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# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XIII., No. 2

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## APOLOGETIC CATHOLICS

Some Reasons Why Their Attempts to Win Goodwill by False Pretenses Act as a Boomerang.

Current history brings out in striking relief the great advantage which the Church enjoys in the United States to-day. Nowhere in the world is the work of the Church so untrammelled as it is in America; and nowhere is its benign influence so effective.

Of course there is still left that latent hostility to Catholicism that makes a Catholic, no matter how well qualified he may otherwise be, an impossibility as a candidate for the Presidency, but even that is growing feebler every year and if we are true to ourselves a little longer it will soon disappear entirely. Very soon, if we are loyal to the principles of our holy religion, our perfect and complete assimilation with all things American will be universally recognized and all the unfair drawbacks and obstacles under which we now labor will be entirely removed. In fact, we have even now reached a stage in our existence when the things that prevent our perfect assimilation with our non-Catholic fellow citizens in worldly affairs are very intangible.

Whatever there may be in the mind of our non-Catholic neighbors that hinders our progress with them in material things is traceable to the jealousy of the average non-Catholic of the influence of the Church with its members. They naturally contrast it with the influence of the pastors of non-Catholic churches over their flocks, and being unable to understand it, grow suspicious and look for its explanation in things occult and mysterious. They are rather inclined to think that scapulars and medals and relics, prayers to the Blessed Virgin and veneration of the saints and similar things would in some way explain it, if they could learn of their true inwardness, but that a sort of combination of "Jesuitical cunning" and Masonic secrecy prevents rank outsiders like these from learning the mighty power of these things. This is unfortunate, it is to be regretted that, whether they accept of or not, all the practices of the Church are not well understood by intelligent non-Catholics. But the fact that they are not is largely our fault.

In the very nature of things it is inevitable that we and they, begetting our points of view from traditions in utter opposition and our temperaments from positively contrary sources, should see some things differently, and we do. Yet, notwithstanding that fact, we and they, striving for the same end, have at last come to see the more important concerns of life from a common viewpoint called the "Constitution," and have adjusted those affairs so that we may live in harmony and concord.

But there is still left this suspicion, this wrath of dead hatreds that prevents our perfect assimilation as one people, and it bids fair to be a factor in our lives for years to come, for it is based on things, the devotion to which we inherit from our fathers and the contempt for which they inherit from theirs, and about which it is not possible for us to be reconciled.

They are non-essential things in the main, but if our attitude about them had been the same as we have taken about essential matters—the result would have been just as desirable. There would not be any more misunderstanding about them than there is about our right to go to confession when we choose or to profess our belief in the infallibility of the Holy Father, things that seem utterly absurd to the average non-Catholic mind, but which are now being regarded by them with acquiescence.

This, as we know, was not always thus. There was a time when the infallibility of the mass and all the essential doctrines and practices of Catholicism were, in some way, never understood by us, regarded as so many evidences of treason and disloyalty. But without excuse

or apology, relying upon our consciousness of good faith and sincerity and upon our constitutional rights, we followed the even tenor of our way and dared men to interfere with us in the exercise of those rights. And our dare was no idle threat; and our very beginning it was dangerous for men to impugn our loyalty upon those of any other grounds in our presence. And the Yankee, being essentially a fair-minded man, our boldness and straightforwardness won his admiration and induced his impartial investigation of many things which he had once taken for granted to be wrong. And he was surprised and pleased to learn that in essential things his inherited prejudices against us were founded on myth and very unfair.

But in these other non-essential things a great many Catholics have not been so straightforward. They have taken a more or less apologetic, explanatory attitude. They have seemed to think it necessary when those things were concerned to prove our good faith and excuse, as it were, our loyalty to our religion; and as a result, whatever of doubt or suspicion there lingers in the mind of our non-Catholic friends as to our fealty and trustworthiness as Americans springs from the suspicious and conciliatory manner of these Catholics has engendered. Those Catholics have tried to meet the non-Catholic in his notions of those matters half way; they admit that there are some things about our religion with which they are not in hearty sympathy; they hint at "superstitions" and point out wherein the "second generation" is wiser and more "broad-minded"; they talk of the "bigotry" of our fathers and explain it on the ground of their lack of opportunity; they are too "practical" to take much stock in relics and ridicule their mothers and sisters because, in their simple faith, they see as much to venerate in a relic of one of God's saints as if it were a relic of George Washington; they agree that "if a man is all right" it does not matter much what he believes; they pose as that very superior sort of person, a "liberal Catholic," and, in short, they are so liberal in those things that they have altogether overshoot the mark of their purpose and created by their fawning to the notions of our neighbors the very contrary effect they sought. Our non-Catholic friends liked the straight-up-and-downness which we practiced when our religion itself was under fire, but the attitude of the "liberal Catholic" about these other Catholic practices is so different and so transparently insincere that they have provoked doubt as to all our pretensions.

There is nothing superstitious in Catholic practices; our fathers were not more narrow-minded or less bigoted than we; we have naught but reverence for relics of saints; it matters a great deal what a man believes, no matter how much "all right" he may otherwise be. The Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church is the only true Church and we do not go half way nor even an inch towards our separated brethren in matters of faith, morals or Catholic practices, and the more rigidly we adhere to those positions the more respect will we command.

We have no patience with the "liberal Catholic," nor for that matter with the "liberal Protestant" or the "liberal Jew." He has no standing either as a Catholic, Protestant or Jew. He is simply a "liberal," nothing more or less. A man without conviction. A soul astray. A creature that begins nowhere and ends nowhere.

Every consideration of justice and charity requires that we give to the views of all men the same toleration we demand for ours. That has always been the teaching and practice of the Church. But in the matter of our religion we know that we are right and we cannot consistently admit that others may be right too. It is a contradiction in terms. An attempt to win good will by false pretenses will never do as a foundation upon which to build a better feeling between us and our neighbors. It would be rotten at the base and would crumble at the first strain.—The Guidon.

### Father Quinn Appointed to Tweed

Chesterville, Jan. 4.—Rev. J. S. Quinn, parish priest of Chesterville, has been transferred by Archbishop Gauthier to the parish of Tweed. Father Quinn has been six years in Chesterville, and during that time was most energetic in bringing the parish to the very high position it now holds.

Brewer's Mills, the assistant's office at St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, and Marysville, have been among Father Quinn's charges. He is an Irishman by birth and came to Canada in 1884 with the late Archbishop Cleary. Besides studying at Maynooth College, he was also a student at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Affliction mellows the heart and opens it towards humanity, makes us more gentle, more charitable, more forgiving, more patient, with other men's feelings.

### MAIL COURSES

Many young men have won good positions in business life taking advantage of the excellent commercial courses given by mail through the Correspondence Department of the well-known and reliable Central Business College of Toronto. If a young person cannot attend College, the next best thing to do is to study by mail. A postal address to Correspondence Department, Central Business College, or to W. H. Saw, Principal, will bring you an interesting booklet, "Training for Success."

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### Protestantism and Prosperity

Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., an Ulster Protestant, has in some recent communications to the Dublin Freeman's Journal, discussed in a strikingly reasonable way the trite topic of "Protestantism and Prosperity." In starting out he says:

"It was not the object of Christianity to procure prosperity, nor what we now call high civilization. It has a nobler mission. St. Paul said he labored more than they all—not for earthly prosperity, but for the 'elect sake.' From the stable of Bethlehem to the end of the Founder's earthly life the part of prosperity in the sense we now use it was never trodden. Prosperity is not the test of truth. Indeed, the Church is in warfare with luxury and prosperity, which have ruined nations and peoples. If material prosperity were associated with Protestant forms of faith it would furnish an argument in their favor. I think the most that can be said on this point is that, although the object of Christianity was not to promote material prosperity in its operation in the world it is not inimical. The question one would like to examine is, are the countries which have retained Catholicism notoriously behind in civilization in epochs, as compared with Protestant periods. Those who are brought up Protestants have continually heard of the advantages of a Protestant mode of government and the disadvantages of one that is Catholic. Every man is a child of his epoch and his country. Take three centuries—the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth—as illustrations of Protestant rule, and then the three preceding centuries—thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth—as in contrast under Catholic rule. Which of the two periods exhibits greater progress in civilization? The inquiry is not which period reached a higher place of development, because it is evident that in the year 1800 civilization must have been more advanced than in the year 1500, without the appearance of Protestantism. Those who begin to climb a height of 100 feet above the sea level will attain a greater altitude in five hours than one who begins at 80 feet. That is not the question. But the question is whether the Catholic or the Protestant has, in these centuries, travelled over a greater stretch on the road to culture.

To the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries—the Catholic—belong the development of Gothic architecture, and the finest poetry of the Middle Ages in Germany and France and Italy. To these centuries belong the invention of gunpowder, the art of printing, the opening of a maritime route around Africa, and the discovery of America. On the other hand, to the Protestant centuries, from the 16th to the 18th, belonged the Thirty Years War, which despoiled Germany of half her population. To these times also belong the French Revolution, 1789, with all its horrors and the triumph of infidelity and Socialism. Besides, Protestantism has not held exclusive monopoly in the last three centuries. The following Catholic giants may be mentioned as proof, viz.: Calderon, Shakespeare, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Rubens, Palestrina, Lotti, Tasso, Copernicus, Francis of Sales, Charles Borromeus, Baronius, Bellarmine, Suarez, Toledo. More recent times have produced Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, a Cornelius, an Overbeck, a Seewitz, Kleugens and Tranzelin; the historians Spoeover, Harter, Klop, Janssen, the poet Webber.

If on the other side Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing be quoted as a set-off, I must remark that these five names cannot be cited as belonging to the ranks of Protestantism. However, science is not that for which Christianity came. What has the Catholic epoch to show and what the Protestant? "When Luther appeared he found Christendom devout with some few individual exceptions"; the result of the schism brought about after 300 years of Protestant rule. David Strauss was forced to ask and to deny the question—are we still Christians? Again, Christianity made greater strides between the 5th and the 16th centuries than since. In that period there was the conversion of the

English, of the nations of the Lower Rhine, of the Saxons, of the Scandinavian peoples, of the Poles, the Russians, and the Slavonic race, of the Magyars, and the tribes of Asia. There are achievements since which have been shared equally by the English and the Latin race. It is admitted that the first three centuries of Protestantism were almost a total failure in missionary work. The Jesuits were then the workers. During all this time Ireland held her own and in many respects morality stands higher than either Scotland or England.

There can be very little said of the moral advancement of England during the 18th century. Comparing nation with nation, there are many marks of civilization in which the Continental nations are far ahead of Great Britain—sculpture, painting, architecture, medical science, manners, not to speak of motor and electric industries. And since China, North America and Australia yield the palm in martyrs and in progress in missionary work to Catholic zeal, let us compare the Catholic and Protestant countries in the present day. It may be granted that France, Spain and Italy are more affected with revolutions than Germany or England. But who causes the revolutions? Those inimical to the Catholic Church and allied to Protestantism—certainly not the Pope in Italy. Catholics are forbidden to stir up insurrection.

"The number of suicides in a year among Catholics over the whole world amounts to between 48 and 58 to the million, among Protestants 190 to the million. During the years 1871 to 1875 suicides to the million averaged 13 in Spain, 32 in Italy. In Protestant countries, 1,331 in Prussia, 258 in Denmark, and 268 in the Kingdom of Saxony." Belgium is essentially a Catholic country, and one of the most happy and prosperous in Europe. It supports a population of 6,896,679. If Ireland were peopled as thickly as Belgium she would support 13,000,000 inhabitants. Her national affairs are managed with great ability and the spirit of good feeling pervades all religious classes. Compare Antwerp, under Catholic rule, with Amsterdam and Rotterdam, under Calvinism. The tonnage entering Antwerp was equal last year to that of Amsterdam and Rotterdam together, although the latter ports have greater natural advantages.

France is one of the richest countries in the world; thrift and prosperity abound. Till 1870 her greatness was a terror to Europe, till which time she was really Catholic. Her greatness has declined somewhat since infidelity has been forced upon her by her rulers.

The prosperous portions of Germany are Catholic. The Rhine provinces are by far the most advanced in material and mental greatness. Italy—there can be no comparison made, for there is no Protestant province. Switzerland—compare the cantons. No doubt, Zurich and the Protestant cantons are better housed and better in many respects than those of the Forest cantons, but this was the case when these cantons were Catholic and under the influence of a trusted Cardinal. The fair way to look at this is to compare the Forest cantons with any of the English shires, and they will be found quite as progressive. This letter is already too long, or I would proceed."

### Recent Prominent Converts

Hackensack, N.J., Dec. 27.—Rev. George Albert Cain, lately a curate of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents at Hoboken, has announced his conversion to the Catholic Faith and expects soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Hubert D. Gartland, chaplain of Newman School, a preparatory school for boys conducted under Catholic direction at this place.

London, Dec. 31.—Deep interest has been aroused among the Roman Catholics and American residents in England by the announcement that Miss Evelyn Vanwart, granddaughter of the late Marshall O. Roberts of New York, has been converted to Catholicism.

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## DOWNEYVILLE SCHOOL CAS 3

Statement by Father Bretherton to a Hostile Newspaper.

(Toronto Telegram)

Father Bretherton was a member of the old Public Board, and, therefore, a party to the transference of the school. He is a firm believer in the Separate School System, contending that the Church should supervise the instruction of the young within its communion.

"We are prepared," he said in answer to a question, "to fight to the last ditch. We knew what we were doing when we had the school transferred. We considered the subject well before taking a step, and the Church does not intend to recede from its position."

"Why did you take action at all? Why not leave the school as it was?" were questions asked by your correspondent.

"To understand the matter," was the reply, "it is necessary to give a history of the whole situation."

RECITES THE CASE.

"The trustees of the school section were Catholics. I was myself a member of the Board. The children that attended the school, with only two exceptions, those of the two children of Mr. John Ayers, are also Catholics."

"Mr. Ayers, by-the-by, does not own any land, he is merely a tenant. The only other Protestant ratepayer is Mrs. Parker, and she has no children attending the school."

"I advised my bishop, and on the 16th November he wrote me a letter to be read to my congregation, saying that he considered the time was opportune to establish here a Catholic Separate school. By the letter, also, I was instructed to explain to the people the advantages of such a school."

"That was my authority, and it was upon it I acted."

"Was the matter ever mooted before?"

"Many years ago by some of the ratepayers, who approached me and said that we might as well have the school changed into a Separate one."

MEETING CONVENED.

"But to resume. The proceedings we took were all legal. We had an informal meeting first to discuss the question, and then five ratepayers convened a meeting, which was held early in December, to elect Separate School trustees."

"After the election of the trustees we advise: the Minister of Education of what had taken place, and we had the trustees certified to by the reeve of the township."

"We got back word from the Education Department that when the proper time came a Catholic School inspector would be sent to inspect our school."

"We had the school here. It was practically a Catholic one. At any rate it was conducted on Catholic lines. The religion taught in it was tolerated and we did not see, considering all things, why it should not be transferred to the Separate School Board. After negotiations between the Public and Separate School trustees the transference took place."

"Did you notify the Public School ratepayers of your intentions?"

"No, but since the sale occurred no formal objection has been taken to our action. The objectors might have taken out an injunction, but they did not do so."

"Was any sum paid for the school?"

"A small amount, only a nominal one, to make the transfer valid."

"Did you with the other members of the Public School Board, call the usual annual meeting of the ratepayers at the end of the year?"

CEASED TO EXIST.

"No; the Public Board on the sale of the school, had ceased to exist."

"We called a meeting for the 28th of December. It was held according to law; but it was for the election of Separate School trustees."

"Some of those who are against the transference of the school were present. We had elected a trustee in place of the retiring member of the Separate Board, when Inspector Knight came in. Some of our opponents asked him if they could not hold a meeting. Mr. Knight said 'Yes,' and also stated that a school could not be sold or transferred until after it had been closed for some months."

Father Bretherton then went on to discuss the opposition to his action.

"It is not," he said, "with those a question of a Separate School. The disconting is another source."

"Some years ago a misunderstanding arose over a teacher who did not have himself. He was dismissed and deprived of his certificate."

REASON OF OBJECTION.

The individuals, who are causing the trouble now, are those who took exception to the dismissal of the teacher.

## Canada's New Governor-General

To the Editor of The Register:

The recent appointee to the position of Governor-General of Canada is the subject of a sketch by W. T. Stead in a current magazine. Lord Grey, who is now about 53 years of age, has had the advantage of close association with men who have been engaged in important affairs of state. The father of the present earl was the second son of the great Earl Grey. He who, when a young man, was a follower of Charles James Fox and when he became Prime Minister of England, introduced and carried through parliament the first Reform Bill, which greatly extended the franchise and was for its day a very radical measure. General Sir Charles Grey, the second son of the great earl, was his father's private secretary when the latter became Prime Minister, and in 1849 he became private secretary to Prince Consort and later private secretary to Queen Victoria, which position he occupied until his death in 1870. His son, the present Earl, succeeded to the title upon the death without children of his father's elder brother in 1894. Previous to that he had made a name for himself as an enthusiastic follower of Gladstone, but when in 1886 Gladstone put Home Rule for Ireland before everything, Mr. Albert Grey, as he was then called, stood to one side, and has since been more or less identified with the Liberal Unionists.

Lord Grey is a man of many, and one would think, at first sight, of diverse interests. He is an ardent peace crusader, yet he presided over a meeting in Newcastle town hall which clamored loudly for war with the Boers; he is a free trader, yet takes the chair for the Episcopal Church, yet enthusiastic in praise of the Salvation Army; he is a temperance reformer, yet he is a director of a public house trust.

The last named project is one that we may be called upon some day in Canada to discuss, and it will, perhaps, be worth while to obtain a little knowledge on the subject. A trust is founded in this way. A number of prominent people in a district form themselves into an association for the purpose of acquiring an old license or of purchasing a new one. An agent of the trust is placed in charge as manager and his salary is in no way affected by the amount of intoxicating liquors sold—but here is what is considered the vital point—he receives a commission on all non-intoxicating beverages sold. A dividend of 5 per cent. is paid to the shareholders and the surplus is used for the benefit of the district in any way that is needed. There are no statistics available at present as to the success of the plan, but no doubt the experiment will be watched with keen interest.

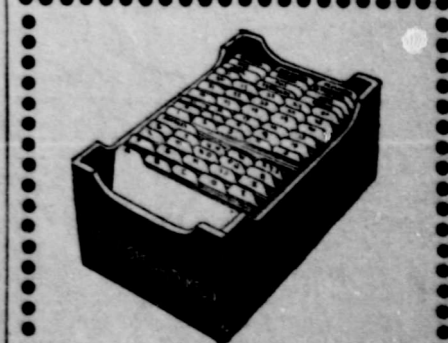
Mr. Stead explains the apparent inconsistencies of Lord Grey as arising from an ardent, energetic temperament, with high ideals and with keen aspirations toward what is thought to be the greatest good. "He is ever in the saddle, with spear at rest, ready to ride forth on perilous quests for the rescue of oppressed damsels or for the vanquishing of giants and dragons whose brood shall infest the land. He is one of those rare and most favored of mortals who possess the head of a mature man and the heart of a boy. One gathers from this sketch of Lord Grey that high above all other interests and ideals he is an Imperialist, and is ardent in his desire to draw together in one common bond, and if possible, under a central government, all members of the English-speaking race."

The description placed before us by Mr. Stead of our new Governor-General gives the portrait of a man who must be a charming personality. We may not be in accord with all his opinions, but there are none of them mean, narrow, or contracted. There is in them a breadth and fullness that is refreshing in this age of self-interest and caution. W. O. C.

cher. They do not object to the principle of Separate Schools; they are against those who have been the means of having the school transferred. The trouble is not with our Protestant friends.

"But the Protestant children will be denied the school?"

"We have no objection to their coming; and I will take care that, should they come, nothing will occur to jar upon their sensibilities."



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MRS. SANDEMAN'S SON

Mrs. Sandeman sat smilingly listening to Mrs. Prendergast and feeling that she should hate her as long as she lived.

Mrs. Prendergast was paying a rather late visit, having been, in fact, making a round to tell her good news to as many friends as possible.

And Mrs. Sandeman listened and smiled with the bitterest sensations, offering profuse congratulations while her small and still attractive face flushed more and more deeply.

It had been at last determined that Hartley's profession should be the law, which to the person chiefly interested seemed as much an evil as any other.

"Hartley has not a pettifoggish mind," she said. Major Sandeman, however, insisted that the boy must not be allowed to spend any more time loafing about the town with a pipe in his mouth.

"Ethel saw Hartley on his way from the station a little while ago," she remarked, looking round the table, as if, perhaps, she had hit her mark.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, with ghastly cheerfulness; "he arrived more than an hour ago, but he had been so busy up to the very last moment in London that we persuaded him not to come in."

"Has the boy got a holiday, Sandeman?" asked Mr. Wentworth. "Of course," said the hostess, before the embarrassed Major could answer for himself.

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

"I'm sure he repents sincerely enough, Jim!" "He can't stay in England. He must go away, the sooner the better," said Major Sandeman, and with that he went to Hartley's room and opened the door.

"What had you heard?" demanded Sandeman. "Oh, well, boys will be boys—even one's own, you know," was the answer, and Major Sandeman walked solemnly home to ask what his wife had been talking about.

"I couldn't help it, Jim!" she exclaimed. "To sit there and hear Helena talk about Clement's success was more than human nature could endure."

"Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily down-stairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door outside stood a fly, with two boxes on the roof.

"Well, nothing, well, father," he muttered, with considerable embarrassment, and even in the midst of her consternation Mrs. Sandeman remembered that the four guests would arrive in less than an hour.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she demanded, and, with a rueful glance at the inquisitive housemaid, Hartley went into the dining-room, where the cloth had been laid, with a piece of Indian embroidery as a "table centre," and the napkins folded into fans for the dinner party.

evitable detection, had been turned neck and crop out of Vincent's office—only for his father's sake being spared prosecution.

The Major's face remained almost as impassive as usual, and, although Mrs. Sandeman's cheeks were wet, she thought of her now unwelcome guests and tried to check her tears.

"Exactly—an allowance," said Mrs. Sandeman, rising from her chair. "Is Clement all right?" she added, addressing Mrs. Prendergast on her way to the door.

Two days later, stirred by sympathy, Major Prendergast overcame his dislike to afternoon visits, and offered to take his wife to see Mrs. Sandeman, and, after a few remarks about the dismal weather, Major Sandeman entered the drawing-room.

"Do you miss the young-ster, Elizabeth?" exclaimed Major Prendergast, in his sharp, jerky manner. "Ah, it was a dreadful wrench!" she answered. "But then, one can't expect to keep one's son always at one's apron strings, you know."

"Now, that's a sensible way to look at it," he said, with great cordiality. "And then," she continued, "we realize how much it is for his advantage. No young man in the world could have better prospects."

Major Prendergast looked up at Sandeman's impressive face as he stood behind his wife's hair. Major Sandeman passed a shaky hand over his gray moustache, and then Prendergast glanced a little apprehensively at Mrs. Prendergast.

"Your stay-at-home boys," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "may be well enough in their way." Mrs. Prendergast's cheeks became suddenly very red. "But," added her hostess, "to whom does the country owe its greatness?"

"Ah, yes, true," Major Prendergast admitted. "The scallawags have helped to make the empire—no doubt about that!" "Scallawags?" gasped Mrs. Sandeman, sitting exceedingly erect, while Major Prendergast glanced at his wife with more apprehensiveness than ever.

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

"Nothing further was said concerning Hartley, but when the guests had departed, after a dismal evening, Sandeman walked to the drawing-room door.

"Jim," cried his wife, "where are you going?" "To call Hartley." "To-night?" "There's no use in putting it off," he answered, without any reference to what had passed at the dinner table. "The boy has disgraced himself."

"I'm sure he repents sincerely enough, Jim!" "He can't stay in England. He must go away, the sooner the better," said Major Sandeman, and with that he went to Hartley's room and opened the door.

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"Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily down-stairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door outside stood a fly, with two boxes on the roof.

"Well, nothing, well, father," he muttered, with considerable embarrassment, and even in the midst of her consternation Mrs. Sandeman remembered that the four guests would arrive in less than an hour.

"What an expense, to be sure!" remarked an elderly lady sitting next to Mrs. Prendergast.

"Ah, you will say that!" was the answer. "But, then, you must remember that money couldn't be better spent."

"Besides," suggested the hostess, "I imagine there is an allowance for Hartley's outfit."

"Exactly—an allowance," said Mrs. Sandeman, rising from her chair. "Is Clement all right?" she added, addressing Mrs. Prendergast on her way to the door.

Two days later, stirred by sympathy, Major Prendergast overcame his dislike to afternoon visits, and offered to take his wife to see Mrs. Sandeman, and, after a few remarks about the dismal weather, Major Sandeman entered the drawing-room.

"Do you miss the young-ster, Elizabeth?" exclaimed Major Prendergast, in his sharp, jerky manner. "Ah, it was a dreadful wrench!" she answered. "But then, one can't expect to keep one's son always at one's apron strings, you know."

"Now, that's a sensible way to look at it," he said, with great cordiality. "And then," she continued, "we realize how much it is for his advantage. No young man in the world could have better prospects."

Major Prendergast looked up at Sandeman's impressive face as he stood behind his wife's hair. Major Sandeman passed a shaky hand over his gray moustache, and then Prendergast glanced a little apprehensively at Mrs. Prendergast.

"Your stay-at-home boys," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "may be well enough in their way." Mrs. Prendergast's cheeks became suddenly very red. "But," added her hostess, "to whom does the country owe its greatness?"

"Ah, yes, true," Major Prendergast admitted. "The scallawags have helped to make the empire—no doubt about that!" "Scallawags?" gasped Mrs. Sandeman, sitting exceedingly erect, while Major Prendergast glanced at his wife with more apprehensiveness than ever.

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

"Nothing further was said concerning Hartley, but when the guests had departed, after a dismal evening, Sandeman walked to the drawing-room door.

"Jim," cried his wife, "where are you going?" "To call Hartley." "To-night?" "There's no use in putting it off," he answered, without any reference to what had passed at the dinner table. "The boy has disgraced himself."

"I'm sure he repents sincerely enough, Jim!" "He can't stay in England. He must go away, the sooner the better," said Major Sandeman, and with that he went to Hartley's room and opened the door.

"What had you heard?" demanded Sandeman. "Oh, well, boys will be boys—even one's own, you know," was the answer, and Major Sandeman walked solemnly home to ask what his wife had been talking about.

"I couldn't help it, Jim!" she exclaimed. "To sit there and hear Helena talk about Clement's success was more than human nature could endure."

"Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily down-stairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door outside stood a fly, with two boxes on the roof.

Katy's Light

(By J. K. Wilson.)

You will not find it on the official charts or in the books of the department under the designation given above. That is only the sailor's pet name for it, in affectionate regard for the brave woman who keeps it.

Robbins Reef is a ledge between four or five miles from the Battery in New York City, and a mile or more from the nearest point of the Staten Island shore. It is in the midst of a population of five or six million people; yet it is a lonely and isolated place.

Within a half mile of the lighthouse is the great channel to the open ocean, along which at all hours of the day and night the ships go on their way; but nothing of all that they carry, or of that which they represent, stops with the lonely household on Robbins Reef.

Communication with the mainland is made by a small rowboat, and is difficult at all times, and perilous, if not impossible, at certain seasons of the year. During some winters it is entirely interrupted for weeks together.

So lonely a spot is it that it has been found impossible to secure a man willing to take up his abode there. After the death of its last male keeper, Jacob Walker, fifteen years ago, the department searched diligently for a successor, for three years refusing to break its rule forbidding the appointment of a woman to so solitary a post.

More than once it found its man; but in each instance the applicant, after going down the bay and looking over the lighthouse, refused the place on account of its peculiar isolation. Finally the board in despair threw overboard its red tape, and did the eminently sensible thing in appointing as regular keeper of Robbins Reef Light, Jacob Walker's widow, the plucky woman who during the three years of the interregnum had kept the light with such fidelity and efficiency as to make it notable even in a district in which are some of the best-kept light-stations in the world.

Mrs. Katy Walker is a German by birth, who came to America some twenty-three years ago, a widow, with a small son. She had not been in the country long before she met and married Jacob Walker, an assistant keeper of the Sandy Hook Light, and, with her little boy, took up her home there. From the beginning she manifested a deep interest in the lights and marked intelligence in the care of them.

Four years after his marriage Mr. Walker was transferred to the Robbins Reef Station as keeper. Here he died some three years later—died alone one night, with no one near him but his wife and stepson and baby daughter.

It is a pathetic story and a heroic one. A heavy cold had developed into a fever, followed by pneumonia. The boy was choked by ice. It was impossible for a doctor to reach the reef or for proper remedies to be procured.

And one night while a great storm raged, making it necessary for his wife to be constantly watching the light and cleaning away the frost and ice that it should not fail in its ministry of warning and direction, the lighthouse-keeper died. When the morning dawned a worn-out, broken-hearted woman found herself alone in a stone prison in the midst of that sea of ice—alone with her children and her dead.

Most women would have seized the first opportunity to escape from a place of such associations; but strangely enough, the heart of the widow clung to this desolate pile of rocks, where she had seen her great sorrow. She applied at once for the vacant position of keeper, but for the reasons noted above, her application was rejected, although she was employed as keeper ad interim.

For three years she did her work in trembling uncertainty, constantly expecting to be dismissed. Then to her great joy came the tidings that the board had given up its quest of a man for the place, and had duly appointed her to the care of her beloved light. In much contentment of soul she settled down to her life-work.

Twelve years have passed since then, and from that day to this Mrs. Walker has never received a reprimand or had a complaint lodged against her, notwithstanding the fact that her light is under the most constant and critical survey, standing as it does in the roadway of one of the busiest harbors of the world.

More than that, her lighthouse has the reputation of being the cleanest and best kept of any in the third district, and is probably not surpassed in these respects by any in the United States.

About ten years ago her son Jacob became assistant keeper, but he is only an assistant. Occasionally he can persuade his mother to allow him to relieve her for a portion of her nightly watch with the light, but not often, and not for long at a time.

The light is her care and her love. Not one night since her husband died has she failed to look after the lamps personally, and for weeks at a time in bad weather she does not get a wink of sleep at night.

Table for the month of January 1905, showing the days of the month, the day of the week, the color of vestments, and the feast or festival. Includes entries for Circumcision of our Lord, Epiphany, and various saints' days.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

Farming as a Business

We are moving out of the old conditions, said Prof. C. C. James, Ontario's Deputy Minister of Agriculture, at the Maritime Winter Fair.

The New Agriculture must be conducted upon business principles. In old times it did not seem so necessary to pursue these business methods; in fact, with the surroundings then existent, there was no chance to do so.

The manufacturer must produce economically. Our best saw mills, for instance, are now run with practically no waste of material, even the dust is used.

The farmer should produce what our district is best capable of producing, and work along that line. Grow the crops and keep the live stock that thrive best where we live.

The intelligent man who watches closely all the results of his work is interested and takes a pleasure in it. The world has lately found out that the farmer can be benefited by an education applicable to his business.

A few years ago in Ontario we first found out that the farmer had a wife and we are doing what we can for the betterment of the woman on the farm.

The home is where our agriculture starts and is nurtured. The reformation of the agricultural home is the start after all of our New Agriculture. Establish a farmer with an inclination to knowledge, and his wife knows how to make the most of her

opportunities, and children getting a rational education, and I care not how poor that farm is, it will succeed. With these conditions, we shall hear no more about the "old hayseed," but we shall see the farmer walking the streets of our towns as well dressed as anyone, and respected as one of the best citizens of Canada.

Educational

St. Michael's College

IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Loretto Abbey..

WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CAN. This fine institution recently enlarged to give twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so necessary to study.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy

St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to a education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

School of Practical Science

TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories.

1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. Calendar with full information may be had on application.

OILS CURE CANCER.

All forms of cancer or tumor, internal or external, cured by soothing, balmy oil, and without pain or disfigurement. No experience, but successfully used ten years. Write to the home office of the originator for free book—Dr. D. M. Bre Co., Drawer 566, Indianapolis, Ind.

Clad He Laughed First

Two men stood in front of the Aquarium yesterday. "Go in, Heinz," said the more robust of the two. "It was der funniest shows I naffer saw."

"Really, Fritz?" queried the other, bursting into a hearty laugh. "You iss not choking?" "Naw, Heinz, I would naffer choke mit you."

Pains Disappear Before It

No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale.

The HOME CIRCLE

WHEN THE MASTER COMES. If the Lord should come in the morning...

If my Lord should come at noonday. The time of the dust and heat, When the glare is white and the air is still...

If the Lord came hither at evening. In the fragrant dew and dusk, When the world drops off its mantle Of daylight like a husk...

Why do I ask and question? He is ever coming to me, Morning and noon and evening, If I have but eyes to see...

ON EXPERIENCE

In the holiday shopping, what ghosts we meet. Nowhere but in the crowded shops, just before Christmas...

When we look at some women we have known, how furtively we turn to the first looking-glass we reach...

We all hate the woman who knows every woman's age but her own. We all hate the woman whom fate has left stranded...

IN THE BEGINNING

It is quite easy to make resolves. All our lives, we have been advised to make them, all our lives...

Not only is the action and vigor of the bodily organs fully restored, but new, firm flesh is added, the form is rounded out, the weight is increased...

ed in my New Year's wishes for all that is good and blessed. Their friendship is a large part of my reward...

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSE

In a fashion department, I read advice about steaming a velvet dress. It was to hang it in a bathroom that was sealed in every opening...

I do not vouch for the following, but some adventurous woman may care to try an experiment in coloring finery...

"Another secret worth knowing is how to tint laces, chiffons, silk or crocheted buttons, feathers, slippers, gloves, etc., to a given shade...

White chiffon will wash, and so will muslin de soie and liberty silk. Use care, rinse them up and down in clean, cold suds and do not wring them...

Poverty is the mother of many pains and sorrows in their season, and these are God's messengers to lead the soul to repentance...

Women WHO Are Weak

AND SUFFER THE DERANGEMENTS PECULIAR TO THEIR SEX. FIND THAT

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

CURES SUCH ILLS PERMANENTLY BY STRENGTHENING THE NERVES AND MUSCLES

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stands high in women's favor because it is specially successful in overcoming ills peculiar to their sex.

When, on account of a run-down condition of the system, the muscles and nerves fail to control the action of the feminine organism, there is bound to come much suffering.

Headaches, pains in the back and limbs, indigestion, feelings of discouragement and despondency, weakness and irregularity rob life of the joys which would otherwise be possible.

Stimulating medicines cannot possibly be of more than slight temporary relief. To be of lasting benefit the nerves and muscles must be fully restored...

Not only is the action and vigor of the bodily organs fully restored, but new, firm flesh is added, the form is rounded out, the weight is increased...

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A SWIM FOR LIFE

When the British steamship Shimosa arrived at New York from Singapore last summer she brought a story of most extraordinary human endurance...

One day, while on the Red Sea, the chief officer heard a whistle. No vessel was in sight, but still the faint whistle continued. Suddenly he descried a man swimming not far from the ship...

The most extraordinary part of the affair is how the man could have existed in the intense heat of that climate. His lips and mouth were skinned and bleeding, but he seemed as well as could be when he was landed at Suez, four days after his rescue.

The water of the Red Sea is somewhat denser than that of the ocean, and therefore more buoyant. The heat is terrific. The mean surface temperature is from 84 to 100 degrees.

How any one could keep afloat under such a broiling sun is a mystery. The story helps to discredit the stories of the continual attendance of sharks upon vessels, and of their disposition to attack man. They are generally supposed to be larger and bolder in tropical waters...

ONE OLD-FASHIONED BOY

"I can't figure out what's become of all unsophisticated boys, or are there any of them left at all?" said a man who, though well under fifty, is a noted figure in the railroad world.

"I've got a houseful of growing boys myself, and I declare that they are a great deal more blasé than I am. Things that still divert and entertain me have long since become a bore to them."

"I feel to thinking of all this when I took on a few extra young men—most of them under twenty—in my office the other day. They were well groomed lads, held themselves well, looked alive and alert and seemed to be smarter than steel traps."

"When I was a bit over thirteen, I made up my mind to be a shorthand writer, peddled newspapers and did odd chores to get the money to attend a shorthand class twice a week in Terre Haute."

"In just one year I was an expert stenographer—not only an amanuensis stenographer, but able to take speeches. Yet I was about as uncouth a vap of a country boy as ever you heard tell of."

"My mother had a relative who was auditor for a railroad that had its headquarters at Omaha. She wrote to this relative that she had a boy who was an expert stenographer and typewriter and who wanted a job."

"The auditor didn't remember how old I was, if he ever knew, and my mother didn't tell him in her letter. He wrote her to send me along to Omaha and he would put me to work in the railroad's Omaha offices. He enclosed a letter for me to present to the railroad's agent in Chicago to enable me to get transportation from Chicago to Omaha."

"Well, when I left the little Indiana town for Chicago I had exactly \$30.25 in a huge wallet that had belonged to my father. I kept it inside my shirt. The money was what remained of my own savings and one of those big, old-fashioned, black-glazed bags, which contained all of my clothes and other possessions, and one of those extremely heavy typewriters of that period."

"So I started to lug my big black-glazed bag and the exceedingly heavy typewriter through the Chicago streets to the office of the railroad agent to whom I had the letter calling for transportation. I was, as I say, only a small boy, and the things were so bloody heavy that I had to drop 'em about every half square and rest 'em."

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A 100-page book on Nervous Diseases...

"After about an hour, however, I reached the railroad office. It was then 7 o'clock at night and the agent, of course, had gone home. The janitor of the building gave me his house address."

"I determined to start for his house immediately. But I had no idea of taking a car to reach his house. The reason for this was that I was afraid to show my money or to break a bill."

"I had spent my odd change for food on the way to Chicago, and I had six \$5 bills left. Nothing in the world would have induced me to expose the wallet containing them on a Chicago street car."

"So I walked to the agent's house, which was away over to the South Side of Chicago. It makes my arms ache now to think of that journey. It took me four hours to get to the house and four hours to get back. I had to drop the heavy bag and the typewriter three or four times in each block."

"It was 11 o'clock at night when I pulled the doorbell of the railroad agent's house, and the wooden paved street was as quiet as death. I thought it would be all right to pull the door-bell at that hour. Didn't know any better."

"I rang for ten minutes before the agent poked his head out of a second-story window and gruffly asked what was wanted. I told him."

"What the dickens do you mean by ringing me up in the middle of the night on such an excuse? Come to my office in the morning and I'll look at your letter."

"And so there was nothing for me to do but to pick up those two heavy burdens and walk down-town again. I didn't know where to go, but I wanted to get where the lights were. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when I got down-town again. What with fatigue and sleepiness I was just about able to stand up, and that was all."

"I was also pretty lonesome for home. I was decidedly sorry that I had ever learned to be a shorthand writer. I thought of my cosy bed at home, and then I dropped my black-glazed bag and sat on it and blubbered."

"I was thus engaged when a huge figure of a uniformed man—I didn't know it then, but he was one of those watchmen who used to patrol the Chicago streets at night—swung by me, carrying a lantern. He saw me and heard my suppressed blubbering. 'Hey, what's the trouble, son?' he asked me, in a kindly sort of way."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I replied. "I've got so much money."

"Oh, small chance of that, son," said the big watchman, good-naturedly. "The place I'll take you to is all right. Come along. I'll pack your gear—great Scott, this is heavy truck for a little chap like you to be carrying!" and the fine fellow picked up my black-glazed bag and typewriter and led the way around the corner to one of the remaining places with lights still going.

"A decent looking young fellow was behind the hotel desk. 'Jack,' said the watchman to the hotel clerk, 'here's a lad I've found who wants a night's lodging. He was afraid to go to a hotel, for the reason that he has a great deal of money on his person, and he doesn't want to be robbed, of course. Better have the boy hand you the money to put in the safe, if it's so much.'"

"Well, I don't care to be responsible for a large sum of money," said the hotel clerk, looking at me in a wondering sort of way. "How much is it, son?"

"It's \$30, sir," I replied impressively.

"No, neither of them laughed. They were thoroughly decent fellows, and so they didn't laugh. I don't doubt, however, looking back, that they both wanted to laugh. They merely exchanged amused glances."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't mind assuming that responsibility, son," said the hotel clerk. "Let's have the money." "I was a bit doubtful about it, even then; but the clerk's honest, kindly countenance reassured me, and I dug the wallet out of its hiding place and handed it over to him. He stuffed it into one of those old-fashioned key safes."

"The watchman shook hands with me and bade me a bluff good-night. I never saw him again, but he was a decent man."

"The hotel clerk gave me a nice clean room. I slept like a top all the night and for a part of the day. 'The day clerk handed my money over to me, after taking 50 cents out for my night's lodging. I saw the railway agent, who laughed over my making him up, and I went on to Omaha, to amaze my auditor relative with my diminutiveness, my queer, country kid make-up and, not least, my ability to write shorthand faster than he could talk."

"But I certainly was, at that age, a thousand years behind my own boys in sophistication, even if I was making my own living, which they are not."

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sign of derangement use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

"I had also waded with Jesus of Nazareth." My King and my Leader, put into my heart so strong a love of You, that I may be eager to follow You everywhere, even to pain and shame. Let the reproach that was sung at Peter be my glory. Let my highest ambition here, let my happiness hereafter be, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth."—Mother M. Loyola.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says. 21 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

7 Laurier avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times in intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. Yours truly, JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital undressed and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, with-out relief. Your Salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsely street, Ont.

Toronto, July 21st, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

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

The Catholic Register

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MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT

JOSEPH COOLAHAN

is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1905.

THE LATEST "OUTRAGE."

The two Separate School Board representatives on the Board of Education have had the hardihood to exercise their legal rights in regard to the election of a chairman of the latter Board for 1905.

"The broken by wealth that pays taxes to Separate Schools!"

Horrid, horrid! But what is it all about? A board must elect a chairman and some one must have a casting vote in case of a tie.

EDITORIAL NOTES: One of the visible signs that we have of an election in Ontario may be found in the fondness of the party press for quoting Scripture.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The cable despatches of last week described the Russians as having celebrated Christmas day on the battlefield by a fierce bombardment of the Japanese lines.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The Berlin psychological experts are disposed to believe that the famous "thinking horse" Hans, is not more clever than animal intelligence goes.

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sheet in its general attitude towards Catholics than the Toronto Telegram. This fact, to be sure, is of little importance to Catholics or any others and is only mentioned here to point more clearly to the ridiculous role of bully which our neighbor has assumed in regard to the Downeyville school case.

This, then, is the foundation upon which a hullabaloo would be raised and the public made to believe that an aggressive priest has seized a public school and by sharp practice converted it into a separate school.

BRITISH COLONIES AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

A deep impression appears to have been made upon the government press in France by the combined protest of Canada and Australia against the persecution of religion at the hands of the Combes Government.

EDITORIAL NOTES

One of the visible signs that we have of an election in Ontario may be found in the fondness of the party press for quoting Scripture.

The cable despatches of last week described the Russians as having celebrated Christmas day on the battlefield by a fierce bombardment of the Japanese lines.

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The English bye-elections continue to go against Mr. Chamberlain with unvarying determination. He has already ruined the old Tory Party, but the injuries he has inflicted upon it are the work rather of an imbecile anxious to make himself useful than of a vicious hypocrite who strikes when he pretends to serve.

Ancient Order of Hibernians

Division No. 5, A.O.H., met on Sunday last in hall corner Queen and Dundas. The officers for the coming year were installed by Deputy Hugh Kelly as follows: President, J. J. McCauley, Vice-Pres., M. Lacey, Rec. Sec., Terence Holland, Financial Secretary, Wm. Pearce, Treasurer, Hugh McCaffrey, Sergeant-at-Arms, John Coyne, Sentinel, James Doyle, Committee, Messrs. Lawrence, Taylor, Spratt, Smith and O'Shea.

Division No. 1, A.O.H., met in hall corner Queen and McCaul on Monday evening last, and the following officers were installed by Deputy V. W. McCarthy. President John Travers, Vice-President Vaheer, Rec. Sec. Bernard Williams, Fin. Sec. Wm. Richardson, Treasurer Jos. Marshman. The Branch is in very good condition.

Author of the "Adeste Fideles"

(From the Catholic Transcript.)

The "Adeste Fideles" is the Church's favorite hymn at this particular period of the year. Its easy movement as well as its exquisite strains charm the ear and make melody in the heart.

It Would be an Abominable Crime

At an immense meeting in Clifton Mr. Davitt declared it would be an abominable crime if any man, woman, or child in the West should starve while £1,000,000 worth of food in various forms leaves Ireland every week to be turned into rent.

Separate School Board Inaugural

The Separate School Board held its first meeting of the year on Tuesday night, with Very Rev. J. McCann in the chair, and appointed the following standing committees: Sites and Buildings Committee—J. Cadaret, M. Power, J. J. O'Hearn, Rev. Father Walsh and Rev. Father Lamarche.

Barrie Separate School Trustees

The following gentlemen were on Wednesday, Dec. 28th, elected by acclamation for their respective wards.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILE AND CADET TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

The sight of over 200 boys taking the pledge of total abstinence and then being decorated with their medals and badges, was the scene at St. Gabriel's Church, Point St. Charles, on the evening of the 6th of January. The scene was inspiring and one never to be forgotten.

SOLEMN MONTH'S MIND SERVICE

The Solemn Month's Mind requiem service which was held at the Franciscan Church on Monday morning, Jan. 8th, for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Fitzmaurice, mother of Rev. Father Christopher Fitzmaurice, O.F.M., of the Franciscan Monastery, was a very impressive one.

ST. ANN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

At a meeting of St. Ann's Temperance Society.

ance Society held last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Cuddihy presented a large photograph of the officers of the St. John's, Nfld., Total Abstinence Society. Mr. Cuddihy hoped that the relations between the St. Ann's and the St. John's bodies would always continue harmoniously.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

St. Michael's Church held a large congregation at High Mass last Sunday to witness the blessing of the statue of the Sacred Heart. Rev. Father R. E. Callaghan officiated at High Mass and the pastor, Rev. Father Kiernan, preached.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

The Feast of the Epiphany was observed here in a most devotional manner. Although the weather was severely cold it did not prevent the faithful members of the parish from attending in large numbers at the different services.

The heaviest snow-fall of the season occurred Saturday night, causing the streets to be almost impassable during Sunday morning, yet this did not prevent the Catholics of Barrie from attending the masses.

Mr. Arthur Monteith, the popular proprietor of the "Monteith House" Rosseau, was in town for a few days the guest of Mrs. Monteith, Dunlop street.

Mr. T. F. O'Meara has quite recovered from his recent serious illness. The parishioners of St. Mary's church are pleased to hear his voice in the choir once more.

Miss Lourds Hart is visiting in Montreal during the holidays.

Miss Ethel Hinds and Kathleen Clarke of St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto, are spending the holidays in town.

Miss Mamie McDonald, Toronto, visited her parents during the holidays.

Children's Aid Society

The quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society will be held next Monday evening, January 16th, in the hall at Shuter and Victoria streets.

This very excellent work of saving neglected children is not sufficiently known and understood by Catholics, yet it is perhaps the most interesting and satisfactory charitable work in which lay people can engage.

It is easier to give counsel than to take it.

Let woman stand upon her female character as upon a foundation.—Lamb.

NORTH TORONTO

Your vote and influence are again respectfully solicited for

DR. BEATTIE NESBITT

ELECTION

Wednesday, January 25th, 1905

SOUTH TORONTO

Your vote and influence are again respectfully solicited on behalf of

J. J. FOY

ELECTION

Wednesday, January 25th, 1905

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

C.M.B.A. Installation

Branch 15, one of the most successful of the C.M.B.A. branches meeting in this city, held its annual installation of officers in the Temple building on Thursday evening.

St. Michael's Hospital

The many timely presents from the people of the city of Toronto to St. Michael's Hospital at Christmas time have been greatly appreciated by the Sisters in charge.

Scotland and the Bait

The Pope received in private audience last week the Right Rev. G. J. Smith, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The audience was of the most cordial character.

Hon. W. S. Fielding Received by the Pope

Rome, Jan. 5.—The Pope to-day received in private audience in his study Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, and the latter's wife and daughter, Miss Zillah Fielding, who were presented by the Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal. The Pontiff received the visitors in the most cordial manner.

Each star passes but once in the night through the meridian over our heads and shines there but an instant; so, in the heaven of the mind each thought touches its zenith but once, and in that moment all its brilliancy and all its greatness culminate.

In this day of material progress, many people are inclined to forget the little things of life, they look only upon what is large. The little flower that blooms by the wayside receives not so much as a passing glance. So it is with many of us in our relation with one another. We are apt to neglect the little things which count so much in making our lives happier.

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**Brilliant Honors for the American College**

Rome, Dec. 21.—Just a year ago Vox Urbis wrote about the results obtained by the students of the American College in Rome in the competitive examinations at the Propaganda. They were brilliant indeed. They formed, in fact, a record never before attained by this college, and hardly by any other. Yet they have been surpassed this year, and the prize list of Propaganda which is before Vox Urbis, as he writes this evening, is well calculated to fill the Catholics of America, bishops, priests and people, with pride. There is nothing in Rome more interesting or more suggestive than these Propaganda examinations. If you visit the great hall of the University while one of them is in progress, you will see an immense array of young men in clerical garb writing away for dear life during the five or six hours allotted them for answering the questions proposed; they represent almost every nationality under the sun, and they are in most cases the picked men of their respective dioceses sent here to Rome to complete their studies. The Urban College of Propaganda itself, with its one hundred and thirty students, represents in miniature the universality of the Catholic Church; but besides these the lectures are attended by the students of the Irish, Bohemian, American, Greek, Ruthenian, Maronite, Canadian and other colleges, and the numbers are further swelled by the students of several religious congregations, such as the Servites, the Order of Mercy, etc.

To have some idea of the "concorsi," or competitive examinations which take place at the end of every scholastic year, in the different branches of sacred knowledge—philosophy, theology, church history, canon law, liturgy, sacred archeology, ethics, etc., it must be remembered that only such students enter as have some chance of distinguishing themselves. The results are classified in four divisions: those who have done well are placed in the class of "laudati"—"praised"; those who have distinguished themselves more brilliantly are ranged under the sign "Laudati verbis amplissimis"—"praised in the highest terms"; above these is the elect body which stands next the prize winners, "proxime accesserunt," while in the highest class of all are those who have won outright the first and second medals, or who have been bracketed for one or the other. On the first page of the prize list this year the American College begins its course of distinction with the name of the Rev. James Supple, who is bracketed for the second medal in Sacred Scripture, while among the "proxime" in the same subject are Andrew Brennan, John Cooper, Joseph Kassmann, and Joseph Kennedy. The second subject is Dogmatic Theology, and here the American College is again to the fore with the names of John Cooper and Martin Ryan bracketed for the second medal and represented in the list of "proxime" by the names of John Wolf, James Supple, Raymond Noll, Andrew Brennan, Patrick Doyle, Edward Ryan, Joseph Kennedy, John Kelliher, John Hartye and James McGinnis. In the other branch of Dogmatic Theology, "Re Sacramentaria," the American College claims the first medalist in James Boylan, and a second in James Hartye, and has among the "proxime" John Cooper, James Supple and Raymond Noll. In "Locis Theologicis" there are three names down for the first medal—two of them are of the American College: Joseph Ratto and David Toomey; for the second medal there are four—and of these three are again Americans: Leo MacGinley, John Kiernan and Augustine Hickey, followed in the "proxime" list by Joseph Fisch, James Moynihan, John Shields and Edward MacGinley. In Moral Theology John Wolf, of the American College, stands alone for the first medal, and for the second the following colleagues of his are bracketed: Patrick Doyle, Andrew Brennan, John Kelliher and Raymond Noll, and in the "proxime" are Edward Ryan, Joseph Creden, Martin Ryan, Ambrose Bore and John Cooper. In Church History Martin

Ryan of the American College, wins the first medal absolutely, Patrick Doyle is bracketed for the second, and there is again a long list of American names among the "proxime": Augustine Hickey, Paul Schaeffel, Joseph MacGinley, John Kelliher, Leonard Balluta, David Toomey, Edward Hoar, Edward Ryan, John Kiernan, Augustine Asfalz, John Quigley, Leo McGinley, William Farrell and John Curran. For Canon Law two American College names are bracketed for the first medal: David Toomey and Edward MacGinley and two others for the second medal: William Sheehan and Charles Borneman; there are only two names among the "proxime" and one of these is Leo MacGinley. The first medal in Liturgy is won outright by Augustine Hickey—and nearly all the students mentioned in the "proxime" are Americans: Leo MacGinley, David Toomey, Edward O'Connor, Charles O'Hearn, William Sheehan, James Moynihan, Edward MacGinley and Leonard Baluta.

To be really up-to-date in sacred science ecclesiastical students must have a good knowledge of sacred archeology. In the Propaganda examinations on this important subject five students are bracketed for the two medals, and three of them are Americans: Augustine Hickey, Edward Hoar and Joseph MacGinley, and once more nearly all the names in the list of "proxime" are Americans: Charles O'Hearn, Edward O'Connor, John Kiernan, William Sheehan, Leo MacGinley and John Curran. In Higher Metaphysics two American names are registered among the medalists: George Dequoy and Mark Driscoll, and there are two others among the "proxime": Thomas Coakley and Edward Kramer. In Ethics Thomas Coakley is put down for the second medal, and he is followed among the "proxime" by Francis Bradley, Mark Driscoll, John Powers, Edward Kramer and Edward Baxter. In each of the two branches of physics William Scullen takes the medal and Edward Kramer is among the five students who were mentioned as "proxime." In Logic the second medal goes to Thomas Coakley and Francis Bradley. And thus ends this extraordinary list of distinctions. Vox Urbis is not in the habit of filling his letters with names, but he has no apology to make for doing so this week. The young men who have brought so much honor on their college in Rome will in a few years be laboring on the mission in America, and their career in the Eternal City is a sure indication of their activity and zeal on the mission. Last year the Holy Father, who scans the university prize lists with great care, warmly congratulated the rector on the magnificent showing of his students—he will certainly be more pleased than ever this year when he studies these latest results. The American College has also to its credit an imposing array of academical degrees; four doctors, ten licentiates, and sixteen bachelors of theology; three doctors, three licentiates and eleven bachelors of philosophy.

But there is a still more striking feature of this Propaganda prize list which will surely be interesting to the readers of the Freeman. It will

be noted that nearly all the names above quoted with honor are Irish names, but they by no means exhaust the list of distinctions gained by Irish students this year. If the printer omitted all the Irish names contained in the lists of doctors, licentiates, bachelors, medal lists, and those contained among the proxime, the laudati amplissimis verbis, and laudati, his column of forty-four pages might easily be reduced to twelve. It is surely a strange but wonderful coincidence that while the population of misgoverned Ireland is diminishing year by year, the name of Ireland shines with increasing brilliancy in Rome, the very focus of sacred knowledge, and especially in the Propaganda which is the very heart of the Apostolic work of the Catholic Church.

**STRATFORD CORRESPONDENCE**

Miss Kathleen A. Sullivan of this city is the authoress of a new book just published entitled "Memories." It is handsomely gotten up of new antique binding, very fashionable at present in the United States, is a good print and on an excellent quality of paper. The book, no doubt, will find a ready sale, and is cheap at one dollar, to be had at J. H. Kenner's book-store.

Below we publish the poem on the death of Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., for over thirty years pastor of St. Joseph's church, this city:

"THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE."  
 To the memory of Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, who died at Stratford Jan. 12, 1904:

The calm and gentle angel Death,  
 Has folded in his strong embrace  
 One whom we loved—has born him hence  
 To fill on high some special place.

We call him dead, and mourn his loss,  
 But yonder in the Home of Rest  
 No more he bears his earthly cross,  
 He lives in Heaven with the blessed.

How oft we'll miss the words of cheer,  
 The pleasant smile, the loving voice,  
 That drew all hearts when he was here,  
 And made our saddened souls rejoice!

How oft, as years roll swiftly by,  
 Our lips will move in silent prayer,  
 To our dear pastor, who on high  
 Still holds for us his fondest care!

His flock have lost their dearest friend,  
 But why make murmur or complaint?  
 For when that noble life did end,  
 God's kingdom gained another saint.

The poem "A Little Girl I Know," from Miss Sullivan's book of "Memories," refers to one of the daughters of Mr. E. J. Kneitl.

A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW  
 I know a little girl with azure eyes,  
 The tint that makes most dear the summer skies,  
 And golden curls by sunbeams tossed  
 Like rays of light on banks embossed.

She minds me of the merry month of May,  
 So gentle, mild, is she the life-long day.

She passes like a dream of grace,  
 Like the rhythmic form and angel face,  
 She seems the sort of fairy sent to chase  
 Life's storms of gladness like the joyous sunny May.

The first enemy to be conquered must be within; the work for souls will be of little avail unless the victory over self within be gained. Prayer is very good, but it has little force without mortification. Hence the Apostleship of Prayer is really the Apostleship of Unselfishness. O Jesus, make us such true Apostles of Thy Heart that reparation to Thee may be our best reward.

**Concert at Ennismore**

Ennismore, Dec. 29.—Last Thursday the five schools of Ennismore held their annual closing in the new T. A. S. Hall, where upwards of seven hundred people were present, to listen to the varied talents of the future hope of the township. The large commodious hall was taxed to its utmost to supply even standing room for those present, and the stage proved small enough to accommodate the two hundred children who took part in the opening chorus. Rev. Father Galvin, of St. Peter's Cathedral, presided as chairman and opened the evening's entertainment with an excellent address in which he touched on various important topics, the necessity of a good education, the interest parents should display in the work of their children, the educational advantages of the new hall, the good work of the teachers, etc., all of which was highly appreciated by the large audience. The programme consisted of dialogues, farces, drills, declamations, speeches, debates together with a liberal supply of vocal and instrumental music. The perfect manner in which the children acquitted themselves reflects great credit on the hands of their teachers, and was favorably commented upon by the parents and friends.

The distribution of the prizes was another enjoyable feature of the programme, and as the pupils came forward to receive their well won reward, they were loudly applauded by their less fortunate playmates.

At the close of the entertainment Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, who takes a lively and active interest in the work of the schools, was presented by the pupils with a short but very expressive address, accompanied by a beautiful office chair and a berry dish, mounted on a silver pedestal.

This is the first time the different schools were able to hold a joint concert, and judging from the enthusiastic applause accorded the little ones, it would be safe to predict, that they will favor us each year with a similar treat. The teachers for the coming year are Miss Lizzie Scollard, S.S. No. 4; Miss Maggie Sullivan, S.S. No. 1; Miss Lottie Galvin, S.S. No. 7; Mr. Steve McDonald, S.S. No. 2, and Mr. Perdue, S.S. No. 3, the latter being the only new member of the teaching staff. The contest closed by singing the National Anthem, and with three rousing cheers for the Rev. chairman

**Chosin' Weather**

Et th' weather man 'ud ast me what I wanted, rain er shine,  
 I 'ud say: "O, mostly sunny; let me have my weather fine;  
 "But," I 'd add, "don't cut the rain out, mix a little rain in mine,  
 And jest splash the world with dew drops in the mornin'."

I 'ud say: "Let's have some cloud-lets trailin' shadows cros't the green,  
 Let me hear the thunder grumble an' the rain drops in between,  
 Then a rosy-posey rainbow overarchin' all the scene!  
 And jest splash the world with dew drops in the mornin'."

"Let me hear the children laughin', see 'em weaving daisy chains,  
 Let me hear 'em squeal and huddle gittin' in before the rains,  
 Let me see their funny noses flattened 'gainst the window-panes!  
 And jest splash the world with dew drops in the mornin'!"

"Let us have the yellow sunshine in big patches 'cros't' our ways,  
 Let us have the splashin' raindrops, let us have our rainbow days;  
 Make of life a splash of sunshine Where a little towhead plays!  
 And jest splash the world with dew drops in the mornin'!"  
 —J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

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**TEACHERS WANTED**  
 For Roman Catholic Separate School Section No. 6, Toronto Gore, for the year 1905. State qualifications and salary expected. Address trustees, T. Byrne, E. O'Reilly, G. Egan, Wildfield P.O., Ont.  
 Female Teacher wanted for SS. No. 1, Nichol. Duties commence after holidays. State salary and experience. Address Michael Duggan, Marden P.O., Ont.  
 For SS. No. 21. State salary. Applications received up till the 20th. Apply P. CAVANAGH, Secretary, Weston, Ont.

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**NOTICE**  
 TENDERS will be received by the Department of Inland Revenue until February 1, 1905, from parties desirous of entering into a three years' contract for the supply of Wood Naptha to be used in the manufacture of Methylated Spirits. Each tender must state the price per standard gallon of a strength not less than 87 Over Proof by Sykes Hydrometer and of a quality to be approved by the Department.  
 Each tender must have marked on the envelope "Tender for Wood Naptha" and must be addressed to the Deputy Minister of Inland Revenue.  
 By order,  
**WM. HIMSWORTH, Secretary.**  
 Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, 20th December, 1904.

**NOTICE**  
 In the matter of the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the seventeenth day of May, A.D. 1904, are hereby required on or before the 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Messrs. McBrady & O'Connor, Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, solicitors for the Executors of the Estate of the deceased, their names and addresses with a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.  
 And take notice further that after the said 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by the said Executors or their solicitors at the time of such distribution.  
 Dated at Toronto this 10th day of December, A.D. 1904.  
**McBRADY & O'CONNOR,**  
 Solicitors for Executors.

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**THE METROPOLITAN BANK.**

**Statement of the Affairs of the Bank as at Dec. 31st. 1904**

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Capital Stock paid up.....	\$1,000,000.00	Specie and Dominion notes.....	\$ 404,595.85
Reserve Fund.....	\$1,000,000.00	Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation.....	28,464.62
Rebate on Bills Discounted.....	11,365.44	Notes of and cheques on other banks.....	329,235.33
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, carried forward.....	103,047.79	Balances due from other banks in Canada.....	322,375.41
	1,114,413.23	Balances due from agents in United Kingdom.....	9,756.90
Notes of Bank in circulation.....	892,777.50	Balances due from agents in foreign countries.....	105,797.74
Deposits not bearing interest.....	549,875.55	Railway and other bonds, debentures and securities.....	505,828.13
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date).....	1,525,742.74	Call loans secured by bonds, debentures and stocks.....	500,042.42
Deposits by other Banks in Canada.....	113,008.22		\$2,272,146.40
	3,081,404.01	Current loans and discounts.....	2,834,352.00
		Notes and bills overdue (estimated loss provided for).....	5,847.93
		Bank premises, safes and office furniture.....	82,889.98
		Stationery, etc.....	580.33
			2,923,670.84
			\$5,195,817.24

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Dec. 31, 1904. Balance carried forward.....	\$103,047.79
Dec. 31, 1903. Balance at credit of account.....	\$18,232.31
" 31, 1904. Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	84,815.48
	\$103,047.79
	\$103,047.79

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A QUESTION IN ETHICS

(By Matrice Francis Egan.)

Ruxton took a cup of tea from Mrs. Valgrave and refused the drop of Jamaica rum she offered from her dainty cut glass decanter.

"No," he said, with the smile of a man who must deny himself for the sake of duty, "you're awfully kind, Mrs. Valgrave, but I must keep my head clear—I must write my last chapter to-night."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Valgrave, relighting the lamp under the hot water kettle, "you don't know how I shall rejoice in your triumph, for it will be a great triumph. Your first book is all white roses and dew-drops—but this, this!" Mrs. Valgrave clasped her fingers, which glittered with bands of brilliants and topazes, under the candles.

Ruxton stood holding his teacup and looking into the eloquent violet eyes before him.

"You are very kind," he said, drinking the flattery of the voice and the eyes. "But I am not sure that 'The Pride of Life' is an advance on 'The Lily in the Woods.' I think that I put my best into my first book."

"Don't go yet," Mrs. Valgrave said, looking over at Lafayette Square, where the cold winter shadows were falling. "There has been such a crowd here—such a crowd, but not one spirit."

The light from the great fireplace glittered on the arabesques of jet that covered Mrs. Valgrave's velvet gown, whose long train was thrown in front of the low chair into which she had thrown herself. Her slender figure, her well-formed head crowned with a coronet of red gold hair, were lighted at intervals by the steady glow of the candles and the thousand flickers of the fire. The scent of violets filled the warm air. Ruxton felt a sense of delicious contentment upon him—she sympathized with him. There was a short silence. The sound of carriage wheels broke it.

"I hope that nobody is coming here!" she exclaimed. "These minutes are sacred!"

The strokes of the horses' feet on the asphalt died away.

Ruxton had doubts about his novel, "The Pride of Life," which the publisher of "The Lily in the Woods" had bought before the tenth chapter was finished. A young man from a country village in Northern New York, he had enjoyed his success as only he who has struggled can enjoy it. "The Lily in the Woods" had been the idyll of a pure and simple life. He had written it from the impulse of an unstained heart. Its motto was

"The dew upon the lily in the shade of tangled wood paths, where the mosses grow entangled by foot of man—that never know  
The garish moonlight—so art thou, O maid!"

"Sipping his tea in the presence of Mrs. Valgrave, whose face and exquisitely graceful figure were now outlined in the fire and candle light against the darkening background, he listened only by a little sword-point of sharp brightness, which now and then pierced the gloom, Ruxton felt as if his past experience of life had been cold and colorless. He thought of the little house in the hop fields, whose rooms were even now wreathed with holly for him—those plain, whitewashed rooms, where there was no scent of violets and gardenias, but only the homely smell of old rose leaves and last year's lavender. How dim it all seemed! He thought of his own little bedroom, with the crucifix standing out against the wan wall in the evening shadows, and of the serene face which would flash when his hand should touch the old-fashioned knocker, wreathed with holly, too. Far off! Far off! But here the joy of life—no maxims of narrow duty—rich scents and the stimulus of understanding words from a beautiful woman.

"You will finish the last chapter to-night?" Mrs. Valgrave said, softly.

"To-night."

There was silence again. Again a counter-picture arose before him—the picture of the winding road through the dried and snow-sprinkled wild asters—in the early morning light. Again he heard the distant sounds of singing from the groups of farming folk hastening to the chapel, over the snowbound earth. Ever since he could walk he had gone hand in hand with his mother on Christmas morning towards the sacred place where the neighbors waited for mass, while they sang the "Adeste Fideles." He reached towards the decanter of rum and half filled his teacup with the aromatic liquid. He wanted to forget—to feel that life was full of color.

"The Pride of Life will make you!" Mrs. Valgrave said, enthusiastically. "My dear boy, when I finished the MS. last night, I wept for sheer joy. Who could have imagined that the anaemic young monk of 'The Lily in the Woods' is the very passionate god of 'The Pride of Life.' I inspired you—admit that."

"I think you did, Mrs. Valgrave," he said, slowly. "Some things you said—"

"Many things. I will bring you the MS.—since you must finish the book to-night. It's the only copy, isn't it?"

"The only copy?"

"She copied. 'If it should be lost!'"

"I should be ruined! There's more than two years' work in it."

"And I—should never be the same. There is so much of me in it. There are some passages in it I must read to you now before you take it. They are not of my heart—not of my heart which was imprisoned and bound while my husband lived."

She arose and swept across the room, her train of glittering jet and soft velvet catching the light as she went. She returned with the portfolio containing many sheets, and sat in the low chair again.

"You must dine with me on Christmas eve," she said, as she turned the pages of the MS. "I shall have the Vivian minister and the Countess de Bravoise. He is in love with her. She cannot marry him. The Count de Bravoise will continue to live—ard, after dinner, the theatre."

Again the chandeliers flashed before his eyes—he kneeling at the rail as he had done every Christmas, and—the



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Problems of a Honeymoon

John brought the subject up again on the train, as he and Ellie were returning from their brief wedding journey. His brow grew quite wrinkled as he mentioned it.

"I don't know much about women, anyhow, Ellie," he admitted; "and you know mother's always been the head of the house, and your grandmother's always been the head of your house—and how they're going to manage it—all of us living together—is more than I can tell."

"I wish I could have seen your mother and made her love me a little before we were married," sighed Ellie, which was the nearest she had come to acknowledging that there were difficulties in the way. But she had acknowledged it to herself with some faintness of heart, if John had not known it. She was going to a house where she ought really to be the housekeeper and homekeeper, and she knew that John's mother was already jealous of John's wife. She must take with her into that house the white-haired grandmother who had raised her from infancy, and was always busy, counting nothing too hard for her active old hands. And she herself was very young, and she must manage all these difficulties herself and not burden John with them. No wonder that she looked a little thoughtful even while she was smiling at John and assuring him that they would manage somehow.

Their journey took them past her old home, where her grandmother was ready to join them. Old Mrs. Vedder was filled with forebodings, and whispered to Ellie brokenly:

"I'm so afraid she'll think I'm in the way! I don't want to be in anybody's way, Ellie."

"That's all right—don't you worry, grandma," said Ellie, holding one of the withered hands in both hers.

But Ellie's heart sank more and more at sight of the tall, stiff woman who was at the end of the journey, who gave them a formal greeting, allowing Ellie to kiss her cheek and extending a cold hand to old Mrs. Vedder. If it had not been for John's persistent gaiety that first evening would have been dismal indeed, but as it was, John jested and Ellie laughed bravely and pretended not to be thinking of anything else.

"I hate to go off and leave you to fight it out alone," he said to her the next morning. "We are in for it, I guess, Ellie."

"I am glad you are going," said "I am glad you are going," said Ellie, ruthlessly. "The worst will come up then, and we will have it over."

And after John had gone she went back into the dining-room, where Mrs. Mayfield still sat at the table with her untasted breakfast before her.

"I suppose you will want the keys," John's mother began at once. "I will give them to you, and show you where things are, and then my work will be done. I suppose I can find a little corner somewhere about the house, where I can sit down and fold my hands and not be in anybody's way."

In anybody's way, Mrs. Vedder heard, and arose and spoke up with trembling voice.

"I s'pose that means that I'm in the way—an' I thought that's what I'd be when I come here. An' I'll go away—you needn't fear that I'd want to be a burden on anybody. Ellie can find some place for me—the poor-house, if nowhere else."

"Grandma! You are hurting me dreadfully!" Tears had rushed to Ellie's eyes, and the old woman saw them and sat down again, wiping her own eyes. It was a great change. She no longer supposed I can find a little corner somewhere about the house, where I can sit down and fold my hands and not be in anybody's way."

"Mother!" she cried—it was the first time she had found courage to call her by that name. "Mother, I don't want the keys—you've had them so long—and I am too young and inexperienced for so much responsibility. But you'll teach me, won't you? I'd be so glad to learn."

"You needn't run yourself down that way, Ellie," cried grandma, sharply, ready to fight for the child

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John's mother arose stiffly, with the look of pain about the lips which comes from a hurt at the heart.

"You can soon learn it," she said, turning away. "I suppose I can manage to busy myself about something when my work is taken out of my hands."

Ellie started up and hurried to her room. A flush of indignation and of despair had come over her. Surely she had been patient and sweet tempered. Surely she had done her very best to please John's mother and to reconcile her to the new condition of things. And here, already, everything had broken up in wrangling and discord. Ellie threw herself down upon the bed and buried her face in the pillow. She and John might have been so happy but for this. She wept hot, resentful tears. Truly, it was best, as she had always heard, for young married people to have a little home of their own, with no third party near to sow the seeds of trouble. This was her first day in her new home—and perhaps she had years and years of life before her—and she did love John so, and might have made him so happy, if it had not been for this—

And if she loved John, did not his mother love him, too? And how she must love him—that quiet, unobtrusive woman, whose feelings ran deep. And there was grandma, whose life was torn up by the roots in her old age—and it is so hard for old roots to set themselves in new soil. And—why, that was what had happened to John's mother, too—her life had been torn up by the roots.

When Ellie arose she had forgotten herself and her griefs. She was thinking of two lonely old women downstairs, the width of the dining-room between them, each brooding over her own sorrow.

"Never mind about me," Ellie was saying to herself, as she bathed away the tears from her eyes, "I will try to make them happy."

When she came down, after a little, she was lugging a large white sack stuffed to bursting.

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She had spoken rather at than to John's mother, as though with a timid little desire to conciliate her.

"How I would like to have one of those old quilts!" cried Ellie, with tender interest. "Made with scraps of my old dresses, grandma—and maybe some of John's baby dresses, mother—and a piece of my wedding dress right in the middle. That would be something John and I could keep always."

"These 'ud make a mighty nice nine-piece," said grandma, reflectively. "I was still regarding the odds and ends of cloth that lay across her lap."

John's mother had approached insensibly.

"I used to make quilts," she said, with something that was almost like softness in her voice. "It was years ago—I knew them all—Nine-Piece and Irish Chain and Chariot Wheel and Magnolia Bloom—and I could find scraps of John's little clothes. I'll show you some of his little dresses, Elinor—you'd never think he was ever that small, looking at him now."

Ellie's arms were around her—the pretty young face was laughing tearfully up at her. The very idea of seeing John's cunning little baby clothes! And it was John's mother who had kept them all these years!

"We could do the quilting in John's old playroom"—his mother was melting more and more—"I haven't had much time to sew. Maybe it'll help me to sit down a little."

"I'd like to make quilts again," said old Mrs. Vedder, looking up wistfully over her glasses.

Mrs. Mayfield had arisen to go on some errand, but she sat down again.

"Ellie," she said, "if you'll look in the machine drawers you'll find needles and thimbles and things—and bring the gold thimble for your grandma. John gave that to me when he was twelve years old."

Ellie's face was aglow with delight.

"I am so glad that John loves his mother!" she cried from her heart.

And then John's mother surrendered the last trace of the coldness and hardness she had kept in store.

"John's always been a good son to me, my dear," she said, "and a boy that's done that can't help making a good husband. Hand me that piece of pasteboard, Ellie, and your grandma can cut a pattern for both of us to go by."

John came home to lunch earlier than usual that day, filled with apprehension, and stole into the house almost on tiptoe. At the end of the hall he paused and looked through the portieres in deep amazement. Ellie was flitting gayly back and forth between the dining-room and kitchen, getting the daintiest of lunches on the table, while over by the window sat two spectacled old ladies, eagerly comparing colors of scraps they held in their hands.

"This was a little blue pique of John's when he was two years old," said John's mother, smiling at the memory. "I made it myself, and trimmed it with white braid—and he wanted to sleep in it that first night. This ought to go with something dark. How would that piece do?"

"That's a fall dress Ellie had—let's see!" reflected grandma. "She must have been about twelve then. It was trimmed with blue silk. It'll go with that blue just right." And Ellie's grandmother went placidly on with her sewing. John slipped out again on tiptoe, and surprised Ellie, rosy and smiling, in the kitchen.

"How did you manage it?" was John's amazed question, and then

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**LONGING**

Oh, my blessin' on you, Toome, sure I'm never done a-thinkin' On the lovely little village on the border of Lough Neagh; But, alas! I cannot see it, and my heart is sore an' sinkin'; For the fields I like the best are there and I am far away.

Sure I am tired of the city with its roar an' smoke an' bustle; An' I am longin' to be lyin' lookin' easy at Lough Neagh. When the moon is out a-shinin' an' you hear the bushes rustle With the breeze that comes a-stealin' from Slieve Gallion far away.

An' I long to see Mayola, and to hear its old-time story, That it tells the sally-bushes as they kiss its shinin' tide; Sure, the sight would light my spirit with a gleam of boyhood's glory, When I used to go a-roving on the pleasant riverside.

An' I long to hear the blackbirds in the Newbride's plantin' singin', A-strivin' which can sing his song the loudest an' the best; The thrushes join the chorus, 'till the world aroun' a-ringin'; An' the sun is loath to leave us as he lingers in the West.

Ah, I'm longin' to be over, but the dearest, kindest faces— Whose smiles to me were glimpses of a region most divine; I'll miss among the others, for they've left the dear old place; An' they're sleepin' in the graveyard up beside St. Treah's Shrine.

But, my blessin' on you, Toome, an' may sorrow's sullen shadow Ne'er chase from you the glory of contentment's brightest rays; An' may happiness like sunshine fall by river, lake, an' meadow— It's yourself I'll love forever for the sake of other days.

—Mayola, in The Gael.

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GEORGE BARNETT - PROPRIETOR

was a very serious and tender look in her pretty eyes.

"I put myself in her place," she said—Julia Truitt Bishop in "The Story Book."

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

(By Marian Warner Wildman.)

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

-The Song of Songs.

"Everything goes to prove it! The vein dips so, to the north. The ore shoots tend easterly. If the inclination stays the same, we can't be but a little ways from the ledge in the lower adit. I shan't be surprised if most any shot shows up the crevice now."

Barton's middle-aged, gray-bearded face was flushed with excitement as his grizzled head and Phil's dark one bent together over the survey maps and blue-print drawings spread out on the table.

They were too much occupied to hear Rose Bennett's quick, impatient sigh, as she went silently about her task of clearing away the remains of the evening meal.

"The boys had a good break this afternoon. Caesar says there's lots of water coming in to-night. He came back to the change-house for his boots and rubber coat, just as I was leaving. Doesn't that look as if—"

But Rose lost the last part of Phil's sentence. She was standing in her inconceivable little kitchen, her hands clinched so tight that the nails bit into the flesh; she was trying not to break down while Barton was there.

It was raining gently and she went to the door to feel the damp, cool air on her face. Around her the valley lay in darkness. Great pines loomed up like ghosts through the mists. No sound broke the stillness except the rushing of the river and the drip of the rain. A great weight seemed to lie on her breast as she stood there, trying to realize that one might go for miles and miles straight into that darkness without finding human habitation.

Two years had passed since Phil Bennett brought his bride to this cottage in the forest-clad mountains. She had laughed at it then. It had seemed as amusing to her as it did natural to him to be living in two rooms and a lean-to, without any carpets on her floors. Of course it was to be only a temporary home, and she had played at camping out with light heart and abundant hope.

This was the story. Stubby Barton, an old miner of intelligence though little education, had invested the hard earnings of forty years in a quartz claim in whose possibilities he had boundless confidence. Then, falling in with Bennett and taking a fancy to the handsome, boyish young Californian, with his keen wits and his frank manner, he had offered him a half interest in the venture, and the two, with all the money they could raise between them, had started out to develop their property.

And Rose Bennett had followed her lover into the far west with blind confidence, never doubting for an instant the fulfillment of his and Barton's sanguine expectations.

Month after month had passed. The rains came and the flames were drenched with falling leaves; then the snow, so deep that she had to learn the use of snow-shoes; spring again with the wilderness of rare flowers, and summer with the sweet hot smell of the pines in the air. Still Barton and Bennett, with their two or three men, were hunting for the exclusive vein. Barton had grown grayer and Phil lost flesh and took to lying awake half the night.

At the end of the first year Rose had begged her husband to give up the mine and take her home. She had not yet learned the fatal fascination of this most alluring of all games of chance. Phil's father had been a prospector before him and the blood of the forty-miners was hot in his veins. Another year had nearly passed. Hope deferred, increasing poverty, homesickness, bitter antagonism to the whole project, were fast changing a happy girl to a worn and silent woman.

"Just a little longer, dear," Phil would say. "We can't help finding something soon now, and then you'll forget all this waiting."

The eager conversation in the next room came to her disjointedly as she leaned wearily against the door post looking out into the wet spring night. She had suffered patiently so long—she could not bear it any more. She was so tired of it all—tired of the drudgery, tired of the monotony of canned food, tired of the eternal "Wait a little!" Her confidence in the mine was utterly gone and she felt a dumb fury in her heart at the thought of the wasted time and strength and money.

Housed from her bitter reverie by the sound of a door slamming shut and the splash of feet in muddy pools, as Barton picked his way up the mountain road, Rose went back into the living room and stood behind Phil's chair. Her eyes were full of tears, but he did not look up.

"Where were you, Rose?" he asked. "Barton left his good-night for you. He feels quite encouraged by the looks of things in Boundary Adit to-night. Country rock's changing—drilling much easier. Look here, dear—"

"He was pointing on the survey map—there's a little seam of quartz coming in on the left here, maybe a stringer to the vein. Should not wonder if we broke into something most any—Why, Rose!"

He had looked up suddenly. His wife, white to the lips, shook the tears from her eyes. "Phil Bennett, I hate you mine—I hate it—I hate it! You care more for it than you do for me. I've waited two years with you and every day you have told me that the next day would end the waiting. I shall not speak to you again till you say that you will take me home!"

Without waiting for him to answer, she went into her tiny bedroom, shut the door, undressed in the dark, and lay, with wretched wide-open eyes, listening to the monotonous patter of the rain on the roof. The fire went out in the living-room and the candle burned to its socket before Phil stirred. He shivered then, for the chill of the spring night had settled in the room. His face had lost its boyish look and had grown suddenly careworn and old. Folding the maps and drawings carefully, he laid them away in the table drawer. He had come to his decision. To-morrow he would talk it over with his partner, and tell him he had decided to quit. Barton would be angry, disappointed, but that he could not help. Rose should be happy back in the little Kansas

town where he had found her. Her father would give him work in his store. He supposed he should spend the rest of his life—God help him!—selling calico and ribbons over a counter; he who had been free as a bird all these years, drifting from camp to camp, prospecting, mining, blacksmithing, doing whatever came handiest to do, and always winning the liking and respect of the rough, uneducated, intelligent miners with whom he had lived.

Phil Bennett's father, a man of good family and education, had drifted west with the earliest gold-seekers and failing to find the fortune he sought, had never gone back. After many years he married a pretty Spanish girl, who died when Philip was born, leaving the boy only her dark beauty and her warm southern temperament. The father, discouraged, heart-broken, old before his time, lived till the lad was twenty. The years were spent on a lonely ranch in the Sierras, where Philip ran wild in the forest, hunted deer and quail and grouse with his father's antiquated fire-arms, fished for trout in the clear water of the snow-fed rivers, learned to wash gravel scientifically and to know a good prospect when he saw one, and very incidentally acquired a strange, desultory education from his father and his father's few books. Shakespeare, Horace, Homer had their part in the boy's schooling. He used to declaim Scott's poetry to the pines, and would lie for hours in the shade of manzanita or chaparral, reading Ivanhoe and Tom Brown and David Copperfield. Of the writers of the day he knew nothing. Politics was a matter of indifference—the world a vague dream. He had never been inside a schoolhouse or a church, and yet he was in some ill-defined way much above the other mountaineers, though they realized it more than he ever did.

When his father died, Philip started on a wandering life of adventure. He saw cities and hated them cordially, longing for the freedom of the woods. Once he wandered as far east as Kansas, and that was where he met Rose and loved her.

When he came back to Rose in his reverie, Philip's mood changed. Something bitter and rebellious disappeared from his face, leaving a beautiful tenderness behind. "Poor child!" he said to himself, half aloud. "Poor child!"

The next day passed wearily enough for Rose Bennett. She had wakened, much later than usual, to find the rain over, the sun shining brightly, and Philip gone. A note scribbled on a bit of wrapping paper lay on the table in the living-room. "You looked so tired that I could not bear to waken you," it said. "Forgive me, dear, I have not meant to be cruel."

The mine was more than a mile up the mountain road from the Bennett cottage. Philip had thought to take temporary advantage of a deserted prospector's shack in the river valley, and had been hoping ever since to build one for himself nearer the mine. The long climb was nothing to one who had spent his life among the mountains, but it necessitated his absence at noon, and the days were terribly long for his wife.

Rose's passionate despair had vanished with the night, and the return of blue sky and sunshine filled her with new courage and a cheerfulness she had not known for weeks. The mountains seemed less oppressive. Life became endurable once more, and she felt bitterly ashamed of her last night's outburst.

She took a kind of penitential pleasure in cleaning her little house till it shone. She planned a better supper than usual for Philip, reflecting regretfully that he had gone away with a cold breakfast. When everything was done, even to the filling of a big bowl with sweet wild hyacinths for the table, she dressed herself in a pretty, long-unsused white gown, and sat down to sew, trying to sing a little to herself.

It grew warm as June toward the middle of the day. Little blue butterflies hovered above the drying mud puddles in the road, and the towhees called softly in the birch thicket.

A stranger, coming from the nearest town, stopped to hand her a bunch of letters and papers as he passed, and she read them eagerly, some of her homesickness coming back as she lingered over the dear, familiar home details. A boy from a neighboring ranch came on a little grey burro to bring her eggs and butter and staid to chat for half an hour.

Still it was only two o'clock. How interminable the day was! She tried to read, but the silence was so profound that it distracted her attention from the book. She started a letter home, but the only thing in her mind could not be written and she found it impossible to think of anything to say.

At last she gave up trying to employ herself, and sat waiting, listening to the ticking of the clock and the rushing of the swollen river. The minute hand crept twice around the dial. The sun had reached the tops of the pines across the river. Now it was glowing redly behind the woods. Now it was below the hill-crests, and the valley lay in shadow. The air grew cooler. The shadows crept up the mountain sides till only a circle of sunlight, far above her, remained of the day.

Rose lighted the fire in her kitchen and began to prepare her supper, listening for Philip's step the while with a fast-beating heart. It grew dark, and she lit the candles. Still he did not come. Supper was ready and everything drying on the stove. She began to wonder what was keeping him, but not until the

little clock struck seven did she feel at all anxious. Then a panic of foolish, unreasoning fear came over her. She opened the door and listened intently. Nothing stirred. The night was clear and cold. She shivered in her white dress and closed the door.

An hour passed, and she could bear it no longer. Something must have happened—something horrible at the mine. Throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she started out into the dark.

The starlight shone but dimly through the pines and she had forgotten to bring a lantern. The first turn in the winding road reached, she paused a moment for breath, then plunged up a steep trail that would cut off half the distance and meet the road higher up the mountain. She could see the lights of her cottage far below her now. The wind blew the fragrance of birch blossoms into her face as she felt her way, step by step, up the stony pathway. Once a small rock, dislodged by her foot, crashed down—down, into the ravine, and she wondered if she should fall like that where she reached the road again. A fox was yelping in the dense brush below the trail.

At last—the road again! And now the ascent was easy and her feet had wings. There was but one thought in the woman's half-mad brain—something horrible had happened at the mine!

She reached the blacksmith shop built over the entrance to the tunnel, where she knew they had been working. There was no one there, and only a few red coals were left on the forge. With trembling hands she fired for a candle, lighted it at the dying fire, and started into the black hole.

The tunnel was a long and winding one, with many cross-cuts and short drifts, each the monument of some disappointed hope. Rose could keep to the main adit by following the car track, for she knew that increasing shortness of funds had necessitated the taking up of every foot of rail in the deserted branches.

She stumbled to her knees once, and her candle fell hissing into the water of the drain, leaving her in that absolute darkness which one needs to go hundreds of feet under the earth to realize. With outstretched hands she groped her way forward, and presently a faint glow of light appeared ahead. A turn in the tunnel, and she stopped short, gazing at the picture in front of her.

A group of men in black, glistening rubber coats, hip boots and helmets, all of them looking unnaturally tall in the flickering light of a dozen candles, were bending over something. She could not tell what. Water was dripping from the roof of the tunnel, and the rocky walls were dark and shining with moisture. Debris of the last shot was scattered back to where she was standing. Barton was there, and Tilden, the broad-shouldered Cornishman, and Caesar, the Swiss, and, nearest her, Philip himself, safe and sound.

No one saw the white figure with pale face and loosened hair, and no one heard her as she turned and felt her way back through the black night of the tunnel. In the violent reaction from her terror, all the dead pain and resentment of the night before leaped to life again in her heart. That Philip had utterly forgotten her—had left her to her loneliness and anxiety, oblivious of everything but that hateful name—the thought was unendurable!

Staggering at last into the gray darkness of the outer air, she hurried down the road. Philip should never know that she had been in Boundary Adit that night. She must take the trail again, for if she went around by the longer way he might pass her and reach the cottage first. But where was the trail? Surely she should have reached it before this. Ah, here at last is the familiar opening between two big manzanitas! In spite of the heavy, hob-nailed mountain boots she wore, her feet slipped again and again. The trail had never been half so steep before. Things began to seem unfamiliar, but she laid it to the darkness. Then—she came to an abrupt stop! Directly across her pathway lay the huge dead trunk of a tree! Where was she? She stooped and felt the ground. It was covered with pine-needles—no sign of the rocky path. Bewildered, she sat down on the log to think. Yes, she must have missed the trail, but she could not have got far below the road.

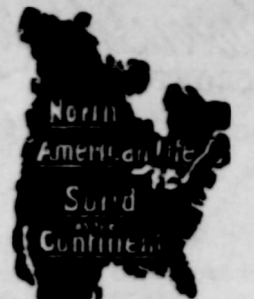
She rose and tried to retrace her steps. The rise was considerable, and she was soon out of breath; but still she pushed on, growing more and more confused as she climbed higher and higher up the slope without finding the road. In fact she had passed just outside the arc of one of its sudden turns, and was now far above it, on a part of the mountain unfamiliar to her.

Rose had a clear head, and, ordinarily, a strong sense of locality; but to-night, dazed by conflicting emotions, utterly without landmark to guide her, and with no light but that of the stars, it was not strange that she wandered ever farther and farther from the right way. At first she hurried on rapidly, confident of finding the road directly; then misgivings assailed her and she stopped, undecided, only to plunge recklessly on again, thinking anything better than to stand still in that awful silence.

For hours she wandered. It must have been long after midnight when she finally stopped, and threw herself, breathless, exhausted, sobbing on the ground. It was an open, park-like place where she had reached, entirely free from underbrush, but shaded by enormous evergreens. The wind brought the pungent odor of tarweed to her nostrils, and she could feel the dry smooth carpet of pine-needles under her face and hands. Gradually fright and despair yielded to the mental and physical weariness that overcame her. She lay quite still, listening to the gentle, wild music of the light wind in the evergreens. How the stars shone and twinkled in the sky, as if it seemed, in the far-away, feathery tops of the great, white, feathery spruce under which she lay held her tenderly, protectively, between its spreading roots.

"After all," she mused drowsily, "what can harm me here? I will rest and wait for Philip to find me." Philip! The name recalled the whole miserable series of events to her mind. She had forgotten everything except that she was lost in the mountains, at night and alone.

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She made one desperate effort to realize again his cruelty and her unhappiness—in vain. She was quite too sleepy and tired to think, and there was something so vast and serene and beautiful about the night that her little human woes seemed petty and out of place.

"I have been foolish—foolish!" she whispered to the darkness, smiling ruefully; and then, wrapping her shawl closer around her, for the night was cold, she took a last look at the stars and closed her eyes.

Even in her sleep Rose never doubted that her husband would find her, so it was without a start of surprise that she woke to find him bending over her, white and haggard, and to hear his fervent "Thank God!" as she opened her eyes. She held out her hands to him, and as he bent and kissed her, all the bitterness of the past months was forgotten forever.

They walked homeward slowly together in the light of the rising sun. "Philip," she told him, "I don't know why, but last night I learned to love the woods and the mountains as I never did before. They and I have been like strangers all these months, even when I saw their beauty, but last night they seemed to take me close to them, and I felt so utterly at peace—I cannot tell you!"

He looked down at her, understandingly. "That is how I have loved them all my life," was his quiet answer. "But we will go back to your home to-morrow, if you like, Rose. The mountains shall never come between us again—dear old mischief-makers that they are!"

She did not reply to his suggestion, but presently, laying a detaining hand on his arm, she said, "this is where we will build our house some day. I know it's miles from the mine and from water and everything but look—only look!"

Together, silently, they looked. They were standing on the broad, level crest of the mountain. Below them, on either side, stretched the long, gentle slope, carpeted with the dull green of the tar-weed, and flushed here and there with rose-pink clusters of wild phlox. Brakes were unravelling their pale green fronds everywhere, under the great trees that rose like giant columns, scarred everywhere at the base by ancient forest fires. Here and there an oak, hung with balls of mistletoe, was bursting into leaf. To the right, between the trees, shone the far-away snowy heights of the upper Sierras.

To the left, one wooded range succeeded another, growing bluer and dimmer in the distance, till they sloped down to the broad valley of the Sacramento; and still farther, beyond the river-plains, the Coast Range lay like a low bank of clouds, hardly distinguishable above the horizon.

After a long pause—"It shall be here," Philip said. Rose had started on again, but Rose stopped suddenly, and stooped to the ground. "Ah, Phil!" she cried, half laughing, yet with a depth of passionate earnestness in her voice, "what does it matter if we never find the gold that's inside the earth, when it waits outside for our gathering, whole nuggets of it—see!"

She was holding up to him, in childish delight, one of those exquisite little tulips of the hills called gold-cups. He took the flower from her outstretched hand, looked at it thoughtfully, and thrust it carefully into a buttonhole of his woollen blouse. "That reminds me, sweetheart!" he smiled down at her as he spoke. "I had quite forgotten to tell you, we struck the ledge in Boundary last night!"

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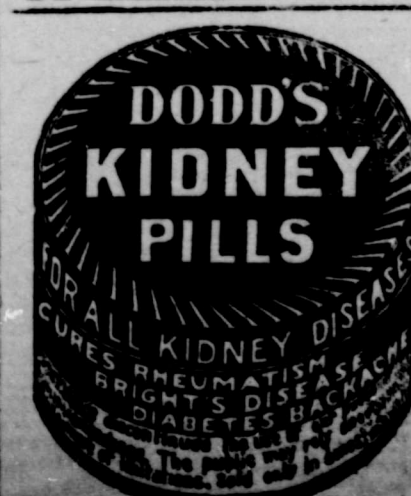
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In and Around Toronto

FAREWELL TO BRO. ROGATIAN.

In obedience to orders, Bro. Rogatian, late Principal of the De La Salle Institute, sailed last week for Paris, France, where he is to take up new work, the exact line of which is as yet unknown even to himself.

Bro. Rogatian spoke with much feeling of his connection with many of the speakers and paid a high tribute to the pupils who had come under his charge.

The late principal of the De La Salle Institute is now on the ocean, and with him are the prayers and loving thought of the hundreds of young men and boys who at one time or another came within his influence.

In connection with the leaving of Bro. Rogatian it may be of interest to touch lightly upon the work in which he was engaged in Toronto. To many it will doubtless be a revelation.

A visit to the Institute speaks loudly of his late presence and reveals everywhere the impress of his progressive and methodical habit of mind together with the systemized results.

The facilities afforded have been and are being utilized to the very utmost, in the manner best calculated to the scholastic advancement and physical comfort of the pupils, and that this is so, is due in a great measure to the alert supervision of the late principal.

In addition to carrying on the work of the three years' programme as laid down by the Education Department, Bro. Rogatian conducted a literary society, an athletic club, a library, a gymnasium association, a fire brigade, a hand ball and a base ball club.

He provided a lecture hall, reading room and lunch room, besides a large skating rink and a commodious hall for athletics. To all this it was necessary to arouse a sympathetic spirit in the boys themselves, and in this success was pronounced.

DEBATE AT ST. PETER'S.

On Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., a large turnout of the Catholic Temperance and Debating Union and their friends, listened to a very interesting debate by members of the Society.

The subject "would a prohibitory law be beneficial to Ontario," was argued on the affirmative by Messrs. Dunbar and W. S. O'Brien, and on the negative by Messrs. M. J. Quinn and E. Kelly.

REV. FATHER COSTELLO AT HOME.

Rev. Peter Costello, C.S.S.R., is in Toronto, called home by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Costello of No. 6, St. Patrick street.

In the last few days a turn for the better has taken place in the condition of the patient, and many are interested in learning that there is now every hope of Mrs. Costello's recovery.

PRESENTATION TO REV. FR. MURRAY.

During the Christmas holidays the choir of St. Basil's met in social gathering and tendered to Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R., expressions of their appreciation of his work in their behalf during a period of thirty years.

PRESENTATION TO MESSRS. COSGRAVE AND HOLMES.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., the choir, collectors, committees and workers generally of St. Patrick's parish were encouraged in their work by an invitation to meet the Rev. Rector and his assistants in the hall of the House.

OFF FOR EUROPE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Walsh and Mr. and Mrs. J. McKittrick of Parkdale, leave to-day (Thursday) for a three months' trip to Europe.

FOLY-ANDERSON.

On January 7th St. Basil's church was the scene of a pretty mid-winter wedding, when Miss Florence Evangeline Anderson, only daughter of A. C. Anderson, Esq., of Toronto, became the bride of Mr. John J. Foley, formerly of Montreal.

AT ST. FRANCIS.

One of the most active altar societies in the city is that of St. Francis' Parish. In the short time of their existence they have done simply herculean work in the matter of embellishing and providing for their altars, the latest addition being the furnishing of the statutory and other essentials for the Christmas Crib.

MR. J. J. SEITZ IS PRESIDENT.

Mr. J. J. Seitz, well known as a worker in many of the societies of our city and also as the general manager of the United Typewriter Co., Limited, has just been appointed President of the Toronto Baseball Club and Amusement Company, Limited.

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McCann, St. Francis, was in the sanctuary. The children of the school of which the deceased young girl had been a pupil, were present, and assisted at the Mass.

APPOINTED TO DE LA SALLE.

The principalship at the De La Salle Institute lately made vacant by the withdrawal of Bro. Rogatian, has been filled by the appointment of Bro. Walter, late teacher at St. Patrick's school.

FINANCIAL STANDING OF ST. HELEN'S.

At St. Helen's on Sunday the yearly report of the Building Fund for the contemplated new church was read. It was shown that the collections for the year were better than those of any previous year.

MEETING OF THE C.Y.L.L.A.

The first meeting of the C.Y.L.L.A. since the Christmas vacation took place on Monday at the home of Mrs. J. J. Walsh of Tyndall Ave.

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB.

With the passing of the Christmas-tide, the Crib is still a fresh subject. Year after year brings new thoughts and ideas on this matter.

Death of the Mother Superior

Hamilton, Jan. 10.—Sister Vincent, Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, died last night after an illness of about a year.

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BURIED FROM ST. PETER'S.

The funeral of the fifteen-year-old daughter of Sergeant Varley took place from the family residence on Ulster street, to St. Peter's church, on Monday morning. Rev. Father

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Island Breakwater Extension," will be received at this office until Thursday, January 26th, 1905.

Canadians Received by Pope Rome, Jan. 5.—The Pope to-day received the students of the Canadian College with the rector, Father G. Clapin, and the administrator, Father Athanasius Itacher.

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INFORMATION Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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