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PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Takes up Goldwin Smith's Book "Irish History and the Irish Question for a Further Criticism—The Brehon Laws Defended—Home Rule Would Remove the Antagonism Between North and South—Ireland's Specific Grievances—The Difficulty and Cost of Legislation in London—Imperfection of the Land Legislation—The Markets of the Empire of no use to the Irish under the Union—An Irish Parliament would Revive Ireland's Spirit, Promote Her Industries, Help Her Endeavors, Advance Education and make Her an Apostolic Nation.

Mr. Goldwin Smith in his new book "Irish History and the Irish Question," puts a lot of suppositions that are hardly to be supposed by those who are laboring for Home Rule. I will take the liberty of taking up some of those suppositions and replying to them.

"Suppose Ireland had remained the land of the Septs, would her lot certainly have been more happy?" It would, because the Septs would be Irish and any Irish or native rule would be better than any foreign rule, especially a foreign rule leased on conquest—as British rule in Ireland ever has been. He remarks: "Neither at the time of the Norman Conquest or afterwards, do the Septs appear to have shown any tendency to a union such as would have given birth to a national policy and its attendant civilization. For aught we can see, they might have gone on indefinitely like the clans of the Scottish Highlands, in a state of barbarous strife fatal to progress of every kind. Even their common interest in the struggle against the Anglo-Norman invader produced no general or permanent union. The Brehon law, which was their principal bond, had no executive force and was in itself barbarous, not distinguishing public from private wrong. The Septs warred upon each other not less savagely than the conqueror warred upon them all. If anything like union came at last, it was not political but religious, and brought with it a fatal share in the European war of religions. Nor were conquests other than Anglo-Norman impossible. From the Highlands and islands of Scotland came bodies of marauding adventurers which might have been reinforced, and in the North at least, have prevailed. It is not certain that without the aid of John de Bermingham and his Anglo-Normans, the Septs would have got rid of Edward Bruce."

Unfortunately the Septs kept the people divided, but that was at a time when national unity was known but little anywhere. But it is not right to assume that a better condition would not have come with time. There were approaches to it at different times, for instance, at the time of the Danish or Scandinavian invasion, and the Confederation of Kilkenny. It will become a scholar like Mr. Smith to describe the Brehon law as barbarous, as men learned in the laws of nations recognize in them one of the best codes of laws that ever existed down to the Code Napoleon. It is an exceedingly unlikely supposition that marauding bands from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland could have prevailed in the North of Ireland, as similar bodies prevailed in the North of England, because the sea intervened for one reason, and the courage of the men of the North of Ireland was too good, for another reason.

"Not is it to be forgotten," says Mr. Smith, "that Ulster is a part of Ireland. When Ireland has Home Rule there will not be that antagonism between North and South that exists to-day, and to remove that ridiculous antagonism will be one of the benefits of Home Rule. That antagonism has been kept up to maintain the union, and when the union is abolished it will surely disappear as

the North will find there will be no Catholic ascendancy as there is a Protestant ascendancy now. Home Rule will place all sections on an equality, and equality is the forerunner of harmony.

"There is in England and Scotland," says Mr. Smith, a large Irish population, which, as was seen in the election of 1885, obeys the voice of the Irish leaders and at their command votes inimically to the country in which it lives and earns its bread."

This shows if there was no union among the Irish Septs of ancient history there certainly is a union among the Irish people of to-day, which is more to the point. It is hardly proper for the author to say that when the Irish in England and Scotland voted for Home Rule for Ireland they voted inimically to the country in which they lived, for they voted with the English Prime Minister of the day and with a large portion, if not a majority of the English and Scotch people; and the question was one between the English and Irish, but on a great constitutional question such as Home Rule was then and as it is to-day.

"As the first step it should be calmly settled," says Mr. Smith, "what are the specific grievances under which Ireland labors, and which the Imperial Legislature cannot, but an Irish Parliament could remove?" Mr. Smith ought to know what those grievances are as well as anybody. It ought to be enough to know that the Irish people are heartily tired of the union, that they hate it, that it was effected against their will by corrupt methods, that it brought them none of the results promised at its consummation, that nothing but misery and disaster has attended them with it.

First and foremost from a legislative point of view, it is grievously deficient. Legislation of any kind it is difficult to accomplish. The avenues are congested and the methods inefficient. It is true the votes are no longer taken on tally sticks, but for three kingdoms to depend on one set of houses for their legislative wants, and their methods quaint, is an objection of itself. The mode of procedure is awkward and contrary to expedition. The people cannot send the representatives they want to the British Parliament because they need a property qualification and are not paid for their services. Mr. Smith ought to remember how Dickens once described the ridiculous short-comings of the "circumlocution offices" that still exist in many instances. To have to go to London for the passage of every little local bill is a great inconvenience and to wait on committees week after week and year after year, is out of all modern reason. That there are steam packets plying between the different countries is far from a sufficient answer. The cost of this local legislation is great as well as tedious. The wheels are clogged and the House of Commons and the House of Lords ought to be left free to discuss great Empire questions and effect reforms that are now held in abeyance. This is the economic side of it.

Does not Mr. Smith know it is often exceedingly difficult to get any matter—especially an Irish matter—before Parliament? Irish members have to complain that parliament after parliament has come and gone without their being able to get pressing bills before the House? Would this be the case if they had a parliament of their own? Of course not.

The great Land Bill of 1903, on which the British Parliament wasted so much time, is well known to be full of imperfections. Those imperfections would not exist if it were the work of an Irish parliament composed of Irish members in place of a house composed of a majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen?

"Ireland has now no established church," says the writer. True, but how long has she been without one? She had until lately an established church, but not a national church. But she has an educational question, and time and again the Irish have failed to get their wrongs redressed, being voted down every time they managed to get the bill before the House by a hostile anti-Catholic majority.

If her priesthood would let her, she would have a complete system of national education," says the historian. There are other people in Ireland besides priests and they know what they want in education, but this the English parliament says they cannot have and the English men-

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Mr. Halley's Lecture

Mr. Halley (our Old-Timer) has as yet but partial success with his lectures on the late Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee. At Dundas he had to postpone his lecture for want of an audience. At Hamilton on the 28th ult., there was considerable of an attendance, but his friends thought the audience should be larger and wished the lecture postponed until a later date, which is likely to be somewhere between Christmas and New Year. The following is what the Hamilton Herald had to say about it:

"Considering the weather, a large crowd turned out last evening to hear William Halley lecture on Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, but the management considered that Mr. Halley merited an audience that would fill the C.M.B.A. Hall, and he was not allowed to give his lecture. Arthur O'Heir was in the chair, and a musical program was given by Miss Hanley, William Melody and Mrs. Cochrane, and J. B. Nelligan recited. Mr. Halley gave a synopsis of what he intended to say, but reserved his lecture, which will probably be given in a short time. The articles Mr. Halley contributed to the Catholic Register have been widely read, and his lecture ought to be worth hearing."

Mr. Halley is now negotiating with an important Toronto Society for a lecture, and Father Minion, of Paris, Ontario, has written him for the same purpose.

Presentation to Sir Wm. Hingston

Sir William Hingston of Montreal, has just been presented by the Teutonia Club with a beautifully worded and elaborately engraved address, on the conclusion of the fiftieth year of his membership with the Club. Sir William replied both in English and French, and recalled the beginning of his association with the German Society. It was during the days of the cholera, when in his capacity as a medical man he went amongst the German immigrants and his knowledge of their language enabled him to be of special use. During the social hour that followed the address, the guest of honor assisted in singing the old songs which he had learned half a century ago in Germany.

That Christmas Present

Have you bought it? We have a Suggestion that May Help You. We are all confronted with the question of purchasing Christmas presents. In this connection we have a suggestion to offer that may interest you.

We are now offering a fountain pen as a premium in connection with our circulation. This pen is "The Celtic Model 1" manufactured by The Selden Pen Manufacturing Co., 146 Nassau St., New York. This pen is a heavy and guaranteed to equal any pen that retails for \$2. The pen is 14kt. solid gold and warranted by the manufacturer to be perfect in every particular. The pen will make a most excellent Christmas present that any of our friends would be delighted to receive.

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WILLIAM HALLEY

DIocese of Hamilton

General Thanksgiving for the Return Home and Recovery of the Bishop After a Prolonged and Severe Illness

The following circular from His Lordship was read at Mass on Sunday last in all the churches and chapels of the diocese.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese of Hamilton:

Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers,—Thanks be to God, to the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and to the fervent prayers that have been offered for me, after an absence of nearly five months at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph (where I gratefully acknowledge having received the best of care on the part of physicians and attendants) the consolation has been afforded me of returning home in restored health, in time to participate in the celebration of the great festival of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, the Patroness of our Cathedral and of our Diocese. For this signal favor and blessing I now earnestly invite and request all my good priests, all the religious communities, and all the faithful of the Diocese to unite with me in prayer and solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God. It was indeed a matter of deep regret to me that the suddenness and severity of my illness prevented me from asking, before undergoing two serious surgical operations, public prayers in all the Churches. Fortunately, however, such an appeal was not necessary, as I am assured that my friends, not only among my own priests and people, but also among eminent dignitaries of the Church, and even the Holy Father himself, in their great charity and kindness, without any merit of mine, were good enough to make special remembrance of me in their pious prayers. To the efficacy of these earnest and constant prayers I feel that under God I am indebted for my recovery. My most fervent thanks are therefore offered, first to Our Holy Father the Pope, who "in Audience" granted on the 20th day of November last, was graciously pleased to send a special blessing to the Bishop of Hamilton, together with his prayers for a speedy recovery." And, secondly, to their Eminences Cardinal Merry del Val and Cardinal Goetti, both of whom were kind enough to send messages of sympathy and kind regards. My special thanks are due also to His Excellency the Governor-General, the distinguished representative of His Holiness in Canada, who at considerable inconvenience, honored me with a special visit of sympathy on learning of my serious illness at the Hospital. Finally, I most heartily thank all the Prelates, Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests, who were kind enough to honor me by personal visits or messages of sympathy, which I heartily appreciate. I also thank the members of the Religious Communities, the pupils, orphans and aged under their care (not forgetting my Indian children at Cape Croker) and all the faithful of the Diocese, for whose valued prayers and sympathy I shall be forever grateful. May God bless and reward them all!

In humble supplication, therefore, to Our Blessed Lady, under whose patronage I was consecrated, and in gratitude to Almighty God who was pleased to hear the prayers offered in my behalf and grant me the privilege of being spared to inaugurate and celebrate worthily with my good priests and people the forthcoming Golden Jubilee of the Diocese, I hereby direct that on the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception the Litany of the Blessed Virgin shall be recited after each Mass, and the Te Deum sung or read after the principal Mass in all the churches and chapels of the Diocese.

With best wishes to all my priests and people for a most happy and holy Christmas, I am, Reverend and dear Fathers,

Your faithful servant in Christ,
 THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING,
 Bishop of Hamilton.

J. P. HOLDEN,
 Chancellor.

REVELATIONS TO A GOOD SHEPHERD NUN

They Led to the World's Consecration to the Sacred Heart—A New Margaret Mary.

A book has just appeared which will cause the deepest emotion throughout the entire Catholic world, for therein is revealed, in the most precise way, and with the most reliable testimony that the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart accomplished by Leo XIII. on the eve of the new century was the result of a supernatural revelation made by the Sacred Heart to Sister Mary of the Divine Heart, a Good Shepherd nun of Oporto, Portugal, and by her transmitted, on the instructions of her confessor, to the Sovereign Pontiff. We quote from the biography of Sister Mary by the Abbe Louis Chasle, in which the facts are now given to the world. And first to whom was communicated the divine message, and how it was given to her:

"By suffering, by daily Communion, by prayer, by the practice of obedience, Sister Mary of the Divine Heart had consumed all self within her in order that her Divine Spouse might live there alone, united, and as it were identified with Him, she was fitted to become the instrument of the infinite mercies with which His love desired to light up the end of the nineteenth century. After having spent herself in the effort to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in a sufficiently extended circle yet comparatively restricted, she was to be the medium of the progress of this cultus throughout the entire world by intervening—by the order and in the name of the Sacred Heart—with the Head of His Church to solicit the consecration of the human race to that Sacred Heart. It was in the month of June, 1897, that the servant of God saw this troublous career open for her.

Sister Mary informed her confessor of the mission entrusted to her. He bade her wait, so which she dutifully submitted. But again she was urged to communicate to the Holy Father what had been revealed to her, and again she was bidden to wait. In the meantime her physical sufferings grew in intensity. At last when a crisis came in her illness, her confessor yielded, and she, being unable to write, he acted as her secretary. The letter in due course reached the hands of the Holy Father, who was much impressed by it, but for one reason or another, the year 1898 passed without anything being done. During this time the holy nun continued to suffer and pray, and at this epoch wrote an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, which Leo XIII. in 1902 approved and enriched with an indulgence of three hundred days. We quote from Abbe Chasle's book the holy nun's own words:

On 2nd December, the first Friday of the month, Our Lord for the third time mentioned the subject of the consecration of the human race to His Divine Heart, but without asking anything.

On the 7th of December Our Lord again spoke of the consecration, but was more pressing. Finally, He told me that He wished me to write again to Rome. I answered the Lord that the consent of my spiritual father had cost me much suffering, and asking if I should this time suffer as much and be at the point of death to convince the Vice Rector. Our Lord answered in the negative and told me that this time I would get consent without difficulty.

Permission was accorded. Our Lord said, and after the letter authorized by the confessor was sent to Rome on the feast of the Epiphany, 1899.

Here is the text of this most precious document:

Most Holy Father: In deepest confusion, I return to the feet of your Holiness to most humbly ask you to permit me speak to you again on the subject upon which I wrote to your Holiness in the month of June last. Then, scarcely passed through a crisis of life and death, my strength permitted me only to dictate a letter. Now, although upon my sick bed, I can at least write with a quill pen. In my last letter I confided to your Holiness certain graces which Our Lord in His infinite mercy deigned to accord me without regarding my unworthiness. It is with confusion that I confess to your Holiness that He has since continued to treat me with the same mercy. Please express or (Continued on page 5.)



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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER LXI.

The Maypole cronies, little dreaming of the change so soon to come upon their way to London, and avoiding the main road, which was hot and dusty, kept to the by-paths and the fields. As they drew nearer to their destination, they began to make inquiries of the people whom they passed, concerning the riots, and the truth or falsehood of the stories they had heard. The answers went far beyond any intelligence that had spread to quiet Chigwell. One man told them that that afternoon the Guards, conveying to Newgate some rioters who had been re-examined, had been set upon by the mob and compelled to retreat; another, that the houses of two witnesses near Clare Market were about to be pulled down when he came away; another that Sir George Saville's house in Leicester Fields was to be burned that night, and that it would go hard with Sir George if he fell into the people's hands, as it was he who had brought in the Catholic bill. All accounts agreed that the mob were out in stronger numbers and more numerous parties than had yet appeared, that the streets were unsafe, that no man's house or life was worth an hour's purchase, that the public constabulary was increasing every moment, and that many families had already fled the city. One fellow who wore the popular color, dangled them for not having cockades in their hats, and bade them set a good watch to-morrow night upon the prison doors, for the locks would have a straining; another asked if they were fire-proof, that they walked abroad without the distinguishing mark of all good and true men, and a third who rode on horseback, and was quite alone, ordered them to throw, each man a shilling, in his hat, towards the support of the rioters. Although they were afraid to refuse compliance with this demand, and were much alarmed by these reports, they agreed, having come so far, to go forward and see the real state of things with their own eyes. So they pushed on quicker, as men do who are excited by portentous news, and ruminating on what they had heard, spoke little to each other. It was now night, and as they came nearer to the city, they had dismal confirmation of this intelligence in three great fires, all close together, which burned fiercely and were gloomily reflected in the sky. Arriving in the immediate suburbs they found that almost every house had clanked upon its door in large characters "No Popery!" that the shops were shut, and that alarm and anxiety were depicted in every face they passed.

Noting these things with a degree of apprehension which neither of the three cared to impart in its full extent, to his companions, they came to a turnpike gate, which was shut. They were passing through the turnstile on the path when a horseman rode from London at a hard gallop, and called to the toll-keeper in a voice of great agitation, to open quickly in the name of God. The adjuration was so earnest, and vehement, that the man, with a lantern in his hand, came running out-toll-keeper though he was—and was about to throw the gate open, when happening to look behind him, he exclaimed, "Good Heaven, what's that! Another fire!"

At this, the three turned their heads, and saw in the distance—straight in the direction whence they had come—a broad sheet of flame, casting a threatening light upon the clouds, which glimmered as though the conflagration were behind them, and showed like a wrathful sunset.

"My mind misgives me," said the horseman, "or I know from what far building those flames come. Don't stand aghast, my good fellow. Open the gate!"

"Sir," cried the man, laying his hand upon his horse's bridle as he let him through: "I know you now, sir; be advised by me; do not go on. I saw them pass, and know what kind of men they are. You will be murdered."

"So be it!" said the horseman, looking intently towards the fire, and not at him who spoke.

"But sir—sir," cried the man, grasping at his rein more tightly yet, "if you do go on, wear the blue ribbon. Here, sir," he added, taking one from his own hat: "it's necessary, not choice, that makes me wear it. It's the love of life and home, sir. Wear it for this one night, sir; only for this one night."

"Do!" cried the three friends, pressing round his horse. "Mr. Haredale—worthy sir—good gentleman—pray be persuaded."

"Who's that?" cried Mr. Haredale,

stooping down to look, "Did I hear Daisy's voice?"

"You did, sir," cried the little man. "Do be persuaded, sir. This gentleman says very true. Your life may hang upon it."

"Are you," said Mr. Haredale, abruptly, "afraid to come with me?"

"I, sir?—N-n-no."

"Put that ribbon in your hat. If I meet the rioters, swear that I took you prisoner for wearing it. I will take no quarter from them, nor shall they have quarter from me, if we come hand to hand to-night. Up here—behind me—quick! Clasp me tight round the body, and fear nothing."

In an instant they were riding away, at full gallop, in a dense cloud of dust, and speeding on, like hunters in a dream.

It was well the good horse knew the road he traversed, for never once—no, never once in all the journey—did Mr. Haredale cast his eyes upon the ground, or turn them, for an instant, from the light towards which they sped so madly. Once he said in a low voice "It is my house," but that was the only time he spoke. When they came to dark and doubtful places, he never forgot to put his hand upon the little man to hold him securely in his seat, but he kept his head erect and his eyes fixed on the fire, then, and always.

The road was dangerous enough, for they went the nearest way—headlong—far from the highway—by lonely lanes and paths, where wagon-wheels had worn deep ruts; where hedge and ditch hemmed in the narrow strip of ground, and tall trees, arching overhead, made it profoundly dark. But on, on, with neither stop nor stumble, till they reached the Maypole door, and could plainly see that the fire began to fade, as if for want of fuel.

"Down—for one moment—for but one moment," said Mr. Haredale, helping Daisy to the ground, and following himself. "Willet—Willet—where are my niece and servants—Willet!"

Crying to him distractedly, he rushed into the bar. The landlord bound and fastened to his chair; the place dismantled, stripped, and pulled about his ears—nobody could have taken shelter here.

He was a strong man, accustomed to restrain himself, and suppress his strong emotions, but this preparation for what was to follow—though he had seen that fire burning, and knew that his house must be razed to the ground—was more than he could bear. He covered his face with his hands for a moment, and turned away his head.

"Johnny, Johnny," said Solomon—and the simple-hearted fellow cried outright, and wrung his hands—"Oh dear old Johnny, here's a chance! That the Maypole bar should come to this, and we should live to see it! The old Warren too, Johnny—Mr. Haredale—oh, Johnny, what a pitiful sight this is!"

Pointing to Mr. Haredale as he said these words, little Solomon Daisy put his elbows on the back of Mr. Willet's chair, and fairly blubbered on his shoulder.

While Solomon was speaking, old John sat, mute as a stockfish, staring at him with an unearthly glare and displaying, by every possible symptom, entire and complete unconsciousness. But when Solomon was silent again, John followed, with his great round eyes, the direction of his looks, and did appear to have some dawning distant notion that somebody had come to see him.

"You know us, don't you, Johnny?" said the little clerk, tapping himself on the breast. "Daisy, you know—Chigwell Church—bell-ringer—little desk on Sundays—eh, Johnny?"

Mr. Willet reflected for a few moments, and then muttered, as it were mechanically: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of—"

"Yes, to be sure," cried the little man, hastily, "that's it—that's me, Johnny. You're all right now, ain't you? Say you're all right, Johnny."

"All right?" pondered Mr. Willet, as if that were a matter entirely between himself and his conscience.

"All right? Ah!"

"They haven't been nussing you with sticks, or pokers, or any other blunt instruments—have they, Johnny?" asked Solomon, with a very anxious glance at Mr. Willet's head.

"They didn't beat you, did they?"

John knitted his brow, looked downward, as if he were mentally engaged in some arithmetical calculation, then upwards, as if the total would not come at his call, then at Solomon Daisy, from his eyebrow to his shoe-buckle, then very slowly round the bar. And then a great, round, leaden-looking, and not at all transparent tear, came rolling out of

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each eye, and he said, as he shook his head.

"If they'd only had the goodness to murder me, I'd have thanked 'em kindly."

"No, no, no, don't say that, Johnny," whispered his little friend. "It's very, very bad, but not quite so bad as that. No, no!"

"Look-ee-her, sir!" cried John, turning his red eyes on Mr. Haredale, who had dropped on one knee, and was hastily beginning to untie his bonds. "Look-ee-her, sir! The very Maypole—the old dumb Maypole, stares in at the window, as if it said, 'John Willet, John Willet, let's go and pitch ourselves in the highest pool of water as is deep enough to hold us, for our day is over!'"

"Don't, Johnny, don't," cried his friend, no less affected by this mournful effort of Mr. Willet's imagination, than by the sepulchral tone in which he had spoken for the Maypole.

"Please don't, Johnny!"

"Your loss is great, and your misfortune a heavy one," said Mr. Haredale, looking restlessly towards the door, "and this is not a time to comfort you. If it were, I am in no condition to do so. Before I leave you, tell me one thing, and try to tell me plainly, I implore you. Have you seen or heard of Emma?"

"No!" said Mr. Willet.

"Nor any one but these blood-hounds?"

"No!"

"They rode away, I trust in Heaven, before these dreadful scenes began," said Mr. Haredale, who, between his agitation, his eagerness to mount his horse again, and the dexterity with which the cords were tied, had scarcely yet undone one knot. "A knife, Daisy!"

"You didn't," said John, looking about, as though he had some slight article—either a yougentle—see—a coffin anywhere, did you?"

"Willet!" cried Mr. Haredale, Solomon dropped the knife, and instantly becoming limp from head to foot, exclaimed: "Good gracious!"

"Because," said John, not at all regarding them, "a dead man called a little time ago, on his way yonder. I could have told you what name was on the plate, if he had brought his coffin with him, and left it behind. If he didn't it don't signify."

His landlord, who had listened to these words with breathless attention, started that moment to his feet, and without a word, drew Solomon Daisy to the door, mounted his horse, took him up behind again, and flew rather than galloped, towards the pile of ruins which that day's sun had shone upon, a stately house. Mr. Willet stared after them, listened, looked down upon himself, to make sure that he was still unbound, and without any manifestation of impatience, disappointment, or surprise, gently relapsed into the condition from which he had so imperfectly recovered.

Mr. Haredale tied his horse to the trunk of a tree, and grasping his companion's arm, stole softly along the footpath, and into what had been the garden of his house. He stopped for an instant to look upon its smoking walls, and at the stars that shone through roof and floor upon the heap of crumbling ashes. Solomon glanced timidly in his face, but his lips were tightly pressed together, a resolute and stern expression sat upon his brow, and not a tear, look, or gesture indicating grief, escaped him.

He drew his sword, felt for a moment in his breast, as though he carried other arms about him; then, grasping Solomon by the wrist again, went with a cautious step all round the house. He looked into every doorway and gap in the wall, retraced his steps at every rustling of the air among the leaves, and searched in every shadowed nook with outstretched hands. Thus they made the circuit of the building; but they returned to the spot from which they had set out without encountering any human being, or finding the least trace of any concealed stragglers.

After a short pause, Mr. Haredale shouted twice or thrice. They cried aloud, "Is there any one in hiding here, who knows my voice? There is nothing to fear now. If any of my people are here, I entreat them to answer!" He called them all by name; his voice was echoed in many mournful tones, then all was silent as before.

They were standing near the foot of the turret, where the alarm-bell hung. The fire had raged there, and the floors had been sawn and hewn, and beat down, besides. It was open to the night, but a part of the staircase still remained, winding upwards from a great mound of dust and cinders. Fragments of the jagged and broken steps offered an insecure and giddy footing here and there, and then were lost again, behind protruding angles of the wall, or in the deep shadows cast upon it by other portions of the ruin, for by this time the moon had risen, and shone brightly.

As they stood here, listening to the echoes as they died away, and hoping in vain to hear a voice they knew, some of the ashes in this turret slipped and rolled down. Startled by the least noise in that melancholy place, Solomon looked up at his companion's face, and saw that he had turned towards the spot, and that he watched and listened keenly.

He covered the little man's mouth with his hand, and looked again. Instantly, with kindling eyes, he bade him on his life keep still, and neither speak nor move. Then holding his breath, and stooping down, he stole into the turret, with his drawn sword in his hand, and disappeared.

Terrified to be left there by himself, under such desolate circumstances, and after all he had seen and heard that night, Solomon would have followed, but there had been something in Mr. Haredale's manner and his look, the recollection of which held him spellbound. He stood rooted to the spot, and scarcely ventured to breathe, looked up with mingled fear and wonder.

Again the ashes slipped and rolled—very, very softly—again—and then again, as though they crumbled underneath the tread of a stealthy foot. And now a figure was dimly visible, climbing very softly, and often stopping to look down, now it pursued its difficult way, and now it was hidden from the view again.

It emerged once more, into the shadowy and uncertain light—higher now but not much, for the way was streep and toilsome, and its progress very slow. What phantom of the brain did he pursue, and why did he look down so constantly. He knew he was alone? Surely his mind was not affected by that night's loss and agony. He was not about to throw himself headlong from the summit of the tottering wall. Solomon turned sick, and clasped his hands. His limbs trembled beneath him, and a cold sweat broke out upon his pallid face.

If he complied with Mr. Haredale's last injunction now, it was because he had not the power to speak or move. He strained his gaze, and fixed it on a patch of moonlight, into which, if he continued to ascend, he must soon emerge. When he appeared there, he would try to call him.

Again the ashes slipped and crumbled; some stones rolled down, and fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the ground below. He kept his eyes upon the piece of moonlight. The figure was coming on, for its shadow was already thrown upon the wall. Now it appeared—and now looked around at him—and now—

"The horror-stricken clerk uttered a scream that pierced the air, and cried: 'The ghost! The ghost!'"

Long before the echo of his cry had died away, another form rushed out into the light, flung itself upon the foremost one, knelt down upon its breast, and clutched its throat with both hands.

"Villain!" cried Mr. Haredale, in a terrible voice—for it was he. "Dead and buried, as all men supposed through your infernal arts, but reserved by Heaven for this—at last—at last—I have you. You, whose hands are red with my brother's blood, and that of his faithful servant, shed to conceal your own atrocious guilt—You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God, who has delivered you into my hands. No. Though you had the strength of twenty men," he added, as the murderer writhed and struggled, "you could not escape me, or loosen my grasp to-night!"

CHAPTER LXII.

Barnaby, armed as he has seen, continued to pace up and down before the stable door, glad to be alone again, and heartily rejoicing in the unaccustomed silence and tranquility. After the whirl of noise and riot in which the last two days had been passed, the pleasures of solitude and peace were enhanced a thousand-fold. He felt quite happy, and as he leaned upon his staff and mused, a bright smile overspread his face, and none but cheerful visions floated into his brain.

Had he no thoughts of her, whose sole delight he was, and whom he had unconsciously plunged in such bitter sorrow, and such deep affliction? Oh yes. She was at the heart of all his cheerful hopes and proud reflections. It was she whom all this honor or distinction were to gladden; the joy and profit were for her. What delight it gave her to hear of the bravery of her poor boy! Ah! He would have known that, without Hugh's telling him. And what a precious thing it was to know she lived so happily, and heard with so much pride (the pictured to himself her look when they told her) that he was in such high esteem; bold among the boldest, and trusted before them all. And when these frays were over, and the good lord had conquered his enemies, and they were all at peace again, and he and she were rich, what happiness they would have in talking of these troubled times when he was a great soldier; and when they sat alone together in the tranquil twilight, and she had no longer reason to be anxious for the morrow, what pleasure would he have in the reflection that this was his doing—his poor foolish Barnaby's; and in patting her on the cheek, and saying with a merry laugh, "Am I silly now mother—am I silly now?"

With a lighter heart and step, and eyes the brighter for the happy tear that dimmed them for a moment, Barnaby resumed his walk, and singing gaily to himself, kept guard upon his quiet post.

His comrade Grip, the partner of his watch, though fond of basking in the sunshine, preferred to-day to walk about the stable, having a great deal to do in the way of scattering the straw, hiding under it such small articles as had been casually left about, and haunting Hugh's heels to which he seemed to have taken a particular attachment. Sometimes Barnaby looked in and called him, and then he came hopping out, but he merely did this as a concession to his master's weakness, and soon returned again to his own grave pursuits, peering into the straw with his bill, and rapidly covering up the

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRIGGS' KIDNEY PILLS
DIABETES BASTARDY
THE FOLIO OF THE KIDNEY
SOLD ONLY IN THE

place, as if, Midas-like, he were whispering secrets to the earth and burying them, constantly busying himself upon the sly, and affecting whenever Barnaby came past to look up in the clouds and have nothing whatever on his mind, in short, conducting himself, in many respects, in a more than usually thoughtful, deep, and mysterious manner.

As the day crept on, Barnaby, who had no directions forbidding him to eat and drink upon his post, but had been, on the contrary, supplied with a bottle of beer and a basket of provisions, determined to break his fast, which he had not done since morning. To this end, he sat down on the ground before the door, and putting his staff across his knees in case of alarm or surprise, summoned Grip to dinner.

This call, the bird obeyed with great alacrity, crying as he sidled up to his master, "I'm a devil, I'm a Polly, I'm a kettle, I'm a Protestant, No Popery!" Having learned this latter sentiment from the gentry among whom he had lived of late, he delivered it with uncommon emphasis.

"Well said, Grip!" cried his master, as he fed him with the daintiest bits. "Well said, old boy!"

"Never say die, bow wow wow, keep up your spirits, Grip Grip Grip, Hulloa! We'll all have tea, I'm a Protestant kettle, No Popery!" cried the raven.

"Gordon forever, Grip!" cried Barnaby.

The raven, placing his head upon the ground, looked at his master sideways, as though he would have said, "Say that again!" Perfectly understanding his desire, Barnaby repeated the phrase a great many times. The bird listened with profound attention, sometimes repeating the popular cry in a low voice, as if to compare the two, and try if it would at all help him to this new accomplishment, sometimes flapping his wings, or barking, and sometimes in a kind of desperation drawing a multitude of corks, with extraordinary viciousness.

Barnaby was so intent upon his favorite, that he was not at first aware of the approach of two persons on horseback, who were riding at a foot-pace, and coming straight towards his post. When he perceived them, however, which he did when they were within some fifty yards of him, he jumped hastily up, and ordering Grip within doors, stood with both hands on his staff, waiting until he should know whether they were his friends or foes.

He had hardly done so, when he observed that those who advanced were a gentleman and his servant; almost at the same moment he recognized Lord George Gordon, before whom he stood uncovered, with his eyes turned towards the ground.

"Good day!" said Lord George, not reining in his horse until he was close beside him. "Well!"

"All quiet, sir, all safe!" cried Barnaby. "The rest are away—they went by that path—that one. A grand party!"

"Ay?" said Lord George, looking thoughtfully at him. "And you?"

"Oh! They left me here to watch—to mount guard—to keep everything secure till they come back. I'll do it, sir, for your sake. You're a good gentleman, a kind gentleman—as you are. There are many against you, but we'll be a match for them, never fear!"

"What's that?" said Lord George—pointing to the raven who was peeping out of the stable-door—but still looking thoughtfully, and in some perplexity, it seemed, at Barnaby.

"Why, don't you know?" retorted Barnaby, with a wondering laugh. "Not know that he is! A bird, to be sure. My bird—my friend—Grip." "A devil, a kettle, a Grip, a Polly, a Protestant, no Popery!" cried the raven.

"Though, indeed," added Barnaby, laying his hand upon the neck of Lord George's horse, and speaking softly, "you had good reason to ask me what it is, for sometimes it puzzles me—and I am used to him—to think he's only a bird. He's my brother, Grip is—always with me—always talking—always merry—eh, Grip?"

The raven answered by an affectionate croak, and hopping on his master's arm, which he held downward for that purpose, submitted with an air of perfect indifference to be fondled, and turned his restless, curious eye now upon Lord George and now upon his master.

Lord George, biting his nails in a discontented manner, regarded Barnaby for some time in silence, then beckoning to his servant, said: "Come hither, John."

John Grueby touched his hat, and came.

(To be Continued.)

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parlee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

Slaves to Rheumatism

Freed by
"Fruit-a-tives"

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism and Rheumatic pains by removing the poisons which cause the disease. Rheumatism means poisoned blood. Too much urea or waste is retained in the blood, owing to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The retained urea becomes uric acid, which inflames nerves and joints and thus rheumatism is produced.

MRS. R. H. DENNIS, South St. Marie, Ont., writes as follows: "I think 'Fruit-a-tives' are fine. I am using them for Rheumatism, and have not felt it since I started to take them."

Fruit-a-tives
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"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism by greatly stimulating the action of the liver, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" make each of these vital organs do its share of nature's work properly. "Fruit-a-tives" rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid—and so purify and enrich the blood and build up the general health, that there can be no rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, concentrated and combined by our discovered process, which makes them much more powerful medicinally. Then tonics and internal antiseptics are added and the whole compressed into tablets.

If your druggist does not have them, don't take substitutes. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



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(To be Continued.)

TWELFTH MONTH December THE ADVENT OF CHRIST
31 DAYS

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	SACRAMENTS
1	F.	w.	S. Didacus, S. Bibiana.
2	S.	r.	First Sunday of Advent
3	Su.	v.	First Sunday of Advent.
4	M.	w.	S. Peter Chrysologus.
5	T.	w.	S. Stanislas Kostka.
6	W.	w.	Past. S. Nicholas.
7	T.	w.	S. Ambrose.
8	F.	w.	Past. Immaculate Conception of B. V. Mary.
9	S.	r.	S. Eutychianus.
10	Su.	v.	Second Sunday of Advent.
11	M.	w.	S. Damasus, Pope.
12	T.	r.	S. Melchiodes, Pope.
13	W.	r.	Past. S. Lucy.
14	T.	w.	S. Leonard of Port Maurice.
15	F.	w.	Past. Octave of Immaculate Conception.
16	S.	r.	S. Eusebius.
17	Su.	v.	Third Sunday of Advent
18	M.	w.	Third Sunday of Advent.
19	T.	w.	Expectation of B. V. Mary.
20	W.	w.	B. Urban V., Pope.
21	T.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. S. Francis Xavier.
22	F.	v.	S. Thomas, Apostle.
23	S.	v.	Ember Day. Fast. Holy House of Loreto. Ember Day. Fast.
24	Su.	v.	Fourth Sunday of Advent
25	M.	w.	Fourth Sunday of Advent.
26	T.	r.	Christmas Day.
27	W.	r.	S. Stephen.
28	T.	v.	S. John Evangelist.
29	F.	v.	Holy Innocents.
30	S.	r.	S. Thomas of Canterbury.
31	Su.	w.	Of the Octave of Christmas.

Sunday in the Octave of Christmas
S. Sylvester, Pope.

Of Home Study Courses by Mail. Expert teachers. Small cost. For two years we have passed over 95 per cent of our candidates at public examinations.

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The HOME CIRCLE

NURSERY NOTES.

Small children should be allowed to drink as much water as they like. It helps to clear the system of effete matter quickly and so keeps the stomach and bowels in good condition.

Thoroughly cleanse the nostrils before going to sleep. This gives a free nasal respiration, and with children prevents them from becoming mouth breathers.

Children that are delicate or ailing require a great deal of kindness, but a firm hand as well, or they will become unmanageable cranks.

Dry children's ears carefully, both in the folds and behind, using a very soft towel or old handkerchief. Careless drying of this delicate organ will produce deafness.

Dried grapes or raisins should be given with caution to children, and, indeed, they are better altogether without them, for they are liable to disorder the digestive organs.

Nursery furniture should be small, but it should be light in weight also. The little bent wood chairs are very good. They can be lifted and carried about by very small people, and they have no angles to bark shins on unawares.

There are still some intelligent women who after all that has been written on the subject insist on boxing children's ears. Why people should select the ears for this purpose is hard to tell. Almost any other part of the face or body would be less dangerous.

WOMEN AND RUTS.

Do you live in a rut? Women are very apt to do so, although the majority of them are loth to admit it. Narrowmindedness, which is so often a result of a life spent within contracted limits, is common to women, they say, but the accused will answer, "Why, my life is not narrow! I have my house, or my profession, or my social circle. Do you call that living in a rut?"

Any or all of these interests may, however, result in stagnation, mentally and physically, and what is worse, conversationally. Either a woman or a man is at liberty to devote all of his or her interest to a certain object. But what about the friends of that person? One may have a sympathetic interest in a friend's occupation or in her children, or in her bridge playing, but one occasionally becomes a little wearied of a repetition, a constant recurrence to that pet subject of the innocent but short-sighted woman who harps eternally upon one subject. She devotes to the exclusion of all others. She dreams of it, she ponders over it, and only too readily she reverts to it so constantly that her friends at last wish themselves miles away.

A schoolgirl is apt to be blamed because her conversations are limited to her school—her friends there and her studies and pleasures, which are shadowed by the walls of the schoolhouse. But is her mother free from blame when she herself finds a continual source of conversation in her servants and her household gods? Does it interest her friends any more to discuss the children's bright sayings, to praise her waitress' neatness and her cook's superiority, than to listen to a schoolgirl's prattle?

The society devotee is quite as apt to overdo the matter as her more domestic sister, and the woman with a profession talks "shop" entirely too much as a rule.

But she should not allow herself to dwell entirely upon one phase of life. There is plenty of interest in other people's affairs, there are gay and absorbing pictures in the vista of daily life, and every woman should watch herself carefully lest she should

fall into a rut of one sort or another. It is surprising to find how readily the habit is formed—more readily, of course, by women than by men, as the latter are thrown more into the world's happenings.

A woman should ever beware of making herself the central subject of her talk—her home, her profession, her health—how naturally she comes to consider them. And it is quite natural that she should. But before she burdens her friends too much with her history let her stop and wonder whether she would like to listen to her friend Mrs. X. and her personal problems for hours at a stretch.

It is not meant by this that one should not speak of or ask sympathy in one's own interests, but there is a limit to patience, and a woman must have a "hobby," she should not expect her friends to ride it continually, too.

THE MESSAGE OF SOME LIVES.

A few years ago an unknown young writer sent a little story to a great publishing house. She was divided between hope and fear, for it was a very simple story, and whether the busy throng would stop to give it a passing thought remained to be seen; but they did stop—and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch has become a household name.

The poor woman in her dingy little house in the Cabbage Patch was covered with confusion and thought people were "making fun" of her, for she little dreamed that she was at the height of the highest type. It was perfectly natural to her to add an extra cup of water to the potato soup and to break the bread in smaller pieces when a neighbor as poor as she came in, and she never stopped to question why she did it. But back of her loving acts and ministrations to others was a beautiful, generous nature schooled to put self aside and a grateful heart which took all gladly, the shadows as well as the sunshine. There are few of us who have not at some time in our lives known a Mrs. Wiggs.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill, and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but in her haste she stumbled and, alas! she dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop of water had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops in her hand, she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much relieved, but as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver.

Hurrying to her home as soon as possible, she handed the water to the servant to give to her mother. "Oh," said the mother, "I will not take any. I shall not live anyhow. You are younger than I." As she gave the servant the dipper it changed to shining gold. The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper. He took it, saying, "Blessed is he who gives a cup of cold water in His name." A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain, which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher until they reached the sky, and there changed into bright stars, forming the "Great Dipper." So while we recognize that this is only a parable yet it shall give us a sweet association with the constellation in the sky; and when we look at the Dipper as it points us to the north pole, the sweet story will point us to a pole-star of unselfishness.

USEFUL TO KNOW.

A sure test for turkeys is to feel the end of the breast bone, and if this is limber and like gristle instead of bone any woman may be sure that the fowl is a young one, but if the end of this bone is hard the turkey is usually fully developed and often old. The flesh around the breast bone should be soft and springy to the touch in a young bird and the scales on the legs should not be coarse or hard.

Dried orange peel allowed to burn in a room will leave a pleasant fresh odor.

Mud stains on black cloth will disappear when rubbed with a raw potato.

Candles should be stored for six or eight weeks before being used; they will then burn more brightly and more slowly than when lighted at once.

Bread crumbs are better suited to frying purposes than cracker crumbs. They are not so rich and not so apt to soak fat.

The white of an egg into which are dipped oysters, croquettes and other articles to be fried before they are rolled in the last layer of crumbs should be thinned with water. The white of one good-sized egg, mixed with water, is enough for a dozen large oysters.

Lamp chimneys cleaned with a cloth moistened with paraffine will not crack so readily as when dipped in water.

An old rule for plain apple griddle cakes is half a pint of chopped apples into a quart of ordinary griddle cake batter.

PLAYING LADY.

When sister wears mamma's old gown She steps so proudly up and down That one could never, never guess She's used to just the shortest dress. She rolls her hair up high and flat, And wears a tall comb top of that. Then, with her gloves and bang and fan, She looks as grown-up as she can. For sister's just a little vain. And, oh, she don't take care, she'll see! For some time when she's feeling proud,

Wearing her long dress in a crowd, And strutting up and down so great, I'll call out loud, "She's only eight!"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

ESSAY ON THE HORSE.

Here is a Bombay student's essay upon the horse:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bride, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are in front, and two afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs, and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His footing is generally grass and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awake. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they always crying for feeding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got fail, but not so long as the cow and other such like similar animals."

THE STORY OF THE DIPPER.

There is a story, told in an exchange, of how the seven stars came to form the Dipper:

Once, in a country far away, the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The river and springs and brooks all had withered and dried. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful. One night after the stars had come out a little girl crept quietly out of the house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that she at last fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill, and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but in her haste she stumbled and, alas! she dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop of water had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops in her hand, she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so, and seemed much relieved, but as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to one of beautiful silver.

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CHRISTMAS AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

At the Russian embassy, a few blocks away, is Mademoiselle Rosen, the school-girl daughter of the Czar's newly accredited ambassador, who this year is spending her first holiday in this country. With her are several of her classmates, being initiated into the pleasures of a Russian Christmas. The girls were invited with great ceremony by Madame, and spent the night of Christmas eve under her roof—for that is part of the fun. Dreams had on that night are supposed to come to pass, and from the Russian standpoint, unlucky is the girl who has no dream to relate while preparing her morning toilet. Early service is attended in the embassy chapel (there is no Greek church in Washington), and then fortune-telling games become the order of the day.

HE CAN ATTEND TO HIS WORK NOW

MANTODDA MAN CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Echoes a Statement Made by Thousands of the People of the Prairies.

Giroux, Man., Dec. 11.—(Special.)—Mr. Philias Normandeau, a well-known resident of this place, is one of thousands of Manitobans who have found relief from the pains and aches of Kidney Disease in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Normandeau is always ready to say a good word for the remedy that brought back his health. "Yes, I can tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills made a cure of me," he says. "I had Kidney Disease for three years. At times I got so bad I could hardly attend to my work. I took just five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pains and aches are all gone and I can work as well as anybody. To anybody who has trouble with their Kidneys all I can say is 'use Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick kidneys. With well kidneys you can't have Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism or any of those other fearful and fatal diseases that spring from sick kidneys."

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES, BRUETCHES, ERYTHEMAS, FLESHWORMS, HUMORS. Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, flesh worms, and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and had had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S BLUNDERS

The historical and other "facts" given here are taken from school boys' examination papers.

Of whom was it said, "He never smiled again?"

William Rufus did this after he got shot by an arrow.

My favorite character in English history is Henry VIII., because he had eight wives and killed them all.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents.

What followed the murder of Becket? Henry II. received whacks with a birch.

The principal products of Kent are Archbishop's Canterbury.

The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or be imprisoned without his own consent.

Where were the Kings of England crowned? On their heads.

What were the three most important feudal dues? Friendship, courtship and marriage.

What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham were first friends, but soon became contemporaries.

What is Milton's chief work? Milton wrote a sensible poem called, "The Canterbury Tales."

Give the names of five Shakespearean plays. Macbeth, Kikado, Quo Vadis, San Toy, Sign of the Cross.

An old classmate is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.

A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist, and the one who looks on the dull side is called a pianist.

PROPER CARE OF BOOKS.

These rules should be framed and hung up in a library, says the Cleveland World-News:

Never hold a book near a fire.

Never turn a book on the floor.

Never lean or rest on an open book.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin bookmark.

Always place a large book on a table before opening it.

Always turn the leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never touch a book with a damp cloth nor with a sponge in any form.

Never place a book, or anything else, upon the leaves of an open book.

Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft dry cloth or duster.

Never close a book with a pencil, a pad of paper or anything else between the leaves.

Never open a book further than to bring both sides of the cover in the same plane.

Always keep books of a volume out of the reach of children and in a clean, dry place.

Always keep books you have borrowed with a paper cover while in your possession.

Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print.

A SCIENTIST ON PRAYER.

An eminent scientist, Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, speaking recently at a meeting of the British Medical Association, thus recommended prayer as the best of all cures for mental disease: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

"Dr. Hyslop's competence to speak in the name of science is unquestionable, and what he affirms as a discovery of medical science is identical with the immemorial faith of religion, that there is a place for prayer in the very nature of things. Not only does he find this place to be foremost among restorative agents; of the religious enthusiasm which the nature of prayer is to feed and sustain he affirms that it 'embodies the most healthy and preservative development of our social forces.' Among the many notable utterances in which science is now evincing herself to be the handmaid of religion these, the most recent, are as memorable as any." "Dr. Hyslop's 'discovery of medical science' is good Catholic doctrine, as old as the Catholic Church. Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find."

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 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., 475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. DEAR SIR,—I had great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

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

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

John O'Connor, Esq., 198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. 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.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

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

PILES

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 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. 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. BOSTONDALE. With the Astoria Laundry.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefitted by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

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 upper 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 un cured 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, without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this 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.

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 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

To Enliven the Liver

KIDNEYS AND BOWELS—TO PREVENT DISEASE BY CLEANSING THE SYSTEM—YOU MUST USE

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

There's a need in every home of a medicine that will promptly cure biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation.

A medicine that by cleansing the filtering and excretory organs will remove all poisonous waste matter, and by so doing prevent fevers, colds and such deadly diseases as dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease.

No medicine satisfies this need as well as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This is no idle boast, but an absolute fact that is backed up by the testimony of a hundred thousand homes.

The reputation of Dr. A. W. Chase as author and physician is the guarantee which first made this great medicine popular.

Now it stands on its record of cures—a record which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the history of medicine.

As a treatment for backaches, headaches, indigestion, aching limbs, liver derangements, kidney disorders and constipation, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, thorough and effective.

Once their merit is rested they are kept in the house and relied on in cases of emergency. By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular they positively prevent serious disease.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills promptly eradicate the pain and may be used on any part of the body.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CRONIN Business Manager and Editor.

Subscription: In City, including delivery, \$1.50; To all outside points, \$2.00.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN: Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1905.

DISCIPLINE.

Whether or not discipline forms a factor in education will soon have been decided by the students themselves and admitted by their teaching and governing bodies.

Canadian University students do not go to any such limit. Instead of chloroform they use paint and cold water. Instead of endangering a companion's life near a railway track they, with excessive faith in the water-cure, keep him safe near a tap.

A propos of our subject is the kindred topic of foot-ball. That the game as played in the United States has ceased to be genuine sport and has come to be a display of brute force, is evident from the press.

Rugby more a gladiatorial show than manly, honorable, open play. Other objectionable features than exposure to life and limb are to be found in it.

There is not, turning to Canada, nearly so much danger in the game as played amongst our Canadian youths. What are the technical points of difference it is not easy to determine.

THE CONCORDAT.

This celebrated contract between France and the Church was formally declared void by a law passed in the French Senate last week.

A CENTRAL CATHOLIC CLUB. A short time ago the attention of the readers of the Catholic Register was directed to the necessity for concerted action with a view to the establishment of a Central Club or headquarters for the various Catholic societies and organizations of our City.

Death of Rev. Father Cronin. News has just come to hand of the death of Rev. Father Patrick Cronin, Editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.

Moral Reform Association

On Thursday evening last at the instance of the Moral Reform Association, a meeting was held in Association Hall to discuss the Temperance Question and the proposed reduction of licenses in Toronto.

The Red Breast and the Irish Robin

An Old Irish Legend. Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree, And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,

found it in a state of chaos from the persecution of the revolution—it leaves it with the strength which organization from within and malice from without, are sure to impart.

No sooner was the Concordat signed than jealous politicians of whom Talleyrand, through the Corps Legislatif, was leader, annexed a series of articles which had never been mentioned during the negotiations.

New Cardinals Appointed

His Holiness the Pope held a consistory on the 11th inst. This was the second of his Pontificate, and after reading his allocution which summarizes the state of the Church throughout the world, and particularly in France, His Holiness created four new Cardinals, as follows:

Death of Rev. Father Cronin

News has just come to hand of the death of Rev. Father Patrick Cronin, Editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo. Details so far are meagre, but death, it seems, was sudden, Father Cronin being found dead in his presbytery at the Ascension Church, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

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IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

When drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free a trial package of simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 20 years standing. This is no humbug or deception, but a honest remedy which you can test without spending a cent. Dr. JOHN A. SMITH, 318 Grove Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

in bringing about the desired end. Who will take the initiative? The right leader would quickly find followers, and the work once decided upon the Catholic Club House would soon be a reality.

BISHOP DOWLING RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Elsewhere in this issue is published the circular letter from His Lordship Bishop Dowling, which was read in the churches of the Hamilton diocese on Sunday last.

During the enforced absence of His Lordship from his episcopal city, the Catholic Register watched with sympathetic anxiety the different reports that emanated from St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, and is with proportionate gladness that we now join in the general congratulations and thanksgiving which the recovery of His Lordship affords.

In the Te Deum sung throughout the Diocese of Bishop Dowling, in gratitude to God for the restoration of its chief pastor, we sincerely join, with the further hope that His Lordship may be spared to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his diocese, and to give many more years of active and beneficent care and guidance to the flock which he has already long tended wisely and well.

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And sure from what I have heard, He's God's own little bird, And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

A TRIUMPH OF ART

In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without tearing, fraying, ripping off of buttons; starching not too little or too much, ironing without scorching, or otherise ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub.

New Method Laundry Limited

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CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed.

W. E. BLAKE, 23 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. A. J. Sadler & Co. Toronto, Can.

A New Fountain Pen Offer

So many of our friends accepted our Pen Offer last year that we have made an arrangement which enables us to

Renew the Offer THAT IS, we can supply a

FIRST-CLASS GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

To every subscriber, old or new, who sends us

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE,

and FIFTY (50) CENTS additional. The pen will be forwarded immediately on receipt of the money. It is a better pen than any \$2.00 pen on the market.

The cut shows the exact size, and bears the manufacturer's guarantee that the pen is solid GOLD 14K fine.

N.B.—If it does not prove satisfactory in every way we will exchange it for another, or return the fifty cents additional on return of the pen.

Get the CATHOLIC REGISTER from now till Jan. 1, 07.

Address: The Catholic Register 9 Jordan Street

Headaches are usually caused by Eyestrain and can be cured by wearing properly fitted glasses. I examine the eye with the latest instruments and guarantee satisfaction. Consultation free. Special attention to repairs.

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MRS. K. HURLEY, O.B. Graduate New York University of Optometry

Of the 72 Confederation Life Building.

MAISON JULES & CHARLES

CORONET SWITCHES

Natural Wavy, from \$3 up. Straight, from \$2 up.

Manufactured only of the Best Imported European Human Hair

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When the changing leaves of autumn round us thickly fall, And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,

Robinson may be heard on the corner of a wall, Singing what is 'solacing and gladdening'

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain, whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

Seal Jackets For Xmas

We recently received a large consignment of Seal Skins from our Quebec warehouse. These skins are London dyed, and of extra fine quality. We are prepared to fill immediate orders for coats to be delivered by December 25th.

Finest Quality Seal Jackets 24 in. long, lined with very best brown satin, made to your order in any of the newest fashions. Price \$275

With your permission we could suggest many acceptable articles for Xmas giving.

Holt, Renfrew & Co. 5 King St. East Toronto

DO YOU WANT A POSITION?

All schools are not alike, and especially in helping students to positions. Do not overlook this point.

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Cannot supply the demand made upon it by business men. Why? Because our reputation for high-grade work is well known and we protect this reputation. This is a school of the highest standing. Winter term opens Jan. 2nd. Catalogue free.

Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal Elliott Business College Toronto, Ont.

FURRIERS To H.M. Queen H.R.H. Alexandra, Prince of Wales

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REVELATIONS TO A GOOD SHEPHERD NUN

(Continued from page 1.)
der of Our Lord, and with the consent of my confessor, I come with the most profound respect and the most perfect submission to impart to your Holiness some new communications which Our Lord has deigned to make to me on the matter treated in my first letter.
When last summer your Holiness suffered from an indisposition, which, having regard to your advanced age, filled with anxiety the hearts of your children. Our Lord gave me the sweet consolation that He would prolong the days of your Holiness in order to realize the consecration of the entire world to the Divine Heart. Later on, the first Friday of the month of December, He told me that He had prolonged the days of your Holiness in order to accord you this grace (of making the consecration), and after having accomplished this desire of His Heart, that you ought to prepare yourself, and He continued: "In My Heart consolation—a sure refuge at death and judgment." He left me the impression that, after having made the consecration, your Holiness would soon finish your earthly pilgrimage.
The eve of the Immaculate Conception Our Lord made known to me that by this new impetus which the worship of the Divine Heart would receive He would cause a new light to shine over the entire world, and these words of the Third Mass of Christmas Day penetrated my heart: "Quia hodie descendit Lux magna super terram." I seemed to see (interiorly) this light—the Heart of Jesus, this adorable Sun, which sent down its rays upon the earth, at first more narrowly, then widening, and at last illuminating the whole world. And He said: "With the glory of this light the people and the nations will be enlightened, and with its ardor they will be rekindled." I recognized the ardent desire which He has to see His Adorable Heart more and more glorified and known, and to pour out its gifts and benedictions on the entire world. And He chose your Holiness, prolonging your days, that you may render Him this honor, console His outraged Heart and draw down upon your soul the choice graces which go out from this Divine Heart, source of all graces, the place of peace and happiness. I feel unworthy to communicate all this to your Holiness, but Our Lord, after having made me renew the sacrifice of myself as victim and Spouse of His Heart, accepting voluntarily all sorts of sufferings, humiliations and contempt, gave me strict command to write again on this subject to your Holiness.
It may be deemed strange that Our Lord asks this consecration of the entire world, and was not content with the consecration of the Catholic Church. But His desire to reign over, to be loved and glorified by, and to embrace all hearts with His love and mercy is so ardent that He wishes that your Holiness offer Him the hearts of all those who by holy baptism belong to Him, to facilitate return to the true Church, and the hearts of all those who have not yet received spiritual life by holy baptism, but for whom He gave His Life and His blood, and who are equally called to be one day children of Holy Church, to hasten by this means their spiritual birth.
In my letter of the month of June I stated the graces which Our Lord wishes to accord because of this consecration, and the manner in which He desires that it be made; but in view of the new urgings of Our Lord, I come afresh to supplicate, with the most filial submission and the most pressing urgings, that your Holiness accord to Our Lord the consolation He asks, and to add to the worship of His Divine Heart a new splendor in the way Our Lord will inspire you. Our Lord has spoken to me only of the consecration, but He has shown me on different occasions His ardent desire that His Heart be more and more glorified and loved for the good of the nations. It seems to me that it would be pleasing to Him that the devotion of the First Fridays of the month should be augmented by an exhortation of your Holiness to the clergy and the faithful, as well as by the concession of new indulgences. Our Lord has not told me so expressly, as when He spoke of the consecration, but I believe I divine the ardent desire of His Heart without being able to affirm it.
After having made in all sincerity and simplicity my recital to your Holiness, there remains for me to beg, Most Holy Father, with the profoundest humility, pardon for my boldness, and to prey you benignantly to accept the homage of my most filial devotion to Holy Church and the august person of your Holiness, to whom I submit myself with the most perfect obedience.
Deign, most Holy Father, to bless, with our Sisters and proteges, her who, kissing the foot of your Holiness, has the honor to call herself

CHRISTMAS GIFT GIVING

In The Catholic Register of last week we drew the attention of our readers to the propriety of associating Xmas gifts with the festival itself. At the same time the fact was favorably commented upon, that we had in the city of Toronto a stock of Catholic goods equal in variety to that found in the large Catholic centres of the United States, and superior in every respect to any similar stock shown in Canada. We referred particularly to the stock carried by W. E. Blake, 123 Church street, Toronto.
Mr. Blake informs us that since the appearance of our favorable notice, the sales of Catholic Xmas gifts have been very marked, he also informs us that since our last issue he has passed into stock a really magnificent display of metal statuettes, some of which are finished in bronze, some silver plated, others oxidized and others gold plated.
We omitted in our last issue to say a word regarding the assortment of Catholic pictures carried by this house. For years it has been the effort of Mr. Blake to sell only Catholic pictures of good quality, and this has been since the inception of this business a distinct speciality. Copies of the Masters in Gravures, Heliotypes and richest Oligotypes, are kept in stock, and nowhere outside the States, is there a better assortment of high class Catholic pictures. This does not mean that Catholic pictures are expensive; they may be had at very moderate prices.
For the convenience of the many patrons of this establishment, the retail store will be open every evening during December.
your most humble and most obedient daughter,
Sister Mary of the Divine Heart,
DROSTE ZU VISCHERING,
Superioress of the Monastery of Good Shepherd at Porto.
Porto (Portugal), 6th Jan., 1899.
While this letter was on its way to its destination the sufferings of the holy nun became intensified, but likewise her serenity. On January 1st she had announced to her confessor with an accent of the most remarkable certainty that that year, 1899, the grand design of the Sacred Heart would be accomplished. The letter reached the Vatican on January 15, and deeply moved the Sovereign Pontiff. Investigations were ordered, and inquiries made as to the virtues of Sister Mary of the Divine Heart. Needless to say, the result was most favorable, and His Holiness felt most disposed to accord the favor besought by the servant of God. The first thought of Leo XIII was to reserve the consecration for the opening year of the new century, because of the time necessary to make what he deemed fitting preparation and for the formalities requisite, but subsequently he was inspired to advance the date by a year, thereby fulfilling the prophecy of the holy nun to her confessor.
We need not here recapitulate what is in every one's memory as to the solemn promulgation of the Pope's intention, or as to how the solemn act was accomplished, nor does space permit us to give other interesting details. Suffice it to add that the triduum preparatory to the consecration was solemnized throughout the entire world on June 9, 10 and 11, 1899. The celebration at the convent of the Good Shepherd at Porto was particularly touching. But on the eve, at the hour when the bells rang out the first vespers of the feast of the Sacred Heart, the messenger-bearer of the Heart of Jesus, her task accomplished, fell asleep in the Lord, to behold from heaven the crowning of the work of which she had been the humble artificer here below.—Dublin Irish Catholic.

"Liberal" Catholics

There are some, writes Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S.J., in the "Catholic Weekly," of London, who are styled "Liberal" Catholics, but who have no separate religious organization or ministry of their own. What about these? Whether they are rightly to be styled Catholics at all must depend on the precise religious attitude they assume. Their leading characteristics consist of attempts to sail as "close to the wind" of Catholic orthodoxy as may be. They openly criticize and depreciate Rome and its management of ecclesiastical affairs, and seem disposed to "reform" the Curia by democratic methods. Or, they cry down everything Catholic in their own country and extol most things Protestant, particularly in the matter of secondary education. Or, again, they minimize and explain away, a la Private Judgment, obligations of faith and of obedience to Rome in practical matters, and perhaps even question publicly any pronouncement issuing from Rome that is either not held by "able theologians" of their own christening to be infallible, or the infallible nature of which may be more or less colorably disputed. They sometimes appear anonymously among the number of "Roman Catholic correspondents" to our leading journals—sheets, it would seem, for the questionable purpose of flogging their own nest; and receive at hostile hands a question-begging introduction to the public as "the more enlightened Roman Catholics." All these various features which may be discerned in the ranks of the "Liberal" Catholicism, as it is called, constitute, in varying degrees, disloyalty or religious eccentricity.
The test question is this: Do these folk positively and knowingly reject the Catholic rule of faith, or definitely refuse obedience regarded by Rome as essential? If they do, then they have passed the line separating them from heterodoxy, and have, in point of fact, ceased to be Catholics.
But, no doubt, with many among the unlovely class we are describing, it is a case of ignorance, or else of a certain self-approving cleverness, which prefers its own lights and theories to the authority of those who—humanely speaking and apart from religious considerations—are in a better position for judging rather than of any deliberate will to depart from essential Catholic duty.
These are two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Warm Extremator. Children like it.

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That is why Royal Household Flour is the most reliable—the most successful flour—and being scientifically purified by electricity it is the purest—the best of all flours.
The next flour you buy ask for "Royal Household"—and try it for yourself.
Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TRAGEDY OF CALVARY.

The mournful yet fascinating story of the greatest of tragedies is now given to the world under the above title. "The Tragedy of Calvary" is a voluminous work of 490 pages, replete with details which as a collection, have never before been given to the English-speaking public. The work is by Rev. Jas. L. Meagher, D.D., President of the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, and embraces the life of the Divine Saviour from the opening of Palm Sunday morning until the day of the Resurrection, and leaving Him only at the moment of the glorious Ascension. The book is a mine of historic truths presented in rich and picturesque language, enthralling in the vividness of the pictures it portrays, and altogether worthy of the perusal of every Christian and of every scholar and student in the land. It is a volume that has evidently resulted from years of labor and research and the pleasure and information it is capable of affording its readers must in itself largely repay its author for the difficulties experienced in its production. The publishers are the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, 26 Barclay street, New York.

THE BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS.

Rev. J. Trahey, C.S.C., Ph.D., has just produced a most enjoyable and instructive sketch of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. The object of the book is to present to the Catholic public, and particularly to our Catholic young men, the lives of the hard-working and worthy order of which the book treats. In addition to their headquarters at Notre Dame, Indiana, the Brothers have establishments in Ohio, Louisiana, Texas, Wisconsin, Oregon and in Canada, and yet their work is not sufficiently known. As teachers and followers of industrial pursuits, they have an excellent standing and as workers on the Ave Maria periodical, they have identified themselves with one of our most instructive and readable magazines. The sketch of the origin, history and work of the Community is hoped will prove sufficiently interesting and influential to induce young men suited to the life to make inquiries, with a view to entering the portals always open to receive those seeking entrance.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION.

Rev. Henry H. Wyman, Paulist.
The Columbus Press has just issued a little manual of Christian Apologetics under the above heading. While suitable for all readers it is particularly intended for priests and missionaries, the author giving to his fellow-laborers the results of years of experience as priest and missionary. The price of the work is five dollars per hundred copies and is to be got from the Columbus Press at 120 West 60th street, New York. Paper 10c per copy; cloth 50c per copy.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

Animal stories are the delight of children, and of "children grown tall." Wild animals live in a world of their own. Stories that record the struggles, the triumphs and defeats of that world and throw light upon the daily experiences of the strong, the swift and the intelligent creatures of the wilds appeal to most men. It is happiness to feel that one is close to the heart of nature, even though only in imagination; it is joy to lift the curtain and view the ever-changing and fascinating scenery of the wilderness, and a never-ending pleasure to discover the personal secrets of beings whose lives in many respects parallel our own.

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"Red Fox," by Charles G. D. Roberts (Copp, Clark, Toronto, \$2.00), is a beautiful volume of nearly three hundred pages containing the story of a strong and clever fox of the backwoods districts of eastern Canada.

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The Craftiness of Phoebe

In front of a little farmhouse, under the shade of an ancient oak tree, lay William Wodsworth Bowers, vainly trying to catch the cool breeze which danced so tantalizingly near only to die away so suddenly. It was near the close of a long, sultry August day.

He turned his somewhat tumbled gray head on his arm, so that he faced the veranda where Phoebe, his wife, was trying, in a dilatory manner, to mend a blue-checked gingham shirt.

"Go in to storm!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Bowers.

Mrs. Bowers gave a little jump, blushing guiltily.

"Is it?" she answered, timidly.

She was thinking of things of which she felt sure her husband would not approve; and, as he had been silent for at least half an hour, she had forgotten his presence in the contemplation of her pleasant thoughts.

Mrs. Bowers was a shy little woman, who seldom, if ever, thought for herself. In fact, her husband had often said: "Women don't know what's good for 'em; let 'em be satisfied with cookin' and keepin' house, and leave their husbands to do the plannin' and managin'."

So, under his domineering power, she had shrunk back into her narrow little life, and had been content to "keep house" with what few poor things she had, or with what he brought home, until, of late, when in the sterile soil of her mean existence there had sprung up a puny plant, which she had quietly and carefully nurtured. It had grown almost strong enough to break through the high wall of timidity which surrounded her heart.

"Yes," he resumed, "them thunder-heads been rollin' up for the last hour."

"Mebby it'll go 'round north," she weakly but hopefully suggested.

If there was one thing in all the world that Mrs. Bowers feared more than her husband, it was a thunder-storm.

"Round north; not much! And when it do come it'll come hard."

"Why?" she asked, trembling slightly.

"'Cause the longer a-comin' the harder they break, and I wouldn't wonder this would be a hummer. Be that my shirt you're mendin'?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"Yes, William."

"I say—you haint' never found them three good ones that got lost, have you? Must have put 'em away awful good." He seemed to have a sudden thought, for he arose, and, coming near his wife, sat down on the edge of the porch. Lowering his voice, he said: "Phoebe, I've been thinkin', mebby Hezekiah took them shirts."

The idea seemed a startling one to Mrs. Bowers, for she dropped her sewing and, throwing up her hands, cried out, "Oh, la!"

"If," continued Mr. Bowers, "he didn't, where could they have gone?"

At this juncture Hezekiah, the hired man, came up the lane to the gate. Mrs. Bowers dropped her sewing into the chair with a little nervous fluttering movement, and with burning cheeks went in to make the tea for supper.

The simple soul felt like an accomplice in crime, and dropped her eyes guiltily every time Hezekiah looked at her. It never occurred to her to doubt William's reasoning for a moment. If he suspected Hezekiah, it must be true.

On the other hand, Mr. Bowers, in this incredible short time, had allowed his suspicions to grow into firm belief.

After the farm hand had left the table, and was comfortably seated on the front porch, puffing away at his pipe, and wondering why Mrs. Bowers was so very nervous and fidgety, and Mr. Bowers so very silent, he heard the following conversation:

"William, I've been thinkin'—"

"Well, what?"

"Well, what?"

"I've been a thinkin'—could we would you—do you mind—" another pause.

"Well, what do you think, woman alive? Can't you talk?"

Then Mrs. Bowers plunged desperately into her talk. "The rag carpet in the parlor and sittin'-room are most worn out; I want new ones; they ingrain kind, with flowers and vines a-runnin' through 'em. Them rockin' chairs that was mother's is about wore out, too; I want new ones."

Mr. Bowers was speechless. He dropped his knife and fork and gasped. What had come over the woman, was she crazy? An angry answer arose to his lips, but the flushed and pleading face of his wife stopped it, and in a conciliatory tone he said:

"Now, Phoebe, them's done well enough so far; what's the use in gettin' new ones now, just to die and leave in a few years to John and his shiftless wife and young 'uns to tromp in holes?"

"But we don't owe nothin' now, and I'm so tired of scrubbin' in the kitchen and the bedrooms; if we had new carpets I could put the old ones in the other rooms," and she sighed in a disappointed manner.

"I don't honest see no use of it." Then, as if suddenly finding an easy way out of the difficulty without a flat refusal, he continued: "I'll tell you, Phoebe, you find out where my shirts is goin' and I'll git the carpets for you."

He chuckled slyly; he was so sure she could never do this. The very thought of Phoebe playing the detective was laughable, indeed, and when he joined Hezekiah on the porch he wore a faint smile of satisfaction on his lips. He felt that he had safely put "his own padra" up to possidip now he could once more turn his attention to Hezekiah and the shirts.

It was, however, growing too dark to study Hezekiah's face, so he returned to the gathering storm that covered the western sky. Now and then came a flash of lightning, or a deep threatening growl of thunder, which coming nearer.

Mrs. Bowers, after "doing up the dishes," had gone to bed, not to sleep, but to hide her eyes and cover her ears with the bedclothes, to shut out the muttering of the coming storm.

But, as Mr. Bowers had previously remarked, the storm was "slow comin'." So, growing weary of watching it, he had gone to bed, leaving Hezekiah, who declared it was "too hot in the house, in sole possession of the porch."

Hezekiah was thinking about the conversation he had overheard, and wishing with all his heart that he could help little Mrs. Bowers to get the carpets.

"It 'ud serve 'Old Bill' right if he lost every shirt he had," mused Hezekiah, with little sympathy for his employer. "But the little woman ought to have them carpets, no mistake."

After sitting alone for half an hour with his faithful pipe, he walked out into the yard among the trees and taking a good look at the sky, decided that in another five minutes the storm would break.

As he turned back toward the porch he was surprised to see Mr. Bowers emerge from the room door, closely followed by Mrs. Bowers. A flash of lightning disclosed that they were both in their night clothes. Mr. Bowers was carrying a tightly rolled bundle of some sort in his arms.

Hezekiah wondered where they were going. As they passed out of the gate he resolved to follow.

Sometimes he lost them in the blackness of the night, and had to wait until a flash of lightning showed them, Mr. Bowers always in the lead, Mrs. Bowers halting timidly along behind.

Amazement followed mild surprise when, on reaching the end of the long lane, Mr. Bowers climbed the cornfield fence and struck boldly into the sea of leaves that waved and fluttered with flag-like undulations in the soft cool breeze that had suddenly arisen.

It was a difficult matter now for Hezekiah to follow them, and quite often he thought he had lost sight of them entirely, an unusually brilliant flash of lightning showed plainly that they had reached an old tree in the middle of the field, and there they were both heading over, examining closely a spacious hollow that the tree contained. While it was only for a moment that he could see them, it was long enough for him to note that Mr. Bowers was putting the bundle which he carried into the hollow of the tree.

This vivid flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder which seemed to shatter the very earth and sky. As it died away Hezekiah heard one prolonged and terrified scream. Then the Bowers were lost entirely from view, but the hired man was sure that the husband and wife had turned and were going toward the lane.

The rain had arrived, and it beat with blinding fury in Hezekiah's face as he stumbled along.

He struck out through the cornfield and ran against the cornfield fence. He was about to slide over it into the lane when a flash of lightning brought a brief daylight. Down the lane, illuminated by flash after flash of lightning, the hired man saw Mrs. Bowers running with her arms and hair flying wildly, her hands holding two flopping rags of some kind, and her nightgown whipping in the wind. Closely following sped her husband, whose short night-shirt afforded little protection from the fury of the storm. Mr. Bowers was gesticulating wildly and trying to catch up with his wife, who dashed along with amazing swiftness.

Hezekiah, between his own unstrained bursts of laughter and the noise of the storm, could hear, now and then, a scream of Mr. Bowers' deep voice, and so he followed them up the lane and onto the porch.

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Gentlemen.—I had never seen an incubator until I received yours. I was pleased and surprised to get over 90 per cent., and the chickens are all strong and healthy. A child could operate machine successfully. Jas. Dav. Rathwell, Man.

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Amazement followed mild surprise when, on reaching the end of the long lane, Mr. Bowers climbed the cornfield fence and struck boldly into the sea of leaves that waved and fluttered with flag-like undulations in the soft cool breeze that had suddenly arisen.

It was a difficult matter now for Hezekiah to follow them, and quite often he thought he had lost sight of them entirely, an unusually brilliant flash of lightning showed plainly that they had reached an old tree in the middle of the field, and there they were both heading over, examining closely a spacious hollow that the tree contained. While it was only for a moment that he could see them, it was long enough for him to note that Mr. Bowers was putting the bundle which he carried into the hollow of the tree.

This vivid flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder which seemed to shatter the very earth and sky. As it died away Hezekiah heard one prolonged and terrified scream. Then the Bowers were lost entirely from view, but the hired man was sure that the husband and wife had turned and were going toward the lane.

The rain had arrived, and it beat with blinding fury in Hezekiah's face as he stumbled along.

He struck out through the cornfield and ran against the cornfield fence. He was about to slide over it into the lane when a flash of lightning brought a brief daylight. Down the lane, illuminated by flash after flash of lightning, the hired man saw Mrs. Bowers running with her arms and hair flying wildly, her hands holding two flopping rags of some kind, and her nightgown whipping in the wind. Closely following sped her husband, whose short night-shirt afforded little protection from the fury of the storm. Mr. Bowers was gesticulating wildly and trying to catch up with his wife, who dashed along with amazing swiftness.

Hezekiah, between his own unstrained bursts of laughter and the noise of the storm, could hear, now and then, a scream of Mr. Bowers' deep voice, and so he followed them up the lane and onto the porch.

Something that Should be Rubbed In—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

kitchen and the bedrooms; if we had new carpets I could put the old ones in the other rooms," and she sighed in a disappointed manner.

"I don't honest see no use of it." Then, as if suddenly finding an easy way out of the difficulty without a flat refusal, he continued: "I'll tell you, Phoebe, you find out where my shirts is goin' and I'll git the carpets for you."

He chuckled slyly; he was so sure she could never do this. The very thought of Phoebe playing the detective was laughable, indeed, and when he joined Hezekiah on the porch he wore a faint smile of satisfaction on his lips. He felt that he had safely put "his own padra" up to possidip now he could once more turn his attention to Hezekiah and the shirts.

It was, however, growing too dark to study Hezekiah's face, so he returned to the gathering storm that covered the western sky. Now and then came a flash of lightning, or a deep threatening growl of thunder, which coming nearer.

Mrs. Bowers, after "doing up the dishes," had gone to bed, not to sleep, but to hide her eyes and cover her ears with the bedclothes, to shut out the muttering of the coming storm.

But, as Mr. Bowers had previously remarked, the storm was "slow comin'." So, growing weary of watching it, he had gone to bed, leaving Hezekiah, who declared it was "too hot in the house, in sole possession of the porch."

Hezekiah was thinking about the conversation he had overheard, and wishing with all his heart that he could help little Mrs. Bowers to get the carpets.

"It 'ud serve 'Old Bill' right if he lost every shirt he had," mused Hezekiah, with little sympathy for his employer. "But the little woman ought to have them carpets, no mistake."

After sitting alone for half an hour with his faithful pipe, he walked out into the yard among the trees and taking a good look at the sky, decided that in another five minutes the storm would break.

As he turned back toward the porch he was surprised to see Mr. Bowers emerge from the room door, closely followed by Mrs. Bowers. A flash of lightning disclosed that they were both in their night clothes. Mr. Bowers was carrying a tightly rolled bundle of some sort in his arms.

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where Mrs. Bowers fell almost insensible with terror. Mr. Bowers, and Hezekiah helped her into the house and to a chair, where, once safe out of the storm, she began to weep.

"Oh, William, light a lamp quick! I'm scared to death; light a lamp! Oh, that horrid dark and storm! Oh, that awful lightning! Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

For once William meekly obeyed his wife. He was dazed; he didn't know yet how, attired only in his "evening shirt," he happened to be out in the cornfield in the storm; how Phoebe happened to be there, and he knew he never could find out by her white she was so shaken with fear.

So a few moments later he appeared holding a light high over his wet, bedraggled hair.

At this moment Hezekiah discreetly withdrew to the porch, where Mrs. Bowers' shrill voice and Mr. Bowers' deep base easily reached him.

"Oh, oh," moaned she, "I'm wet as water, I'm cold as ice, I'm scared to death."

But she had made one moan too many. Her husband sat the lamp down on the stand and with wrathful face and all the dignity of a man in his plight could command, asked: "Phoebe Ann Bowers, why are you cold? why are you scared to death? Mrs. Bowers, will you please explain how you happened to be out in the middle of a storm like this, with me a chasin' of you like the 'old scratch' was after us both?"

Mrs. Bowers, who had heretofore been noted for her extreme timidity, seemed suddenly to seize upon some of her husband's overbearing, boastful courage. She sat up stiffly in her chair for a moment, then diving down, brought up from the floor in either hand a wet and mud-be-dragged shirt, exclaiming as she did so: "And will you, William Wodsworth Bowers, tell me how you happened to be trampin' 'round at night hidin' your shirts in holler trees, an' then blamin' other people cause they're losin' 'em?"

Mr. Bowers listened to this with open-mouthed astonishment, not more than half understanding, what he heard. His wife was holding out the shirts to him, and he took them, looking foolishly first at his wife and then at the shirts. "Wh—ere did you say you found them?" he stammered.

Mrs. Bowers had begun to whimper again, but when he spoke she brought herself up with a jerk.

"If you'll bring me a bed-quilt to wrap myself in I'll tell you."

He hastily brought the article required, and she began:

"You hadn't been to bed long—not more than half an hour, I guess—when I seen you get up. I hadn't the least idea what you was going to do. I guess I wouldn't have seen you if I had been to sleep, but I couldn't sleep with all them thunder noises. I covers 'bout smothered, too, with the covers over my head, and had pulled 'em down to get a breath when it lightened light as day and I saw you roll up your shirt and start outdoors. It flashed over me, sudden like, that you was goin' to hide that shirt, where I didn't know, or why, and I 'spect if I'd knowed where, I'd never had the courage to foller through all the dark and lightnin' and rain," and she shuddered at the thought of it.

"I thought you'd never get tired totin' that shirt, but I had started and I had to foller. And just as you put it in that old holler oak the thunder nigh scared me to death; all I thought on was gettin' home."

"Woman," shouted Mr. Bowers, "you don't mean to tell me I took my shirt clear out to the cornfield and hid it in a tree?"

"Wal, I guess yes," drawled Hezekiah from where he had been listening to the dialogue. "I seen the pair of yer sneakin' along past the stable and I put out to find out what yer were up to. Mr. William Wodsworth Bowers, you certainly went creepin' out to the cornfield and straight for the holler tree. And yer had a package in yer hand. And you bet Phoebe Ann was hot on your trail."

Mr. Bowers grunted, but otherwise kept silent.

"And that race," cried Hezekiah, going off into a fusillade of sharp laughs. "Mr. William Wodsworth, if you had seen yourself chasin' down that lane, with Phoebe Ann beatin' the land like a two-year-old, you wouldn't doubt anything. There ain't been such time made in these parts in years. And I don't suppose that there has been anything so funny in

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIGB CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

or outer a circus. If yet two could have seen yourself in that foot race, I reckon you'd hev stopped ter laugh, even yer, Phoebe Ann, in spite of their thunder and lightning."

"I don't keer about that," said Mrs. Bowers, "but you toted yer shirt right to that tree, becuz I follered and seen yer. When that thunder clap came, I forgot every thing

Eighty-eighth Annual Meeting of the BANK OF MONTREAL

Montreal, Dec. 5.—The eighty-eighth annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room of the institution at noon yesterday.

There were present: Hon. Sir George Drummond, K.C.M.G., Vice-President; Hon. Robert Mackay, Messrs R. B. Angus, E. B. Greenshields, A. T. Paterson, R. G. Reid, Hon. J. K. Ward, Dr. W. Gardner, Messrs G. F. C. Smith, F. S. Lyman, K.C., Angus Hooper, George Durnford, Richard White, A. Tiddington, Henry Dobell, John Turnbull, B. A. Boas, C. R. Black, Henry Morton, G. A. Greene, L. Sutherland, W. H. Evans, M. S. Foley, W. Stanley, M. O'Shaughnessy, V. D. Gillean, D. Morrice, A. G. Watson, G. H. Matthews, P. F. McCaffrey, J. Scott, W. B. Blackader, James Tasker, Percy R. Gault and John Morrison.

On the motion of Mr. R. G. Reid, Sir George Drummond, Vice-President, was unanimously voted to the chair, in the absence of the President, the Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

On the motion of Mr. A. Piddington, seconded by Mr. Henry Dobell, it was voted: "That the following gentlemen be appointed to act as scrutineers: Messrs. F. S. Lyman, K.C., and G. F. C. Smith; and that Mr. James Aird be secretary of the meeting."

The General Manager then spoke as follows: I purpose confining my few remarks to the balance sheet submitted to you, and to one or two matters more closely connected with banking, leaving the general condition of business in the country to be dealt with by the Vice-President.

The principal features in the statement are the increase, since last year, of \$2,000,000 in our circulation, an indication of the universal activity in business, and of \$7,500,000 in deposits not bearing interest; but of this latter a considerable proportion was a temporary deposit made at the end of our fiscal year, and since withdrawn. Our deposits bearing interest show a satisfactory increase of \$16,000,000. Our immediately available assets stand at \$68,000,000, a greater amount than, as a rule, we consider necessary, but in view of the rather uncertain future of Continental finance, owing to the state of affairs in Russia, and the somewhat boom condition in this continent, it is well to be strong, and in any case we are in a good position to take advantage of any desirable business offering. Our loans and discounts have increased \$7,000,000, accounted for partly by the increased demands of the commercial community, and partly by the absorption of the People's Bank of Halifax.

large portion of our reserve in those markets; but of late there has been a decided improvement, which may be maintained during the winter.

Owing to the magnificent crop and the general activity in business, an unusual strain was placed on the circulation, but at the highest point attained by all the banks, about \$79,000,000, there was still a margin of \$4,500,000; and with the addition of new banking capital and the increase of branches, it seems as if, for some time to come, the circulation provided will be sufficient for the needs of the country. The advantage of the Canadian system has been amply demonstrated during the late pressure for money. Notwithstanding the heavy demands to move the largest crop in our history, the interest rate to our people has remained normal. We have only to glance at the condition of affairs across the line to see what fluctuations in rates for money the public are subjected to under the system there in vogue.

In March last, the Bank of Yarmouth failed under circumstances reflecting much discredit upon those responsible for its condition, and, for the first time since the incorporation of the Canadian Bankers' Association, that body had to exercise the power conferred upon it by Parliament in 1900 of assuming supervision of the affairs of a suspended bank.

The liquidator chosen by the Canadian Bankers' Association was subsequently appointed by the court sole liquidator. The results have been highly satisfactory, particularly when viewed by the light of what has followed former failures of Canadian banks. The winding up of the defunct bank has been conducted with remarkable expedition and economy, and the rights and interests of the creditors so well protected that the liquidator has been able, in nine months, to pay all of their claims, with interest added thereto. That no loss to the depositors and other creditors of the Bank of Yarmouth has resulted from this failure is, it must be admitted, largely due to the prompt and creditable recognition by its unfortunate shareholders of their liability for the utter insufficiency of assets to pay the debts of the bank in question.

An interesting event in financial circles was the offering here of a portion of the Japanese loan, the first time in the history of Canada of any foreign loan being issued locally, and considering the short time at our disposal, the success was surprising.

In conclusion, I may say that the one word written large in the records of Canada this year is "Prosperity." Railways, manufacturing industries, merchants, farmers, all are prosperous, immigration grows steadily; labor has full employment, and is well remunerated. Probably never before have we had a twelvemonth of such universal prosperity, and it is during a year like this that everyone should set his house in order. Collections should be pressed, and manufacturers should husband their resources and strengthen themselves in every way; for they are to a great extent prosperous by the grace of their neighbors, and when adversity comes to

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The report of the Directors to the Shareholders at their eighty-eighth annual general meeting was then read by Mr. E. S. Clouston, General Manager, as follows:

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the Report, showing the result of the Bank's Business for the year ended 31st October, 1905:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1904: \$ 583,186 01. Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1905, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts: 1,638,639 40.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Dividend, 5 per cent., paid 1st June, 1905: \$700,000 00. Dividend, 5 per cent., payable 1st December, 1905: 720,000 00. Total: 1,420,000 00.

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward: \$801,855 41. Since the last annual meeting of the Shareholders, the Bank has acquired the Assets and Business of the People's Bank of Halifax, with twenty-six branches. The Bank has also established since the last Annual Meeting, Sub-Agencies at the following places, viz.: Altona, Oakville and Logan avenue (Winnipeg), in Manitoba; Enderby and Nicola, in British Columbia, and Hochelaga (Montreal), and is about to establish Sub-Agencies at Fort Rouge (Winnipeg), and Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

The headquarters building on St. James street is now completed and in occupation. In response to the desire expressed by a number of our Shareholders, the Directors propose that the dividend should be paid quarterly, instead of half-yearly, viz., on the first day of March, June, September and December.

All the Offices of the Bank, including the Head Office, have been inspected during the past year.

STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL President.

THE GENERAL STATEMENT.

The General Statement of 31st October, 1905, is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Capital Stock: \$14,400,000 00. Reserves: \$10,000,000 00. Balance of Profits carried forward: \$801,855 41. Unclaimed Dividends: \$11,801,855 41. Half-yearly Dividend, payable 1st December, 1905: 720,000 00. Total: \$11,822,855 98.

Notes of the Bank in circulation: \$12,996,181 00. Deposits not bearing interest: 31,438,001 32. Deposits bearing interest: 87,795,211 07. Balances due to other Banks in Canada: 150,469 14. Total: \$158,232,890 51.

Gold and Silver coin current: \$6,089,192 36. Government demand notes: 7,221,960 75. Deposit with Dominion Government required by Act of Parliament for security of general bank note circulation: 507,000 00. Due by agencies of this bank and other banks in Great Britain: \$3,745,653 39. Due by agencies of this bank and other banks in foreign countries: 2,293,384 18. Call and short Loans in Great Britain and United States: 37,961,908 00. Total: 44,000,945 50.

Dominion and Provincial Government Securities: 432,244 56. Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks: 7,849,207 64. Notes and cheques of other Banks: 3,532,500 32. Total: 68,633,030 53.

Bank Premises at Montreal and Branches: 600,000 00. Current Loans and discounts in Canada and elsewhere (rebate interest reserved) and other assets: \$88,501,793 90. Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise: 289,340 03. Overdue debts not specially secured (loss provided for): 118,245 05. Total: \$89,929,378 98.

\$158,232,890 51. E. S. CLOUSTON, General Manager.

Bank of Montreal, Montreal, 31st October, 1905.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the careless, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Rutshison, 186 Arzyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Wood's and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

other countries, the American bargain counter will be opened to Canada, and our manufacturers and their employes will surely suffer.

Thanks are Tendered. Mr. B. A. Boas then moved: "That the thanks of the meeting be presented to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Bank."

This was seconded by Mr. W. Stanley, and was carried unanimously. Mr. E. B. Greenshields moved: "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, the Inspector, the Managers and other Officers of the Bank, for their services during the past year."

Mr. John Turnbull moved, seconded by Mr. George Durnford: "That the ballot now open for the election of Directors, be kept open until 2 o'clock, unless 15 minutes elapse without a vote being cast, when it shall be closed, and until that time, and for that purpose only, this meeting be continued."

This was unanimously concurred in, and a very cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, who acknowledged the same.

The Directors. The ballot resulted in the election of the following directors: R. B. ANGUS, E. S. CLOUSTON, HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., EDWARD B. GREENSHIELDS, SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD, HON. ROBERT MACKAY, ALEXANDER T. PATERSON, ROBERT G. REID, JAMES ROSS, RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G.

At a meeting of the Directors this morning, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who had resigned the presidency of the bank after eighteen years' service, was unanimously elected honorary president. Sir George Drummond, who, as Vice-President, acted as president during Lord Strathcona's absence in England, was elected President, and Mr. E. S. Clouston was elected Vice-President and General Manager. In place of the nine directors, the shareholders elected ten this year, and Mr. E. S. Clouston was chosen as tenth director. The other directors were those who filled the position last year, being as follows: Lord Strathcona, Sir George A. Drummond, A. T. Paterson, E. B. Greenshields, Sir William C. Macdonald, R. B. Angus, James Ross, R. G. Reid and Hon. Robert Mackay.

Poverty

Ah, I am poor as any beggar quite— That faints upon the closing door, and dies— You took from me your warm young fingers white, And turned away your eyes!

Ah, poor as that old bard that strikes alone— A last regret upon a thin-worn chord— The moon has thrice worn thin since I have known— The music of your word!

Ah, poor as any little orphan child— That steals away, unmothered, to its rest— No note the wildering measures that beguiled— Your breast upon my breast.

Poor as the overzealous lily lips— That early bud, and perish of the frost— The fragrance from the roses of your lips— Is lost to me—is lost!

So poor, oh love, so poor because I know— How rich the rose that overshadowed me— Till night came on, and spread a waste of snow— Where I had worshipped thee!

—Aloysius Coll, in Woman's Home Companion.

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S

None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S Delicous Blend of Both HALF and HALF

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co.

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WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO. This fine institution recently enlarged to over 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 the course of instruction.

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, etc., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

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.

Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year: \$160. Day Pupils: \$100. For further particulars apply to REV. DANIEL CUSHING, President.

St. Joseph's Academy

ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK. Pupils on completing their ACADEMIC COURSE and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University.

The Studio is affiliated with the Government ART SCHOOL, and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.

Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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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-Metrological, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

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

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS. Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$30 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5.

At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. Within 60 days after being expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of FLUORINE mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851. FIRE and MARINE. HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL \$2,000,000. Assets: \$3,546,000. Annual Income: \$578,000. Losses paid since organization: 37,000,000.

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In and Around Toronto

RECEPTION AT ST. BASIL'S. A reception of a large number of aspirants into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, took place at St. Basil's church on the evening of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

PARISH OF THE HOLY FAMILY. An event of interest to the above parish was the reception of twelve new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin on the occasion of the late Feast. A special sermon was preached by Rev. Father Urban, C.S.R., on the "Attributes of the Blessed Virgin."

Mr. J. Louis Monahan, lately called to the Bar, was complimented by Judge Anglin on the brilliant record he had made and on the fact that he had been honor student at Osgoode Hall throughout his entire course. Mr. Monahan is a past student of St. Michael's College.

ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL. Written examination in spelling, Class II. The following pupils were perfect: Marie Bolduc, Eddie Bolduc, Teresa Neenan, Kathleen McCaffrey, Isabel Paoline, Marjorie Conlin, Gertrude Clark, Walter Maxwell, Flossie Charlebois, Lillian Erz.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES. At the annual meeting of the Associated Charities, our institutions and organizations were represented by the presence of Rev. Fathers Rhoder and Minehan, and that of Messrs. E. J. Hearn and D'Arcy Hinds. Mr. Frank Walsh, the Secretary read his report, which showed that 702 applications had been dealt with, 209 secured employment, 195 given assistance and 39 special cases received aid from the funds.

AT ST. FRANCIS. At Vespers on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a dozen or so of the young ladies of the parish were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. The members turned out in large numbers and entered the church singing in full musical voice, hymns in praise of Mary Immaculate. A beautiful sermon which beginning with a study on the Blessed Sacrament, led up to devotion to Mary as one advocate and benefactor, was preached by the pastor, Rev. Father McCann.

MR. EDWARD FOLEY, HONORED. On Monday afternoon Mr. Edward Foley, who has just completed a half century of work in the service of the city and who is now foreman of the Constructive Department of the water works, was presented by the mayor with an illuminated address, testifying to his efficiency and faithful service, and declaring that the record of Mr. Foley as a public servant was one of which he might justly be proud.

SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE OFFERTORY COLLECTION. Below is the complete list of the Offertory Collection taken up lately in the city churches in aid of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside. The Rev. Superiors and Sisters in charge of the Institution desire to express their gratitude for the generous response in answer to their annual appeal made in behalf of the children under their care, and in particular for the exceptionally generous offering of the present year.

Table with 2 columns: Church Name and Amount. Includes St. Basil's (209.83), St. Helen's (175.30), Our Lady of Lourdes (135.65), St. Francis (103.22), Holy Family (102.07), St. Peter's (100.80), St. Joseph's (79.53), Holy Rosary (55.07), St. Cecilia's (55.00), Dixie and Missions (52.90), Sacred Heart (37.97), St. Leo's, Mimico (20.73), St. John's, East Toronto (12.50).

Total \$2,166.24

MEETING OF ST VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

The meeting of the above Society held in their hall, Shuter street, on Sunday afternoon, was the largest in its history and embraced representatives from the different conferences and from the city Catholics generally. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and the Rev. Fathers Rhoder, Whelan and McGrand were also present. The President, Mr. Seitz, conducted the meeting. The Presidents of the various councils gave verbal reports all tending to show that things generally speaking are in good shape for the approaching season.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION.

The regular meeting of the Union was held on Monday evening at McConkey's. Mr. E. J. Kyle occupied the chair and announced the death of Prof. Masson of Victoria University and a former member of the Union. A resolution of condolence, a copy to be sent to the family of the deceased, was carried unanimously and the sum of \$5 was appropriated out of the funds of the Union towards a Requiem High Mass to be sung for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

The business of the evening was a general discussion of the duties of the Catholic laymen and was opened by a paper from Mr. J. J. Seitz. Mr. Seitz dealt with the Catholic institutions and societies of the city and the layman's duty to assist in furthering the good work of each. His suggestion of a federation of existing societies and a central hall were received with the approval of the members present, and these topics were discussed thoroughly.

Messrs. J. E. Day, Jas. Mallon, H. T. Kelly, J. M. Lalor, Jas. McArthur, Wm. Prendergast and E. V. O'Sullivan, expressed their views of how best to care for the Catholic boy and young man. Nothing definite in the way of a Central Club Building was arrived at but a committee of the following gentlemen was appointed to get more particulars and to report at the first meeting in January next: Messrs. J. J. Murphy, A. Coitain, J. J. Seitz, and J. M. Lalor.

McAULIFFE-O'BRIEN. The marriage of Miss M. E. O'Brien, daughter of Mr. Daniel O'Brien of Cork, Ireland, to Mr. W. H. McAuliffe the well-known wholesale lumber dealer of Ottawa, while an event of much interest in the capi-

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do, and sometimes the wealthy. The poor have always done their share and more than their share in this country. It is to them that much of the credit must be given for the material progress which the Church has made. Once on a time the Anglicans of Dublin assembled to formulate plans for the erection of a great national cathedral, and after many plans had been proposed and rejected, chiefly because those present were unwilling to go down deep enough into their own pockets, Dean Swift arose and, with a fine sarcasm, suggested that they let the Papists build it with their pennies and then consecrate it. The great dean merely gave expression to a striking historical truth. In the past, as in the present, it is the pennies of the poor rather than the pounds of the rich upon which the Church has had to rely.

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tal, was if possible, of more interest to a large circle in Toronto, where the bride had resided for some years, and where she was so well and favorably known. The marriage took place at St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, Rev. Father Whelan officiating. Miss O'Brien, who made a charming bride, entered on the arm of her brother, Mr. D. O'Brien. She was beautifully gowned in ivory radium crepe and Carrickmucross lace, over which the bridal wreath and orange blossoms fell most gracefully. A prayer-book was carried and a handsome pendant star of pearls, the gift of the groom, was worn. Margaret O'Brien of Toronto, sister of the bride, made an attractive attendant, wearing a robe of amethyst panne velvet, trimmed with Irish lace and carrying a superb bouquet of orchids and roses. Little Eileen O'Brien, niece of the bride, was a fairy-like flower-girl in a dress of white lawn and valenciennes lace over pale blue silk, with Victorian bonnet, and carrying a basket of roses. The groom was supported by Dr. J. R. O'Brien and Messrs. E. J. Daly, C. E. Clarke and Dr. Smith. Mr. E. J. Bommer presided at the organ and Mr. J. P. Dunn was soloist. The guests were confined to the relatives of the contracting parties, and the wedding breakfast took place at 301 Waverly street, the home of Mr. P. O'Brien, a brother of the bride. The decorations at the house were particularly effective, chrysanthemums and roses being lavishly displayed, in a color scheme of mauve, pink and white. The popularity of both bride and groom was evidenced by the unusually numerous and handsome gifts, the whole forming a magnificent array of silver, cut-glass, marble and cutlery, conspicuous amongst it being a silver cup presented to the groom by the 25 Club. All who officiated at the wedding received handsome souvenirs from the groom. After a pleasant hour during which felicitations and congratulations were offered, Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe set out for an extended tour through New York and Southern points. They were accompanied by the good wishes of hosts of friends and on their return will take up their residence in Ottawa.

The Clergy and the Money Question (By Rev. J. T. Roche, in Catholic Standard and Times.) A friend writes from a large Eastern city: "I know of a couple of converts in this parish who have given up the faith largely because they heard nothing in the Church but money, money and everlasting money." The money question will always be an acute one, so long as the support of religion depends upon the voluntary contributions of the people. It cannot well help being so. I do not believe, however, that it is an acute question for the right kind of Catholics. It is the wrong kind—those who wish to escape the financial obligations imposed upon them—who make it so. I am well aware that this is a matter in which many people are easily scandalized. I am willing to concede, too, that in some instances this "talking money" from the pulpit has been somewhat overdone. It is patent, however, to the most limited intelligence that a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary, and no priest directly engaged in parish work can well escape it. When I was a student of theology there was one subject which I was never permitted to forget. That was the great injury to religion this money question was causing, and the necessity of prudence and self-sacrifice in dealing with it. Our professors of theology were all theorists, and none of them had been brought into actual contact with the practical workings of a parish. They proceeded on two assumptions, both of which I have since discovered to be unfounded. One was that priests were too prone to harp upon money matters to the exclusion of other and more important subjects, and the other was that the great majority of the faithful are willing to do their full duty in matters bearing upon the financial well-being of the parish. It can be truly said that no class of men in the world would care as little for money as do American priests. I have often thought the many of them, because of this indifference, are too easily imposed upon. The majority of them, to my certain knowledge, are positively poor. The salary paid them in the different dioceses of the country is not calculated to aid in piling up riches. In the smaller parishes it is frequently not sufficient for the ordinary needs, but priestly pride and a reluctance to talk money prevent them from making their wants known. If the average priest knew beforehand the humiliations he would be forced to undergo in matters pertaining to this ever acute money question, I venture to assert that the Church of God would be sadly in need of ministers. The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholics known in the common parlance of the country as bad pay, or by the more significant and more opprobrious title "dead beats." They are, as a rule, the most censorious

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