1896.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Two Instances of Many where They Effected Cures.

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Thousands of Canadians who have

suces, catent are dissorter, weak backs are made strong, rheumatism yanishes, through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thousands of Canadians who have suffered from some form or other of kidney complaint, to-day enjoy perfect health—thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills are They cure backache, weak back bearing-down sensations of women, rheumatic pains wherever located. They cure Bright's disease They cure diabetes. They cure them for all time. They have cured others. They did time They have cured others. They did to you have been cured. Let those who have been cured the time of the statement from a well-known citizen of a town in Rastern Ontario:—

ALMONTE, Ont., Dec. 21—Harry Grace, of this town, has been troubled with Lumbago for over a year. Dostors could give him no relief. He is now cured. Ho says:—'I heard of the won-fortil cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I thought I would try them. I have tried one box, and I must say they have cured mo to publish this, as you see fit, so it may help others.

"HARRY GRACE, Ottawa St."

The Prevailing Passion. Father (read-

The Prevailing Passion. Father (reading newspaper)—'1 see another Rugby man has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. That's the third Rugby man in succession.' Son (a footbal enthusiast)—' Well, I think it is time one of the associations had a turn.'—Punch.

Recalled Stormy Times

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural" said the old soldler looking at a can of condensed milk on the break fast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Rordon Eagle Brand we used during the war."

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The Intholic Register

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SUBSCRIPTIONS \$2.00 PER ANNUA

Al critimo rates much known w up.1 arton. We shile such articles to mac a mirrane by post-file interest or the file interest or the file interest order based for the control order. The money is a registered letter. All postunetelys are required to register letters when postunetely are required to register letters when postunetely are required to register letters when payment of a solar reprincipal control of and all Absvars 1-4 the hours of the post office to which should be the control of the co

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CHURSDAY, DECEMBERS, 1904

Calendar for the Week.

Dec 24—Fast Day. Vigil of the Nativity of Our Lord.
25—Christman Protomarter.
26—S. Stephen, Protomarter.
22—S. John the Evangelist.
28—Holy Innocents.
29—S. Thomas of Canterbury.
39—Of the Octave of Christman.

Christmas.

This issue of THE REGISTER WILL reach the hands of its readers in the hallowed Christmas time. We make it a rule to exclude from the Christ mas number everything in the nature of controversy. When the time draws near for us to commemorate the humble birth of the Prince of Peace, that commemoration which we are told "holds all heaven and earth in happy union," even just contradiction itself appears harsh, and strife is but the pitiful vanity of feebleness. The feast of infancy and of poverty; the feast of brotherhood and sove; the feast of God become Man : the feast of the Christian religion knows but one obligation in the universal sense of freedom present on earth. Peace!

Peace loves the home. Christmas is the feast of the family, of re-union around the hearth, of the exchange of loving tokens between parents and children, greetings to friends near and far, and remembrance of the poor and the afflicted. All w' keep the Ohristmas well within the family circle, think of the children first. And if children, in after life, associate the memory of home with that divine ideal of Christian life, the Holy Family, surely it is at Christmas they think of it; and it is the softening influence of the blessed season that annually, from the far city, an ' even from across seas, rebles the grown sons and daughters under the shelter of the parental roof, where, in the spirit of the feast of childhood. they would be children once more. And for those for whom the home and hearth are but a recollection, there is peace too-the religious peace of collection itself. In the providence of God our lot may be cast in loneliness among strangers : perhans in the remote settlements of our own Canada, where the snow flies long before the gracious seasen comes, and long after the succeeding days have begun to lengthen in the track of the north coming sun. Yet there the recollection of Christmas, as it is observed in the gentler native land, is blessed. Perhaps the thought of a dead wife, or the longing for the face of a dead or distant friend saddens the soul of the poor exile to night. Recollection, communion, the spirit of holy Christmas will efface it all. How true are the lines of the gentle Aubrey de Vere when a picture of isolation from those to whom our hearts turn at this time presents itself to us, as in the distribution of human suffering, it mus present itself to many to night!

The Christmas air
Is white with flying flakes. Where art
thou—where?

To night upon thy roof the snows are

The Christmas snows he heavy on th trees.
A dying dirge that southes the year is

dying, Swells from the woodlands on the midnight breeze

ounding bells, blithe summoners

to prayer The answer wer man can yield not ve

bestow : our answer is a little Infant bare Wafted to earth on night-winds whis

blow but to Bet!dehem, airs angelic There doth the Mother-maid his couch

prepare. His harbor is her becom! Drop him

there
Soft as a snow-flake on a bank of snow.

Sole hope of man! Sole hope of us, for thee! "To us a Prince is given, a Child is

porn.

Thou sang'st of Bethlehom and of Cal.

vary.
The Maid Immaculate and the twisted

thorn.

Where'er thou art, not for, not far is He
Whose banner whitens in you Christwas morn.

Different national ideas of gladness have had, and still have, their influence upon the celebration of the feast of the Nativu,. Even religious delight may find more than one form of expression; but let us rejoice that all delight in Christmas, even when it does not sufficiently please the religious sense, invariably partakes of the spirit of charity, generosity and liberality. In many parts of the old land the beautiful custom still prevails of illuminating each habitation, the mean and the great, after nightfall on Christmas eve, in preparation for the coming of the Infant Jesus. And when the hour is at hand, the faithful repair to the midnight Mass to adore his Real Presence. We may say alas ! that the exacting duties of modern life, where the wheels of labor grind hard and almost constantly, drive out the old customs, which of yore on this great Christian feast, united the whole Christian community in one adoring family. Perhaps to Catholics, but to a far greater extent with other professing Christians, this change may present itself. To all, however, even wh the observance of the feast partakes more of a social character, it must bring the joy that comes of kindly will to all, and generous acts performed as far as possible. Dead, indeed, mus be the soul of the professing Christian that does not respond to the beautiful meaning of the Incarnation; and cold the heart that to day does not feel at least this instinct of love : to give generously of our means to the poor and afflicted, to offer the right hand to an enemy, and to hide from our friends every cause of vexation and disquiet.

To Catholics the beauty and gladnes of the Incarnation cannot begin to find true expression in social or human bliss alone. The Incarnation brought down God to dwell among men; it raised man to the amazing dignity of brotherhood with God. The mystery of the Incarnation is the glorious fact that holds heaven and earth in happy union in all reality. For ages the race of man had groped in the darkness that the Fall brought upon the children of Adam. Like the substance of the crystal hidden in the earth, darkness and imprisonment had been but a period of preparation for the light, till then unsufferable. At length the Incarnate Word had birth; freedom and reconciliation with the Light had come. To the poorest and most humble of men were the great tidings made known :

"Peace on earth to men of gentle will." Such is the universal Christmas

spirit.

"Foar not, for behold I bring you good tidings that shall be great joy to all the people. For this day is born to yea a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, 'in the City of David; and this shall be "a sign to you: Yo shall find an lufant
"wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid
"in a manger."

The angelic Gloria that broke round the Judean hills on that holy night has never since ceased to re sound throughout the ends of Christen dom. The rays of Bethlehem have spread from land to land, the word of truth has travelled over every sea, the race of Adam, of every nation and color, as received the message of salvation in the new-enlightened world. So it is that Catholies on this day of great festivity, raise their first triumphant cry of adoration to God .- Gloria in ex celsis Dec. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

CHRISTMAS IN TORONTO.

Celebration of the Great Feast in the Catholic Churches of the City

The following is a directory of the Christmas services in the Oatholic churches of Toronto on Ohristmas Day:

Day:

St. Michael's Cathedral,
At St. Michael's Cathedral,
At St. Michael's Cathedral Masses
will be celebrated at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.30
At the last Mass His Grace the Arch
bishop will sit pontifically and preach.
The Music will be Haydn's 3rd Mass,
and Lamblottes "Pastores," solo and
chorus, will be rendered. The following will assist at the music: Miss
Bird, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Foley, Miss
MoManus, Miss Murphy and Messrs.
Durham, Stack, Russell and Forest.

Molianus, Aiss Aurpny and Alessrs. Durham, Stalk, Russell and Forest.

At St. Basil's the first Mass will be at 5.30, and subsequent Masses will be early and a subsequent Masses will be every half hour until 10. At 10.30 Solomn High Mass will be sung. The choir will be assisted by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Bayley. Vespers will be sung at 7.30.

S. Fatrick's.

Solomn High Mass will be celebrated at 6 in St. Patrick's.

The music will be by the children's choir with full orchestral accompaniment. The leader will be Mr. Cosgrove and the organist Mr. Dinelli. Later masses will be at 7.8, 0, 10.30 At the last Mass the regular choir will have full orchestral accompaniment. There will be solomn vespers in the evening.

St. Marr's.

will have an observed in the evening.

St. Mary's.

High Mass will be celebrated in St.
Mary's Church at 6 30 when the Boy's choir will sing. Other masses will be at 8.30. 10 and 11. At the last Mass Vioar-General McCann will preach Special music will be provided at this Mass.

St. Helen's.

Mass.

St. Helen's.

Father Cruise, pastor of St. Helen's will say masses at 7, 8.30 and 10 30. At the last mass the music will be Hayden's Mass in C. Father Cruise will preach. The choir will be led by Mrs. Small. Vespers in the evening at 7.30.

Mrs. Small. Vespers in the evening at 7.80.

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.
Dvorak's Mass in D. will be given by the choir of "Lady of Lourdes" on Christmas day. This Mass is well known to the musical world and it has raised Dvorak to the first place among the present composers. It is the second rendering of this work in Canada, and all lovers of music should avail themselves of the opportunity to hear it. It is needless to say that the choir will do the Mass justice; for those who heard it last Christmas were well convinced that it was rendered in a most accomplished style. On account of the smallness of the organ the choir has produced an orchestra of twelve (12) pieces, which shall certain by give the Mass a most effective tone.

St. Josephy.

Maccan at St. Josephy.

Masses at St. Joseph's.
Masses at St. Joseph's.
Masses at St. Joseph's will be at 7, 9, 11. Special music will be provided at the last Mass and Father McEntes will preach. Vespers in the evening at 7 30.

The Church of the Sacred Heart. The Church of the Sacred Heart.
Masses at the Church of the Sacred
Heart will be at 7 30, 8.30 and 10 30,
Father Lamarche will preach and
there will be special nusic, in which
excellence may be expected.

excellence may be expected.

St. Pau't Cherch.

The Masses at St. Pau't on Christmas Day will be at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 80 o'clock. Dumont's Christmas Mass will be sung by a select chor at 6 o'clock. Miss Carrol and Mr. Tomney will sing the "Adesto Fiddles" and Pastores. At 10 80 Mercadanto's Mass will be rendered by a full chore with orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Troman will direct the music and Miss Rigney preside at the organ. Father Canning will preach the Christmas sermon.

Sunnyside Orphanage

Hard times have, this year, dealt severely with some of our public institutions. A recent visit to Sunnyside has put us in possession of facts which we think the charitable public should know at a time when many of we teel. we think the charitable public should know at a time when many of us, feel ing the duty of contributing our share to make this lower world brighter and happier, may be pruzzled how best to direct our efforts. The Sisters inform us that there is a considerable falling off in their annual collections and a considerable increase in the demand for admission for little warfs with no one but God to look to for support. There are now in the institution nearly three hundred orphans, a little colony in itself depending on the Sisters for food, clothing, etc, etc. Suppose we

make a calculation, allowing say lucts a meni for each inmate, and surely time is is not a very generous allowance, we have nearly forty thousand dollars a year for food alone. Then there is clothing, fuel, bedding, light, books, medicine, and the thousand and one other expenses incidental to the efficient working of a large metitution. The government and eity together give loss than four thousand dollars and fifteen of the little ones pay a trille. The great balance comes from the generous donations of the chartrable of all denominations and nationalities—no one refuses the Sisters appeals for the little helpless orphantet those who have means and wish to do their duty to God's poor, and be sure that their gifts may not be mis applied remamber the little ones at Sunnyside at Christmas. The prayers of the orphans will not go unheard.

The Bond Street Loretto Academy.

It is characteristic of the times, that our children should take more pride and pleasure now in the Christmas feativities of their schools than in the nursery celebrations of the great day at home. This was much in evidence at the Academy of the Loretto Nuns on Bond street, yesterday, when the classes which include a sonior, intermediate, kindergarten and boys' school, were dispersed for the holidays after a most interesting entertainment organized by the pupils them solves.

boys' scnool, were dependent of the holidays after a most interesting entertainment organized by the pupils them solves.

The reading of Christmas stories and the singing of Christmas carols, which were composed for the occasion by the children, was a new departure, which gave special impetus to the young writers' efforts and talents; and much pleasure to their parents besides making a very gracoful and becoming tribute from the little ones to the Holy Patron of Infancy. The intermediate class gave an exhibition of fancy drill which was not only decidedly pretty, but which showed the good results of the careful physical training the children had received. But what appealed most foreibly to the visitors was no doubt, the kindergarten display. The mannewres of the tiny performers were wonderful, and their exhibition of clay and their paper-work astomelingly good. The boys' school which includes all the future "lectors" of Toronto who have not passed their twelfth year, was not behind the girls classes in any respect. The idea of gallantry at the Bond street Aca. my, stope short of lotting girls "go first." in the matter of study and its results. In other respects the gentle influence of the Nuns was very patent in the behaviour of the boys and in the expression of their countenance. If the Count de Maistre is a good authority, and "the moral man is formed at the age of twelve," one need not emphasize the importance and immense advantage of being able to commit one's sons to the care of devoted Nuns during those most impressionable years.

The Christmas Display of Work at Loretto Abbey.

The Christmas Display of Work at Loretto Abbey.

Amongst the many interesting Christmas features of the week, was the display in the studio of Loretto Abbey, on Saturday afternoon, of the fenoy work classes in painting and embroidery. It was as a sort of competition that the many visitors, surjected with exhibitions of Christmas knick—knacks, looked on the result of the pupils' tasteful industry; and there was but one opinion prevalent. The novelty of the gay assortment was only rivalled by its beauty, and the surprising usefulness of things that looked wholly decorative at first glance. The embroidery in silk included specimens from the prentice hands of the junior school, as well as masterpieces from their elders; each section giving its own evidence of skilled teaching and careful application. The display of painted gifts was spread out in friendly rivalry between the exquisite embroidery tables, and the pen and ink sketches, and was a delight to the eye. The entire exhibition was a triumph of taste and dexterity over the vulgar entravagance of the popular Christmas collections. One could not but think howgratifying it must have been to parents to receive gifts from their daughters, which besides being the essence of daintiness and prettiness in them solves, were wrought by their our will ing hands; and to know that the working trained the mind and formed the taste of the young people at the same time. This effort to make home life beautiful, by contributing beautiful thirys to serve its common daily uses, is one of the womanly devices for raising the tone, and improving the habits of society that it will become an institution like Loretto Abbey to foster.

St. Peter's Church.

A concert will be given in aid of St. Peter's Church on the evening of Tuesday the 29th inst. in McBean's Hall. corner of Brunswick Ave. and College street. The Hon. E. J. Davis Provincial Secretary will give an address, and some distinguished vocalisis and electionists will appear on the programme.

Catholic Trath Society.

St. Mar. Branen. Torona.

The regular monthly meeting of the branch was held in the Hall. Bathners street. The attendance was very large and has been increasing to such an extent that the branch will require a larger hall. The membership alone to that shout 200 pc. oas. Reports were brought in by the following Committee The Hospital (Miss. M. helly, Convener; the prisons unem; the prisons (Month of the prisons unem; the prisons (Month of the Prisons of

The meeting of the Union last Wednesday was a very successful one in overy respect. After the reading of the ominutes of the previous meeting, Messrs T. W. Riguey and J. Elmsley were elected members. The secretary read the report of the committee appended to arrange the programme for the open meeting on Jan. 13th. The subject of the debate on that coming is "Resolved that the tax on the Chiness should be abolished" and the following were elected speakers; Messrs J. G. O'Donoghue, and the complex of the Chiness should be abolished" and the following were elected speakers; Messrs J. G. O'Donoghue, and the Chiness of the Chiness and the Trends of the Osgoode L. gal and Laterary Society, pass been asked and has constant of the Osgoode L. gal and Laterary Society and the Osgoode L. gal and Laterary Society. These for the programme. This propert was confirmed unanimously. There there is no second to the Osgoode L. gal and Laterary Society. The confirmed the members of the programme. The propert was confirmed unanimously. The condition of the Chiness of the theory of the treatment of the programme. The propert was suffered to the interests of the committee of the treatment of the contract of the condition of the contract of the contract of the condition of the condition of the contract of the condition of the condition of the contract of the condition of the condition

E. B. A. RELECTION OF OFFICERS.—ST. PATRICK'S NO. 12, TORONTO.

12, TORONTO.

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ST. PETER'S BRANCH, NO. 21. PETERDOR tionists will appear on the programme.

Cornwall and Storment.

Mr. Snetsinger (Liberal) has been Secretary. J. J. Hickoy; Treasurer, J. H. Primen; Showards, E. R. Ward, W. J. Dovlin, R. McAuliffe and J. Collins;

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Catholic Truth Society

Si Mar's Brasen, Toronic

Catholic Union.

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R. Tobin, M. Kulcon and J. Johnston;
Marshall, J. Maronoy; Assist Marshall,
J. Duffy; Inside Guard, W. Curloy;
Outside Guard, J. Burke.

ST. CECILIA'S BRANCH NO. 29, WEST BONTO JUNCTION

BONTO JUNCTION.

Chaplain, Rv. Father Borgin: Chancellor J. Walsh: Prosident, J. Pahey. Vice-President, J. Blancy: Rec. Soc'y. W. Baylon; Funancial and Insurance Secretary. J. Farroll: Treasurer, C. Kolly: Stowards P. E. Neill, and M. Ward; Marshall. M. Doylo; Assist Marshal. J. Gunning; Inside Guard, I. McDonald; Outside Guard, C. Kelly. St., CRCILIA'S CHELE NO. 3, WEST TORONTO.

JUNCTION.

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W. Lang, S.T.

A. O. H.

At the meeting of Division No. 2, A. O.H., held in Red Lion Hall, Yonge street, on Monday ovening, the following of the Street, on Monday ovening, the following officers were elected for 1897:
President, P. W. Falvey; Vice President, P. H. Hernen; Recording Secretary, T. Hyland; Financial Secretary, M. J. Lendhau; Transurer, M. J. Reny, Sergeaut.-4t-Arms, J. J. Hyland; Tyler and Marshal. John Pearce; Standing Committee, Patrick Boyle, M. J. Brow, James Ryan, F. H. McMonagle, Charles McDonnell.

Christmas Bells.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REPOSTER) Tis the joyful Christmas tide, hear the

s the joylul Christmas thie, hear the morry silver bells, ough the solitude of midnight, over rivers, lakes and folls, ward floats the restless anthom, slowly sinking mong the dells.

stowty sinking mong the dells.

In yon gray and dreamy belfry quaint the wild enchantment wells,
Fairies dwell there in the pale light—
How the strain enrapturing tells
That those weird and shadowed spirits ring the mirthful silver bells.

Wakening echoes in the mountains, magic-like the music swells, Pealing over limpal torrents, trembling soft in moonlit cells, Strays the harmony molodious of the joyous Christmas bells.

Whother far in ocean caverus, lonely, deep and cold it knolls,

Or within the haunted chambers of some crumbling castle dwells,

Hear we still the Christmas greeting,

hear the greeting of the bells.

St Joseph's Church Fancy Fair.

St Joseph's Church Fancy Fair.

Everything in connection with St. Joseph's Church Fancy Fair is now in full swing. The ladies and gentlemen having charge have exerted themselves to the utmost and have spared noither pains nor expense in procuring everything that would contribute towards making the bazaar a saccess.

Tuesday, the 22nd, was the opening that and the Catholic Order of Foresters in the contribute towards the contribute towards and the contribute towards and the contribute towards the contribute of the contribute towards and the contribute towards and the contribute towards and the contribute towards and the proceeds of the Fair. The Knights of St. John as plendid appearance excited the an applendid appearance excited the analysis reserved for the children of St. John as present. To night (The St. John as and St. Anne's Schools, which the programm of Saturday will be one contributed in the contributed of the children of St. John and St. Anne's Schools, which the programm of Saturday will be continued until Now Year's Eve.

The Fair will be continued until Now Year's Eve.

Year's Eva.

The Fair will be continued until Now Year's and will be open each day (except Christmas) in 10 a.m. till 11 pm. Poulton's Hall, cor. Bolton avonue and Queen streed E., which has been secured for the occasion, has been artistically decorated and overything presents an animated and overything presents an animated and open for limit appearance. The drill corps from Blantyre Park will appear in their new uniform. The precedes will be applied towards the liquidation of the church dobt.

A SHORT ROAD to health was on to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, broughtis, catarril, lumbago, tumors, rhoumatism, excerated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpense and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas Eckerthe Oll.

Fread Lightly O'er the Mould.

FOR THE REGISTER:



Tread lightly o'er the mould, Where Erins' saints lie sleeping. O, many she doth hold Within her jealous keeping! And ye may wander far before No grave of saint be found, For east and west, from shore to shore, All, all is holy ground!

Tread softly o'er the soil, Which Erin's tears have nourished, Where shamrocks' green trefoil, For ages long hath flourished; And ye may wander long until No tear-soaked spot be found, For north and south, o'er vale and hill, All, all is holy ground!

Tread gently o'er the sod. Which Erin's blood hath watered; Long doth it cry to God, Against the hands that slaughtered! And ye may ride afar before No bloodstained spot be found, For east and west, from shore to shore, All, all is holy ground!

-TERESA

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Catholics of Derry-Distress in Galway-

Antim.

The Lord Chief Justice has concluded at Belfast the hearing of the Trilick murder case in which James and Thomas Maguiro were charged with the murder of a cattle dealer named Wm Funston, on the 9th March last. A verdict of acquittal was returned.

Arman.

The recent decision of the Local Government Board making no change whatever in the present municipal boundaries of the city of Armagh boundaries of the city of Armagh under the Towas Improvement Act has been received by the Catholics with much satisfaction, and it is locked upon in Armagh as undoubted and unmistakable victory for the Catholic party that the ridiculous and impracticable extension scheme proposed by the partisan and exclusive Board of Town Commissioners has received its well-merited quietus from the Local Government Board.

Carlow.

Carlow.

A very notable character in Irish sporting annals has passed away in the death during the past week of Mr. Richard Bell, of Loughbrown. As a trainer he was very successful and in his time brought off many big coups.

inst time brought off many big coups.

A very successful demonstration was held at Dunmanway last week in support of the Irish Party, and to organize a branch of the National Federation. The member of the division, Mr. Edward Barry, wrote refusing to identify himself with the object of the meeting. His letter was loudly groaned, and he was denounced as a pledge-breaker.

At the Munster Winter Assizes Edward Foley was convicted of the wilful murder of his wife and two children at Passage West, in October last and was sentenced to be hanged on January 0th next.

children at Fassage 1100, in Super-last and was sentenced to be hanged on January 9th next.

John Bullivan, farmer, was accused of the murder of Wm. Wren, another farmer, near Bantry, in September last and was also sentenced.

The council of the Nationalist Association of Derry having lad before them at a special meeting the report of the meeting of the Ulster Convention the age and its appeal for funds "to win back Derry." Resolved—"That an immediate appeal be made to Irish Nationalists for aid to meet this threatened attack, that a committee be appointed to deal with the matter and report to a meeting of the council to be held later."

to be held later."

On December 9 in the Round Room, Rounds, chortly after two o'clock, the Conference in connection with the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Potato was opened by Mr. A. O. Watkins, President of the Irish Gardener's Association, under whose auspices the exhibition was held. The historic Round Room presented a most interesting appearance. ng appearance.

Galway.

The Connaugha Telegraph says—
The example of the Swinford Guardians

will sooner or later have to be followed by other poor law boards in the county. If the people are to be saved from mant and starvation the Government must intervene with relief works. Oruel, indeed, must be the circum-stances of those hard-working, indus-trious people when they are forced to stoop to the last recort, poor-law or Government relief.

Kerr.

Mr. George Howson, D. L., Ennismore, Listowel, is dead at the age of 86. He was a noted agriculturalist and sporteman. He was a very successful cup winner, was the best tandem driver in Kerry.

The death of Sister Raphael, a member of the Presentation Order, at Midleton, County Cork, has evoked a universal feeling of regret amongst all classes in Kilkenny. The deceased nun being the third daughter of the late Mr. James Poe, Solioitor, Kilkenny.

Mr. James Poe, Solicitor, Kilkenny.

Limerick.

Mr. Stephen B. Quin, J. P., has received official notification of his appointment as High Sheriff of Limerick for 1897.

All who are interested in the development of technical education and local industry will learn with pleasure that the New Bond Devices P. P. of

All who are interested in the develop ment of technical education and local industry will learn with pleasure that the Very Rev. D. O'Hare, P. P., of Kiltimah, county Mayo, is building technical schools in his parish. Father O'Hara's name in connection with uscful enterprise of every kind is a household word in the West.

The preachers have paid another visit to Silgo and the familiar scenes were enacted in the streets.

Queen's County.

Steps are being taken for the purpose of establishing a tenant farmers' organization for the Queen's County. Mr. James Carey, Curragh, and Mr. John Byrne, Clonagh, have taken the initatory steps in the matter, and they have received most emouraging promises from leading agriculturin the county.

Waterford.

and they have received most encourag-ing promises from leading agricultur-in the county.

Mr. O'Sullivan, Deputy Governor of H. M.'s Prison, Belfast, has just been appointed Governor of the Waterford Prison.

England.

Bengland.

Bengland Vaughan is suffering from a chill which confines him to bed. There has been a considerable revival of influenza of a rather severe type in London during the past two or three weeks, and it is thought possible that Oardinal Vaughan may have contracted an attack of it. His Eminence has been working exceptionally hardfolfate, and he wrote a characteristically kindly letter to Father Lawless, of Poplar, excusing himself for not fulfilling an engagement to attend a meeting the reverend gentleman had organized in his parish. The Cardinal had actually gone to Poplar to attend the meeting, but his cold became so much worse that he had to go to bed at the presbytery.

Imposing Ceremeny is Glasgow.

A ceremony of peculiar interest took place on Sundayerening in St. Mungo's Church, Townhead, Glasgow. The cocasion was the celebration by the Marist Brothers in Glasgow of the

Inonour conferred on their Order by the Popo. who in July last, applied the stifle "Venerable" to the founder of the Marist Brotherhood the voncrable Joseph Benedict Marcellin Champagant Brothers Porotheus and Bzektel, the Superiors of the two houses of the Order in Glasgow were present, along with all the other members of the Order resident in the city. Amongst the congregation were a very large number of "old boys," who had been number of "old boys, "who had been number of "old boys," who had been number of "old boys, who had been taught by the Marist Brothers in the different schools throughout Glasgow. Former pupils of St. Mungo's Academy—a secondary school conducted by this famous teaching Order—were exposely prominent, and additional interest was lent to the ceremony by the fact that His Lordelip Bishop Maguire (himself an old pupil of the academy) gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The choir, under the able baton of Brother Vin under the able baton of Brother Vin cent, a thorough musician, and probably one of the best known members of the Marist Order throughout Sectland, rendered some very protty music. A Te Deum in thanksgiving for the honour conferred by His Holiness was sung by a special choir.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL.

Emma Hougeon and Pact,
-Dreaming as She Sleeps.
Bertha Custance.
Chorus.

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall, Semi Chorus,

Rabbi Ben Levi Longfellow, Carrie Senior.

Carrie Senior.
Solo—Praise Ye the Father......Govnod.
M. Coghlin,
Chorus.

The Xmas BellsLongfellow.
God Save the Queen.
The following certificates were conferred by the Archbishop:

corred by the Archbishop:

Crown for Christian Dorttine—The Misses
Katie Conlin, Minute Feeney, Lucy Liston
and Lulu Gesry.

Prize for English Prose Composition—
Awarded to Bertha Custance, Form III. by
Dr. May, Education Department.

Prize for English Proce Composition—
Awarded by Dr. May to Katie Woods,
Form Authority of the Prize for May to Katie Woods,

orm I.

Examinations of the Education Department—First Form Examination—Miss Ratie onlin.

Awarded by Dr. May to Ratie woons, Awarded by Dr. May to Ratie woons, Jonn L. Bran. Examination—Miss Ratie Coulin. Examination—Miss Ratie Coulin. Second Form Examination—Miss Ratie Coulin. Second Form Examination—Part I.—Wiss Raticulation)—Miss Anale Dohorty. Second Form Examination—Part II.—Miss Florence Boland.
Passed in Book keeping, Writing, Drawing, Resding and Bitany—Form I.—Miss Florence Florence Florence Translation. Part I.—Miss Florence Florence Florence Translation, Part I.—Miss Beasic Carlo Form Examination, Part I.—Miss Beasic Carlo Geometry Union. Part I.—Miss Beasic Carlo Geometry Melan, Emma Hodgson, Mianie Feoney, Beasic Cortie, and Brutha Cutsano.
Advanced Course, Art School, Shading from the Round—The Misses Alberta Geometric District Geometric Senior and Ella Turner. My Forber, Carrie Senior and Ella Turner. My Forber, Carlo Senior and Ella Turner. My Forber, Carlo Geometric District, Lui Geary, Alberta Labitzky, Mamie Kelly, Agnos Hishou, Anne Doherty, Lizzie Gilmour, Gert-Part Labitzky, Mamie Kelly, Agnos Hishou, Anne Doherty, Lizzie Gilmour and May Forber.

Object Deawing—The Misses Florence Boland and Lucy—The Misses Short School, Mary Miller, Tereas Sharkey, Lizzie Gilmour and May Forber, Carlo Geometric Native Conlin. Lizzie Gilmour, Cartru Katie Conlin. Lizzie Gilmour, Gertrun, Katie Conlin. Lizzie Gilmour, Gertrun, Katie Conlin. Lizzie Gilmour, Gertrun Katie Conlin. Lizzie Gilmour

BARRIE SEPARATE SCHOOL Exhibits and twards at the Chicago World

Exhibits and wards at the Chicago World's Fair

We publish the following letter with great pleasure

Toronto, Dec 6, 1895

Drain Nik—1 am directed by the Minister of Education to inform you that the mediate and pubmas awarded the Education Department of Unitario, at the World's Fair, Chicago, have now been recoved, and the Minister of Information of Control of

See'y, Sep. S. Bd. Barrie.

The above letter, with diploma, has been received by the secretary of Barrie Separate School board, showing list of exhibits and awards as follows. Exhibit:—Roman Oatholic Separate Schoole: schoolwork and photographs of schoolhouses.

Award:—For general excellence of schoolwork as represented by specimens and pictures.

and pictures. Barrie, Dec. 1896.

Death of Mrs. Murray, Chicago

Death of Mrs. Murray, Chicago.

On Friday last Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., received a telegram from Chicago saying that his mother, who had long been a resident of that city, was dangerously ill. Father Murray loft of Chicago at once, reaching there at 2 o'clock on Saturday attennoon; but Mrs. Murray had died at 9 o'clock the same morning. The cause of death was acute pneumonia. Mrs Murray, whose raid on name was Follard, was a native of Nonagh, Tipperary. She married in Toronto, her husband being a well known member of the staff of the Upper Canada Bank. Mr. Murray was a native of the Orkney Islands, and was a convert the Catholic faith. He died about tenuty-five years ago. His widow soon after removed to Chicago, where three of the reliliferen are living, one of the daughters being married to Dr. Rowen. Mrs. Murray was in her 72rd year. H. J. P.

The New Chanel of St. Joseph's Convent.

The New Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent

The following letter has been received by Mr. N. T. Lyon from the Archbishop of Toronto:

by Mr. N. T. Lyon from the Archbishop of Toronto:

St. Join's Grove, Sherbourne street,
Torowro, Dec. 16th, 1896.

N. T. Lyon, Rsq., Toronto:
DEAR Sir.—I am entirety estified with the pictured stained glass window which at my order you have executed for the new Chapel of St Joseph's Convent in this chapter of the street of

C. M. B. A.

C. M. B. A.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at Branch 17 annual election of officers, which took place at Beacon hall corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets, Monday Dec. 14th. Rev. Father Hayden was elected Spiritual Adviser, Bro J. J. O'Hoarn was for the 2nd time the unautmous choice for president with a friendly and keen contest for 1st vice, which resulted in Bro. P. J. Crotty being elected. All other offices were filled after a contest, the same friendly spirit after a contest, the same friendly after a contest, the same friendly spirit after a contest and the same friendly spirit and the same friendly s

To the aged, with their poor appetite, feeble circulation, and impoverished blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a boon beyond price. Its effect is to check the ravages of time, by invigorating every organ, nerve, and tosue of the body. See Ayer's Almanac for the new year.

taken at three weeks—out of the family album."

Our or Soars.—Symptoms, Head-ache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symtoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large dector's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmeleo's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

and a cure will be effected.

"Dear brethren," said a parson one day to his audience as he was trying to impress upon their minds the blessedness of thrift. He wont on to say:
"Fortune knocks at every man's door to bring him prosperty." Just then an old man stood up and said:
"I beg your pardon, sir; Mr. Fortune nover calls at my house now. His daughter always calls."
"What do you mean?" asked the parson.angruy.
"Why!" said the old man, "Miss Fortune always calls."

Catarrh Cared for 23 Cests.

Neclect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect mass loatarrh and you will as well yinduce palmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disjuncting attendants, footbreath, hawking diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disjuncting attendants. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure & cente a box cures. A perfect blower unclosed with each load.

11 suffered with bronchitis for nearly fire years. Hy plays and prescribed for me without producing favoral is result, and finally advised me, but 1, 2 and finally federal in the try Asers Cherry Pretoral I have taken ske but through the medium. Nowhere does the cortravagant saying: "I was takeled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tackling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paraysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a fred others. Free Address J. C. Ayer to Lowell, Mass.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER

WATERLOO, - ONT.

MANUPACTURER OF THE

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

Happy Thought Range

In 6 Sizes and 72 Styles,

Over 87,000 Families Enjoying the Comforts of this Wonderful Range.

REMBER that there is no other Range like the Happy Thought, neither can there be, as every part is either patented or registered by the Buck's part is either patented Stove Works, Brantford.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

R. Bigley's Warerooms,

(OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE)

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Sole Agent for Toronto.



IDEAL ASH SIFTER.

Saves \$1.50 on every ton of oal you burn—is the only perfect auto matte cinder screen ever invented. Thousands in use in Toronto. You shovel in the sahes—the machine does the rest. See a demonstration or have our agent call with sifter.

REYNOLD'S & Co.



MAYORALTY ELECTION 1897

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ASE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

McMURRICH ALD.

AS MAYOR FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

Election Monday, January 4th, 1897

Agents Manted.

A RE YOU MAKING FIVE DOLLARS PER DAYY I fiso don't stop to read this; we cannot guarantee it, but we promise you ten per wock (have made the per work of the p

A TRAVELLER TO GO AMONG FARMERS WITH a specialty. Good pay and permanent em-ployment. Address "S," Catholic Register, Toronto.

Bental.

A. McLAREN, DENTIST, 243 YONGEST. FIRST

Musical.

CUITABLE GIFTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS: MUSIC
Felios or Satchels, from 25c to \$4 00 each Call
and so them Claxton's Music Store 197 Yonge
street, Phone 220. CORNET, WITH COMPLETE OUTFIT, \$10 00, Claxton's Music Store, 197 Youge street.

BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CASES BANJO CASES (LEATHER) 80 SO. VIOLIN Cases, from \$1 00 to \$10 00, at Clarton's.

GUITARS AND BANDS, FROM 83 00 UP. CLAX ton's Music Store, 197 Yonge street, Phone 239

Limber Limits.

PHTEEN THOUSAND FOR THOUSAND ACRES imber land, estimated ten to twelve million teet, and three thousand conde thingie boils, good harbor, mill site and pond, fluore permaids, unencombered; or exchange for good farm, Address 'Tmber,' Cathouc Resisted Orico, Toronto.

Situations Vacant,

DERSONS DESIRING POSITIONS AS GOVER nesses, Housemaids, etc... can obtain reliable information by writing tenclosing stamp to Mrs. Bolam, 500 Parliaments street, Toronto.

Sitnations Edanted.

Uncle Charlie.—How old are you, Ethel?

A STRACHER FEMALE AURAPICATE OF THE Ethel,—Six years, 'copt when I'm on the trolley: then I'm only five.

A STRACHER FEMALE AURAPICATE OF THE Model school, holding a Thirl-class Professional, desired in the strolley: then I'm only five.

A STRACHER FEMALE AURAPICATE OF THE Model of the Contract of the STRACHER ST



Western Canada Loan and Savings Co. 67th Half yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of S per cont. for the half year reduce on Sist Docenter, some for the head year reduce on the Pad op Capital Stock, and sist Docenter of the Pad op Capital Stock, and sist of the Stock, and

Rev. Father Gearin's Bazaar.

Those holding tickets for Father Gearin's Bazaar will have the kindness to send in duplicates as soon as possible, as the draw-ing takes place 28th inst.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

FOR THE REGISTER.

Footsteps of Augels.

Onco. long years ago, ! wakened, In the silence of the night, And a rustling faint and oerlo Made me call in childish fright; But my gentle mother coming Wish caresses soothed my fear, Saying, "Naught will harm my da 'Twas an angel's footstep, dear.

"Twas the footfall of an angel,
Whom God sends His lambs to kee
Naught may come anear to harm you.
For he watches while you sleep;
All the night he stays besi le you,
And his touch sweet slumber brings
While the sounds you sometimes he

love, Are the rustle of his wings.

Now, when faint mysterious, mur-Float into the midnight calm,

Float into the midnight calm.

Comes once more the sweet assurance,

"Tis an angel, naught can harm."

Comes my long dead mother's spirit,

Softly whispering in my ear,

Sleep, for God doth not forget thee,

"Twas an angel's footstep, dear."

"Trees".

The Necklace of Tears.

(Mrs. E. Eastwick in The Strand Magazine

Once, many years ago, there lived in Orborbalado a most beautiful Princess. Now Ombrelando is a country which still exists, and in which many strange things still happen, although it is not to be found in any map of the world that I

be found in any map of the world that I know of.

The Princess, at the time the story begins, was little more than a child, and while her growing beauty was everywhere speken of, she was unfortunately still more noted for her selfiels and disagreeable nature. She cared for nothing but her own amusement and pleasure, and gave no thought to the pain she sometimes inflicted on others in order to gratify her whims. It must be mentioned, however, as an excuse for her heartless, ness, that being an only child, she had been spoilt from her babyhood, and always allowed to have her own way, while those who thwatted her vero punished.

ways allowed to have her own way, while those who thwasted her vere punished.

One day the Princess Olga, that was her name, escaped from her governess her name, escaped from her governess her name, escaped from her governess and attendants, and wandered into the wood which joined the gardens of the palace. It was her fancy to be alone; also would not even allow her faithful dachshund to bear her company.

The air was soft with the coming of spring; the sun was shining the songs spring; the sun was shining the songs of the birds were full of gratitude and joy; the most lovely flowers, in all imaginable hues, turned the earth into a jewelled test of verdure.

Olga threw herself down on a bank, Olga threw herself down on a bank, Diright with green moss and soft as a downy pillow. The warmth and her wanderings had already wearied her. Sho had neglected her morning studies, and left her sunging-master waiting for her in despair in the music room of the palace, that she might wander into the wood, and already the pleasure was gone.

She threw herself down on the bank. She threw herself down on the bank wander into the wood, and already the pleasure was gone thing, however, of which she never tired, and that was her own beauty; so now, having nothing to do, and finding the world and the morning exceedingly tiresome and tame and dull, also unbound her long golden hair, and appread it all around her like a carpet over the moss and the files a carpet over the moss and the flowers that she ought she was a she was the provided the place over the moss and the files a carpet and a sundant of the warm of a lovely in the same, bridge the sunday the place and the present of the place of a poung her flowers, the picture of a lovely innocent child, if she had been less yand the pretty rose pink lines where the band and self-conscious.

Persently sin leaves the sold of the had been less was the private properly of the King, and the presence of the same limits of the world and intrusion.

"We are no beggars, and over his shoulder

"My father will have you put in prison," said Olga, angrily. "What is

"My name?"
"And that girl behind you—she is hiding—why does she not come for-

hiding—why does she not come for-ward?"
"It is Kasukah—my sister," he said, looking round with a smile, "she is shy, and frightened, perhaps."
"What outlandish names! You must be gipsies," said Olga, rudely, "and per-haps thieves."

"Indeed lady you are mistaken—on the contary, it is in our power to there we upon you many privoless gifts. But we have travelled far to find you and are weary: culy bid us welcome—let us go with you to the castle to rest. How dare you speak so to me? How dare you speak so to me? How dare you speak so to me? How dare you can be for the castle indeed—what are you thinking of There is a poor holes somewhere. I have heard the people say, maintained by my father's boandy out of the taxes you can go there. Go at once—or—you can go there was no poor and shabby: he had the face and hearing cat sking. But she was no por and shabby: he had the face and hearing cat sking. But she was too proud to change her to no.

Or what 'he said.

For following sear which had struck him short years the check with the whip. He had can grown white and stern, and the red, goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the goving sear which her whip had can go with the word of the go with the word of the go with the

the months wene by and sine saw them no more.

Now, as Olga grew older, of course the question arose of indings for her a desirable husband. And one suice and another, but none pleased and, indeed, more than one highly eligible young Prince was frightened away by her haughty manners and violent tempor.

The ruth was, that in secret she had not forgotten the face of Kash, and she sometimes teld herself that if she could find amoup are suitors one who was at all like aim, and was also rich and powerful enough to give her all she desired in other ways, him she would choose. Kash was certainly very handsome, in spite of his beggar's clothes; and suitably dressed, he would have been quite adorable. Also, it would be delightful to find a husband with such a gentle yielding disposition, who never thought of resenting anything she said or did one day a suitor came to the palace who really made her heart beat a little faster than usual at first; he was so like the out. Kasih. But unfortunately he wool of the year of yea

it must surely be the Queen, her mother, come to bid her a last good-night, and felt rather displeased at the interruption the door opened and a stranger outered the room.
Olga saw a tall fluore, draped from head to foot in a soft darkness that shrouled her like a cloud, obscuring even her face.

"Who are you's said Olga, "and what do you want in my private apart ments." Who dared admit you without my leave."

sitroutest no.

"Who are you? said Olga, "and what do you want in my private apart ments?" Who dared admit you without my leave?

"I asked admuttance of no one, for none can refuse mo or bar my way." answered the stranger, in a voice like the sighing of soft winds at might. "My name is hasulama "I am the foster sister of hasukah an! hasul, of when you were just now thinking, and I come to bring you weete just now thinking, and I come to bring you awedding gift.

She withdrow her veil slightly as she spoke, and olga saw a pale screen face sorten ful in expression, and framed with snow white bair, but yet bearing a likeness, that was like a memory, to Kashi and Kasukah.

I wish, said Olga, petalantly, "that Kashi had bought it to morrow and been present at our feast. I would have seen that he was properly attired for this or asson. Your said face is hardly suitable for a wedding feast, shall I ever see him again?"

"As to that, I cannot answer," said Kasuhama, gravely; "but your wedding fai no place either for him of Kasukah. As for me I go everywhere, I am older in appearance than the others you see, though, in reality, it is not so. But that is because they have immortal souls and I have none. The time will come when I must but them farewell. We but journey together for a time. The air of the room seemed to have been strangely chill and cold, and Olga shivered. "I am tired," she said. "and I wish to rest. Will you state your business and leave me?"

Experience had made her less abruptive deline would a recklace of pearls She hold out a necklace of pearls She hold out a necklace of pearls She hold out a necklace of pearls more allowed the men and the sound the near the room of the new wonderful than even Olga had never seen. They were large and round, impressions depths, each jewel hed impressions depths,

drops on her bosom—or were mey was a But in the centre of the necklace was a vacant space.

"There is one lost!" she said.
"Not lost, but missing," answered Rasuhama, softly. "One day the place will be filled, and the necklace will be complete." And with these words she complete. "And with these words she waved her hand to Olga, and drawther for dusty will around her, quitted the room as guietly as she had entered.

The ceremonice of the following day passed off without lot or hinderance, and Olga dazzled by her grandear, would have thought little off wishort for hinderance, and Olga dazzled by her grandear, would have thought little off without lot or hinderance, and olga dazzled by her grandear, would have thought little off or her utmost efforts preved unavailing to unfasten the clasps, and overyone stared and marvelled at the wonderful pearls which seemed endowed with a curious fascination.

Only Prince Hazil was displeased; for Only Prince Hazil was displeased; to wear

to suit circue, and account of the control of the c

attendants.

So little Pearl grow very fragile, and had a wistful look in her blue oyes, as though waiting for something that novor came; for in her grand nurseries and among all her beautiful playthings she found no mother-love to perfect and nourish her life.

nourish her life.

And all this time Olga had seen no more of Kasih or Kasukah; had, indeed, diment forgation what their forgation with

like But one night, at the close of a grand cutertainment, she was summoned in haste to the nursery. The Court physician came to tell her that httle Fearl was ill.

Olga was very weary. Never had the neoklace seemed so heavy a burden so that night, or the Court functions so endlers. She rose however, and follow et the physician at once. Harll, the King, was far away, visiting a distant part of his great territory; he would be terribly angry if anything wont wrong with little Pearl during his absence.

She reached the room where the child hay on her lace overed pillows, very white and small, but with a happy smile in her blue eyes, which looked satisfied at last, but oliga knew that the smile was not for her, that the child did not recognize her, would never know her any more. Semeone clae stood boside the couch: a stranger with bent head and loving outstretched arms, and little Pearl pratited in her bably language of play things and flowers and sunight and wreen fields. Oliga drew near and watched, 1-pless and terrified, with a strange dep-par at her heart. And soen the little voice grow weaker—but the happy smile deepened as the blue eyes closed.

And there was a great silence in the largery. The stranger lifted the little was some the server and as he raised his

the little voice grow weaker—our the happy smile deepened as the blue oyes closed.

And there was a great silence in the nursery. The stranger lifted the little form in his arms, and as he raised his head Olga saw his face, and as he had he have that it was Kash come at last, for across his cheek still glowed the dime of the wound which her hand had dath anany years before. His eyes method with the same stort saliness of repreach as when they parted—then she remembered no more.

When the Queen recovered from her swoon they told her that he little daughter was dead; but she knew that Kasih had taken her. She said now, and and showed few signs of grief, but remained outwardly proud and cold, though her heart was wrong with apain and lear she could not understand. She was full of wrath against Kasih, who, she thought, had taken his way of avenging the old insult she had offered him. Yet the servewall look in his oyes haunted her.

The pearls about her neck pressed unon her with a heavier weight, and in

him. Yet the sorrowful look in his oyes haunted her.

The pearls about her neck pressed upon her with a heavier weight, and in the sleep she saw them as in a vision, and in their depths she discerned strange pictures: faces she had known years ago and long since forgotten, the faces of those whose whom her pride and harshness had caused to suffer, who had appealed to her for love and pity and were denied.

And them in her dream she under-

these whose whom ner price and mean had caused to suffer, who had appealed to her for love and pity and were denied.

And then in her dream she understood that the pearls were in truth the case of those she had made sorrowful. kept and guarded by Kashi in his treation of the pearls were in truth the case of those she had made sorrowful. kept and guarded by Kashi in his treation of the pearls were here to have had been and charded the pearls when he bearned that his little daughter was dead, he summened the Queen to his presence. Olga went haughtilly, for she darred not sittogether disobey. Then Hazil loaded her with reproaches, and in his anger he told her many, many hard things, and the words said deep into her heart. It seemed, presently, that she could hear no more, and hardly knowing what she did, she cast herself at his feet and prayed for mercy.

She asked him to remember that the child had been hers also—that she had loved it. But Hazil in his bitterness, laughed in her face and told her also was a monator, that it was for lack of her love that the child had died; that she had never loved anything—not even herself. He turned away to nurse his own grief, and Olga dragged herself up and went away to the silent room, and knott by the little couch where she had soen kashi take away her child.

And there at longth the blessed tears fell, for she was humbled at last and seorry, and quite desolate and alone. And it seemed to her that through her tears she once more saw Kash, and that he held towards her the little Pearl, more beautiful than ever, and the child put its arms about her neck, and she was comforte?

Well, from that day the life of the Queen was changed. When noxt she looked at the part necklase she found that a jowel, more beautiful than any

put its arms about her neck, and she was comforte?.

Well, from that day the life of the Queen was changed. When nox she looked at the pearl necklace she found that a jowd, more beautiful than any of the others, had been added to it; and she knew that the tear of her humilation had filled the vacant place.

And henceforth she often saw the face of Kasih: near the bed of the dying beside and love, there she met him constantly. Near him sometimes she caught a glimpse of bright Kasukah, but for a while, more often of Kasuhama.

out for a wine, more often of Kasu-hama.

The face of the white-haired sister, however, had grown very gentle and kind, and she whispered of a time when Kasukah should take her place for ever—for Love and Joy are eternal, but Sorrow has an end. As with every act of unselfish kinduces and love that the Queen Olga performed the weight and burden of the necklace grow loss, until the day that it fell from her of its accord, and she was able to give it back to Kasuhama. And Hazil, the Klog, seeing how greatly Olga was che ged, in time grow genile towards her, and loved her; for Kasuhama softened his least.

In the far-off land of Norway, Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing-birds,
flowers, The little children wait

The news chutren wait,
When at last the summer ripens.
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to
come
The toiling people win,

Through all the land the childs

In the golden fields remain ill their busy little hands have gle A generous sheaf of grain ;

All the stalks by the respers forgotten They glean to the very least, to save till the cold December, For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locker

country
There happens a wonderful thing
The sparrows flock north, south, c
west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas The twittering crowds arrive. And the bitter, wintry air at once With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable. On porch and fence and tree. They flutter about the windows And peer in curiously.

And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children.

Who caperly look out.

With checks that bloom like roses red.

See a great them with welcoming

On the joyous Christmas morning, In front of every door A tall pole, crowned with clustering

grain, Is set the birds before

And which are the happiest truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember, With faith so full and sure, That the children's bounty awaited

The whole wide country o'or!

When this pretty story was told mo.
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children Would like to know it too. It seems to me so beautif So blessed a thing to do.

So Diossec a sing so do.

To make God's intocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.
Celia Thaxter in Independent.

Only Three Boys.

HOW LIVED, HOW LOVED, HOW DIRD

VIEW ?

WHITEN PO. CHAPS!

One bright, beaming May morning of the year 1850, in the Catolic city of Baltimore, three merry, well olad boys were seen returning home from early Mass.

They appeared for the property of the pr

of the year 1850, in the Catholic city of Baltimore, three merry, well clad boys were seen returning home from early Mass.

They appeared full of happiness and joy. And well might they! For had they not received that morning for the first time our loving Lord—the Divine Comforter in Holy Communion?

It was the long looked for day come at last—their First Communion Day It was also their kind confessor's birthday. Lovingly could they sing, if they so desired, "O twice happy, twice blessed day! Come to fill all our hearts with infinite happiness."

The boys on their way home grave ly talked of their future and of what the good bishop had said to them during Mass in his short but sweet lecture. Of course they would always be good, practical Catholics; they would never become lukwarm, never deny their faith. No, not they!

Wilfrid Moran, the dark, handsome lad with the bright curly hair and sparkling eyes, was going to be a soldier. Was he not the owner of a beautiful shining gun? Had not his uncle been a solder? That loved, maternal uncle who was wounded in the battle of Waterloo.

Pale, delicate Maurice Woods would like to be a doctor.

I wonder why he choose this profession. Was he thinking of self or of others? Perhaps, poor sickly child that he was, he may have thought that if he were but versed in medical science he would be able to battle with that dread disease—consumption, with which he was afflicted.

The third lad, golden-harred Jack Conway, wished to be a priest. For what was nobler, he asked his companions, than the life of a priest? What holier than to serve at God's altar, to attend and comfort the dying, to sympathize with and console the distressed?

Dream on, fair boys, you have not yet learned that "man proposes, but God disposes."

That same night frail Maurice Woods' weary spirit fled to its Creator. His First Communion was his last

When one is pure at his age His last day is the fairest.

His last day is the fairest.

'Tis the battlefield of Five Forks. The battle has been fought and won. The Federals are the victors. Close by on the hard floor of an old brokendown house, which was used as a additional the state of the battle, a fair young solder lies dying. No priest is near. No nurse, no comrade to wipe the death drops from his brow, to scothe his last moments if he should but waken. Atthough there are many of his brother soldiers yet on the field still none enter the old building. They know not that he—the possessor of many a preud acre, the adored husband of one of America's wealthiest and proudest women, lies within its bleak door unnoticed, uncared for and dying.

Jack Conway, for it is he, has now been unconscious for welvelvolong hours and while still in this state his wayward soul goes forth to meet its Creator and Judge.

Little did you think, Jack Conway, Little did you think, Jack Conway, two short years ago when you gave my your faith for the sake of a beautiful but vain, worldly woman that to day you would thus die far from friende and so unprepared!

You forget that day that "it is vanity to love what is passing away with all speed, and not to be heating thither where endless pay abdeth."

with all speed, and not to be masting thither where endless joy abideth."

Ten years passed by. It is the dreary autumn time. A commanding figure stands on a outward bound vessel, which is lying at anchor outsaid the harbor of New York, bidding a fond farewell to a number of friends. It is our old boyhood friend, Wilfidd Moran, now a Jesuit missionary bound for the dark shore of Asia Your childhood dream, saintly one, has been fully realized! You are indeed a soldier—a soldier of Chrisa. Father Moran never returns again to his native land. For one dark, storny night, a few years after his arrival in Asia, he was killed by a half starved Hindoo, who bitterly disliked the gentle, self-ser-facing, black-robed missionaries.

Father Moran never know that the weapon used by his unfortunate murderer was his own childhood gun, which he had given to a "child of the mission" the day before. He dreaming, when sending to his birth; lace for that gun for his young convert, that it would be the instrument by which he would die for his God.

Axen.

AT THE LIGHTING OF THE TREE.

We have had our little troubles
In this dear old Ninety-six;
Little fusses, little squabbles,
(Crosses made of candy-sticks)—
But seen, like sunny vapor,
All our worriments will floe—
When mother litts the tapor
And lights the Christmas-Tree I

And lights the Christmas-Tree I
There were times when we were naughty:
Times as selfish as a Turk—
Disobedient, cross or haughty,
Wouldn't study, wouldn't work;
But ov'ry trick and caper
Will forget, forgiven be,
When mother lifts the taper
And lights the Christmas-Tree I

Bless the green and spicy codar Full of trinkets, sweets and toys! Full of trinkots, sweets and toys such a gorgeous, glittering breeder If gifts for girls and boys ! We could nover put on paper All our rapture, all our gloo, When mother lifts the taper And lights the Christmas-Tree!

And lights the Christmas-Tree!

It is like a glimpse of heaven,
Of Tree of Life sublime,
Here to little children given
In the Holy Christmas time;
For we seem to see the splonder
Of that Place of Jubilee,
When mother, good and tender,
Lights our levely Christmas-Tree!

Lighus our lovely Christmas-Tree
May we all meet There together
On some Christmas yet to come,
In the golden Edon weather,
In the bright eternal Home!
Far above earth's din and vapor,
What a joy twill be to see
Blessed Mother lift Her tapor
And light God's Christmas-Tree!

CHRISTMAS DELLS,
I heard the bells on Cristmas Day
Their old familiar car ols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to mea!

Of peace on earth, good will so men.

And thought how, as the day had some,
The beliries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
A chant sublime,
ceace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Of pe

Then pealed the bells more loud and

deep,
"God is not dead, nor deth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men !"

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half die of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort. good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It was

iest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowers, Believille, Ont. Sec. and \$1.00

A CHRISTMAS GLORIA.

M. T. WAGGAMAN IN SACRED HEART REVIEW.

HRISTMAS Eve in all its gladness and glory. Christmas Eve and the sun winking down merrily from a clear frosty sky, the hard-packed snow glittering like diamond dust, the river froze. Three nehes deep, curving around Ben Mar hills with the glint of a Damacus blade.

Ohristmas Eve, and the stores bursting with holiday presents, the streets thronged with holiday presents, the streets thronged with holiday prosents, the streets thronged with holiday prosents, the markets brimming with holiday cheer.

Best ot all, Ohristmas Eve, at old

Best ot all, Christmas Eve, at old

Best of all, Christmas Eve, at old Best of all, Christmas Eve, at old St. Asaph's, where the heavy college doors had swung open at the stroke of noon and three hundred boys with a combined whoop that would have put a band of Sloux to shame had burst forth into holiday freedom. Grip-sacks and travellingbags had been hastily grasped, merry goodbyes spokon, prefects of "schools" and vstudies" had dropped all their pedagogic torrors and were cordially speeding their parting pupils "home. "Hurrah for Christmas, shouted Harvey Wright, who lived in the town near by, to his chum and neighbor, Jack Lawrence.

"Let's take a spin on the river."

near by, to his chum and neighbor, Jack Lawrence.

"Let's take a spin on the river, Jack, before we start home. They say you can go humming down three miles without a break. Ice like glass—best we've had this year."

"I'm with you," said sturdy redeheeked Jack, clearing the gray stone steps at a bound. "Just wait until I get my skates from the gym—But my! I forgot—blother gave me a package for Father Neville—"

"Oh, pshaw, don't wait for that; give it to Brother Anselm here at the door."

"Oh, pshaw, don't wait for that; give it to Brother Anselm here at the door."
"I can't," said Jack, reluctantly.
"Mother would not like it. She told me to give it myself, and ask his blessing before I left. The doctor told her he was sinking very fast, that he did not think he would live to see the new year."
"What! Father Neville!" exclaimed Harvey, incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. Why, I met him in the corridor only last week; and he stopped to talk to me about our football match and chaffed me about the way we were used up, and was just as jolly as I ever saw him in my life."
"He is pretty sick for all that, I can tell you," said Jack solemnly. "Dr. Roland told mother that he was just dying like a hero without a groan or a sign. He never saw anything like it in his life. It will make me feel awful to see him, I know, but I must give mother's message and little Christmas present. Keep on to the river and I'll be after you in five minutes."
And Jack sprang up the broad steps again into the college hall and made his way by various corridors and stair-saes to Father Noville's room.
The door stood slightly ajar, and, as Jack roached the threshold a faint moan from within made his heart suddenly sink. But his tap was answered by a cheery." Come in: "and he entered the room, to find Father Neville propped up in his big chair by the sunlit window in apparently tranquit comfort.
He was a man still in the prime of life, of kingly form and presence, that

Neville propped up in his big chair ny the sunlit window in apparently tranquil comfort.

He was a man still in the prime of life, of kingly form and presence, that a mortal disease had not been able to mar, though the noble countenance was masked with lines of pain, and the suffering eyes told a pathetic story the smiling lips could not belle.

"What! Jack, my boy, is it you? I did not think that ropes would hold you sive minutes after twolve, to day. Skating on the river, coasting on the hills, sleighing, snow-balling. Whew! this is the real sort of a rousing Christmas we boys like, isn't it? "Yes, Father," answered Jack, and as he looked into the kind, smiling faces and thought of the doctor's words something swelled up from his heart to his throat that made him feel he had better get through his business quickly or he would make a break somewhere. "Mother asked me to stop and give you this—this little Christmas present from her," and he handed a dainty package to Father Neville.

"You will have to open it for me," replied the invalid, smiling. "My

Noville.

"You will nave to open it for me," replied the invalid, smiling. "My hands are like puff-balls to-day, as you can see. Silk handkerchiefs," he continued as Jack broke the string and showed the contents of the pretty box within. "God bless that good mother of yours, doesn't she know I have made a vow of poverty. And an initial on the corner, too; I suppose she put out her eyes doing all that filigree work herself."

"Ye—yes, sir, "faltered Jack, think-

"Ye—yes, sir," faltered Jack, think-ing of the tears that he had seen fall-ing on the same filigree work when his mother had heard Doctor Roland's sentence, for Mrs. Lawrence was one of the many converts that Father Neville had led into the fold of Truth.

"Well, well," he continued, "Well, well," he continued, "I won't call her foolish, for an old fellow likes to be remembered, especially when he is knocked ou' of wind and time, as I am just now. Pretty well used up as you see, Jack; fairly out

~∰

thore, partials—"The glass there, partial Father Neville, "on the table."

Jack recovered himself enough to hold the wine glass to the sufferer's lipe. "I II—I'll run for Brother Francis," he stammered.

"No, no, no," the helpless hand made a dissenting gesture, "wait—wait a bit. I's—just—just—one of my twinges, Jack; I'll—'I'll be better in a minute. I'm—I'm getting my wind back, you see," and the pale lips tried to force their usual simile. "Don't—don't call any one: Brother Francis is at his dinner. Poor man, his bones are fairly rattling in his skin now. let him get one good, square meal in peace. Look out of the window, Jack; my eyes have failed me this last week; sen't that Will Dutton walking down the road?"

"Yes, sir, Ned Brace and Lem Foster, and all your old class. They are looking up here, I think they see you."

are looking up here, I chink alloy, you."

"Opon the window—wave one of your mother's handkerchie's to them, Jack, I can't."

Jack obeyed; paths and playgrounds were alive with boys rushing, tumbling, wrestling, racing to meet car or stace, but at the futter of that white signal there was a sudden pause in the gleful tumult. Even Tommy Bond, who was relieving the exuberance of his feelings by a series of somerasults on the bar, stopped head down.

"Father Neville! Father Neville I Look, boys, look!" went up the ringing shout. "Father Neville is at his window. Hurrah for Father Neville is at his window. Hurrah for Father Neville in the lappy Christmas! Rah, rah, rah!" and hats and caps were flung wildly into the air, and the frozen hills rang again and again to the college cry, while Jack waved his silken pennant and Father Neville modded and smiled as cheerily as if the clutch of death were not on his heartstrings, and its shadow on his fearless soul.

"Enough, enough, Jack, put down the window. If Brother Francis should catch us at any such skylarking as this we would both get a fine scolding. God bless those boys, they are shouting yet. What a thing it is to have lungs and wind! And Tommy Bond is spinning round that har like a whirligg. That boy never did know his head from his heels, and never will. It makes an old waterlogged hulk like me feel better just to look at him. Ah, Jack, there is nothing that braces one up like a breeze of good will. Remember that, my boy; the angels knew what they were about when they brought us their Ohristmas greeting. Good will, It's salvation in a nutshell Jack. Have the good will to serve God, and help your neighbor in all things, little or great, and if we do make a stumble or two on the road, well—we only scratch our noses—not our souls. They will come out all right. Take the angels watch word, Jack. It will pass you through the lines. Good will, good will And now, I am sure Brother Francis has got as far as his apple pie and will be up in a couple of minutes, and ready wi

so you nad bester.

So you nad been the Ohristmas gift. Tell her I send her my blessing—and—good-bye."

It had to come, the sob that Jack had been choking down so manfully for the last ten minutes. If Father Neville had been the least bit solemn, or doleful, or "preaching" Jack might have managed himself very credibly and skipped off with a glad sense of relief into the holiday sunshine—but to leave him—jolly, smiling—dying like this! It was more than any fellow could stand, and Jack dropped down on his! It was more than any fellow could stand, and Jack dropped down on his knees beside the big armohair, and buried his face in the cushions while his curly head shook coavulsively.

"Why Jack, my dear boy, Jack, Jack, what is the matter?"

"Mother—mother told mo to get—your—your blessing," blurted Jack huskily.

"You have it, my son." The kind voice grew grave and the helpless hand was laid tenderly on the boy's hair.

"May tod the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless you and yours forever. Remember me in your prayers, and—and Jack don't grieve. The road may look a little rough and dark—but I'm—I'm near the end, thank God. I'm like the rest of you, Jack—just a big boy, going home."

"San You home."

and silent—the wind moaning through its leafless groves.—Ah, a shadow had fallon upon Jack's Christmas, bravely and brighty as Father Neville had tried to veil the presence of death, Jack had folt for the first time its awful chill.

He turned gravely homeward—but scon the frosty air sent the warm blood tengling through his voivs, the shouts of the skaters celoned merrity from the rivor, Jack paused, listened, and decided he must take one turn—one turn only—and that blue, glinting, shining track stretching far into the dazzling distance. And, oh, what a glorious turn it was! Jack quite forgot the four last things to be remem bered, as with the rollicking Christmas wind at his back he sped down the glassy stream on feet that seemed shod with lightning. Since he had determined on only one turn, he resolved to make that turn a long one. So he kept on until the skaters disporting themselves near the town, were left far behind and he found himself at a point where the river banks rose in great overhanging cliffs, rough, jagged, frowning, fiercely repellant of all approach.

Further on that same ridge of rock, terraced into beauty by landscape gardeners, was dotted with similing homes, but here it had only been hacked and torn and smitten into de formity that the massive masonry of the railroad bridge below might span the stream.

There are such lives—harsh, fierce, repulsive lives—in which only men like Father Neville can recognize the same rock that builds the temples, and underneath these rough-hewn banks such a life was struck down into piteous helplessness to day. A faint moan reached Jack's ear, and, wheeling round suddenly, he saw crouching under the shelter of the rock the huge, unkempt, sodden, shaking wreek of a man. He had torn his ragged shirt loose at the throat and breat, as if to ease his labored breathing. His dull, bleared eyes were starting painfully from their sockets, and the livid features, scarcely visible under his matted hair and beard, twiched doon vulsively. There was an uspy club at his sid

brain "boy" was synonymous with
"tormentor."
I asy, "repeated Jack in a louder
tone, "are you sick ?"
"None of your business," gasped
the other, with an oath that made Jack,
though by no means a saint, wince.
"Well, you might be a little more
civil about it," said Jack grimly.
"You look pretty bad, I can tell you.
I thought you were making a die of it
here alone."
Another oath was the animum and the series of the serie

civil about it," said Jack grimly.

"You look preity bad, I can tell you.
I thought you were making a die of it here alone."
Another oath was the only reply.
Jack felt his good nature rapidly diminishing under this fusillade; but good "nature" and good "will" are very different things, as the Christmas angels know. "Blast you; what—what are you standing there gaping for," hoarsely panted this neighbor of Jack's. "Get out, or I'l—I'l!; he olutiohed his bludgeon fiercely and tried to struggle to his feet. Jack made a brisk backward curve, and in a moment was out of reach. Then he paused again, for the wretched sufferer had fallen down with a piteous moan.

"Jing, he is going to make a die of it, sure enough. It dou't seem right to leave him here alone like a dog; you've a nice one," continued Jack, addressing himself indignantly to the shaking hulk of poor humanity before him, "to go elubbing people when they only mean to help you; you're a dandy sort of a dying man."

"Water," came faintly through the working lips, "blast you water."
It was scarcely an appeal to touch Jack's heart, but again the picture of that Joble face, darkened by a like agony, rose before Jack's eyes, and he grow pitiful once more for Father Neville's sake. "He glanced around there was not a drop of water within sight; everything was frozen hard and oruel as steel. Then as in boyish perplexity he thrust his hands in his reefer pockate, he felt a package thera. It was the little silver mounted vinai-grette he had bought for his pet sister Nellie, a delicate little girl, whose "smiff," as her brother called it, saved her many a fainting spell. In a second Jack hed the package thera. It was the little silver mounted vinai-grette he had bought for his pet sister Nellie, a delicate little girl, whose "smiff," as her brother called it, saved her many a fainting spell. In a second Jack hed the adminy little girl, whose "smiff," as he appowerful whiff, for the pungent salts were fresh and strong.

The fainting man gasped, struggled, revived. Like a

Ghost blees you and yours forevor. Remember me in your prayers, and—and Jack don't grieve. The road may look a little rough and dark—but I'm like the rest of you, Jack—just a big boy, going home."

Lack was glad to find that Harvey Lack was gla

thank you for it. It's done me a power of good. What sort of stuff is it, and where do you get it? I'd like to have some, gin another turn comes on.

to have some, 'gin another turn comes on.' Oh, you can keep that," said little gentleman Jack, who, apart from all charitable considerations, felt his pretty gift had been profaned for dainty Nell's now.

"I can," and the man, who was rapidly regaining strength and voice, looked at the little silver-topped, orystal top as if it were a talisman; "koop this here? What do you ask for it?" ropeated Jack, "why—why—nothing."

keep this here? What do you ask for it?

"Ask for it?" repeated Jack, "why—why—nothing.
"Dyou mean to give it to me?" was the amazed question.

"Why, yes, of course." laughed Jack. "It isn't worth much, it's just a little stuff to ke people from realing over. Keep the bottle tight corked and when you feel your spell coming on, open it and take a good whiff—that's all."

The man looked from boy to flask in dull amazement. Happy, sheltered, home-blessed Jack—could not guess what a bitter story of hopeless, friendless, sunless life that look conveyed.

It was as if the hacked and blacken od rock, under which the wretched being lay, had suddenly found on its strong breast a flower of spring.

"Lord!" he said, with a harsh, strange laugh, "that's a curious youngster. I've had to beg, and buy, and sarn, and borrow and steal—and I've done them all, but it's the first time anybody ever gave me anything—the very first time."

"That's a pretty tough show for a follow," said Jack. "Never had a Christmas gift when you were a boy?"

"No; never had nothing but kicks and lioks, any time."

"Well, I'll break your record with a look, any time."

"Well, I'll break your steed with a fagain, are you? Let me help you up; better tale another sniff before you start of. There's your stick; keep to the road under the bridge if you are going to town; you'll find it's not so much of a climb—so good-bye and Happy Christmas!" muttered the man, his face lowering again as the

straight sweep down the shining river home.

"Happy Christmas!" muttered the man, his face lowering again as the boy's blithe figure disappeared around a bend of the stream. "Happy Christmas! Mebbe I ain't going to make it happy for some folks I know;" and gripping his knotted stick, he thrust his hand in his side pocket as if to assure himself of something hidden there, and then passed under the shadow of the blackened rocks towards the town.

The beautiful drawing room of the Lawrence home was a very bower of greenery, a Yule log snapped and blazed jovially on the tiled hearth, the garlanded chandelier, with its pendant crystals flashed and cleamed like an Arctic sun. For Jack's family held to the old German custom, and the "Christkindehen" came on Christmas Eve.

"Ohristkindehen" came on Ohristmae Eve.

Dolla, tea sets, baby carriages, horns, trumpets, rocking horses and bioyoles were arranged about the tree, which, y twinkling with tiny tapers, glittering with tinsel ornaments, arose in all its splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the season of t

me on carth, I feel it will open to me at the payor of my wife.

"God and the county," but, oh' John. I do not know why," but, oh' John. I do not know why," but, oh' John. I do not know when the county as a trange shadow with the county as a form that makes me fear and trenthe, but I feel, I cannot say how." a light shudder passed through her frame, "as if something dark, some ovil or danger near."

"The county of the county

world.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine
rose the sweet chorus in unfaltering
faith. The scoptio's heart stirred
strangely. Was there light revealed
to these babes that he was too blind

Gloria, Gloria,

In Excessiss Deo
rose the transplast chain caught from
angelic choirs. Gloria. Gloria.
and all the voice that made earth's
music seemed to echo book the rapturof song. Gloria Gloria,
went swelling through the Christmay
gladness as doeanly of the room and
pulsing into the darkness without,
when suddenly the harmony was
broken by a shot, a crash a moffled
cry. Mrs. Lawrence stated from he
organ, the children clung to ber in
terror, the Judge sprang to the wind
ow, swept ande the curtain and flung
open the sash,

"Jack, quick. Brandy from the
sidebaard—some one in hurt out here,"
and he leaped from the low sill to the
ground where a dark figure lay moaning pitcousty.

"What hurt you, my man?" saked
the Judge, bending over the writhing
figure "Who fired that shot?"

"Mo." was the harsh answer.

"Me, Mr. John Lawrence, but you
in each the skeered. It was fired in
air, but it was loaded—for you."

"For me," repeated the Judge in
amazement.

"Look close," gasped the man;
"mebne you won't remember me for,
I guess you've done the same job for
many a chap since. Mebbe you don't
know Pete Wright. the lifer in State's
prison."

"Where you put him when you
was persecuting attorney seven years

"Pete Wright, the lifer in histor's prison."

"Where you put him when you was persecuting attorney seven years ago," panted the speaker. "I swore 1'd be even with you for it, if I ever got the chance. Swore it on my knees day and night, swore it harder and deeper when the pain gripped me here," he struck his breast fiercely, "and they lot me loose—to die. To die, but I swore I wouldn't die until I sent you to death before me, and that's what I come here to do to-night, and I'd a done it. I had the drop on you through the window, and Pate Wright is a dead shot yet. I could have done it. Mr. John Lawrence, but I.—I didn't. Mebbe," and the dim, bleared eyes fixed themselves on Jack, who had reached the soene with the brandy, "mebbe, youngater, you can tell why?"

"My!" exclaimed Jack, staring in breathless smazement, "it's you again, is it? Father, it's—it's the man I told you about that I met on the river bank this evening."

"It's—it's that—that chap of yourn that saved you, Mr. John Lawrence. He came across me when I was most—most gone. He was good on me, and he a boy, too. He was good on me, and he a boy, too. He was good on he gave me this," the trembling hand showed the little vinaigrette in its icy clutch. "Good stuff; it gave me back my breath again, it helped me to get—get hers. And—and when I got hero—with—with murder in my heat and that pistol loaded to the muzzle for you, John Lawrence; when I had the drop on you through that window and saw—saw the boy's face at your side, that boy's hand on your shoulder, when I knowed he was yourn—well, I fought it out with the old spite and the old hate for a minute, and ther—then I give up, John Lawrence, and I fired my pistolin air. And now—now I'm—I'm dead beat rout. No, I don't want no luque, and the condite, as sigh, and the convict's soul lit with the first glean that had ever fallen upon its darkness was before the bar of One who judges not as man.

"There was a sludder, a sigh, and the convict's soul lit with the first glean that had ever fallen upon its dar

been spared to-night. If Jack had not been pitful to that wretched man this evening—"

"I tell you I did not feel much like it," said Jack frankly, but you see I had just left Father Neville, and he was so sick himself, and so kind and so jolly, and he talked to me about being good to everylody, so that somehow, just then I could not have turned away from a dying dog."

"God bless father Neville then, let us all pray to-night," said Mrs. Lawrence in a trembling tone.

"G'ory to God, and good will to man," has been the text of his life. He preaches it to the last.

To the last, indeed, for the Christimas chimes sounded through the mid night as he spoke.

Spire after spire caught up the joyous peals, until the starry darkness seemed to thrill and throb with triumphant Glorias. Then suddenly through the glad carillens a despanced solem note came from the tower of St. Asaph's.

The tolling bell for a departed soul—Father Noville had "gone home."

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Be sure and use that old, and well-tried
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diarrhoss. Twenty-live cents a bottle. It
is the best of all.

Two Christmas Eves.

CONTINUED PROM PAGE CNR.

lodge that I am once more on terra firma, instead of a wretched ship that don't seem to know her own mind for two minutes together, and ends by dumping one on the rocks; never had such a narrow escape before.

"Indeed, sir, your experience was nothin like our Lily came through alive, by the grace of God." said Joc.
"What was that asked the old gentleman.

gentleman.

"She was the only one saved, out o'nigh a hundred and fifty souls, that was in a ship as went to pieces on them very works."

"Sho was the only one saved, out o nigh a hundred and fifty souls, that was in a ship as went to ploces on them very rocks."
"What! the old man's cup almost fell from his trembling fingers, "isst she your daughter?" No, sir, only by adoption, I saved by myself, ten year ago, when she were only a little mite about nive years old. The old man rose trembling to his fect, and gared at Lily, a gare so searching that she almost shrank back. "It cannot be "he muttered," and yet he date, ten years ago, and the hkeness." he dropped the cup and grasped the bad of a chair. "Have—have you anything by which she could be identified? he asked at last. Lisbeth, who had anticipated his question, quietly produced the locket, he glanced at the beautiful features, and then again at the girl. "Come to me, my love." he said hearse. "You are my daughter's child. There was no doubt about it. Mr. Willoughly identified everything, oven to the tiny shoes, which he had purchased himself, and related how Lily and her father and mother had sailed out the lil fated ship that had been reported tost with all hands: how he had wated lost with all hands: how he had wated to last, for a change, had determined to sail for the spot where his only child had perished.

That Christmas was the inerriest one the Wilmots had ever known. There was not even the fear of parting with Lily to mar their joy, for Mr. Willoughby annoanced his intention of building a house at Dicakdene, and making his grand-daughter the lady bountiful of the whole district. He even remarked juoulny that if Harry Sowall came on a burgling expedition after certain property, (pinching Lily, who blushed luriously) he did not think he should do anything very dreadful to him!

Senator Power on the School Question

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

Sire—I am much obliged for your having given up so much of your valuable space to my leiter of the 30th ultimo, and also for your flattering remarks with respect to myself. I do not propose to abuse your kindness by writing an other long leiter; that I must ask for space to call attention to one error into which you have fallon for the second time. You stated in your article of the 20th November, and you repeat in that the 10th Instant, that the memorandary of the 10th Instant, the

Dyspersia on INDOSSTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to to secreto the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on also, being the principal cause of Hesdache. Parmelee's Vogetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee S lils are taking the lead against lend of the principal cause in the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

The Late Mr. Michael Gorman, Per

The death of Mr. blichael Gorms courred at his home in Pembroke at 11 o'clock on the mght of Friday the 11th inst. Mr. Gorman had been alling for several months, but with care, added to a robust constitution, his friends oberished the hope that his friends cherished the hope that many years of usefulness yet remained for a life so far spent in good deeds: but Providence ruled it otherwise, and as the midnight hour of Friday approached the melancholy nows was spread through Pembroke that the good neighbour, the good citizen, the exemplary Catholic, the loving husband and indulgent father was no more.

Michael Gorman first saw the light in the Summer of 1824 amids the bl-ak Piores of the Atlantic in the historic County of Clare. The name he bore is a numerous, as it is an honored one along these regions. Whole Catholic congregations, it is not exaggerating to say, are largely made up of Gorman or, more properly speaking, O Gorman. Many of the kindred of our lamented friend have risen to positions of eminence; and not a few ofthem have by deeds gof daring signalized their devotion to the cause of Irish Nationality. Of these mention may be made of the late O'Gorman Mahon, who successively represented Clare, the Borough of Epnis and the County of Carlow in the British Parliament. The history of this intrepid soldier and chivalrous Irishman is largely the history of this intrepid soldier and chivalrous Irishman is largely the history of this intrepid soldier and chivalrous Irishman is largely the history of the citadel of intolerance when in proposing the "Liberator" at the memorable Clare election in 1828 he challenged any member of the Cromwellian squirearchy in that county who felt segrieved at the presumption of a Catholic to offer himself for Parliamentary honors to choose his ground and his weapons. Of the same kindred also was Richard O'Gorman who recently died an hon ored citizen of New York. It was to this brave young patrot, then in his twenty fifth year, that William Smith O'Brien entrusted the dangerous task of arousing to action the men of Clare during the abortive insurrectionary attempt of 1948. His secape from the notorious Vandeleur and a troupe of his retailures and neighboring "squirreens," who pursued him down the Shannon and into the broad Atlantic was one of the most sensational events of those stormy times.

Michael Gorman, with his parents and a number of brothers and sisters left home in 1835, coming direct to the County of Renfrew, where they have since resided. Mr. Gorman filled many positions of trust during his histime, and at the time of his death was Inspector of Weights and Measure

De rest in peace.

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Gladys—Phyllis's hair is certainly beautiful, but I don't think she ought to show so much of it, do you?

Frank (her cousin).—Well, you see she has neither face, ingure nor money; its simply a case of neck or nothing with her.

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The following is a list of the pupils of St. Michael's school who received testimonials of merit for the month of

of December:
Fourth Form.—E. By-nes, Denis Grainey, J. Ferris. H. Lyner, F. Dis sette, G. O Leary, G. Lalor, N. Mechan, J. Mackey, T. Oavan, J. Egan, M. Hall, J. Archer.
Third Form.—J. Kerr, C. McMillan, J. Dowling, Wm. Whythe, J. Murphy. Second Form.—T. Wheeler, T. Lynch, N. O'Leary, Wm. O'Railly, O. B. Bassman, E. Foley, P. Meagher, G. Murphy, S. McConnell, R. Claney, R. Johnson, G. Kelly.

At this season. When the year is about closing, Oak Hall takes stock and arranges for a special sale of goods still on hand It is ustall in such cases with this well-known house to pare down prices, and on this occasion the figures are very much in favor of the buyer. This cut applies to garments of all descriptions, but particularly to boy's clothing, which is in considerable variety, neat in make and of serviceable material.

Well Patronized.

The public seem to know a good thing.
This is exemplified by the attendance at the Central Business College of Toronto, which during the term just closed has taxed to the utmost the seating capacity of this large and prosperous school. Further accommodation is being provided for the winter session, which begins on Monday, January 4th. Those who propose to attend should notify the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, at once.



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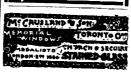
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