

COWAN'S CHOCOLATE CAKE ICING CREAM BARS etc. THE COWAN CO. Limited TORONTO

The Catholic Register

SMOKERS CIGARS Ten Cent Coads Sold for Five Cents Each. MY OWN MANUFACTURE ALIVE BOLLARD

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

VOL. XIII., No. 1

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

JUBILEE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The Close of the Congress and the Mass in St. Peter's

Rome, Dec. 9.—The morning of Saturday, 3rd December, beheld a great crowd on any former day assisting at this Congress which, as it was approaching its close, was more numerous attended. The sculptor, Commendatore Aureli, whose colossal statue of St. John Baptist de la Salle has recently been erected in St. Peter's, and whose exquisite Statue of St. Cecilia, placed in the richly-decorated Chapel of the Crypt of St. Cecilia's Church in Trastevere, opened the proceedings in a brief and eloquent discourse on "Mary the ineffable inspiration in Art." Mary, he said, is the glory of the Church of civil society, and of the country; of the Roman Church, which defended the beauty of the countenance of Mary against those Greek writers who maintained her lack of beauty; thereby saving all the future and the progress of Christian Art; of civil society and the country, because in them, through Mary, there sprung up so many geniuses and such works, that they will remain as examples of civilization, of piety and of beauty, even to future ages. Aureli quoted Pasquale Vignari, the well-known historian, who says that at the present time the culture of the artist is destroyed by the society which surrounds him; he quoted Massarani, who says that the artists have no longer an object, a precise life, an endowing conviction; he also quoted Adolfo Venturi—the noted art critic—who, in treating of the painter, Guercino, exclaimed that in order to revive art it is fit that we should return to the men of the 15th century, who had a clear and definite sentiment and a profound faith.

In such present aberration and ineptitude in this lack of a high ideal, we Catholics, continued the speaker, may advance courageously, and freely declare that with our philosophy and with our faith we find again in God and in Mary, as in the centuries past so in those of the future, and at all times, that virtue of pure idealism which raises the heart and the poetic fire of the artist. And it is in the fascination of the supernatural and with the intellectual light full of love—Mary Immaculate—concludes Aureli, that we may return to take up again the traditional progress of our art, and to re-open thus our grand triumphal path of the future. The editor of the "Kölnische Volkszeitung," Dr. Philip Huppert, treated of "Cologne and the Tradition of the Immaculate." Duns Scotus, who is buried at Cologne, was, he said, the first defender of the Immaculate, and from that it happened that at Cologne from his time onward the Immaculate was venerated with special devotion. The University asked of all its members the oath to defend the Immaculate and the Cathedral Chapter had for a long time a star with the inscription: "Maria sine labe concepta." Besides a convent of the Immaculate existed from the 16th century, as also a confraternity in a church of the Franciscan Fathers. Thus the dogma of 1854 was nothing new for the diocese of Cologne, which celebrated its publication with great solemnities, both in the city and in the vicinity. They are also making great preparations for the Jubilee. Faithful to the traditions of his predecessors, Cardinal Fischer (who was present here) is about to erect a church as an eternal monument in honor of the Madonna. That church will prove, "in aeternum," that Cologne of the 20th century in its love to the Most Holy Virgin is equal to the Cologne of the 14th century. Cologne was and is a "Romana Ecclesiae fidelis filia," so it is "fidelis filia B.M.V." The Most Rev. Monsignor Joseph Monte de Oca, Bishop of St. Louis, Potosi, in Mexico—who has come from his distant diocese expressly to Rome to take part in these celebrations—heard his discourse in Italian and continued it in Spanish, and might as readily have spoken it in English, which he speaks with rare purity for a foreigner, or in French, or perhaps, in other tongues. He spoke so clearly and so slowly that some to whom the Spanish tongue

is a language of the eye rather than the ear, had little or no difficulty in following the meaning of his glowing sentences, and even Italians could comprehend the strange closeness existing between their own language and that of Spain. Other speakers followed—amongst them Dr. Gishel Brom, President of the Dutch Historical Institute, who, whilst he asked pardon—he a Hollander—for attempting to speak, and therefore to maltreat, the sweet language of Dante and Petrarch, surprised the assembly by the absolute mastery he showed of Italian. He spoke of the devotion to the Immaculate Conception in Holland, where, after 50 years, this devotion has become an inalienable element of religious practice. Sunday morning was occupied with the reading of reports of the work achieved by the Congress, and by a relation of the practical proposals which were formulated as modes of future action. A considerable number of Cardinals assisted at this closing session, which ended with the singing of two prayers in Latin to the Blessed Virgin, composed by Leo XIII. and set to music by Seghele, rendered by Mgr. Muller's boys' choir. Sunday afternoon, at half-past 3, the Sovereign Pontiff gave audience in St. Peter's to the members of the Marian Congress. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli delivered the address, and the Pontiff received the members of the Committee. Then the circle of twelve stars, formed of diamonds and brilliants, valued at \$4,000, and contributed by the whole Catholic world, which was on exhibition at the Lateran, was brought here and presented to the Pontiff to bless, and by him consigned to those who will hold it until it is placed over the head of the Madonna in the picture of the Immaculate Conception in the Canon's Chapel in St. Peter's. And this was the ending of the very memorable Marian Congress held in the Church of the Twelve Apostles, of the Minor Conventuals in Rome. Yesterday, Thursday, 8th December—the 50th Anniversary of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception—was a day to be remembered in a special way by all those in Rome who had the good fortune to be present at the celebrations in St. Peter's. Other churches in the Eternal City may offer conditions better adapted to private devotion, and to that absorption from outward influences required by profound devotion. It is in St. Peter's, however, that on such occasions as this one feels the immensity of the building, enclosing, as it does, within its walls a number of persons equal to the population of a good-sized town. And then when you think of what all these represent in nationality and language your appreciation of St. Peter's grows greatly. For example, here this morning of the 8th, on one side of my place—a seat beneath the statue of St. John Baptist de la Salle—was a military man, who is an Irish landlord, and near to him a lady and her handsome daughter from St. Louis, in the United States; on the other side a young man with a strong face and black hair was talking Spanish to his young wife, with olive complexion and dark eyes and lively countenance. Here in front of me was a stolid family, slow in speech and calm in movement, whose language told their German nationality, and on the other side, nearer the richly decorated wall, were some Irish Franciscan Friars and a few English priests. All people, of whatsoever nation they may be, provided they are Catholics, feel fully at home in St. Peter's. It was announced on the tickets of admission that the church would be opened at half-past seven in the morning. But before the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the East a great crowd had gathered at the bronze doors of the church. There were about 1,200 troops at the disposal of the authorities to assist in keeping order outside the church, and before the hour appointed the doors had to be opened, for the crowd was great. There were but few places vacant in the Division G when I reached St. Peter's at a quarter before eight. The line of carriages was, to my knowledge, about two miles in length, and I had to follow in the line at the Piazza Barberini. The cab-drivers made a harvest, their lowest price being four francs. Pilgrims, priests, students of the various colleges, friars, diplomats in their gold-laced coats, nuns in their whitelead dresses, and laity, men and women of many nations, pressed forward, some on foot, the majority in carriages, to the entrances of St. Peter's. It was a dark, dull morning, yet the earliest arrivals were at the gates at six o'clock; and from that hour till eleven there was a constant stream of comers. The arrangements within were perfect. As you entered you were courteously directed to your special place. The great church was but dimly lighted; the electric lights in the soffits of the vaulted ceiling in the nave and aisles did not render the church particularly brilliant. But by-and-by the electric chandeliers in the apse and the great sheaves of rays, consisting of 15 large sheaves—each having five rays—forming an arch around the painted transparency representing the Immaculate Conception—were lighted, and a mellow radiance filled the whole apse, and overpowered all the other lights in the church. It was close upon half-past nine when the Pope entered the church. He was arrayed in a large white silk cope; on his head was a tiara, the jewels in which shone in the light which then penetrated the windows of the basilica. The dulness of the morning had continued until a few minutes before the Pope came; and then a shaft of sunlight, almost of summer brightness, shot from the window on one side to the wall on the other, illuminating more radiantly than electric light the vast nave of the church. At the windows looking into the church from the Hall of Canonization above the vestibule, the players of the silver trumpets were grouped; and as the Pope entered, seated on the sedia gestatoria, surmounted by a white silk canopy, held up by eight poles borne by as many Monsignors, the sound of the silver trumpets filled the air, and the thousands of people in the church seemed to hold their breath to listen to the marvellously fascinating notes. There was a notice on all the admission cards that acclamation was forbidden; and when the Pope entered an attempt of this sort was sternly suppressed. The people, however, waved their handkerchiefs in sign of rejoicing; and amidst a silence that was almost oppressive, and which was only broken by that sweetest of all triumphal marches played on the silver trumpets, the Papal procession moved onwards up the centre of the nave. At the entrance of the Canon's Chapel the procession halted, and a number of Bishops and Cardinals entered the chapel. There, after the singing of the "Tota pulchra" by the Sistine choir, under the direction of the Maestro Perosi, and the Pope having drawn the veil before the mosaic picture of the Madonna—now covered with the new circle of diamond stars—the procession moved onward again to the high altar, the Pontiff blessing to the right and the left as he was borne along. The procession was long and many of the persons in it were of the highest dignity. There were close upon 170 Bishops here from many lands, among them the following Bishops from Ireland: The Most Rev. Mgr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway; Right Rev. Mgr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin; Right Rev. Mgr. Henry O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas Alphonsus O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Mgr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry; Right Rev. Mgr. Nicholas Donnelly, Titular Bishop of Canea, and Assistant Bishop of the Archdiocese of Dublin. There were seven Bishops from the United States of America, and several Bishops from England and other countries. The following were the Cardinals present: Their Eminences Cardinals Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Serafino Vannutelli, Vincenzo Vannutelli, Agliardi, Satolli; Rampolla, Di Pietro Kopp, Gotti, Ferrata, Portanova, Casali del Drago, Cassetta, Sanninelli-Zabarella, Mathieu, Respighi, Martinelli, Gennari, Boschi, de Kozelsko Puzyna, Bacilieri, Nocella, Cavicchioni, Aiuti, Talliani, Fischer, Merry del Val, Macchi, Steinhilber, Serrna, Pierotti, Della Voipe, Vives y Tuto, and Trippi. Tierce was sung, and then the Pontiff began the celebration of Mass. The accompanying music was executed by the choir of the Sistine Chapel, under the direction of the Maestro Perosi, and the Mass was that of Gabrielli, Maestro of the Basilica of St. Mark at Venice, who died in 1515. The Credo was selected from the "Missae Papae Marcelli" of Palestrina, and the "Benedictus" was the composition of the Maestro Perosi. Before the consecration the word of command to the Palatine Guard, keeping the passage between the door and the high altar, was followed immediately by the clash of steel on the marble pavement as the guard lowered their swords, and then the sound of the silver trumpets—now in the dome—floated like a heavenly message above the heads of the kneeling multitude. How the notes rise and fall and finally die away upon the air so gently that you cannot tell the exact second when they ceased

to vibrate, cannot be adequately described; and the impression they make upon the listener is equally difficult to describe. The "Te Deum," chanted alternately by the choir and the forty or fifty thousand voices of the people, had a grand effect. With all the sorrows of the last half century, and all the wrong wrought in that period to the Church, there is so much cause for rejoicing that no wonder a feeling and a force were put into the utterances which found expression in this glorious Ambrosian hymn. It was past one o'clock when the ceremonies were over. The Piazza of St. Peter presented a curious appearance, being almost wholly filled with people. Here Bishops in their robes bent about seeking cabs; here ladies in their black veils and black silk dresses were distracted at losing their friends. Carriages rattled away, and in a short time the dark cloud of human beings that filled this vast square disappeared. The illuminations, which in the more prominent parts of the city were formed by electric lights, began at 5 o'clock. For many years there has not been seen so splendid and so general an illumination. The whole city, as seen from a height, was in a blaze. The designs on the facades of churches, colleges, and private houses were delightful in their variety. The column of the Immaculate Conception in the Piazza di Spagna rose from amidst a grove of palms and shrubs, and the seated Madonna that crown its summit, were resplendent in the golden light of many electric lamps. Half the people of the city wandered about from place to place, admiring in loud terms the beauty of the different illuminations. The story of the celebrations in Rome for this Jubilee of the Immaculate has not yet all told. There are other events yet to come—on tomorrow, Sunday, and on Monday.

A PLACE OF DEPOSIT For the funds of individuals, corporations, institutions, firms, societies, clubs and associations of every kind; as well as for the money of executors, administrators and trustees. INTEREST ALLOWED AT 3 1/2 PER CENT. PAID-UP CAPITAL SIX MILLION DOLLARS CANADA PERMANENT Mortgage Corporation HEAD OFFICE, Toronto street, TORONTO.

culat Conception—were lighted, and a mellow radiance filled the whole apse, and overpowered all the other lights in the church. It was close upon half-past nine when the Pope entered the church. He was arrayed in a large white silk cope; on his head was a tiara, the jewels in which shone in the light which then penetrated the windows of the basilica. The dulness of the morning had continued until a few minutes before the Pope came; and then a shaft of sunlight, almost of summer brightness, shot from the window on one side to the wall on the other, illuminating more radiantly than electric light the vast nave of the church. At the windows looking into the church from the Hall of Canonization above the vestibule, the players of the silver trumpets were grouped; and as the Pope entered, seated on the sedia gestatoria, surmounted by a white silk canopy, held up by eight poles borne by as many Monsignors, the sound of the silver trumpets filled the air, and the thousands of people in the church seemed to hold their breath to listen to the marvellously fascinating notes. There was a notice on all the admission cards that acclamation was forbidden; and when the Pope entered an attempt of this sort was sternly suppressed. The people, however, waved their handkerchiefs in sign of rejoicing; and amidst a silence that was almost oppressive, and which was only broken by that sweetest of all triumphal marches played on the silver trumpets, the Papal procession moved onwards up the centre of the nave. At the entrance of the Canon's Chapel the procession halted, and a number of Bishops and Cardinals entered the chapel. There, after the singing of the "Tota pulchra" by the Sistine choir, under the direction of the Maestro Perosi, and the Pope having drawn the veil before the mosaic picture of the Madonna—now covered with the new circle of diamond stars—the procession moved onward again to the high altar, the Pontiff blessing to the right and the left as he was borne along. The procession was long and many of the persons in it were of the highest dignity. There were close upon 170 Bishops here from many lands, among them the following Bishops from Ireland: The Most Rev. Mgr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway; Right Rev. Mgr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin; Right Rev. Mgr. Henry O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert; Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas Alphonsus O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Mgr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry; Right Rev. Mgr. Nicholas Donnelly, Titular Bishop of Canea, and Assistant Bishop of the Archdiocese of Dublin. There were seven Bishops from the United States of America, and several Bishops from England and other countries. The following were the Cardinals present: Their Eminences Cardinals Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Serafino Vannutelli, Vincenzo Vannutelli, Agliardi, Satolli; Rampolla, Di Pietro Kopp, Gotti, Ferrata, Portanova, Casali del Drago, Cassetta, Sanninelli-Zabarella, Mathieu, Respighi, Martinelli, Gennari, Boschi, de Kozelsko Puzyna, Bacilieri, Nocella, Cavicchioni, Aiuti, Talliani, Fischer, Merry del Val, Macchi, Steinhilber, Serrna, Pierotti, Della Voipe, Vives y Tuto, and Trippi. Tierce was sung, and then the Pontiff began the celebration of Mass. The accompanying music was executed by the choir of the Sistine Chapel, under the direction of the Maestro Perosi, and the Mass was that of Gabrielli, Maestro of the Basilica of St. Mark at Venice, who died in 1515. The Credo was selected from the "Missae Papae Marcelli" of Palestrina, and the "Benedictus" was the composition of the Maestro Perosi. Before the consecration the word of command to the Palatine Guard, keeping the passage between the door and the high altar, was followed immediately by the clash of steel on the marble pavement as the guard lowered their swords, and then the sound of the silver trumpets—now in the dome—floated like a heavenly message above the heads of the kneeling multitude. How the notes rise and fall and finally die away upon the air so gently that you cannot tell the exact second when they ceased

to vibrate, cannot be adequately described; and the impression they make upon the listener is equally difficult to describe. The "Te Deum," chanted alternately by the choir and the forty or fifty thousand voices of the people, had a grand effect. With all the sorrows of the last half century, and all the wrong wrought in that period to the Church, there is so much cause for rejoicing that no wonder a feeling and a force were put into the utterances which found expression in this glorious Ambrosian hymn. It was past one o'clock when the ceremonies were over. The Piazza of St. Peter presented a curious appearance, being almost wholly filled with people. Here Bishops in their robes bent about seeking cabs; here ladies in their black veils and black silk dresses were distracted at losing their friends. Carriages rattled away, and in a short time the dark cloud of human beings that filled this vast square disappeared. The illuminations, which in the more prominent parts of the city were formed by electric lights, began at 5 o'clock. For many years there has not been seen so splendid and so general an illumination. The whole city, as seen from a height, was in a blaze. The designs on the facades of churches, colleges, and private houses were delightful in their variety. The column of the Immaculate Conception in the Piazza di Spagna rose from amidst a grove of palms and shrubs, and the seated Madonna that crown its summit, were resplendent in the golden light of many electric lamps. Half the people of the city wandered about from place to place, admiring in loud terms the beauty of the different illuminations. The story of the celebrations in Rome for this Jubilee of the Immaculate has not yet all told. There are other events yet to come—on tomorrow, Sunday, and on Monday.

Knights of St. John. The regular meeting of Leo and Anthony Commandery No. 2, Knights of St. John, was held on Sunday, Dec. 18th, in St. Vincent's Hall, President J. Hefflering in the chair. The attendance was good as usual, which is an evidence of the fact that the members are entrusted in the work and welfare of the Order. It is also an honor and satisfaction to the capable and faithful officers to receive the support of the fraternity, as individual effort is what is required in every fraternal society. After the regular order of business the annual election of officers took place as follows: President—Captain J. Hefflering. First Vice-Pres., Jas. Kyte. Second Vice-Pres., Chas. Connors. Fin. Secy.—J. Harnett. Rec. Secy.—Jas. Allan. Treasurer—C. Millward. Sergt. at Arms—J. Lawries. Guard—J. Caroran. Messenger—A. Belleau. As we all know the success of the Order depends to a large extent upon the officers who are elected to manage its affairs. It is therefore important that care should be exercised in selecting those who prove especially faithful and loyal to the workings of the Order. As the year 1904 closes, a retrospective view would certainly not be without interest, as this year has proved most successful. The number of additional members is also noteworthy, but our chief concern is with the present, as the advent of a new year has reached us and we have resolved to accomplish an excellent record at its completion. An earnest and hearty co-operation is therefore desired in order that we may meet with satisfactory results and reach the zenith of our ambition, and as we are a fraternal order we should not in our enthusiasm forget the interests of others, and each member should make a special effort to work earnestly for the benefit and encouragement of others and for the increase of membership in our Order. The members of Leo and Anthony No. 2 hope for a prosperous New Year and a satisfactory status at its termination. JOS. ALJAN, Recording Secretary.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS

James J. O'Hearn Unanimously Elected in Ward 4.

The nominations for office for the vacancy in No. 4 Ward for Separate School Board were held on Wednesday, Dec. 28, in St. Patrick's School, William street. The following gentlemen were present: Rev. L. Minehan, Rev. Father Barrett, A. J. Cottam, Mr. Clonher, Mr. Finnegan, T. J. Conerty, J. J. O'Hearn, Wm. Minton, Martin Dunphy, Samuel Dunbar, John Hurst, Mr. Rae, Patrick Minton and William Kane. Rev. L. Minehan, last nominated, spoke first. He advocated the placing of first-class laymen on the board, coupled with a few clergymen. Mr. Dunbar called attention to the fact that at the last annual meeting a motion was passed instructing the representatives to take such steps as might be necessary in order to introduce the ballot in our Separate School Board elections. Nothing had been done. He wanted to know the reason why. He wanted an account of the stewardship of the men for the past year, was it a fact that there was an indebtedness of \$37,000 against the Toronto School Board. He said that something should be done in connection with the High Schools. Why should our children not be allowed full access to them irrespective of separate or high school, Mr. Dunbar declared. Mr. J. J. O'Hearn said he was prepared to render an account of his stewardship. The whole management of the board was done through committees. He was on the sites and building committee. He confessed taking more interest in schools in wards 4 and 3. He remedied defects in the lighting of St. Patrick's, defects in the lavatories were remedied. In St. Peter's the water supply was deficient; this was remedied. In St. Basil's, which was found in a disgraceful condition, 300 children were found in 4 class-rooms. No water supply was in the school. The closets were in a very filthy condition. Both of these defects were remedied. The ventilation in the schools is very bad. Referring to the financial statement he said it should be published. The finances were in very poor shape, the total debt being \$190,900. To remedy such a state good men were necessary on the Board, men who are successful business men. If he was not agreeable to the electors he did not seek reelection. He corrected Mr. Dunbar in his statement re high schools. Mr. O'Hearn, in answer to Mr. Dunphy, said he was in favor of the ballot. He said the only way to introduce the ballot was to pledge the candidates in the different wards. In response to Mr. Hurst re the introduction of Irish History, he said the educational department had that in hand. He was in favor of it. Mr. Cottam said that in reference to the introduction of the ballot certain sure steps should be taken; there was no use of going up against a stone wall. The best way was to bid our time. Mr. Cottam paid a glowing tribute to Mr. John O'Leary, the late returning officer, who died during the year. As regards caretakers changes had been made for the better. Repairs were better carried out. Mr. Rae, as the seconder of Mr. O'Hearn, said he had followed Mr. O'Hearn's record on the board. The Toronto newspapers did not report in detail the meetings of the Board, and he had to get his information from personal observations which he did and he found Mr. O'Hearn to be an A-1 man. As regards expenditure no man could charge wilful mismanagement. The trouble was insufficient revenue. The only way to remedy things was to levy our own rate of taxation. He did not see any other way out of it. There were difficulties in the way, viz., in the case of a Catholic tenant in a Protestant owner's house. No Protestant would stand for the increase. As regards the ballot he said that he introduced the ballot during his term and it was defeated. He said missionary work was necessary. A school trustee from No. 2 Ward said that the agitation for the ballot was due to a little clique in No. 4 Ward. Once you got the other wards in line a motion to introduce the ballot would easily carry. Father Barrett closed the meeting and testified to the manner in which the trustees of School Board for No. 4 had carried out their duties. He said that finances should be cautiously handled. The only way to remedy these defects was to increase the taxation.

SMOKERS CIGARS

Loyalty to the Archbishop was the essence of Catholicity, and his opinion on the ballot for instance should be taken without a question. The Canadian ballot is useless, and until it is improved corrupt practices will prevail in the use of it. The ballot of the United States was a better one and elections were carried on with less political crimes. (A Voice—"How about the patent Yankee ballot-box?") He said that elections without the ballot were cleaner and instanced the case of certain constituencies demanding the exclusion of the ballot system. We would never live to see the introduction of the ballot. If people wished to criticize the bishop let them be men and go before him with their complaints instead of saying things behind his back. It did not behoove either priest or layman to criticize higher ecclesiastical authority, and his voice would always be raised against such a scandal. He said that a school system where the priest had full control was the only system. The parochial system of the United States was superior to the Separate School System of Canada. Father Minehan in reply wanted to know who should run the schools if not the people who pay the taxes. The Separate School System of Canada is the best, and if properly carried out no fault could be found with it. All the nominees having retired except Mr. O'Hearn, the returning officer declared him elected as school trustee for No. 4 Ward.

The Temperance Movement

To the Editor Catholic Register: Sir,—A mistake might easily arise from the excellent report in a recent issue of your paper, about a new temperance and literary movement in Toronto. This movement is new in a sense, namely, that those interested in it wish to give wider scope to its activities. It is not new in the sense of being called into existence for the first time. Anyone having old copies of The Catholic Almanac which was distributed monthly some years ago, will find the existence of a society with precisely the aims and objects of the present Catholic Temperance and Debating Union of Toronto, duly chronicled and its time and place of meeting recorded. Indeed since November, 1896, such a society has been established by a charter obtained from Guelph, on an application endorsed by the late Archbishop Walsh. That society has been more active at some times than at others, but it has never been disbanded. The present movement is a revival of its work and follows the same lines, namely, Catholic teaching regarding temperance. The name "Catholic Temperance and Literary Union" was suggested for the purpose of emphasizing the educational features of its activity. At no time was the membership limited to any particular district. Indeed this is true of all our Catholic societies. Members from all quarters of the city often meet in the same hall. And it would be a distinct advantage if reunions would be held now and again in some central location. The system of branch meetings has undeniable advantages. It stimulates local activity and enables members to meet without having to go far from their homes. But there is no doubt that it also has its disadvantages. It has a tendency to narrowness, to uninteresting meetings, to apathy. All this would be counteracted by reunions in which the best men of all branches would be pitted against one another in friendly rivalry and broad questions of policy discussed. The absence of such reunions is in a great measure at the root of the unprogressive condition of some of our associations in this city. There never was such an opportunity as the present offers for Catholic activity on the lines of temperance. Extreme measures are not so popular or so bitterly advocated as they were. There is a general feeling in favor of gradual and steady progress as the best means of reducing the admittedly grave evils of intemperance. There is at the same time a strong desire to welcome Catholic co-operation. And there is no doubt that such co-operation generously extended will redound greatly to the advancement of sane temperance ideas and to the prestige of Catholics in this community. A MEMBER OF THE UNION.

"Sweet Heart of my Lord Jesus, teach me a complete forgetfulness of myself!" Shall we ever attain to it? We must pray for that. Father Barrett closed the meeting and testified to the manner in which the trustees of School Board for No. 4 had carried out their duties. He said that finances should be cautiously handled. The only way to remedy these defects was to increase the taxation.

DINBEN'S FURRIERS CANADIAN ERMINE The Canadian Ermine is gradually growing in favor as an exclusive fur of rich quality, both for whole garments or for trimming. It has become a serious rival of the Royal Russian Ermine. The Canadian Ermine is a small animal in the weasel family measuring only about 10 in. in length. It is killed in traps made to strike, and is hunted only in the depth of winter, because at that time its fur is of fleecy white, with the tail tip ofinky black. In summer the fur is a dense brown. We have on view to-day some exclusive garments in Ermine, including Stoles, Scarfs, Muffs, Capelines, etc. WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE The W. & D. DINBEN CO. Limited TORONTO

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

ESTABLISHED 1856 CELEBRATED L'ACOM VALLEY COAL P. BURNS & CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GOAL AND WOOD MERCHANTS HEAD OFFICE 44 KING STREET EAST Toronto, Can. Long Distance Telephones Ma'n 131 and 132 OFFICE AND YARD PRINCE OF GEORGE DOCK Telephone Main 190 OFFICE AND YARD CORNER FRONT AND BATHURST STS. Telephone Main 460 BRANCH (424) Yonge Street—Telephone Main 3996 (872) Queen Street West—Telephone Main 139 (204) Queen Street East—Telephone Main 134 (428) Spadina Avenue—Telephone Main 2110 OFFICES: (1212) Queen Street West—Telephone Park 711 (274) Collingwood Street—Telephone North 1179 (284) Queen Street West—Telephone Bath 1400

THE ONE PIANO That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the Heintzman & Co. PIANO MADE BY The Old Firm of Heintzman & Co. For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this grand piano. Pianos in 118-117 King St. W., Toronto

Our Card System Have you any idea of the magnitude of the uses you can put our \$1.50 Card System to? We venture to say not, otherwise you would all use it, instead of only the progressive business man. Write for circular. That will explain. The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. 55 Yonge Street. Factories: Newark, N.J. and Wellington, N.Z.

MR. CUPID, TAILOR AND HABERDASHER

(By Allan P. Ames.)

Under the circumstances, Mrs. Massinger's error was quite natural. A four-mile tramp through the brush had deprived an old camping suit of its last sartorial reminiscence, while a two-weeks' growth of beard completed a disguise as unflattering as it was effective.

Primarily, however, the fault was neither mine nor Mrs. Massinger's, but her husband's. When he urged me to put in a few days at his Adirondack camp I had accepted, without knowing more about the place than its location, and forgetting his habit of disparaging his own hospitality.

"If you're up in the woods this summer," he had said, "don't fail to drop in at our shack. You'll find things rather unconventional; but if you don't mind roughing it, I can promise you some of the best fishing south of the St. Lawrence."

Remembering that Massinger knew what good fishing was, when, early in July, I found myself the sole survivor of the party with which I had entered the mountains, I packed a modest bag and started to drive over to his lake. Expecting to meet no one but John and a few of his male friends, I was dressed for comfort and convenience only.

Arriving about seven o'clock, while the sun was still above the horizon, I stepped out of the woods into the midst of a group of buildings that would have done credit to the most luxurious summer resort between Bar Harbor and Palm Beach. The main structure was of rough-hewn logs, but lacking not one attribute of comfort. Near at hand were a stable and carriage house and a separate cottage for the servants, while about fifty yards distant appeared through the trees a palatial boat house.

Yet even this unexpected magnificence failed to prepare me for the surprise of the interior. As luck had it, the door of the dining-room stood open onto the long verandah, and, mistaking it for the main entrance, I strode in unannounced.

Without the actual experience, no one can appreciate the sensation of stepping out of the primeval forest into a twentieth-century house party in all the bravery of evening attire.

Never had woman's beauty flashed with such dazzling splendor, nor well-groomed men appeared so gallant. As I stood, dumb and staring, on the threshold, uncertain whether to advance or withdraw, one face shown out from the circle about the table and, puerile as the impulse was, I could not bring myself in such a plight to meet its owner before the rivals with whom she was surrounded.

If she failed to recognize me, what could be expected of the rest? Massinger himself was not there. Moreover, the curtains were drawn and the room dimly lighted, so that until the butler pointed me out to Mrs. Massinger I escaped their notice altogether.

"Yes, but well set up. He looks strong enough to portage a canal boat," remarked a man at her left as careless of my presence as though I had been a dog or a horse.

"He's quite good looking," said one of the young women, "if his face were more refined."

I was beginning to wonder how much of this I could stand, when the grave butler motioned me toward the kitchen. Glad of the opportunity to retire and collect my scattered wits, I was hastening after him, when a new voice called me back.

"One moment, my good fellow. Can you handle a canoe?"

I nodded silently.

"Why, of course he can, Sir George," laughed the hostess. "What would be the use of a guide who couldn't?"

"I can't get the hang of the beastly craft myself," replied the man. "It's quite uninteresting or punting. Let's get a boat for me. Here Miss Ten Broeck has consented to let me take her out on the lake after dinner, and I am obliged to get somebody to paddle."

Naturally, at this, I stared hard at the speaker. Even without hearing his title I should have placed him as an Englishman. He could not have been far from thirty-five, and as I took in the perfect fit of his dinner coat, his breadth of shoulder and his ruddy, clean-shaven visage, jealousy assailed me in a new and concrete form.

I remembered him then as the Northumberland baronet who had been pursuing her from house to house and with a perseverance worthy of success.

Miss Ten Broeck, however, was talking to her neighbor, apparently unconscious of the smile her suitor's frank admission had sent flickering around the table. Her manner might mean everything or nothing, but the Englishman's was alarmingly like the assurance of a man who, if he had not already won, never dreamed of defeat.



This beautiful life-size Group, the Nativity, is carved in wood, beautifully painted, and is now offered for sale. For particulars apply to

CHARLES F. MOWBRAY,

34 Wilton Avenue, TORONTO.

scenery, strained my self-control to the limit; but I had gone too far to turn back now, therefore I only inclined my head a second time and backed through the door into the welcome refuge of the kitchen.

While eating what the cook set before me and inventing a complete biography to satisfy her questions, I pondered in vain to find some avenue of escape. When my luggage arrived I could assume the footing to which I was entitled, but until then I concluded to remain incognito and obey orders. The situation was trying, but, on second thought, endurable.

Far down in my heart even lurked a mean and guilty joy because Fate might give me power to foil any plan of conquest that might be planned for that moonlit eve.

When I reached the boat house the sun had set and the afterglow was fading. Sir George and Miss Ten Broeck were waiting, the former impatient to embark. The canoe they selected was a sumptuous affair, broad enough amidships to enable two to sit side by side, and of this feature they took immediate advantage, settling themselves comfortably among the rugs and cushions in the bottom.

Not a sound broke the stillness but the chorus of frogs and insects along the wooded shore. Even beyond the shelter of the tall trees the waters lay unrippled. The light canoe scarcely rippled the glassy surface.

"Paddle as quietly as you can," Sir George cautioned, and, though I say it, my best in canoeing is something to brag of. The blade never left the lake, and not a drop splashed to mar the glistening silence.

The twilight lingered in until it was impossible to say just when the day ended and the night began, for before the transformation was complete the full moon showed pale above the tree-tops, growing gradually smaller and more luminous until it ruled the heavens. As they watched it rise, Sir George and the girl stopped talking and even I laid the paddle across the thwart and let the soothing beauty of the night sink into my harassed soul.

It was a spell soon broken. The Englishman doubtless figured on permitting his companion just enough rapt contemplation to perfect a frame of mind most favorable to his purpose. When they began to speak again it was in tones which on shore would have been inaudible three feet away, but on that breathless stretch of water, even though they faced in the opposite direction, every syllable came back to the stern with perfect distinctness.

He wasted no words leading up to his theme; the situation was introduced enough. From a few stereotyped phrases of the present scene he passed to the beauties of his English home and thence to his family and those tenderly intimate topics a man brings forward when he is bent on fixing a girl's interest in himself. He did it well, too confoundedly well! and as I recognized the trend of his remarks I digested with impotent rage. Her face I could not see; but there was nothing in her attitude, as she sat carelessly training one hand in the water to indicate a distaste for either existing circumstances or the end she must have foreseen.

The climax came sooner than I expected. In meaning accents Sir George recalled his faithful pursuit since their first meeting; "You must have perceived it," said he, "you must know what I am after. Tell me—don't you understand—Aldine?"

As he spoke her name he reached over and took her hand.

"Did I wait to see whether he would be allowed to hold it? Never! The act and the 'Aldine' together proved the last straw upon my fast-weakening powers of endurance. With an incoherent protest on my lips I knocked the paddle out of the way and sprang forward. The cranky craft lurched wildly, and before I could catch my balance, upset and dumped us into the lake.

Because I was standing, I fell clear of the canoe, and when I rose and shook the water from my eyes I found it floating bottom up, beyond my reach. Fearful lest the others might be entangled under it, I swam with all my strength. At the second stroke a damp, curly head bobbed up right before me. It was Miss Ten Broeck, and, although she gave no evidence of needing to be rescued, I hastily thrust a hand under her shoulder and helped her reach the canoe. Barely had I secured a hold on the pointed bow when around from the opposite side came the Englishman, splashing like a side-wheeler, and, regardless of the fact that she was already well cared for, seized her by the other arm.

"Don't be frightened," he cried; "I will hold you up."

"I'm not frightened," she calmly replied; but, without noticing her manner, he turned and began berating me for causing the accident.

"Here, that'll do," I interrupted at last, growing weary of his abuse. "I may have tipped the lady out, but I'm perfectly able to get her ashore and without any help from you, either."

I may have spoken with considerable heat; for while the sudden immersion had not quenched my wrath it wiped out all remembrance of the assumed role. The baronet could not have shown more amazement if I had struck him in the face. He gasped and almost lost his hold on the canoe, while his monocle, which has survived all previous vicissitudes, forsook the shelter of an amazed eyebrow and dropped into the lake.

"Why, fellow, you are impudent!" he stammered. "How dare you lay a hand on this lady? Remove your arm, instantly!"

The retort I had framed was equally vigorous, but before it had passed my lips he turned his face full into the moonlight and instantly my resentment died. The plunge had plastered his thin, straw-colored hair down over his forehead with a meek effect, which the ferocity of his crimson visage and bristling moustache ludicrously belied. His former dignity was so totally eclipsed that, in spite of myself I laughed aloud. Yes, I laughed; and no wonder, for at that moment I realized that so far as appearances went we were at last on an equal footing. When a man is up to his neck in water it matters little how he is clothed.

"Take my hands off!" I chuckled. "Oh, I guess not. I think too much of the lady's safety." With this I slid my arm into a firmer hold about her waist.

The opening of this dispute gave Miss Ten Broeck her first opportunity to hear my voice. That she found it familiar I knew at once by the way she started and the intentness with which she scanned my dripping features. She said nothing, however, nor did she move, except to settle back almost imperceptibly against my supporting arm, in a manner that to me at least, indicated satisfaction with the existing arrangement.

But it was far otherwise with Sir George. "I tell you I am responsible for this lady's safety and do not require your assistance," he retorted, glaring so absurdly that I could not repress a smile.

Then, for the first time, the lady took a hand. "Gentlemen, isn't this a poor place for a quarrel? I'm not much of a swimmer, and both of you can probably find enough to do getting me ashore at once."

"Pat," I cried the baronet, "I refuse to let you place yourself under obligation to this man when I am quite able to care for you myself. You don't seem to realize that his clumsiness is responsible for our present plight."

"Wasn't it you, Sir George, who proposed coming out here?" she inquired, with a lurking smile.

"Miss Ten Broeck, this is not the time nor place for pleasantry," he responded angrily. "Will you, or will you not, command this fellow to release you?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't even if I told him to; so what's the use?" she asked, plaintively. "But there's room for you both. Please do something of your own. This water is so cold."

"It is evident that you do not trust me," said Sir George, with returning dignity. "Since you refuse my aid, there is nothing more I can do. Good evening."

If he had been wearing a hat, I am sure he would have made a most handsome bow; but the hand that was held involuntarily to his forehead found none, so he replaced his eyeglasses instead and, letting go of the canoe, struck out for the shore.

"Hi!" I shouted, "You're headed wrong, the camp's in the opposite direction. But he swam steadily on, heedless of the warning. The point he sought was half a mile away while the boat-house lay distant barely a hundred yards, though hidden from sight by the canoe."

"Don't worry about him," said Miss Ten Broeck, unfeelingly. "He looks like a strong swimmer, and a good, long soaking in this mountain lake water will certainly improve his temper."

Until our feet touched the pebbly bottom she remained silent, seconding my efforts with an intelligence and coolness that provoked my boundless admiration. But the moment we began to wade she burst out with the query I had long expected:

"Now, sir, what does it all mean?"

"Does all what mean?"

"This silly masquerade. When did you take up guiding?"

"Before I answer that," said I, "bear with me while I put another question of far more importance: Was the choice you made back there in the lake merely for the occasion, or was it one that you meant to last?"

"What choice?" she asked innocently.

"That which led me to infer that you consider me a more desirable protector than the Englishman. Why did you send him away?"

"I didn't. He swam off of his own accord, in a huff. You saw him."

"That's not answering my question," I persisted. "What made you choose me instead of him?"

As I repeated the query we stepped from the water and stood on the clean strip of beach near the boat-house. The air was so much warmer than the water that the change was extremely grateful. The moon streamed in Aldine's face as I confronted her and waited.

"Well, what do you want me to say?" she inquired at length; but her eyes sank beneath my eager scrutiny.

"You know very well."

Her look traveled down her limp and dripping dress, then rested on my bedraggled figure—suddenly her hands went out in a gesture of protest. "Oh, stop! Please stop!" she implored. "Don't you see what you are doing? This is not the time. Look at us!"

"I want my answer," I repeated to Aldine stubbornly.

"But can't you wait, only half an hour," she begged, "until we are able to get dry clothes and make ourselves a little less like scarecrows?"

"Clothes? Clothes be hanged! I don't want you to love my clothes."

Suddenly Aldine's whole manner changed. She advanced a step and returned a steady gaze. "Was that the reason you dressed so and pretended to be a guide?"

How I longed to dignify my silly artifice with the romantic explanation she was so ready to accept. A simple "Yes" would have done it.

"No!" I shouted desperately, fighting down the temptation. "That wasn't the reason. I wore these disreputable duds because I expected a rough fisherman's camp like the one I had left; and when in the midst of all that glitter I found you—I was ashamed, yes, afraid, to let you see me. So when nobody recognized me—not even you—and Mrs. Massinger mistook me for a guide, I thought I should."

"Heaven bless the girl! Her answer was a low, sweet laugh, two cool, wet arms around my neck, and—"You dear old simpleton! I'd rather love you, in rags, than Sir George, or anybody else, in the smartest clothes that were ever turned out of Poole's."

KARL'S QUEST

It was Christmas eve, and regular winter weather, and the snow was flying thick and fast. Poor old Granny, with tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks, stood poking at the scouldering fire, which would not be coaxed into a blaze, just as Karl entered and threw down an armful of chips.

"Couldn't you find drier ones?" These wet ones make the fire smoke and that makes Sonny cough worse. But never mind, do not start out for them now, for your poor little hands are stiff and blue with cold, and, anyhow, Sonny is crying for you."

Poor Sonny, on his miserable straw bed! Little did he know how it was breaking old Granny's heart when he kept asking her if she thought Santa Claus was coming this year to fill the little torn boot he had insisted upon her placing by the chimney piece, when she hadn't enough covering to keep his poor little sick, shivering body warm, and was racking her brain how to get nourishment for him.

"Say, Granna," said Karl, after he had heard Sonny whimpering and crying, and had asked the question. "Had he seen anything of Santa Claus while he was picking up chips?" "Say Granna, I don't believe Santa Claus knows where we live, do you? You've always told us how good and kind he is; and if he knew how Sonny wants him, and where we live, I'm sure he would come down the chimney to-night. Don't believe he knows where we live."

And Granny shook her head and said, sorrowfully: "I am afraid that's it, my boy."

Just then the deep-toned bell of a nearby church rang out for the children's Christmas festival.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical events for January 1905. Includes events like Circumcision of our Lord, Epiphany, and various Sundays after Epiphany.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. Courses by mail—courses for every boy and girl, man and woman in Canada—Education brings success—study at home in your spare time. Learn while you are earning.

St. Michael's College Educational 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.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, O. 97 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 congenial to study.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in the Academy, by the Rev. Fr. Superior, is in accordance with the Education of Young Ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to ACCOUSTIC, LANGUAGE, FINE ARTS, PLAIN AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

around and place their presents on the bed. Just then he awoke, calling out: "He has come! He has come, Granna, ain't he?" "Yes, my child, he has come," said Miss Courtright, bending over him and stroking the sunny curls from his forehead. "Yes, he has come, and he never will go by your house again. Don't you see him fussing around the fireplace, filling that little boot?"

The HOME CIRCLE

THE LIGHT OF LOVE. If love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living.

STUFFED DATES. Before stuffing the dates wash them in cold water and soak them for three or four minutes.

WASH HANDKERCHIEFS AT HOME. The young housekeeper who herself sees to the washing of these very useful and necessary articles at home,

NEWSPAPER USES. Few persons realize to how many uses old newspapers may be put. Just now, when winter weather is ahead of us,

OLD VERSUS NEW. "This egg tastes as if it had been boiled in hot water," said the domesticated young woman.

THOUGHTS GATHERED BY THE WAY. Ye who build the churches of the Lord, See that ye make the western portals low;

As the mite the widow offered Brought a blessing sweet and rare, And the treasures of Dives

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn, Morning's at seven,

To reach his sufferings, all are men, Condemned alike to groan, The tender for another's pain,

Yet ah, why should they know their fate, Since sorrow never comes too late And happiness too quickly flies?

Were folly to be wise, Thomas Gray.

ADVICE FROM ONE HOUSEWIFE. A good housewife who has neither time nor money to spend buying gifts that she is not at all sure would be what her recipients wanted,

HOW MUCH SHALL I READ? The amount of reading to be done cannot be settled offhand. Tastes differ, so do opportunities.

DREAM CHILDREN. I know them just as well as you can be.

THE WIZARD'S BOX. In this box pieces of apparently blank paper are placed, and when withdrawn will be found to contain an answer to a question previously asked.

ELISIE'S CHRISTMAS FRIGHT. "This little Elsie girl wants a muff," said Santa Claus, looking up at the little Christmas tree and down at his brimful pack.

SANTA CLAUS KNOWS. Grandmother says I'll lose my head next.

FOR A SACHET. A good perfume, one that is lasting, yet not too strong, is always desirable for sachets and wardrobes.

FOR A SACHET. The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

CHILDRENS CORNER

NO OLD ANGELS.

She is too young to understand much about the "life hereafter," but old enough to think she has grasped that problem thoroughly.

DREAM CHILDREN. I know them just as well as you can be.

THE WIZARD'S BOX. In this box pieces of apparently blank paper are placed, and when withdrawn will be found to contain an answer to a question previously asked.

ELISIE'S CHRISTMAS FRIGHT. "This little Elsie girl wants a muff," said Santa Claus, looking up at the little Christmas tree and down at his brimful pack.

SANTA CLAUS KNOWS. Grandmother says I'll lose my head next.

FOR A SACHET. A good perfume, one that is lasting, yet not too strong, is always desirable for sachets and wardrobes.

FOR A SACHET. The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FATHER Koenig's FREE NERVE TONIC

FREE NERVE TONIC

written on, and, when I was looking for it I found a cent, and I heard an organ-grinder and a monkey, and me and Billy Watkins went to give 'em the cent, and we went 'round after 'em a little while, and when I got home it was dinner time, and the things to eat weren't there.

DREAM CHILDREN. I know them just as well as you can be.

THE WIZARD'S BOX. In this box pieces of apparently blank paper are placed, and when withdrawn will be found to contain an answer to a question previously asked.

ELISIE'S CHRISTMAS FRIGHT. "This little Elsie girl wants a muff," said Santa Claus, looking up at the little Christmas tree and down at his brimful pack.

SANTA CLAUS KNOWS. Grandmother says I'll lose my head next.

FOR A SACHET. A good perfume, one that is lasting, yet not too strong, is always desirable for sachets and wardrobes.

FOR A SACHET. The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

FOR A SACHET. Be very careful, when you are in a state of desolation, not to give up your Communion.

THE RHEUMATISM WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 222 King Street East, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1905.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

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.

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.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

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

241 Sackville Street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. 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.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning.

The Catholic Register

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

SUBSCRIPTION: 1 City, including delivery, \$2.00; 12 months, \$20.00. To all outside points, \$2.50. OFFICES—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: 10 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. All notices should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

Telephone, Main 488.

MONTREAL AGENCY 8 Richmond Square R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY, MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT JOSEPH COOLAHAN Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1905.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

In sympathy at once with the customary New Year greetings and the unique New Year Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart, The Register acknowledges the receipt from many friends both clerical and lay, of cordial wishes for its prosperity. A well-known Catholic teacher writes: "May this Intention prove to be a source of blessing, especially upon the editor of The Catholic Register and all who come under his beneficent influence."

The head of a large and happy Catholic family writes: "The Register is sincerely looked for each week in my family. We wish it abundant success in the future and the compliments of the season."

A successful business man says: "My first New Year greetings are to The Register with a candid declaration of my gratitude for services rendered the Catholic community."

There are many other letters in the spirit of the foregoing; and in acknowledging them we would say that they comprehend in the fullest sense of the Intention for January—The Catholic Press. Let the Catholic people hold their press in esteem, speak well of it and not stand on the look out for causes of fault-finding. They will much be accomplished to arouse those who do not realize—perhaps because the occasion has never personally appealed to them—that a mutual duty subsists in the relations of the Catholic people and the press that represents and upholds their interests.

The Catholic press of Canada has done noble work in the past and in such a land as this there will always be occasion for the continued performance of its religious and social mission, which unites with the defence of Catholic principles the promotion of national amity and progress.

SOME DOWIEITE DOINGS

Out of a Catholic hospital not a hundred miles from our office comes to us a Dowie publication distributed through the sick wards by some agent of the so-called Church of Elijah H. Dowie's Zion Mission literature is advertising matter of an original type, cunningly calculated to appeal to the weakened and weary minds of suffering people without sound faith. It tells them that Dowie can heal them by long distance telephone, absent treatment and the rest of it; and that they are wasting their money in hospitals and medicine when Dowie can take care of it for them. Is it not a stretch of the longest bonds of charity to admit such stuff into hospitals under the plea of religious toleration? Is it not abusing the franking privileges of the post-office to allow Dowie do business in the assumed capacity of a religious publisher?

Dowie is running in Zion City the most amazing trust that the susceptibility of the American people to fake influence has ever tolerated. His dupes are selling their goods and giving the cash to Dowie, who poses in regalia of his own invention as the Prophet of the Restoration, Elijah the Second.

None of Dowie's dupes will ever have any reason to believe in his Gospel of restoration as far as their money and property are concerned. He knows the law and they are down and out.

We have from time to time received through the mails parcels of Zion advertising catalogues which we have never noticed, for the reason that there is always plenty of raw material available to the bold charlatan provided he can secure free advertising for his pretensions.

In the printed matter that appears to have been circulated through the hospitals there is published a most blasphemous and scurrilous attack upon Catholics and Catholic doctrines. It is a shameful thing of any cowardly agent of Dowie's to ply his trade among the sick with a packet of such stuff under his arm, and the hospital authorities of Toronto should not allow it. Nor should the Postmaster-General allow the hospitalities of the Canadian mails to the fairs of Zion City.

FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

Though Port Arthur has fallen Russia will never blush for the deeds done in her name by the heroic defenders of that fortress. Eleven months of siege unexampled in the previous record of war pulverized her chief defences by sea and land and strewn her mountain sides with heaps of dead.

Out of the carnage and hate of the conflict on New Year's day came the note of surrender, couched in phrases as formal and courteous as the grand old generals of French Canada would have made them.

The Japanese have shown themselves in victory worthy of more praise than their incredibly fierce attacks could ever have won them. But according to all the signs of the hour the war must go on. Russia has not yet drained the last dregs of humiliation if the Baltic fleet is to continue its course to the far east. There was some excuse for making a sacrifice of these ships so long as Port Arthur held the slightest hope of receiving succor. But Port Arthur has now fallen and the fleet should be recalled. Otherwise it will inevitably become a prey to the superior vessels and seamanship of the Japanese. On land the war may prove less spectacular for a time. The Japanese advance northward appear to have been decisively checked. But peace will never restore prestige to Russia until she has forced her indomitable foe back into the sea from the soil of Asia.

HAS THE BALLOT FAILED?

At the Separate School Board elections last week a discussion was raised as to the efficacy of the ballot and the comparative merits of the open voting. A great deal is and can be said on both sides, but it is hardly necessary to point out here that neither system may be judged in fairness by the contrasted instances of the plan which we have retained in our Separate School Board elections, and the corrupt practices resorted to in parliamentary and municipal elections in Ontario. With regard to the separate schools, many who support the principle of the ballot would naturally enough hesitate before adapting its more complex expensive and slow method in regard to a class of elections with which party, faction, money and other disturbing influences never can concern themselves. The election of separate school trustees is more or less a family affair, not calling imperatively for the ballot, though if a quicker and cheaper way of taking and counting a secret vote were adopted, there is no good reason why the Catholic school electors should not desire it. Nor are we aware that any one really desires to deprive them of it.

We observe that The Toronto News has been shouting for the ballot for Catholics all the week. We do not question its good faith or find fault with it for doing so; but we would remind The News of its own hold against the secret ballot by the old High School Board. It may be argued that there is an important difference between trustees being elected by ballot and resorting to the ballot themselves. But a good rule should work as a general rule, and we are inclined to think that the election of Catholic School Trustees may be taken as constituting under present circumstances one of the reasonable exceptions to its operation. If recourse to the ballot will bring more electors to the polls and so increase the interest of our ratepayers in the Catholic schools, that would be an argument for the adoption of the ballot regardless of its expense. To the principle of the ballot no friend of the Separate School would offer an objection. The system of voting by ballot in Ontario must be improved and simplified. When its principle is properly protected and it can be easily and inexpensively worked, it will be applied perhaps without objection in elections of all boards representative of the ratepayers.

A HAZY LETTER WRITER.

The letter of Public School Inspector J. H. Knight, published in another column, which has already become the subject of some characteristic leader writing in the Toronto press, is in its way a curiosity. For ourselves we do not profess to grasp its import. Two of its paragraphs if they mean anything, imply that Father Bretherton, of Downeyville, has turned over a former public school building to the separate school supporters of Sec. 4, Emily, by directing the withdrawal of the Catholic ratepayers from their Protestant neighbors with whom they previously had been working harmoniously, and by organizing the former as separate school supporters to assume possession of the school property, the deed of which they already had in their possession. All this is confusing enough in itself, but the letter writer proceeds to plunge deeper still into the haze of his narrative. He says there were 30 persons present in all of whom only three acted with the priest. How can this be? If the Catholic ratepayers were in the minority they would be powerless in any event; and if Father Bretherton had only three out of thirty with him how could the three have had their way? If Mr. Knight's advice to the ratepayers, which he says they refused, was half as hazy as

his letter to the Minister of Education, no wonder the affairs of School Section No. 4, Emily, have got into a tangle.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The re-election of Mayor Urquhart in Toronto for a third term is another proof that he is the child of fortune. In the campaign he was helped by the opposition of his opponents and hurt by the fanatical support of his friends. But he won out. He did more than that, for in a contest supposed on all hands to be unusually close he received 15,000 of a total of 29,000 polled by the three candidates on the ballot paper. On the day before the election he had been described by an over-wrought brother Baptist in one of the city pulpits as a heaven-appointed leader of the class of Martin Luther, Knox and Calvin. That should have killed any ordinary candidate. But Mr. Urquhart survived it. Some of the daily papers, also, forgetting that the Dominion general election had proved beyond a doubt the popularity of the Grand Trunk Pacific enterprise, denounced him as a supporter of the government policy. In this they doubly helped him, because in the first place Toronto is certain to benefit by the G.T.P. and again by raising so far-fetched a cry the opposing press acknowledged that no charges of incapacity in office were available to them.

It would be better for the press of Toronto to confine the discussions affecting our municipal candidates within legitimate bounds. When the newspapers take every latitude, it generally happens that the sensational pulpiter make desperate and generally successful efforts to lead the sensational uproar. There is no good reason why the character of citizens who offer themselves to the public service should be considered fair game for every shaft of slander and ridicule in the heat of an election. Treason, corruption and conspiracy were flung around last week at the heads of well disposed citizens whose only offence was that they had submitted their names to the electors for municipal honors. Dr. Osler had told the people of this city a few days before that this sort of lying is one of the greatest evils of our political life. But it is an evil so deep-rooted in habit that we are not likely to become easily relieved of it.

A Remarkable Epistle

Lindsay, Dec. 31.—Mr. J. H. Knight, Public School Inspector, has sent to the Minister of Education the following statement regarding some extraordinary proceedings on Wednesday last at Downeyville:

"I beg to report that I attended the annual meeting at Downeyville, School Section No. 4, Emily, on Wednesday, December 28. The adoption of the trustees' report was moved just after my arrival. After this the priest, Rev. Father Bretherton said this was a separate school meeting, and only supporters of the separate school could vote. Then an auditor and trustee were elected. In answer to questions by ratepayers, the priest said the separate school owned the property. The trustees of the public school never had a deed of the land, but the trustees of the separate school had got a deed. Also that no notice of a meeting of supporters of the public school had been given because the public school had ceased to exist. The notice calling a meeting of supporters of the separate school was then read. This was received with surprise by many present in the Catholic Church."

"When it was proposed to hold a meeting after adjournment for the election of public school trustees, the priest said they had no right to do so. When my opinion was asked, I said that such a meeting would be legal, as, though notices had not been given, the ratepayers had come for that purpose. The meeting was then held and trustees for one, two and three years respectively were elected, the three trustees having retired from the public school board. An auditor was also appointed. "As one of the trustees appointed was not present, I advised the other two to call a meeting forthwith, appoint a Secretary, and instruct him to demand the books from the late Secretary, of whom three appeared to act with the priest and the rest against him. I understand that two or more meetings of ratepayers were held of which I received no minutes."

To the Electors of Ward 4

Toronto, Jan. 3, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Permit me through your paper to thank the electors of Ward 4 for the generous support given me during my aldermanic candidature, and trust that my actions in council may prove worthy of the confidence placed in me by electing me as their representative with such a large vote. Sincerely yours, R. C. VAUGHAN.

Acknowledgement

The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, gratefully acknowledge their debt of gratitude to all those whose generosity rendered possible the maintaining of so many poor during the past year. The numerous Christmas offerings showed that the citizens hearkened to the angels' chant of "Peace on earth to men of good will," and were prompted to do their share in promoting the happiness of the friendless. The Sisters pray that each remembrance may be a plea before the Celestial Throne in behalf of the donors and bring down on them and their family choicest blessings from the treasury of the Infant Saviour.

The more like a woman's hand the more accepted her heart.—Dobay.

HAY'S 'CASTILIAN DAYS'

A Review of the Venomous Anti-Catholic Book of Which the U. S. Secretary of State is the Author.

(Edward J. Flood, A.M., in Standard and Times.)

It may not be amiss to review at the present time the book bearing the foregoing title, by Mr. John Hay, now our Secretary of State. Adverse criticisms have appeared frequently of late, but they have not been commensurate with the gravity of the subject.

Mr. Hay was secretary to the American legation at Madrid for a year—1869-1870. His "Castilian Days" purports to be a study of the country and its people, made personally and not derived from guide books, and was first published in 1871. In his preface to the revised edition of 1890 he says: "I have therefore nothing to add to the little book. Reading it again after a lapse of many years, I find much that might have been advantageously modified or omitted. But as its merits, if it have any, are merely those of youth, so also are its faults, and they are immanent and structural; they cannot be amended without tearing the book to pieces."

Mr. Hay was born in 1838. If the matter was written while secretary of the legation, he must have been at least 31 years old, a rather remarkable "youth," surely. "By tearing the book to pieces," he must have meant eliminating the anti-Catholic portions, for in that event there would not have been enough pages left for a penny pamphlet. But he chose rather to renew the slanders of the Church than to be present at the obsequies of this "youthful" progeny of his. In view of the contents of the book, here is another fine bit from the preface: "I trust I have not too often spoken amiss of a people whose art, whose literature, whose language and whose character compelled my highest admiration, and with whom I enjoyed friendships which are among the dearest recollections of my life."

Now, as to the book proper. His first sentence is, "Madrid is a capital with malice aforethought." Not Madrid, but everything Spanish is so, "with malice aforethought," or rather Mr. Hay began his work "with malice aforethought," and never for a moment forgot his animus. Madrid is not like Vienna or Paris; the plays and music are bad, the language he does not like, the food does not suit him, and even the river is "bankrupt." He must have had a bad taste in his mouth when he wrote "Castilian Days." It is my purpose to confine myself chiefly to his strictures on the Catholic Church and I shall give numbers of the pages in parentheses to show their succession.

(10) "The flirting of intelligent fans, the flashing of those quick smiles, where eyes, teeth and lips did all their dazzling duty, and the satiric twinkling of those neat boots in the walk are harder to forget than things better worth remembering."

This giddy and impressionable "youth of thirty-one" should have been provided with a chaperon, for he got into all kinds of bad company as the quotations will show.

(23) Speaking of the Plaza Mayor of Madrid, he says: "The mind so instinctively revolts at the contemplation of those orgies of priestly brutality which have made the very name of this place redolent with the fragrance of scorched Christians, etc. It was not political brutality, but 'priestly,' and the victims were not heretics, criminals, etc., but 'Christians.'"

(24) "And the august presence of the chief priests and their idol in the form of wafers and wafer's. As all Catholics have the same worship, we are all idolaters, according to Mr. Hay."

(25) Speaking of the bill for civil marriages and the secularization of education, he says: "There is much oiling and blessing, but the fangs of the serpent are much less prompt and efficient than of old." The serpent is the Catholic Church.

(26) "I think we may be permitted to hope that the long reign of savage faith and repression is broken at last." Wonder how John Hay escaped that "savage faith"? Yes, the Church represses just such as he for calumniating their neighbors.

(35) "She is a firm believer in relics also." "When Baciocchi lay near his death, the Empress, who he would cure him, she came into his room and hung on his bedpost a little gold-embroidered sash containing (if the evidence of holy men is to be believed) a few threads of the swaddling clothes of John the Baptist. Her child-like faith wrung the last grim smile from the tortured lips of the dying courtier." Of course, John Hay was there, and must have in his possession a snapshot of that eventful scene, taken on the spot by Mr. John Hay before he was born.

(37) "The piety of the Spanish women does not prevent them from seeing some things clearly enough with their bright eyes. One of the most bigoted women in Spain recently said: 'I hesitate to let my child go to confession. The priests ask young girls such infamous questions that my cheeks burn when I think of them, after all these years.' This 'most bigoted woman' has been cavorting around the world at a wonderful rate. She appears in the pages of 'Maria Monk' and every kindred work at home and abroad since. The old lady must be getting weary of uttering this infamous calumny so persistently and so identically. Like all Mr. Hay's authorities, they are as intangible as his knowledge of Catholicity.

(37) "I stood one Christmas eve in the cold midnight wind waiting for the church doors to open for the midnight mass, the famous 'misal del gallo.' On the steps beside me sat a decent old woman with her two daughters. At last she rose and said: 'Girls, it is no use waiting any longer. The priests—' But I shall forbear to quote further from the passage. The vile innuendo here refers to the world by our cultured Secretary of State is not fit to appear in any reputable publication.

(38) The respect shown the priesthood as a body is marvelous, in view of the profligate lives of many. "There you are again, Mr. Hay, mixing up with 'profligate' priests."

(41) "Why those probes, those lancets, those multifarious drugs, when the object in view could be so much more easily obtained by the judicious application of masses and prayers?"

(45) "Cardinal de Retz saw with his eyes a man whose wooden legs were turned to capering flesh and blood by the image of the Pillar of Saragossa. As no authority is quoted, and as the Cardinal died in 1679, Mr. Hay feels comfortably safe in his treatment, for anonymous accusations are the chief stock in trade of anti-Catholic bigots of all types. Catholics believe in miracles, but it would tax their credulity to believe John Hay."

(46) "These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed."

No wonder you left Spain in a year. One of those "profligates" must have furnished you with the following description of a sick call by a priest: (43) "His labor of exhortation and confession was rarely wasted. There were few sufferers who recovered from the shock of that solemn ceremony in their chambers."

"They knew you were gullible, and gave you a fine account of an Italian war dance, which you were not shrewd enough to recognize. Yes, Mr. Hay, the administration of the last rites to the sick is indeed a 'solemn ceremony.' I have had the experience myself. I shall never forget that event. Although my mind was perfectly clear, each heart throbbing to be my last, and gladly did I welcome the three priests, who responded to the summons. The sacraments were administered, the indulgences to the dying were granted, and with saint-like fervor and fatherly solicitude they prayed more earnestly than I that God might have mercy upon me should He call me to His presence. My recovery dated from that solemn ceremony, and my heart goes out to those priests and to all their fellow-ministers of grace, who are constantly called to the bedside of the dying, and who are never known to fail to reach them if it is physically possible, and to give them the sweet consolations of their religion. There is no ceremony more soul-satisfying than this, yet Mr. Hay sees fit savagely to attack even the sacred and, to civilized people, the most momentous event in the career of man."

(44) "Why those probes, those lancets, those multifarious drugs, when the object in view could be so much more easily obtained by the judicious application of masses and prayers?"

(45) "Cardinal de Retz saw with his eyes a man whose wooden legs were turned to capering flesh and blood by the image of the Pillar of Saragossa. As no authority is quoted, and as the Cardinal died in 1679, Mr. Hay feels comfortably safe in his treatment, for anonymous accusations are the chief stock in trade of anti-Catholic bigots of all types. Catholics believe in miracles, but it would tax their credulity to believe John Hay."

(46) "These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed."

And so he continues throughout his book of 414 pages. Lest the reader may become weary, I shall skip many pages in order to show that there is no Catholic ceremony, or practice, or institution that does not furnish an opportunity for his spleen.

(65) "There were in 1626 nine thousand monasteries for men, besides nunneries. There were thirty-two thousand Dominican and Franciscan friars. In the Diocese of Seville alone there were fourteen thousand chaplains." These wonderful statistics were furnished by the British officials have never been known to tell a lie about their enemies, we must accept his word as infallibly true.

(72) "So the formula of the Church changes to the number of the process of years this lazy lout has become a great saint, and his bones have done more extensive and remarkable miracle work than any equal amount of phosphate in existence."

Let us see who this "lazy lout" was. St. Leander, the brother of St. Isidor, established a cathedral school at Seville. The latter amplified the curriculum to include liberal arts, besides law and medicine. His work, entitled "Origines," was composed of many parts, treating of grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, dialectics, music, geometry, mechanics, astronomy, jurisprudence, chronology and history, the sixth book treated of the Holy Scriptures, the seventh and eighth on God and the angels; the ninth on various nations and languages, and the remaining books treat of etymology. He presided over the Council of Toledo, in 633, at which all the Bishops of Spain were present and he required them to establish seminaries in their cathedral cities similar to the one in Seville. And he saw that this was carried into effect. These schools were public schools, too. These and many more things were done by this saint, who is brutally characterized by Mr. Hay as a "lazy lout." He died in 637, and was declared a doctor of the Church in 1828.

(130) The apparition of the Virgin to St. Ildefonso is a "idle fancy of a cunning or dreaming priest," and the veil attributed to St. Leocadia is a "rag" (191).

(206) San Christo's Church brings forth this: "The Saviour is merely a saint, and reduced to the level of the rest." "San Christo" means Holy Christ, and no Catholic would ever think of calling Christ anything but the Son of God, and women are so called. Holy God does not lower God, nor does Holy Saviour. Then why Holy Christ?

(278) So simple a thing as a Spanish proverb is made to do "stunts" for Mr. Hay. "The widespread error about the wickedness of parsons' boys has extended into Spain. 'Padre santo, hijo diablo,' they say—'father saint and son devil.' Or does this refer to the supernatural or infranatural sources from which the celibate clergy derive their heirs?"

"Widespread error" is good. No one who knows the Spanish language could distort it to refer to the Catholic clergy. It simply means that a saintly father may have a wicked son. This may not be complimentary to certain sons, but it is sometimes true.

(250) Spanish politics: "It is not so much dishonesty as it is a total absence of conscience in political matters. It is the morality of Loyola improved by Machiavel. Not only does the end justify the means, but it also justifies itself."

Another great saint is vilified, but as he was a Jesuit, of course, Mr. Hay must beslime him. There is a standing offer of \$500 for any one who can show that a Jesuit ever taught that "the end justifies the means." Mr. Hay can earn that in a very simple manner, but he, like many others of his class, seems to be pinned down to facts when facts are so liberally rewarded. As to Machiavel, if he were alive, he would recognize in Mr. Hay a paragon of truth and fair-mindedness, as the foregoing quotations amply show. Perhaps Mr. Hay is only prejudiced

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE:

78 Church St., Toronto

BRANCH "A"

522 Queen St. W. Cor. Hackney

Assets \$3,000,000

Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards.

3 1/2% Withdrawable by Cheques.

Office Hours:

9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 o'clock.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director

ed against the Church. As a "statesman" he must possess broad views so I shall give a few extracts to show the correctness of his knowledge in other respects.

(193) St. Isidor's feast day near Madrid: "The Celt is here lord of the land. These large-mouthed, short-nosed, rosy-cheeked peasant girls are called Dolores and Catalina, but they might be called Bridget and Kathleen. These strapping fellows, with long simian upper lips, with brown leggings and patched, mud-colored overcoats who are leaping and swinging their cudgels in that Pyrric round, are as good Tipperary boys as ever mobbed an agent or bound, twenty to one, a landlord to death."

(361) "The sport of cudgeling and tramping and stabbing a helpless fugitive is too tempting to be withouted by any mob of Celtic blood."

(370) "It was, perhaps, not so much sympathy as the morbid appetite for horrors, so common in the Celtic race."

As Mr. Hay's knowledge of Catholicity is taken from the "Maria Monk" variety, so his knowledge of the Celtic race is taken from the pages of "Puck" and "Judge."

He pretends, in his preface, that he always had a lingering, longing feeling to revisit Spain, but wisely did not satisfy this desire. He knew how the Spaniards treat their revilers, and he naively remarks that he has no castles in Spain to require his attention.

The edition of "Castilian Days" from which I have quoted was issued in 1890, when Mr. Hay was 52 years of age. The poisonous compound of his "youth" is again offered as a wholesome draught to the American people.

Baroness Macdonald Received by the Pope

Rome, Dec. 31.—The Pope yesterday received in private audience in his study, Baroness Macdonald, widow of the late Canadian Premier. The Pontiff, on this occasion, spoke in French for perhaps the first time in a private audience. He asked Lady Macdonald to sit next to him, saying he visit was an honor for him. The Pope said he knew how fairly her late husband treated the Canadian Catholics, and presented the Baroness with a medal bearing the Pope's head on one side and his arms on the other side. Afterwards Baroness Macdonald visited Papal Secretary Merry del Val in the famous Borgia apartment, which, she said, was the most perfect representation it was possible to imagine of an apartment of the Middle Ages.

Winter Resorts

Consult your nearest Grand Trunk Agent, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, if you desire information regarding the delightful Winter Resorts of California, Mexico, or Florida. Unexcelled service and equipment.

Sympathy from Canada

Montreal, Dec. 27.—A special despatch from Paris published in La Presse to-night gives the text of a letter signed by all the Roman Catholic Archbishops and bishops of Canada, addressed to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, expressing sympathy with the Church in France on its troubles, and hoping that the status of the Church will be again fully recognized.

The letter protests strongly against what it terms the persecution of the Roman Catholics in France.

BLAKE'S 602 Queen St. W. TORONTO

Importers and Mfrs. of Altar Furnishings Vestments Staves Catholic Books, Etc. The Best 8 day Oil and Beeswax Candles Always on Hand. PHONE PARK 322 PHONE PARK 1291

E. A. ENGLISH Real Estate 48 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO

IMPERIAL COAL
 THAT BURNS TO A WHITE ASH
 NO SLATE
 NO CLINKERS
 DELIVERED PROMPTLY
 AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES
 ONCE USED - ALWAYS USED
 PHONE NORTH 2024-2023-1801
THE IMPERIAL COAL CO.

DRESS WELL
 FOUNTAIN, "My Valet,"
 10 Adelaide West, Tel. M. 3074

THE CURE OF ARS
 Humble Peasant Priest Who is About to be Beatified.
 (Rev. F. X. M. McSweeney in Standard and Times.)

A very interesting event will take place in Rome on January 8th next. Pius X., the first Pope in three hundred years chosen from the ranks of labor to this first dignity in the world, is going to beatify, that is, raise to the honors of the altar, another laborer, the Cure d'Arts, the first parish priest who, remaining in this office till the end and dying a natural death, obtained official recognition of sainthood.

This enrollment among the saints is a legal act, requiring long, careful and expensive preliminaries, such as taking of testimony regarding the life of the party, salaries of clerks, printing, correspondence, fees of counsel, honoraria of judges, etc. No one can be beatified, no matter how holy his life may seem to have been, unless miracles are performed through his intercession after his death, and those miracles must stand the closest scrutiny, made with the aid of medical and other specialists, as to their exceeding the powers of nature and being referable to God alone, who thus testifies to the present holiness and entrance into glory of His servant and friend.

The process, in fact, is so long, so complicated and so costly that it is usually only organizations such as the Jesuits, the Franciscans, etc., that can as a rule, who preserve the records and traditions of those of their members who have been remarkable for exceptional holiness. Nay, even some of those "orders," as they are called, seem to object to the distraction incidental to promoting the canonization of their heroes; and so the rigid Carthusian monks, though belonging, as Cardinal Vaughan says, "to the highest state of contemplatives, have but few canonized saints," and the great Benedictine order has had no saint canonized for five hundred years, nor the Sisters of Charity during their glorious existence of two and a half centuries.

Be it as it may, the poor, lonely parish priest of a village has evidently slight chance of reaching this summit of earthly glory, and this, with the fact that another parish priest, the first in many centuries raised to the throne of Peter, is the instrument in the case, will, I trust, make a sketch of his career interesting to our readers.

John Baptist Viauney, as he was called, was of peasant birth and upbringing. His character was excellent, and he was admitted to study for the ministry; but his talents were so inferior that he was three times rejected by the examiners. His moral qualities, however, were so highly spoken of that at last the Bishop consented to ordain him, and sent him as assistant to the pastor who had strongly recommended his elevation to the priesthood. His life was of the most heroic kind. For forty years after assuming spiritual charge of the little French village he entered the small, poor and ill-furnished church every morning at 2 o'clock, and remained there—with necessary interruptions, for outside duties—praying, preaching and ministering to the spiritual wants of his people and the multitudes that in the course of time came to him from all parts until 11 o'clock at night. The ceiling of the little edifice is about 15 feet high; the width of the nave about 20, with some 10 or 15 feet extra on either side under the clerestories, where are four side chapels; the length from door to sanctuary rail about 90 feet. A little pulpit rises at the side of the sanctuary about 6 feet from the floor. This always attracts the attention of priests, and makes them realize the extreme mortification of the cure, who, of course, suffered more from the thick atmosphere the higher he was raised in the crowded and ill-ventilated building.

The sacristy off the left of the altar is a little room about 8 feet square, and it was here that every day for forty years, from before dawn to near midnight he heard confessions. The confessional is still to be seen, and he must have made it himself, for a plainer and more

uncomfortable stool of repentance before confessing their sins, and the holy man himself suffered as they did and more. Yet the highest intellects of Europe knelt there before the shepherd's son; the beauty and culture of France, Italy, Ireland, England, Spain, Germany, Poland, prostrated themselves here after hours or even days of waiting to obtain the boon of telling their sins and pouring their troubles into the sympathetic, merciful ear of the humble village pastor.

Listen to the testimony that some of the visitors to Ars give of their experiences. It is taken from the life of the cure by Father Monnin, one of his assistants when the increasing work made it necessary for him to have them. "We once heard," writes the abbe, "a distinguished but somewhat skeptical philosopher exclaim in his enthusiasm: 'I do not believe anything like this has been seen since the stable at Bethlehem.' A celebrated poet was so overcome with emotion at the cure's presence that the words escaped him unawares: 'I have never seen God so near.' Another distinguished pilgrim said: 'The Cure of Ars is the very model of the childhood which Jesus loved; therefore is it that God is with him.'"

One of the most famous painters of France stayed about several days trying to get a perfect sketch of his features. "It has been one of the great blessings of my life," he said afterwards, "to know of Cure d'Arts, we must have seen the saint to be able to paint them." "What did I see at Ars?" replied a prominent author to one who inquired of him. "I saw John in the wilderness! I was one of the eighty thousand people or so that went there last year. People tell me of marvelous things that go on at Ars. I doubt not the power of God; it is as great in the nineteenth century as in the first day of Christianity. I am convinced that the prayers of the holy priest can obtain surprising and even miraculous cures; but to recognize the presence of the supernatural there I have no need of all this. The great miracle of Ars is the laborious and penitential life of its cure. That a man can do what he does and do it every day without growing weary or sinking under it is what surpasses my comprehension, this is to me the miracle of miracles."

The cure was born in 1786, and died in 1859. He was declared venerable in 1872, and now, forty-five years after his death, when all danger of undue influence has been removed by the deaths of those who knew and might be disposed to favor him excessively, he is to be raised to the altar on the cold record only of his virtues. In spite of all his ascetic habits in what regards eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise in the open air, he lived in constant, almost uninterrupted, mental and bodily activity to the age of 73 years, and full of days and works departed to the Lord. His life has been written by Father Monnin, as I have said, and also by an English Protestant lady, Gerakine. Both the books make delightful reading. Indeed, there is no reading more delightful than the lives of those real heroes and admirable men and women, friends and favored children of God, the saints.

I will not anticipate further the profit and pleasure in store for those who procure one of the lives of the cure, with its account of his plain food, poor lodging and attire and under simplicity, nay, hard poverty, of his long career, of his wondrous influence for good and the marvels that God worked in his favor, but will close my letter with this statement: I visited the house in which the cure lived and died, and saw some of his blood preserved in a small vial. It was perfectly liquid, as one perceived when the vessel was moved, and had the rich, dark look, with the bubbles, I noticed in that which St. Januarius shed fifteen hundred years ago for the truth, and which liquefies annually in Naples on September 19. My visit to Ars was on the first Sunday of October, 1880, twenty-one years after the cure's death.

STRATFORD CORRESPONDENCE
 Mr. J. P. Mabee, K.C., Stratford's leading lawyer, has decided to locate permanently in Toronto. He has taken up partnership with one of Toronto's leading law firms. Mr. and Mrs. Mabee's many friends here will regret to hear of their intended departure from the Classic City. That Mr. Mabee's success is assured we have no doubt. His record as a lawyer of prominence is well known throughout Canada. Stratford citizens wish Mr. and Mrs. Mabee every success in their new home. The Register joins in welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Mabee to Toronto.

The nominations for Separate School Trustees for 1905-06 took place in the board room of the city hall on Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1904. Dr. J. A. Devlin, returning officer, received the following nominations and declared the result to be as follows: The trustees are: Avon Ward, Rev. Chas. B. McGee, P.P. E. J. Kneiff, Falstaff Ward, John Duggan, Hamlet Ward, M. J. Deylin, Romeo Ward, T. F. Quirk, Shakespeare Ward, John Nelligan.

Mr. Frank J. Carlin, of Chicago, is visiting at the parental roof, Hibernian street.

Miss Kathleen Sullivan of Chicago, authoress, is home on a visit to her parents on Forman Ave.

HEADACHE
 Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
AJAX AND NEURALGIA CURE
 No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Takes no action, and does not hurt. All dealers or direct from
 American & O. Toronto, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND

T. P. O'Connor appraises the immediate prospect in view of Land Purchase
 (Written for The Register.)

The present condition of Ireland is occupying a good deal of attention and a number of magazine articles on that subject have recently appeared written by prominent Irishmen. In the October Cosmopolitan is an article on "The Immediate Future of Ireland," by Mr. F. G. O'Connor, M.P. In this article, as in all of a similar character that have appeared recently, considerable space is devoted to the emigration problem, and it is easy to see that the Irish leaders are discouraged by their failure to stem the tide of emigration which has not once ceased flowing during the past sixty years. Mr. O'Brien presents the question upon which he writes from two points of view, that of the optimist and that of the pessimist. He says: "The optimist could point to the long succession of victories which the Irish cause has gained since the memorable hour, when Michael Davitt, standing on the site of the cottage in which he was born and which he had seen as it was being burnt to the ground as at four years of age he left the shores of his native country, raised the standard of the Land League, and since Parnell, then a rising young parliamentarian of uncertain future, rallied to the new movement and brought it on the floor of the House of Commons. When Davitt and Parnell thus started the new campaign for the reconquest by the Celt of the land of Ireland, the tenant was still a serf. He could be evicted at the caprice of his landlord, he could have his rent raised, he could be driven to the poll to vote for his oppressor. The representation of Ireland was still in the hands of a small minority of the people, and when Parnell raised the flag of the new movement in the House of Commons, he had not thirty members out of the entire one hundred and one who were ready to follow him. The local government of the country was still entirely in the hands of the landlord minority. In the courthouse they formed, or they created the jurist before which the poor of classes between them and their tenants was tried. They had the entire local government of the counties in their hands. Now the representation of Ireland, election after election, five times within these twenty years, have returned more than eighty out of the one hundred and one to fight strenuously for Home Rule; the landlord has no power to evict or to raise rent; he has been driven from every place of power; in the county councils which have taken his place as the governing body of the Irish counties he has scarcely a representative outside of one or two counties in the north-east of Ireland. Last year, finally deprived of social, political and of class power, the landlord got his final chance of giving up his last rights to the property he managed, and it is now in his power to draw on the British Treasury for all the money that is necessary to buy out his rights."

This is a great advance made in a quarter of a century. Now let Mr. O'Connor show us the prospect from the pessimist's point of view. "Taking the last point first, namely, the Land Purchase Act of last year, the pessimist can draw attention to the fact that the fight over the land cannot be said to be finished so long as the amount the landlords want to get, and that which the tenants are ready to give remain so wide apart as they are at the present moment. . . . But whether the minority was or was not some months ago, the fact is indisputable that at the present moment the landlords are in the worst of moods. Unfortunately on some of the estates the tenants have played into their hands, and we have the astonishing result of the Land Purchase Act of last year, which gave the landlords the inducement of four or five years' additional purchase at the hands of the state, that the landlords instead of leasing, have enormously increased the number of years' purchase they demand for their holdings. There are cases where landlords have asked and have even got twenty-nine years purchase—including the bonus—for land which a few years ago they were ready to sell for eighteen years' purchase. And the pessimist can go on to point out that in spite of all those manifold and vast victories won by the tenant in the last quarter of a century, the last state of Ireland may seem to be worse than the first. Lunacy is increasing; the marriage rate is lower in Ireland than in almost any country in Europe. High above and beyond all these things which are symptoms of grave national decadence, there is the appalling fact that the drain of the population goes on continually. And finally, still continuing his protest the pessimist may call attention to the present condition in English public opinion. The Irish as Catholics have had to take a position on the education question which is very offensive to English Nonconformists, and English nonconformity formed the backbone of the British movement in favor of Home Rule. Their strong hostility to a war, which they regarded as irreligious, brought down on Irishmen the hatred of another section of the English people during the fight with the Boers. And finally, Lord Rosbery, once the head of the Liberal Party and once a strong Home Ruler, has made speeches the main purpose of which seemed to be the abandonment of Home Rule by the Liberal Party." It must be confessed that Mr. O'Connor has made out a strong case from the pessimist's point of view; the greed of the landlords which prevents an agreement between them and their tenants settling on a fair price which shall be paid for the land, the cooling of enthusiasm for Home Rule on the part of Liberals, and the emigration problem which threatens to dissipate and nullify all the victories that have been gained during the past twenty-five years. The author goes on, however, to announce himself as looking at the matter from the point of view of the optimist. He mentions in support of this view the following facts: the unwieldiness of the landlords whose extortionate demands he expects will arouse a storm of popular resentment and then, in their fright, they will considerably lessen

their demands; the Irish people are themselves united for the first time since the death of Parnell, and lastly, a change of government which the writer of the article believes is certain to take place at the next election, and which government, he thinks, will be in favor of Home Rule. He also enumerates as a factor in the question the present friendly feeling existing between the United States and Great Britain. He believes that, rather than incur the resentment and active dislike of the Irish in the United States, the English people would be willing to grant a reasonable share of Home Rule to Ireland. The article closes with the following sentiment: "With our population fleeing from our shores after all our heart-breaking delays, with the desperate situation of our country, with centuries behind us of struggle, of oppression, of waiting, we cannot allow any party to regard our demand as one of those vague ideals which men dream about and do not seek to realize."
 W. O'C.

Karn Piano Unsurpassed
 Rockland, April 26, 1902.
 The D. W. Karn Co., Limited,
 197 Sparks street, Ottawa:

Dear Sirs,—We are enthusiastic over the Karn pianos we purchased from your branch store, we have two of them and they have given the most complete satisfaction, and for durability, tone and general excellence they cannot be surpassed.
 Wishing you the continued success your piano deserves, we are,
THE GREY NUNS-OF HAWKESBURY, ONT.
 St. Sister St. Charles.

OBITUARY

MRS. JAMES BOLAND.
 At the family residence in Camp, bellford on the 16th ult., Anna Booker, relict of the late James Boland, departed this life at the age of 89 years. Mrs. Boland was one of the oldest and most respected residents of this locality. She was born in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, in January, 1816, married her late husband, James Boland, in Lreland in 1839, and came to the city of Kingston in 1842, where her husband was employed as bookkeeper during the building of the Artillery Barracks. They moved from Kingston to the Trent River district in 1844, at which time he was employed on the Board of Works, and shortly afterwards he received the appointment of postmaster at Rangey Falls, a position which he held for some years. Mr. Boland died in 1855. Surviving the late Mrs. Boland are five children—four daughters and one son, viz., Mary Ann, Olivia and Jane, residing here; Mrs. Keegan of Strathcona, Alberta; and James Boland of Detroit, Mich.
 When Mr. and Mrs. Boland moved into Seymour, the site on which Campbellford now stands, was a forest, no bridge spanned the river, and the settlers used to ford the river where the Rathburn mill now stands. Full of years and enjoying the respect of the community in which she lived, this good old lady passed away peacefully, fortified by the last sacraments of Holy Mother Church. The funeral cortege proceeded to the Roman Catholic Church of this town on the 19th ult., where a solemn high requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Whibbs, parish priest of Campbellford. After mass Father Whibbs delivered an eloquent sermon in eulogy of the virtues of the deceased. The funeral, which was largely attended, proceeded to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where all that was mortal of this good lady was laid at rest.
 R.I.P.

The Religious Life

Peterboro, Jan. 3.—At Mount St. Joseph to-day His Lordship Bishop O'Connor performed the ceremony by which nine postulants received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. He was assisted by Rev. Father Kline of Brock, in Toronto Diocese; Rev. Father O'Sullivan of Victoria road, and the clergy of St. Peter's Cathedral. The names of the postulants in the world and religion are:
 Miss Bridget Ryan, Peterboro—Sister Mary Celestine.
 Miss Anna Phelan, Pembroke—Sister Mary Hildgard.
 Miss Sarah Donlon, Sault Ste. Marie—Sister Mary Regis.
 Miss Elizabeth Markle, Thessalon—Sister Mary Constance.
 Miss Gertrude Markle, Thessalon—Sister Mary Marberta.
 Miss Mary Lonergan, Warkworth—Sister Mary Mercedes.
 Miss Helen Duci, Campbellford—Sister Mary Ursula.
 Miss Alice McCabe, Grafton—Sister Mary Mildred.
 Miss Mary Daly, Beaverton—Sister Mary Christina.

Intercolonial Railway Calendar

The Intercolonial Railway Calendar has for years been the standard of typical Canadian design and attractiveness. In the 1906 calendar just to hand the railway's trade mark, the familiar moose head, has again been adopted against a background of bird's-eye maple, making a most effective combination. No railway advertising done in Canada is more effective from a national standpoint than the calendar designing of the Intercolonial Railway.

Collections for the African Missions

In all the churches, and at all the masses on Friday the Feast of the Epiphany, the collection taken up at the offertory will be in aid of the African Missions.

Tested by Time—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parmedee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

For **SANITARY** and all other reasons use the **CLEAN, SOFT, SILKY, TOUGH**
TOILET PAPERS
 Manufactured by
EDDY
 E. B. Eddy's "COTTAGE" Toilet—12,000 sheets in four rolls, gives one year's supply for the average family—for one dollar, with nickel fixtures free.
 Other well known brands of Eddy's Toilet are—
 In rolls—"Standard", Hotel York, Mammoth, Etc.
 In sheets—"Imperial", "Royal", "Regal", "Orient", Etc.
FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

TEACHER'S WANTED

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

Shorthand 20 Lessons

Absolutely most complete and up-to-date Methods; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; indorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousands of graduates; first lesson free for stamp.

Department 51, Campaign of Education
211 Townsend Bldg.
 NEW YORK

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
 Church Bell and Chime Bells
 Best Copper and Tin Alloy
THE W. VAN DUSEN COMPANY
 Buckeye Bell Foundry
 Cincinnati, O.
 ESTABLISHED 1837

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED
H. E. ST. GEORGE LONDON ONT.

KARN PIPE ORGANS
 Next to the full orchestra the Pipe Organ furnishes the greatest possibilities for the rendition of music. Our Organs are noted for their beautiful tone, easy action and general excellence. We submit specifications and quote prices on application.
 Address,
THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED
 Mfrs. of Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Piano Players
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

NOTICE
 TENDERS will be received by the Department of Inland Revenue until February 1, 1905, from parties desirous of entering into a three years' contract for the supply of Wood Naptha to be used in the manufacture of Methylated Spirits. Each tender must state the price per standard gallon of a strength not less than 67 Over Proof by Sykes' Hydrometer and of a quality to be approved by the Department.
 Each tender must have marked on the envelope "Tender for Wood Naptha" and must be addressed to the Deputy Minister of Inland Revenue.
 By order,
WM. HIMSWORTH,
 Secretary.
 Inland Revenue Department,
 Ottawa, 20th December, 1904.

CANCER
 Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Strichs; no inconvenience. Write for book.
Southern Cancer Sanatorium
 7250 E. Monument St. Baltimore, Md.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

WHY Canada's Famous Train the "MARITIME EXPRESS"
 Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon, daily except Saturday
DOES THE BUSINESS
 between
 MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX and the SYDNEYS.
 with connection for
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND and NEWFUNDLAND

BECAUSE
 Its Dining and Sleeping Car Service is Unequaled
THAT IS WHY
 Write for time tables, fares, etc. to
Toronto Ticket Office
 51 King Street East

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Wishing You and Yours
"A Happy and Prosperous New Year"
 and
A Continuance of Your Kind Patronage
 If You Desire to Avoid the Severe Cold, Stormy Weather and take a rest in the land of The FLOWERS, FRUIT and SUNSHINE
 Viz.,
CALIFORNIA, MEXICO or FLORIDA.
 Consult your nearest Agent or address,
J. D. McDONALD,
 Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the seventeenth day of May, A.D. 1904, are hereby required on or before the 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Messrs. McBrady & O'Connor, Canada Life Building, 46 King street west, Toronto, solicitors for the Executors of the Estate of the deceased, their names and addresses with a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

And take notice further that after the said 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by the said Executors or their solicitors at the time of such distribution.
 Dated at Toronto this 10th day of December, A.D. 1904.
McBRADY & O'CONNOR,
 Solicitors for Executors.

DR. JOSEPH LOFTUS DENTIST
 114 St. Paul St. Opposite James St.
 Phone 406 ST. CATHARINES

BELLS
 steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue.
The C. S. BELL Co., Millab., O.
 100 Wedding Invitations or announcements including inside and outside envelopes \$2.50. Samples mailed free.
WALTON ENGRAVING CO.
 706 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Do you wish to bat peace? Think less of yourself and little more of God.

New Method Laundry
 Limited
 2407-100 Parliament St.
 Toronto.
 Phone—Main 4546 and Main 8943

A PEARL NECKLACE

"Just try a spoonful of this soup, Miss Courtney, and a bit of the breast of the chicken, do now," Mrs. Mahon urged, and Hilda Courtney raised herself from the well-worn sofa on which she lay at the entreaty of her kindly Irish landlady.

"I will," she said, "but you must tell me who is paying for all the delicacies I have had during my illness and since. I have asked you before, but you put me off. Now Mrs. Mahon?"

Mrs. Mahon lifted a cushion that had fallen from the sofa, patted, and replaced it before she said:

"Listen to her, then! Sure a sparrow would eat more than you do."

"Well, who is paying?"

"Faith, then, if you must have an answer, 'tis myself that pays for the few things—"

"Few things! Jellies, soups, wine, not to speak of constant nursing and attendance!"

"Arrah, what a fuss about nothing! Sure you'll soon pay it all back when you begin to give the music lessons again. Not that you should begin for a while yet," Mrs. Mahon added, hastily. "And here's one of them weekly papers about lords and ladies—I can't abide them myself. Give me the Weekly Freeman and home news for Sunday reading, and I'm satisfied. Well, well, if that's all the harm you're going to do I'll take the tray off with me."

Hilda Courtney's face wore a doleful enough look when Mrs. Mahon had closed the door behind her. Her father had been a London merchant, and his one child had been brought up to consider herself an heiress. At his death, however, he was bankrupt, and Hilda found herself obliged to earn her living. She had received an excellent musical training and some friends exerted themselves to find her pupils. For two or three years she managed to get along in a sort of fashion; but lack of nourishing food, and constant exposure to rain and cold slowly but surely broke down a none too vigorous constitution. She had no provision made for the proverbial rainy day when her illness came. Mrs. Mahon in spite of a long residence in London retained much of her Irish brogue, and all her Irish warmth of heart, and cared for the sick girl as if she were her own, and had drawn on her own scanty savings to defray the medical and other expenses of her lodger's illness.

"Mrs. Mahon must have spent a good deal upon me," Hilda thought with a sigh. "Even were I at work again I should find it difficult to repay her. I wish—oh, where's the good in wishing!" Hilda Courtney was naturally hopeful and brave, but the tears gathered and fell as she thought over her position. It was to distract her gloomy imaginings that she lifted the paper Mrs. Mahon had left. It was a weekly magazine that bore the name of the Globe, and it contained much information concerning the doings of the smart people in society. One page was devoted to the advertising of various articles—chiefly of dress or jewelry—which the owners wished to dispose of. One lady offered a set of Russian sables for half their value, another a gold watch as good as new, and so on. Hilda looked at the list of articles offered for sale, and suddenly started. A flush of color rose to her pale cheeks as she opened a drawer and took from it a small wooden box. The box contained a pearl necklace.

"I never thought of it!" she exclaimed. "The one wedding present I was forced to keep. Walter's aunt must have paid a good deal for it. If I could dispose of it! Perhaps if I advertised it in the Globe I might find a purchaser."

She fingered the stones lovingly. Two years before her father's death she had been engaged to be married to Walter Leigh. The wedding day was fixed, the wedding guests invited, when the match was broken off. "I don't like anything with it," she said aloud. "But I must. It is the only article of value I possess."

The advertisement she wrote out duly appeared in the weekly periodical; and a few days later Hilda received a letter signed Mary Dunstable, and dated from a fashionable London square. The writer mentioned a firm of bankers as reference, and asked to have the necklace forwarded on approval. Hilda managed to convey her parcel to the nearest post office, and registered it. The day was wet, and the first result of her walk was a cold that she found it difficult to shake off. Mrs. Mahon scolded and lamented, and was extremely indignant at Hilda's action.

"If I had known what you'd be up to I should have thought twice before buying that trashy paper," she said. "Like as not you'll never see your necklace nor its value. The world's full of swindlers."

In the meantime the necklace journeyed first to Miss Dunstable's London home, and from there to the country house she was visiting. She opened the box at the Woodside breakfast table, and gave a little cry of rapture. Her hostess, a sweet-faced woman of about sixty, looked up from the letter she was reading, and the only other person at the table raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Mary Dunstable explained to Walter Leigh and his aunt.

"Isn't it lovely? Oh, it must be worth much more money than is asked for it. Must it not, Mrs. Leigh?"

Mrs. Leigh took the necklace in her hands and examined it. Walter gave his attention to his ham and eggs, till Mrs. Leigh in her turn gave a surprised cry, and turned to him.

"Walter, do you recognize this?"

"Is it Mary's necklace, aunt?" The gentleman held out his hand. "Why, it surely is the one you gave—Hilda!"

"It is, I am quite certain. Aunt and nephew looked at each other. "Have you seen it before?" Mary Dunstable asked. "It isn't stolen property, is it?"

"No, no," Mrs. Leigh answered hastily. "May I see the letter that accompanied the necklace?"

"The speaker handed on Catherine had received from Hilda. It was a postcard. That lady read it in some difficulties. "Trade amongs," she said, "of such stuff is heard somewhere that hospital authorities unprovided for not allow it." "It doesn't matter now," she said, "it's dead."

"The next day she was in the city, and from the table, and

Pandora Range

Strong Grates

"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.D.



"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Leigh said. "He hasn't got over it yet. Of course you don't understand, Mary. It all happened when you were in the school-room."

"That isn't so long ago," Mary Dunstable laughed.

"No. You know that Walter's mother and I married two brothers. Poor Clara died when her second baby was born. Both Walter and Julian were, naturally enough, often here."

"Where is Julian?" she asked.

"He is dead, my dear. I am afraid we all combined to spoil him, and when he grew up he gave his father much trouble. He gambled and lost. He was very pleasant and fascinating when he pleased, and was, I am sure, more weak than wicked. His father paid his debts for him time after time. In the end he went to Australia and died there."

There was a silence, which Mary Dunstable broke by asking, while a flush rose to her clear olive cheek:

"About Walter—and this Hilda?"

"Oh, it was of that I meant to speak. Walter was engaged some years ago to Hilda Courtney. Her father was supposed to be very wealthy, and Hilda was a very beautiful and accomplished girl."

"Why was the engagement broken off?" Mary Dunstable knew very well why Mrs. Leigh had invited her to meet her nephew; and she was not at all averse to fall in with the elder lady's plan.

"The details of the marriage were all arranged. It was to take place at Leigh Hall by the express desire of Walter's father. A week or so before the wedding day some valuable family jewels were stolen. They were taken one evening when we were all at dinner except Hilda, who was in her room with a headache. Some of the servants caught a glimpse of the thief, and one declared Miss Courtney had spoken to him. Hilda did not deny the truth of the maid's statement; but she refused utterly to say anything of the matter. Walter begged her to speak, but she kept obstinately silent. Both Walter and she were hot-tempered and young, my dear. They quarreled bitterly, and the match was broken off. Hilda wished me to take back the necklace you have there, and which I had given her. With much difficulty I induced her to keep it. I was very fond of the girl," Mrs. Leigh sighed.

"Was the thief found out?"

"No, nor were the jewels recovered. Walter and his father were anxious to find them. There were circumstances connected with them which made them of double value in their eyes."

"And Miss Courtney?"

"Passed out of our lives. We heard of her father's death from some one. Walter has ever since had a prejudice against all feminine society—that is, till lately."

"Mary Dunstable carried the necklace to her room. She was trying to fasten its clasp around her neck when she upset the box which it had come in, and the velvet bottom fell out. She stooped to pick it up, and saw that a thin sheet of paper also lay on the ground, and unthinkingly she opened it, reading the first words of a letter written five years before. It began:

"Dear Hilda: You are a brick, but I promise you I shall turn over a new leaf when I reach the Southern continent. I will, indeed. You know I couldn't give back the family gewgaws. What use were they to Walter or my father? If any one feels their loss it will be you, and I know you won't grudge them to me."

The girl read so far, and then let the paper drop from her hand. Then she lifted it and turned to the last page. It was signed "Julian Leigh."

"So it was Walter's brother who took the jewels; and Miss Courtney would not say who the thief was, though she lost Walter thereby. A sad little smile passed over the girl's face. "Well, he may be restored to her. If I don't put this letter out of my possession at once I may be tempted to destroy it. So here goes."

Mary read the library in response to its occupant's impatient "Come in," and Walter rose from his seat not too readily.

"Look!" Mary held out the letter. "It was in the box with the necklace. Oh, read it, read it!" Walter was handing back the paper. "It concerns you. Read it. I suppose she did not know the letter was in the box. Don't be absurd, but read it."

Mary rushed from the room. She was not seen by any of the household till luncheon time. She felt she had acted rightly, yet her eyes were suspiciously red when she joined Mrs. Leigh at table. The lady bestowed her entire attention on her plate.

"Oh, yes," she said, hurriedly. "Walter told me. He's off to London. Poor Hilda! Yet she ought to have spoken—she shouldn't do things in one's own hands." Mrs.

A MARKED PASSAGE

If I could tell you how the sun comes a-neighboring through my shop window, afternoons, and how it puts a patch on this calfskin soul of mine and makes me tap more blithely, then I could tell you how cheery love has been to me. But if I could handle such slippery pegs as words, if I could hammer them in as easily as I do these wooden ones, I'd think I'd be sitting here in Main street cobbling shoes?"

"Cobbling shoes?" one lady said to me. "Dear me, such a smelly business!"

Even so, my nose has ceased a bit with long wearing, has sort of tanned itself in the leathery airs of my small shop. Then, too, I hold a pipe convenient to my nostrils and smoke a mixture stronger than leather. I chose it purposely, a kind of substitute—to please my customers.

Yes, I'm a cobbler. You can see for yourself my bowed shoulders. How many shoes d'ye think I'd have mended, had I kept a stiff spine in my back? How you—you, too, I'll bet, have the marks of your calling. Give me your hand. Look at the ink on your fingers!"

I'm a cobbler—one of the last. Shoes are too cheap these days to fetch much mending. The trade is dying, though it makes no odds to me. Short as its time is, mine is shorter. I'm an old man now—an old cracked boot of a man, uppers warped and wrinkled, run down at the heel, half-soled so often I'm only fit for the ash-heap. You wouldn't think I was ever red-topped and copper-toed with a boy in me.

Here I go rambling—from love to cobbling. You'd know I was a child again. Love—it's love, I tell you, makes these last rheumatic years worth living. I have a daughter, never a man had a better than Mina. She came late to me—wife went early—and now there's Mina and Mina's Jim."

Mina was only fifteen when she first met Jim—age when they wear long braids and their skirts to their ankles, and boys walk home with them after school and hang about and giggle at the gate. Well, I scowled at Jim. Jim, little cuss, didn't flinch a mite, but—

"How d'ye do, Mr. Sniffin?" says he, as big as life and twice as natural. It made me huffy, but I kind of liked it in Jim.

"Mina," says I one night, clearing my throat to soften what I had to sputter. "Mina, you're—don't you think—pretty young for this here—hanging round with Jim?"

"Daddie," says she, and her face all flushed, "you forget I am 'most sixteen."

"Fifteen's young, Mina, ain't it?" says I.

"I'm in High School," says she. "Besides, there's no harm in Jim."

"I don't doubt that," says I, "but remember—remember," says I, "you're all the little girl I'll ever have, Mina."

"Daddie," says she, and I'm blessed if she wasn't crying in my arms, poor little thing. Well, that was the beginning of Jim.

I didn't spy or pry, but I watched unbeknown to them, and it was as pretty a sight as you ever saw. I tell you, to see them plotting and planning at the gate—Jim on one foot, then on the other, or walking cracks—Mina beaming, but awful prim. Prim—oh, my! that wasn't the name for it, the way she'd hold up her little round head—sweet little head with the brown hair brushed straight back from her white forehead, and her eyes modest and shining, and her little red mouth just so. Could I blame Jim?

Leigh was thinking of Mary as well as Hilda. "I am going to pay some calls, Mary. Will you come?"

"Yes, certainly," Mary answered promptly.

That same evening Mrs. Mahon was astonished not a little by the arrival of a visitor for Miss Courtney. She eyed the gentleman doubtfully.

"Miss Courtney isn't at all well," she said, "and I don't know if your visit might be pleasant to her or not."

Walter Leigh smiled. "I don't think it will be unpleasant—at least I hope not," he said, and Mrs. Mahon moved aside, and pointed to the staircase.

"The door at the top of the landing," she said. "Now I trust I've done right!"

Mrs. Mahon was satisfied on that point when, an hour later, she was introduced to Mr. Leigh.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for all your kindness to Hilda," he said, holding her hand in a warm clasp. "I have just given her three days in which to prepare for our wedding. Magdalena Rock, in Beniger's Magazine."

And then to watch them, apart just kind of dreaming—dreaming those lovely secrets that the whole blundered world could read, easy, in their eyes. Didn't just happen to strike them, somehow, that Old Man Sniffin had ever been there, beforehand—ever hung around gates or dreamed any secrets. But how could they know? Pshaw! how many now—how many of us old folks act or talk as if we were ever young?"

Miss Jenks was worried—Miss Jenks lived next door.

"Mr. Sniffin," says she, "did you know Mina was a-hanging around with Jim?"

"Well, I have noticed something or other," says I.

"Noticed? Something or other?" says she, gasping. "But what are you going to do about it, Mr. Sniffin?"

"Well, as to that," says I, "you'll have to ask Mina," says I, scratching my head.

"Ask Mina!" said she. "Aren't you her father?" says she, scornfully.

"True," says I.

"Then," says she, "will you not put a stop to what's going on beneath your very nose?"

"That's it," says I. "I kind of thought, Miss Jenks," says I, "that beneath my nose was better than behind my back," says I.

"But that isn't the point," says she. "It oughtn't to go on at all," says she. "And what's more, Mr. Sniffin, since Mina hasn't a mother or an elder friend or anybody," says she, "to guide and guard her, I'm going to speak to her," says she. "That is, if you don't forbid me, Mr. Sniffin."

"Oh, no," says I; "but—"

"But what?" says she.

"Nothing," says I.

And the next time I saw Miss Jenks:

"Mr. Sniffin," says she, snapping-turtly, with her eyes blazing, "I never dreamed," says she, "that such a sweet-looking girl as Mina could be so impudent," says she, and flounced away before I could get a word in edgewise."

"Mina," says I, that evening, "was Miss Jenks speaking to you recently?" says I, soft-like, so as not to startle her.

"She was," says Mina, also snapping-turtly.

"And were you," says I—"did you do it?"

"I did," says she.

"I kind of—thought so," says I. "Ought you, do you think, darling?" says I. "Miss Jenks is an old—"

"Fool, fool, fool!" cried she stamping her foot, and her cheeks the color of red geraniums.

"I wouldn't, darling. You'll break the dishes," says I. "And there's the door bell."

"Why," says Mina, beaming again, "I declare—if it isn't Jim."

Now I liked Jim plain, honest school-boy, great-hand to argue. He and I, and Mina, would sit there evenings by the fire, and—

"Jim," I'd say, "how's the election?"

"Well," he'd say, "Cleveland'll win."

"Think so?"

"Know so."

"Well, you're wrong, Jim."

And then we'd have it—Great Scott!—hot and heavy, back and forth, right and left, and he was level, Jim was, and he'd debated, Jim had, in school, and had the dates down fine. Well, we'd sit there and argue—I a smoking between times and Jim a-laying down the law with his hand and Mina—Mina sewing and taking it all in, and calming us when it got too hot, and yawning when it got too deep. Why, many's the time we've sat and argued till the clock struck eleven—yes, and Jim he'd rise and say:

"Well, good-night, Mr. Sniffin—but Cleveland'll win."

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO.

If You wish to try the Best Bread Made in Toronto Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 6 Cents.

H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery 420-22-24-26 Bathurst St. TORONTO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale TORONTO ONTARIO

Recipes for Leftovers IF YOU ARE RENTING

Turkey leftovers always abound in the larder at this season. For a breakfast or luncheon dish a simple mince of any kind of poultry served in cream sauce is tasty. If there is a shortage in meat, help it out with bread crumbs. Make a cupful of white sauce by the usual rule a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper. Stir in a cupful and a half of the minced meat or a cupful of the meat and half a cupful of bread crumbs. Season to taste, heat thoroughly and turn over hot toast. A cupful of turkey stock made by boiling the turkey bones in water for two hours may be used for the sauce instead of milk. To vary the flavor, a minced green pepper may be added if all the meat be used.

A savory leftover dish is made of cold chicken, turkey or lamb minced with a green pepper, moistened with stock, filled into a potato ring and baked until the ring is delicately browned. It should go to the table in the baking dish. For the ring, mash hot potatoes, put them through a vegetable press, stir into them melted butter, salt and pepper to taste and a beaten egg. Arrange the mixture around the outside of a dish and fill the centre with the meat.

Scalloped turkey is another device for utilizing left-overs. Make a sauce of a cupful of turkey stock, a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper. Butter a baking dish and sprinkle the bottom with cracker crumbs. Over it put a layer of the meat cut in small pieces. Dot with bits of butter, add a layer of cracker crumbs and put over it another layer of meat. Continue in this way until the dish is full. Pour the sauce over it, cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake. The scallop may be baked and served in individual ramekins.

For turkey soup, break the turkey skeleton into pieces, put with it all the dry ends of the meat, cover them with cold water and cook slowly for three hours. Strain and cool the soup and remove the fat that forms on the top. Season to taste.

Turkey salad may be made in the same way as chicken salad. Cut the meat into small pieces and add to it half as much celery cut into bits. Marinate the mixture with a French dressing with which a drop or two of onion juice has been mixed. Let it stand for an hour or so. Then drain, arrange on lettuce leaves, cover with mayonnaise and garnish with capers, olives and beets. Whipped cream blended with the mayonnaise improves the salad.

The only way to even up this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do painting in all its branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first classwork. Solicit a trial.

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. EDWARD DEWETTE - PROPRIETOR

IMPERIAL COAL
 THAT BURNS TO A WHITE ASH
 NO SLATE
 NO CLINKERS
 DELIVERED PROMPTLY
 AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES
 ONCE USED - ALWAYS USED.
 PHONE NORTH 2032-2063-1901
THE IMPERIAL COAL CO.

DRESS WELL
 First thing talk business and you'll
 be wearing. Don't buy expensive
 suits—get no redneck your
 old ones.
FOUNTAIN, "My Valet,"
 Cleaning and Repairing of Clothes.
 30 Adelaide West. Tel. M. 3074

THE CURE OF ARS

Humble Peasant Priest Who is About to be Beatified.

(Rev. F. X. M. McSweeney in Standard and Times.)

A very interesting event will take place in Rome on January 8th next. Pius X., the first Pope in three hundred years chosen from the ranks of labor to this first dignity in the world, is going to beatify, that is, raise to the honors of the altar, another laborer, the Cure d'Ars, the first parish priest who, remaining in this office till the end and dying a natural death, obtained official recognition of sainthood.

This enrollment among the saints is a legal act, requiring long, careful and expensive preliminaries, such as taking of testimony regarding the life of the party, salaries of clerks, printing, correspondence, fees of counsel, honoraria of judges, etc. No one can be beatified, no matter how holy his life may seem to have been, unless miracles are performed through his intercession after his death, and these miracles must stand the closest scrutiny, made with the aid of medical and other specialists, as to their exceeding the powers of nature and being referable to God alone, who thus testifies to the present holiness and entrance into glory of His servant and friend.

The process, in fact, is so long, so complicated and so costly that it is usually only organizations such as the Jesuits, the Franciscans, etc., that can as a rule, who preserve the records and traditions of those of their members who have been remarkable for exceptional holiness. Nay, even some of those "orders," as they are called, seem to object to the distraction incidental to promoting the canonization of their heroes; and on the rigid Cartesian summit of earthly glory, and this, with the fact that another parish priest, the first in many centuries raised to the throne of Peter, is the instrument in the case, will, I trust, make a sketch of his career interesting to our readers.

John Baptist Vianney, as he was called, was of peasant birth and upbringing. His character was excellent, and he was admitted to study for the ministry; but his talents were so inferior that he was thrice rejected by the examiners. His moral qualities, however, were so highly spoken of that at last the Bishop consented to ordain him, and sent him as assistant to the pastor who had strongly recommended his elevation to the priesthood. His life was of the most heroic kind. For forty years after assuming spiritual charge of the little French village he entered the small, poor and ill-furnished church every morning at 2 o'clock, and remained there—with necessary interruptions, for outside duties—praying, preaching and ministering to the spiritual wants of his people and the multitude that in their course of time came to him from all parts until 11 o'clock at night. The ceiling of the little edifice is about 15 feet high; the width of the nave about 20, with some 10 or 15 feet extra on either side under the clerestories, where are four side chapels; the length from door to sanctuary rail about 40 feet. A little pulpit rises at the side of the sanctuary about 6 feet from the floor. This always attracts the attention of priests, and makes them realize the extreme mortification of the cure, who, of course, suffered more from the thick atmosphere the higher he was raised in the crowded and ill-ventilated building.

The sacristy off the left of the altar is a little room about 8 feet square, and it was here that every day for forty years, from before dawn to near midnight he heard confessions. The confessional is still to be seen, and he must have made it himself, for a plainer and more

uncomfortable stool of repentance before confessing their sins, and the holy man himself suffered as they did and more. Yet the highest intellects of Europe knelt there before the shepherd's son, the beauty and culture of France, Italy, Ireland, England, Spain, Germany, Poland, prostrated themselves before him for even days of waiting to obtain the boon of telling their sins and pouring their troubles into the sympathetic, merciful ear of the humble village pastor.

Listen to the testimony that some of the visitors to Ars give of their experiences. It is taken from the life of the cure by Father Monnin, one of his assistants when the increasing work made it necessary for him to have them. "We once heard," writes the abbe, "a distinguished but somewhat skeptical philosopher exclaim in his enthusiasm: 'I do not believe anything like this has been seen since the stable at Pethlehem.' A celebrated poet was so overcome with emotion at the cure's presence that the words escaped him unawares: 'I have never seen God so near.' Another distinguished pilgrim said: 'The Cure of Ars is the very model of the childhood which Jesus loved; therefore is it that God is with him.'"

One of the most famous painters of France stayed about several days trying to get a perfect sketch of his features. "It has been one of the great blessings of my life," he said afterwards, "to know of Cure d'Ars; we must have seen the saints to be able to paint them." "What did I see at Ars?" replied a prominent author to one who inquired of him. "I saw John in the wilderness! I was one of the eighty thousand people or so that went there last year. People tell me of marvelous things that go on at Ars. I doubt not the power of God; it is as great in the nineteenth century as in the first day of Christianity. I am convinced that the prayers of the holy priest can obtain surprising and even miraculous cures; but to recognize the presence of the supernatural there I have no need of all this. The great miracle of Ars is the laborious and penitential life of its cure. That a man can do what he does, and do it every day without growing weary or sinking under it, what surpasses my comprehension; this is to me the miracle of miracles."

The cure was born in 1786, and died in 1859. He was declared venerable in 1872, and now, forty-five years after his death, when all danger of undue influence has been removed by the deaths of those who knew and might be disposed to favor him excessively, he is to be raised to the altar on the cold record only of his virtues. In spite of all his ascetic habits in what regards eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise in the open air, he lived in constant, almost uninterrupted, mental and bodily activity to the age of 73 years, and full of days and works departed to the Lord. His life has been written by Father Monnin, as I have said, and also by Protestant writers, Mr. Geraldine. Both the books make delightful reading. Indeed, there is no reading more delightful than the lives of those real heroes and admirable men and women, friends and favored children of God, the saints.

I will not anticipate further the profit and pleasure in store for those who procure one of the lives of the cure, with its account of his plain, poor, lodging and attire and utter simplicity, nay, hard poverty, of his long career, of his wondrous influence for good and the marvels that God worked in his favor, but will close my letter with this statement: I visited the house in which the cure lived and died, and saw some of his blood preserved in a small vial. It was perfectly liquid, as one perceived when the vessel was moved, and had the rich, dark look, with the bubbles, I noticed in that which St. Januarius shed fifteen hundred years ago for the truth, and which liquefies annually in Naples on September 19. My visit to Ars was on the first Sunday of October, 1880, twenty-one years after the cure's death.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND

T. P. O'Connor appraises the immediate prospect in view of Land Purchase

(Written for The Register.)

The present condition of Ireland is occupying a good deal of attention and a number of magazine articles on that subject have recently appeared written by prominent Irishmen. In the October Cosmopolitan is an article on "The Immediate Future of Ireland," by Mr. F. G. O'Connor, M.P. In this article, as in all of a similar character which is devoted to the emigration problem, and it is easy to see that the Irish leaders are discouraged by their failure to stem the tide of emigration which has not once ceased flowing during the past sixty years. Mr. O'Brien presents the question upon which he writes from two points of view, that of the optimist, and that of the pessimist. He says: "The optimist could point to the long succession of victories which the Irish cause has gained since the memorable hour, when Michael Davitt, standing on the site of the cottage in which he was born and which he had seen as it was being burnt to the ground as at four years of age he left the shores of his native country, raised the standard of the Land League, and since Parnell, then a rising young parliamentarian of unexampled ability, toned and general excellence they cannot be surpassed.

Wishing you the continued success your piano deserves, we are,
THE GREY NUNS OF HAWKESBURY, ONT.
 Sy Sister St. Charles.

OBITUARY

MRS. JAMES BOLAND.

At the family residence in Camp, bellford on the 16th ult., Anna Book-er, relict of the late James Boland, departed this life at the age of 83 years. Mrs. Boland was one of the oldest and most respected residents of this locality. She was born in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, in January, 1816, married her late husband, James Boland, in Ireland in 1839, and came to the city of Kingston in 1842, where her husband was employed as bookkeeper during the building of the Artillery Barracks. They moved from Kingston to the Trent River district in 1844, at which time he was employed on the Board of Works, and shortly afterwards he received the appointment of postmaster at Ranney Falls, a position which he held for some years. Mr. Boland died in 1885. Surviving the late Mrs. Boland are five children—four daughters and one son, viz. Mary Ann, Olivia and Jane, residing here; Mrs. Heegan of Strathcona, Alberta; and James Boland of Detroit, Mich.

When Mr. and Mrs. Boland moved into Seymour, the site on which Campbellford now stands, was a forest, no bridge spanned the river, and the settlers used to ford the river where the Rathbun mill now stands. Full of years and enjoying the respect of the community in which she lived, this good old lady passed away peacefully, fortified by the last sacraments of Holy Mother Church. The funeral cortege proceeded to the Roman Catholic Church of this town on the 19th ult., where a solemn high requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Whibbs, parish priest of Campbellford. After mass Father Whibbs delivered an eloquent sermon in eulogy of the virtues of the deceased. The funeral, which was largely attended, proceeded to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where all that was mortal of this good lady was laid at rest. R.I.P.

The Religious Life

Peterboro, Jan. 3.—At Mount St. Joseph to-day His Lordship Bishop O'Connor performed the ceremony by which nine postulants received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. He was assisted by Rev. Father Kline of Brock, in Toronto Diocese, Rev. Father O'Sullivan of Victoria road, and the clergy of St. Peter's Cathedral. The names of the postulants in the world and religion are:

- Miss Bridget Ryan, Peterboro—Sister Mary Celestine.
- Miss Anna Phelan, Pembroke—Sister Mary Hildegard.
- Miss Sarah Donlon, Sault Ste. Marie—Sister Mary Regis.
- Miss Elizabeth Markle, Thessalon—Sister Mary Constance.
- Miss Gertrude Markle, Thessalon—Sister Mary Mariberta.
- Miss Mary Lonergan, Warkworth—Sister Mary Mercedes.
- Miss Helen Duci, Campbellford—Sister Mary Ursula.
- Miss Alice McCabe, Grafton—Sister Mary Mildred.
- Miss Mary Daly, Beaverton—Sister Mary Christina.

Intercolonial Railway Calendar

The Intercolonial Railway Calendar for years has been the standard of typical Canadian design and attractiveness. In the 1906 calendar just to hand the railway's trade mark, the familiar moose head, has again been adopted against a background of bird's-eye maple, making a most effective combination. No railway advertising done in Canada is more effective from a national standpoint than the calendar designing of the Intercolonial Railway.

Collections for the African Missions

In all the churches, and at all the masses on Friday the Feast of the Epiphany, the collection taken up at the offertory will be in aid of the African Missions.

Tested by Time.—In his justly-celebrated Pills Dr. Parneelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in this direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

their demands; the Irish people are themselves united for the first time since the death of Parnell, and lastly, a change of government which the writer of the article believes is certain to take place at the next election, and which government, he thinks, will be in favor of Home Rule. He also enumerates as a factor in the question the present friendly feeling existing between the United States and Great Britain. He believes that, rather than incur the resentment and active dislike of the Irish in the United States, the English people would be willing to grant a reasonable share of Home Rule to Ireland. The article closes with the following sentiment: "With our population fleeing from our shores after all our heart-breaking delays, with the desperate situation of our country, with centuries behind us of struggle, of oppression, of waiting, we cannot allow any party to regard our demand as one of those vague ideals which men dream about and do not seek to realize."
 W. O'C.

Karn Piano Unsurpassed

Rockland, April 20, 1902.
 The D. W. Karn Co., Limited,
 197 Sparks street, Ottawa:

Dear Sirs,—We are enthusiastic over the Karn pianos we purchased from your branch store, we have two of them and they have given the most complete satisfaction, and for brilliancy, tone and general excellence they cannot be surpassed.

Wishing you the continued success your piano deserves, we are,
THE GREY NUNS OF HAWKESBURY, ONT.
 Sy Sister St. Charles.

TEACHERS WANTED

For Roman Catholic Separate School Section No. 6, Toronto Gore, for the year 1905. State qualifications and salary expected. Address trustees, T. Byrne, E. O'Reilly, G. Egan, Wildfield P.O., Ont.

Female Teacher wanted for SS. No. 1, Nichol. Duties commence after holidays. State salary and experience. Address Michael Duggan, Marden P.O., Ont.

For SS. No. 21. State salary. Applications received up till the 20th. Apply P. CAVANAGH, Secretary, Weston, Ont.

Shorthand 20 Lessons

Absolutely most complete and up-to-date Methods; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; indorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousands of graduates; first lesson free for stamp.

Department 51, Campaign of Education
211 Townsend Bldg. NEW YORK

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
 Church Bell and Chime Bells
 Best Copper and Tin Only
THE W. VANDUZEN COMPANY
 Buckeye Bell Foundry
 Cincinnati, O.
 ESTABLISHED 1837

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED
H. E. ST. GEORGE LONDON ONT.

KARN PIPE ORGANS

Next to the full orchestra the Pipe Organ furnishes the greatest possibilities for the rendition of music. Our Organs are noted for their beautiful tone, easy action and general excellence. We submit specifications and quote prices on application.
 Address,
THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED
 Mfrs. of Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Piano Players
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

NOTICE

TENDERS will be received by the Department of Inland Revenue until February 1, 1906, from parties desirous of entering into a three years' contract for the supply of Wood Naphtha to be used in the manufacture of Methylated Spirits.

Each tender must state the price per standard gallon of a strength not less than 67 Over Proof by Sykes' Hydrometer and of a quality to be approved by the Department.

By order,
WM. HIMSWORTH,
 Secretary,
 Inland Revenue Department,
 Ottawa, 20th December, 1904.

CANCER

Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or A.S.D.; no inconvenience. Write for book.
Southern Cancer Sanatorium
 1220 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue.
The C. S. BELL Co., Hillsbo, O.

100 Wedding Invitations or announcements including inside and outside envelopes \$2.50. Samples billed free.
WALTON ENGRAM CO.
 706 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Do you wish to bet peace? Think less of yourself and little more of God.

For SANITARY and all other reasons use the
CLEAN, SOFT, SILKY, TOUGH
TOILET PAPERS
 Manufactured by
EDDY
 E. B. Eddy's "COTTAGE" Toilet—12,000 sheets in four rolls, gives one year's supply for the average family—for one dollar, with nickel fixtures free.
 Other well known brands of Eddy's Toilet are—
 Inko Ho—"Standard", Hotel York, Mammoth, Etc.
 In sheets—"Imperial", "Royal", "Regal", "O. Zen", Etc.
FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

WHY

Canada's Famous Train

"MARITIME EXPRESS"

Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon, daily except Saturday

DOES THE BUSINESS

between MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX and the SYDNEYS

with connection for PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND and NEWFUNDLAND

BECAUSE

Its Dining and Sleeping Car Service is Unequaled

THAT IS WHY

Write for time tables, fares, etc. to Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street East

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Wishing You and Yours

"A Happy and Prosperous New Year"

and A Continuance of Your Kind Patronage

If You Desire to Avoid the Severe Cold, Stormy Weather and take a rest in the land of The FLOWERS, FRUIT and SUNSHINE

Viz., CALIFORNIA, MEXICO or FLORIDA.

Consult your nearest Agent or address, J. D. McDONALD, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Breen, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the seventeenth day of May, A.D. 1904, are hereby required on or before the 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, to send by post prepaid or to deliver to Messrs. McBrady & O'Connor, Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, solicitors for the Executors of the Estate of the deceased, their names and addresses with a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

And take notice further that after the said 16th day of January, A.D. 1905, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by the said Executors or their solicitors at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 10th day of December, A.D. 1904.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR,
Solicitors for Executors.

DR. JOSEPH LOFTUS DENTIST

114 St. Paul St. Opposite James. Phone 426 ST. CATHARINES

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue.
The C. S. BELL Co., Hillsbo, O.

100 Wedding Invitations or announcements including inside and outside envelopes \$2.50. Samples billed free.
WALTON ENGRAM CO.
 706 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Do you wish to bet peace? Think less of yourself and little more of God.

HEADACHE

Nervous and Nervousness cured quickly by
NAJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE CURE
 No harm—no nausea. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no more, see and see. All dealers or direct from
 "Najax" Co., Toronto, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

Are you particular About your Table Linen?
 We do not tear it in handling

New Method Laundry Limited
 237-130 Parliament St. Toronto.
 Phones—Main 4546 and Main 5913

A PEARL NECKLACE

"Just try a spoonful of this soup, Miss Courtney, and a bit of the breast of the chicken, do now," Mrs. Mahon urged...

"I will," she said, "but you must tell me who is paying for all the delicacies I have had during my illness and since. I have asked you before, but you put me off. Now Mrs. Mahon?"

Mrs. Mahon lifted a cushion that had fallen from the sofa, patted, and replaced it before she said: "Listen to her, then! Sure a sparrow would eat more than you do."

"Well, who is paying?" "Faith, then, if you must have an answer, 'tis myself that pays for the few things—"

"Few things! Jellies, soups, wine, not to speak of constant nursing and attendance!" "Arrah, what a fuss about nothing! Sure you'll soon pay it all back when you begin to give the music lessons again. Not that you should begin for a while yet," Mrs. Mahon added, hastily.

"And here's one of them weekly papers about lords and ladies—I can't abide them myself. Give me the Weekly Freeman and home news for Sunday reading, and I'm satisfied. Well, well, if that's all the harm you're going to do I'll take the tray off with me."

Hilda Courtney's face wore a doleful enough look when Mrs. Mahon had closed the door behind her. Her father had been a London merchant, and his one child had been brought up to consider herself an heiress. At his death, however, he was bankrupt, and Hilda found herself obliged to earn her living. She had received an excellent musical training and some friends exerted themselves to find her pupils. For two or three years she managed to get along in a sort of fashion; but lack of nourishing food, and constant exposure to rain and cold slowly but surely broke down a none too vigorous constitution. She had no provision made for the proverbial rainy day when her illness came. Mrs. Mahon in spite of a long residence in London retained much of her Irish brogue, and all her Irish warmth of heart, and cared for the sick girl as if she were her own, and had drawn on her own scanty savings to defray the medical and other expenses of her lodger's illness.

"Mrs. Mahon must have spent a good deal upon me," Hilda thought with a sigh. "Even were I at work again I should find it difficult to repay her. I wish—oh, where's the good in wishing!" Hilda Courtney was naturally hopeful and brave, but the tears gathered and fell as she thought over her position. It was to distract her gloomy imaginings that she lifted the paper Mrs. Mahon had left. It was a weekly magazine that bore the name of the Globe, and it contained much information concerning the doings of the smart people in society. One page was devoted to the advertising of various articles—chiefly of dress or jewelry—which the owners wished to dispose of. One lady offered a set of Russian sables for half their value, another a gold watch as good as new, and so on. Hilda looked at the list of articles offered for sale, and suddenly started. A flush of color rose to her pale cheeks as she opened a drawer and took from it a small wooden box. The box contained a pearl necklace.

"I never thought of it!" she exclaimed. "The one wedding present I was forced to keep. Walter's aunt must have paid a good deal for it. If I could dispose of it! Perhaps if I advertised it in the Globe I might find a purchaser."

She fingered the stones lovingly. Two years before her father's death she had been engaged to be married to Walter Leigh. The wedding day was fixed, the wedding guests invited, when the match was broken off.

"I don't like parting with it," she said aloud, "but I must. It is the only article of value I possess."

The advertisement she wrote out duly appeared in the weekly periodical, and a few days later Hilda received a letter signed Mary Dunstable, and dated from a fashionable London square. The writer mentioned a firm of bankers as reference, and asked to have the necklace forwarded on approval. Hilda managed to convey her parcel to the nearest post office, and registered it. The day was wet, and the first result of her walk was a cold that she found it difficult to shake off. Mrs. Mahon scolded and lamented, and was extremely indignant at Hilda's action.

"I had better know what you'd be up to," she should have thought twice before buying that trashy paper," she said. "Like as not you'll never see your necklace nor its value. The world's full of swindlers."

In the meantime the necklace journeyed first to Miss Dunstable's London home, and from there to the country house she was visiting. She opened the box at the Woodside breakfast table, and gave a little cry of rapture. Her hostess, a sweet-faced woman of about sixty, looked up from the letter she was reading, and the only other person at the table raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Mary Dunstable explained to Walter Leigh and his aunt.

"Isn't it lovely? Oh, it must be worth much more money than is asked for it. Must it not, Mrs. Leigh?" Mrs. Leigh took the necklace in her hands and examined it. Walter gave his attention to his ham and eggs, till Mrs. Leigh in her turn gave a surprised cry, and turned to him.

"Walter, do you recognize this?" "Is it Mary's necklace, aunt?" The gentleman held out his hand. "Why, surely it is the one you gave—Hilda!"

"It is. I am quite certain." Aunt's nephew looked at each other. "Have you seen it before?" Mary Dunstable asked. "It isn't stolen property, is it?"

"No, no," Mrs. Leigh answered hastily. "Oh, no, of course not. May I see the letter that accompanied the necklace?"

"The speaker handed the letter she had received from Hilda to her hostess. That lady read it through.

"It must be in some difficulties when she tried to sell my necklace," she said. "I heard somewhere that she was quite unprovided for at her father's death."

"Well, well, doesn't matter now," Mrs. Leigh said hastily. The next moment he rose from the table, and left the room.

Pandora Range



Strong Grates

"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

A MARKED PASSAGE

If I could tell you how the sun comes a-neighboring through my shop window, afternoons, and how it puts a patch on this calfskin soul of mine and makes me tap more blithely, then I could tell you how cheery love has been to me. But if I could handle such slippery pegs as words, if I could hammer them in as easily as I do these wooden ones, I'd think I'd be sitting here in Main street cobbling shoes?"

"Cobbling shoes!" one lady said to me. "Dear me, such a smelly business!" "Even so, my nose has ceased a bit with long wearing, has sort of tanned itself in the leathery airs of my small shop. Then, too, I hold a pipe convenient to my nostrils and smoke a mixture stronger than leather. I chose it purposely, a kind of substitute—to please my customers."

Yes, I'm a cobbler. You can see for yourself my bowed shoulders. How many shoes I've had mended, had I kept a stiff spine in my back? How you—you, too, I'll bet, have the marks of your calling. Give me your hand. Look at the ink on your fingers!

I'm a cobbler—one of the last. Shoes are too cheap these days to fetch much mending. The trade is dying, though it makes no odds to me. Short as its time is, mine is shorter. I'm an old man now—an old cracked boot of a man, uppers warped and wrinkled, run down at the heel, half-sole so often I'm only fit for the ash-heap. You wouldn't think I was ever red-topped and copper-toed with a boy in me.

Here I go rambling—from love to cobbling. You'd know I was a child again. Love—it's love, I tell you, makes these last rheumatic years worth living. I have a daughter, never a man had a better than mine. She came late to me—wife went early—and now there's Mina and Mina's Jim.

Mina was only fifteen when she first met Jim—age when they wear long braids and their skirts to their ankles, and boys walk home with them after school and hang about with a giggle at the gate. Well, I scowled at Jim. Jim, little well, didn't finish a mite, but—

"How d'ye do, Mr. Sniffin?" says he, as big as life and twice as natural. It made me huffy, but I kind of liked it in Jim.

"Mina," says I one night, clearing my throat to soften what I had to utter. "Mina, you're—don't you think—pretty young for this here—hanging round with Jim?"

"Daddie," says she, and her face all flushed, "you forget I am 'most sixteen."

"Fifteen's young, Mina, ain't it?" says I. "I'm in High School," says she. "Besides, there's no harm—in Jim."

"I don't doubt that," says I. "But remember—remember," says I, "you're all the little girl I'll ever have, Mina."

"Daddie," says she, and I'm blessed if she wasn't crying in my arms, poor little thing. Well, that was the beginning of Jim.

I didn't spy or pry, but I watched unbeknown to them, and it was as pretty a sight as you ever saw, I tell you, to see them plotting and planning at the gate—Jim on one foot, then on the other, or walking cracks—Mina beaming, but awful prim. Prim—oh, my! that wasn't the name for it, the way she'd hold up her little round head—sweet little head with the brown hair brushed straight back from her white forehead, and her eyes modest and shining, and her little red mouth just so. Could I blame Jim?

Leigh was thinking of Mary as well as Hilda. "I am going to pay some one, Mrs. Mary. Will you come?" "Yes, certainly," Mary answered promptly.

That same evening Mrs. Mahon was astonished not a little by the arrival of a visitor for Miss Courtney. She eyed the gentleman doubtfully.

"Miss Courtney isn't at all well," she said, "and I don't know if your visit might be pleasant to her or not."

Walter Leigh smiled. "I don't think it will be unpleasant—at least I hope not," he said, and Mrs. Mahon moved aside, and pointed to the staircase.

"The door at the top of the landing," she said. "Now I trust I've done right!"

Mrs. Mahon was satisfied on that point when, an hour later, she was introduced to Mr. Leigh.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for all your kindness to Hilda," he said, holding her hand in a warm clasp. "I have just given her three days in which to prepare for our wedding—Magdalen Rock, in Benziger's Magazine."

A MARKED PASSAGE

If I could tell you how the sun comes a-neighboring through my shop window, afternoons, and how it puts a patch on this calfskin soul of mine and makes me tap more blithely, then I could tell you how cheery love has been to me. But if I could handle such slippery pegs as words, if I could hammer them in as easily as I do these wooden ones, I'd think I'd be sitting here in Main street cobbling shoes?"

"Cobbling shoes!" one lady said to me. "Dear me, such a smelly business!" "Even so, my nose has ceased a bit with long wearing, has sort of tanned itself in the leathery airs of my small shop. Then, too, I hold a pipe convenient to my nostrils and smoke a mixture stronger than leather. I chose it purposely, a kind of substitute—to please my customers."

Yes, I'm a cobbler. You can see for yourself my bowed shoulders. How many shoes I've had mended, had I kept a stiff spine in my back? How you—you, too, I'll bet, have the marks of your calling. Give me your hand. Look at the ink on your fingers!

I'm a cobbler—one of the last. Shoes are too cheap these days to fetch much mending. The trade is dying, though it makes no odds to me. Short as its time is, mine is shorter. I'm an old man now—an old cracked boot of a man, uppers warped and wrinkled, run down at the heel, half-sole so often I'm only fit for the ash-heap. You wouldn't think I was ever red-topped and copper-toed with a boy in me.

Here I go rambling—from love to cobbling. You'd know I was a child again. Love—it's love, I tell you, makes these last rheumatic years worth living. I have a daughter, never a man had a better than mine. She came late to me—wife went early—and now there's Mina and Mina's Jim.

Mina was only fifteen when she first met Jim—age when they wear long braids and their skirts to their ankles, and boys walk home with them after school and hang about with a giggle at the gate. Well, I scowled at Jim. Jim, little well, didn't finish a mite, but—

"How d'ye do, Mr. Sniffin?" says he, as big as life and twice as natural. It made me huffy, but I kind of liked it in Jim.

"Mina," says I one night, clearing my throat to soften what I had to utter. "Mina, you're—don't you think—pretty young for this here—hanging round with Jim?"

"Daddie," says she, and her face all flushed, "you forget I am 'most sixteen."

"Fifteen's young, Mina, ain't it?" says I. "I'm in High School," says she. "Besides, there's no harm—in Jim."

"I don't doubt that," says I. "But remember—remember," says I, "you're all the little girl I'll ever have, Mina."

"Daddie," says she, and I'm blessed if she wasn't crying in my arms, poor little thing. Well, that was the beginning of Jim.

I didn't spy or pry, but I watched unbeknown to them, and it was as pretty a sight as you ever saw, I tell you, to see them plotting and planning at the gate—Jim on one foot, then on the other, or walking cracks—Mina beaming, but awful prim. Prim—oh, my! that wasn't the name for it, the way she'd hold up her little round head—sweet little head with the brown hair brushed straight back from her white forehead, and her eyes modest and shining, and her little red mouth just so. Could I blame Jim?

Leigh was thinking of Mary as well as Hilda. "I am going to pay some one, Mrs. Mary. Will you come?" "Yes, certainly," Mary answered promptly.

That same evening Mrs. Mahon was astonished not a little by the arrival of a visitor for Miss Courtney. She eyed the gentleman doubtfully.

"Miss Courtney isn't at all well," she said, "and I don't know if your visit might be pleasant to her or not."

Walter Leigh smiled. "I don't think it will be unpleasant—at least I hope not," he said, and Mrs. Mahon moved aside, and pointed to the staircase.

"The door at the top of the landing," she said. "Now I trust I've done right!"

Mrs. Mahon was satisfied on that point when, an hour later, she was introduced to Mr. Leigh.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for all your kindness to Hilda," he said, holding her hand in a warm clasp. "I have just given her three days in which to prepare for our wedding—Magdalen Rock, in Benziger's Magazine."

And then to watch them, apart just kind of dreaming—dreaming those lovely secrets that the whole blamed world could read, easy, in their eyes. Didn't just happen to strike them, somehow, that Old Man Sniffin had ever been there, beforehand—ever hung around gates or dreamed any secrets. But how could they know? Pshaw! how many now—how many of us old folks act or talk as if we were ever young?

Miss Jenks was worried—Miss Jenks lived next door. "Mr. Sniffin," says she, "did you know Mina was a-bugging around with Jim?"

"Well, I have noticed something or other," says I. "Noticed! Something or other!" says she, gasping. "But what are you going to do about it, Mr. Sniffin?"

"Well, as to that," says I, "you'll have to ask Mina," says I, scratching my head. "Ask Mina!" said she. "Aren't you her father?" says she, scornfully.

"True," says I. "Then," says she, "will you not put a stop to what's going on beneath your very nose?"

"That's it," says I. "I kind of thought, Miss Jenks," says I, "that beneath my nose was better than behind my back," says I.

"But that isn't the point," says she. "It oughtn't to go on at all," says she. "And what's more, Mr. Sniffin, since Mina hasn't a mother or an elder friend or anybody," says she, "to guide and guard her, I'm going to speak to her," says she. "That is, if you don't forbid me, Mr. Sniffin."

"Oh, no," says I; "but—" "But what?" says she. "Nothing," says I. "And the next time I saw Miss Jenks:—"

"Mr. Sniffin," says she, snapping, "with her eyes blazing, 'I never dreamed,' says she, 'that such a sweet-looking girl as Mina could be so impudent,' says she, and flounced away before I could get a word in edgewise."

"Mina," says I, that evening, "was Miss Jenks speaking to you recently?" says I, soft-like, so as not to startle her. "She was," says I, also snapping-turtley. "And were you," says I—"did you

"I did," says she. "I kind of—thought so," says I. "Ought you, do you think, darling?" says I. "Miss Jenks is an old—" "Fool, fool, fool!" cried she stamping her foot, and her cheeks the color of red geraniums. You'll break the dishes," says I. "And there's the door bell."

"Why," says Mina, beaming again, "I declare—if it isn't Jim!" "Now I liked Jim. Plain, honest school-boy, great hand to argue. He and I, and Mina, would sit there evenings by the fire, and—"

"Jim," I'd say, "how's the election?" "Well," he'd say, "Cleveland'll win."

"Think so?" "Know so." "Well, you're wrong, Jim."

And then we'd have it—Great Scott!—hot and heavy, back and forth, right and left, and he was level, Jim was, and he'd debated, Jim had, in school, and had the dates down fine. Well, we'd sit there and argue—I a-smoking between times and Jim a-laying down the law with his hand and Mina—Mina sewing and taking it all in, and calming us when it got too hot, and yawning when it got too deep. Why, many's the time we've sat and argued till the clock struck eleven—yes, tir, and Jim he'd rise and say—

"Well, good-night, Mr. Sniffin—but Cleveland'll win!"

And Mina—Mina would see him politely to the door, and I'd wait for her by the fire, and like as not, fall asleep—just waiting.

Now, it was pleasant evenings like that, and I kind of got over any of those little feelings I might have had toward Jim. And things ran along till Mina was seventeen, and then eighteen and nineteen—and always on every birthday a book of poems.

To Mina, From Jim.

And Jim, he'd mark passages—things he wanted her specially to see, things he seemed to think she'd somehow know were true and beautiful. And Mina, she'd mark verses; but you could always tell her marks from Jim's, for his were heavy and her's were light—faintest streaks, they were, as if she were half afraid of telling what she knew.

Nights, sitting alone there by the fire with Mina gone—gone tired to bed, or out to parties, maybe, along with Jim, I'd take down one of those books of hers from the parlor shelf. Says I to myself, "What's good for her young heart won't hurt your old one." I'd wipe my glasses and smoke and read; and, sir, do you know, reading those poems and musing the lines she'd marked, seemed getting nearer to my little girl. Daughters don't say much to their daddies about what's passing in their young hearts. Mina, she'd never say much, even to me, about loving Jim; but there in those books of hers, together, the whole story seemed written down—and it brought back to me things I'd never dreamed of remembering.

And it was wonderful, wonderful, too, I tell you, how those two young ones had picked out the truest things that I learned by heart and said over and over again to myself there is the freight—here in the shop—out in the street. And so, a muttering those marked passages and without their guessing it, I kept just even with Mina and Jim.

So, to myself, "How then, old boy, says I, 'are there not three of you in this here love story?'"

Now, I liked that I liked that very well, I tell you, and fell to thinking, and one day said to myself again as I tapped away on my bench:

"I'll mark them a pretty passage," says I. "Yes, in a book of poems, too," says I, and burst out laughing. And I did. Oh, it was a merry book, sir, that I gave them—just laid in their trembling hands on Christmas morning—aye, a very poetical little book, I tell you, but bound plainly in a stiffish paper of a yellow brown. And on the first page was a lovely poem, copied in a fine and flourished Spencerian hand; and just at the very end, this one marked passage:

Balance, \$500 00 To Mina and Jim.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

JOHN LABATT EXTRA STOUT ALE LONDON-CANADA The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO

If You wish to try the Best Bread Made in Toronto Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 6 Cents.

H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Baker 420-22-24-26 Bathurst St. TORONTO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO ONTARIO

Recipes for Leftovers IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO

For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT.

Household Helps Meat Cutters Raisin Soakers Bread Graters Washers Wringers Mangles Cake Moulds Carpet Sweepers Hot Water Dishes Etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto

SHOP 219 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2677 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774 JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER

has removed to 219 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do P tinting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first classwork. Solicit a trial.

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD BISSETT - PROPRIETOR

"TO LET, FURNISHED"

(By Anne O'Hagan.)

It stood in a mean region of unfinished streets, of low-built, garish brick cottages like itself and of encroaching barrens which the city had not yet won from the prairie.

The agent consulted his book. "Um—um, um, yes," he mumbled. "666 South Funston avenue—four rooms and bath, cellar, gas, one-story, detached cottage. Oh, to be sure! I have it now. The model workman's cottages on the new street. To be sure, to be sure."

"We don't know three souls in Denver," interrupted Louis, "except boarding-house keepers and acquaintances, and those we hope never—"

"Exactly what we want," chimed in, not confiding to him that his trousseau was barely two months old, being of the mid-summer crop, and that it had been designed for metropolitan wear before this sudden commission had befallen Louis.

"Well then," he said, "I'll send a clerk out with you to show you the place. Mrs. Ellen Whitty is the owner. How long are you to be in Denver, Mr. Lounsbury? Three months. Not for health, I hope. Oh, business. Well, you'll find us a fine people to do business with. I hope you'll like the house. If you don't I have some places on Capitol Hill—"

"That night drawing the shades behind the sweeping Nottingham curtains, Louis embraced me with an affection that had been growing less demonstrative under our boarding-house experiences.

"Peggy," he said, "we'll have Christmas in our own house. Do you realize that?"

"Yes!" I answered jubilantly. "And O Louis, let us be thankful that we are delivered from the bondage of landladies."

"For I had not yet seen Mrs. Whitty. Mrs. Whitty came the next morning. Louis had improvised a desk on the small, double-tiered table in the parlor which had formerly held on its upper shelf one blue plush mat, one Bible and one small photograph in a large frame, while on its lower a large vase of many encrustations had reposed. She looked toward it, with its blotter and its pads above, and its wire basket of jumbled manuscript below, and her blue eyes widened with timid horror.

"I brought you an extra key," she faltered, her gaze still upon the desecration.

"It was very kind of you," I answered, glad that Louis was not at home. He had taken such satisfaction in the isolated life we were to lead for awhile, and I, too, had been rejoicing in the prospect of active doll's housekeeping in our little toy house. An interruption on the first day argued ill for us.

"Is everything as you would wish it, ma'am?" Mrs. Whitty's voice was as wistful as her wide, blue eyes and the drooping, patient lines of her figure.

"Most people thought it was real pretty. You ain't stopped usin' it because you're afraid of burin' it?"

"No," I said brutally. "Because we did not care for it. The chief trouble with brutality is that it entails so great an expenditure of tenderness afterwards. When I saw a hurt flush spring into Mrs. Whitty's thin cheeks like a banner suddenly unfurled, when I saw her irresolute lips quiver and her eyes darken with wounded feeling, I was stricken with voluble remorse. I begged her to sit down; I said I would make a cup of tea for her—I had already learned that the hospitality of the neighborhood permitted, nay, required, tea at all hours. I talked much and loudly on the comfort of her kitchen as I bustled about in it.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said Mrs. Whitty gratefully. "I'll not deny, tea out of my own cups would seem good to me again."

"Such lovely china," I murmured, enthusiastically! I gave her tea in a delicate, rose-powdered cup that deserved the encomiums I passed upon it. As she stared down at it and stirred its contents, I saw a tear fall and threaten to curdle the cream. And I waved Louis frantically away from the passage way where he suddenly appeared, inquired and protest written all over him.

"It's hard," said Ellen Whitty, straining sobs in the hot beverage, "that a woman like me, with her own, pretty, fine things, should have to drink out of iron ware you can scarce get your lips over." I nodded sympathetically. I feared that a more active expression of sympathy would bring her eyes again.

"An' there'll still be a few things in the bit of garden," she went on, looking out to the narrow back yard, planted in aisles.

"I picked some pansies this morning," I told her. "There are still some by the fence on the right-hand side. Take some as you go out."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you kindly, ma'am. What kind of silver polish are you usin' on the spoons, if I might make so bold as to ask?" There had been an abrupt change from fearful gratitude to housewifely anxiety in Mrs. Whitty's voice. Some-what exasperated, I told her.

"Are you sure it's a good one?" Some of them that's most cried up is awful for wearin' off the platin'."

"I use it on my own silver," I retorted, with as much finality as I could infuse into my tones. "And now, Mrs. Whitty, I have my marketing to do, so I shall have to ask you to excuse me. If we want anything else, I'll write to you or the agent. I don't want to bother you like this."

Mrs. Whitty sighed, rose, placed the cup upon the dish-shelf over the sink with tender care, and took her melancholy, halting leave of me. Her slight figure trailed limply down the yard in the blaze of sunshine, stooping over the pansy bed. And when she reached the alley gate it was to pause and caress with her faded eyes the garish little cottage that held all her treasure.

"Of course, it's all very pathetic, Margaret," said Louis, crossly. "But we can't have it. I can hear her snivelling in the other room and I can feel her lackadaisical eyes boring reproaches into my back through the passage. I won't have it. If she comes again I shall tell her plainly that we'll leave the house unless we can be allowed to occupy it in peace."

Consequently I was pleased, coming in from market two days later, to find Louis sitting opposite Mrs. Whitty in the transformed parlor, a large fruit dish poised on his knees, an expression of anguished interest on his face.

"Did he—was he—was there—?" I floundered with the ugly thought in my mind. "It was t—und—"

"No'm, he belongs to the temperance."

"Then, why on earth—I began in somewhat unparadiseable heat, for Ellen's standards made those of my own circle seem suddenly depraved—"

"I was this." She included the kitchen and pantry in the vague sweep of her arm and her wandering glance.

"I—I just seemed to love it all, Mrs. Lounsbury—an' Joe, he didn't care much. Once he broke a pink bowl I had, pink with a gold border, old-fashioned it was—Miss Mary, where I lived before I was married, give it to me. An' he didn't care much! An' glasses—I couldn't count them. Scemed his fingers would just crush them. He's got big hands, Joe, an' I doubt he knows his strength."

"You see," she went on after a brief, musing spell, "I was a girl green from the bog when Mrs. Carter took me, off the dock in New York, as you might say. And when the family comes West for Miss Mary's health, they brought me to Denver. Well, I'd never seen such things as all over him—such china and such silver as the feel of leavin' my china. I told him so, an' he was mad! Ellen's earnestness was interrupted by a simper. "He couldn't seem to see but he was more account than plates an' forks. An' Miss Mary, she talked to me about the love of an honest man—they say she's been disappointed herself, poor thing—an' said she'd help me fix my dinner-room an' kitchen, an' I'd care for it more than ever, bein' mine an' Joe's. So we was married. An' at first, he tried to pretend that he cared for it too, an' he put up shelves an' things. But he didn't really care, Mrs. Lounsbury, he didn't really care. I was plain to excuse me. If we want anything else, I'll write to you or the agent. I don't want to bother you like this."

Whereupon Ellen, pitching herself forward toward the table in an outburst of grief, cast the cup to the floor and destroyed it. But for once her thoughts were with the incomprehending man and not with the household treasure, and she paid no attention to the crash.

No persuasion of mine could, however, induce her to make overtures of reconciliation to Joe. Pliant as she seemed, she was obstinate with the irresistible obstinacy of the weak.

"No, ma'am," she said with some dignity. "In the first place, 'twas him left me, an' (a flash of pride gave color to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes) 'twas the cup to the floor and destruction. But for once her thoughts were with the incomprehending man and not with the household treasure, and she paid no attention to the crash.

"Have you invited her to spend Christmas with us, dear?" asked Louis bitterly one morning, when the drooping of her voice, easily audible throughout the small house, had nearly driven him to distraction. My retort—for I had heard not only her voice, but her reiterated words, and Louis' grounds for rage seemed to me trivial—precipitated a quarrel. I almost joined Ellen in the ranks of the unappreciated wives, but the necessity for joint Christmas shopping reunited me to my husband.

"She will spend Christmas with her friends, her relatives or something," I assured him optimistically on Christmas Eve. Everything was perfect and I felt that fate would not permit it to be spoiled by the limp vision of sorrowful Ellen. My preparations for the day cast the greatest credit upon my cooking-school course, the little house fairly twinkled and gleamed with holly and mistletoe, with evergreen and ground-pine. There were candles, red and green and a Lilliputian fir for a dining table centre-piece. The package I was going to put into Louis' stocking that night, for he had promised to hang one up, was exactly what he wanted and did not expect, and—

"Sure you've got it fixed real fancy, ma'am," said a woe-begone voice at the kitchen door. "You didn't hear me knock, I guess. Ah, then, Christmas is the glad time for some!" Nature, prompting me to hurl Mrs. Whitty through the kitchen door into the dusk whence she had emerged, and grace, counselling hospitality, fought together. Grace, which I have often suspected in myself to be my name for cowardice, won. Ellen accepted my invitation to be seated, and began to explain how the fear, that I had never discovered the whereabouts of the washing-machine, had brought her. Then, looking through the doors, to the brightness of red and green in the dining-room, her poor eyes burned with misery, her lips closed tight upon her grief. For once her sense of loss was beyond words or tears. She sat rigid, and I could summon no easy comfort to my lips for the woman bereft of home and love.

Premium Payments Betoken Positive Protection. THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

There is no other security which will so surely provide positive protection for your family, or certain provision for your declining years, as a policy of endowment insurance. North American Mated endowment policies have shown excellent profit results. It will pay you to investigate before insuring.

WM. A LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592 & Main 5098 Phone: Residence Park 667

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Administers the estates of deceased persons WHO HAVE LEFT NO WILL at such rate of commission as the Court allows, or as may be agreed upon with the interested parties.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 Men of character and ability to write Insurance can obtain with this Company an agency which will give them an ever increasing income apply to

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LTD OF LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1808 CAPITAL \$11,000,000. TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St. A. WARING GILES, Local Manager.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS C. MC. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 Victoria Street, Toronto

The Australasian Catholic Congress passed the following resolution: "That this Congress, in the name of God and His Church, heartily welcomes the many results of sound scientific truth in our own age; and recognizes in all its triumphs the goodness of Almighty God. This Congress is assured that both theology and human science, when nurtured with a single eye and in a reverent spirit, are intended in their several spheres to lighten the path

Companies THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

WM. A LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 VICTORIA STREET. Phone: Office Main 592 & Main 5098 Phone: Residence Park 667

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Administers the estates of deceased persons WHO HAVE LEFT NO WILL at such rate of commission as the Court allows, or as may be agreed upon with the interested parties.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 Men of character and ability to write Insurance can obtain with this Company an agency which will give them an ever increasing income apply to

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LTD OF LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1808 CAPITAL \$11,000,000. TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St. A. WARING GILES, Local Manager.

WM. A. LEE & SON GENERAL AGENTS 14 Victoria Street, Toronto Tels. Main 592 and Main 5098. Residence, Tel. Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS C. MC. L. STINSON, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, GENERAL AGENTS 14 Victoria Street, Toronto

The Australasian Catholic Congress passed the following resolution: "That this Congress, in the name of God and His Church, heartily welcomes the many results of sound scientific truth in our own age; and recognizes in all its triumphs the goodness of Almighty God. This Congress is assured that both theology and human science, when nurtured with a single eye and in a reverent spirit, are intended in their several spheres to lighten the path

Regal AMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS Office—Land Security Chambers, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Proctors in Admiralty. Offices: Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1048.

LATCHFORD, McDUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C., J. Lorn McDougall Edward J. Daly.

LEE & O'DONOGHUE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts. Toronto, Ont. Office—Edison, Ont. Phone Main 1583. Res. Phone Main 2075.

SCOTT, SCOTT, CURLE & GLEESON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents CARLETON CHAMBERS OTTAWA, ONT. Hon. R. W. Scott, K.C., LL.D. D'Arcy Scott W. H. Curle, M.A. R. P. Gleeson

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN OTTAWA LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto, Telephone Main 1236.

ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East, TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 53.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 319 W. Tel. M. 2838 406

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 240 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 1034.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS E. MCGORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 11 BROAD ST. TORONTO. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Card System You any idea of the magnitude uses you can put our system to? We venture otherwise you would all of only the progressive man. circular. That will

In and Around Toronto

THE NEW YEAR

A glad New Year to see and a And money may ye see, And through a' the years to come Happy may ye be.

Another old friend is gone, a link of the past has fallen never to rise again except in memory, or on the shores of Eternity. And a new comer is at the door and we welcome him with outstretched hand.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

The monthly intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for January is the Catholic Press. In a very timely and able article the Editor of the Canadian Messenger points out the duty of Catholics towards their own papers and magazines.

"Oh, I can't take a Catholic paper because I have scarcely time to read the daily papers." "No, you see we have no children in our house; a Catholic paper is only to teach children their religion."

"No, I don't take it; it's too dry; there is nothing in it but sermons." To those who do take their own papers and read them comment upon the above is not necessary.

The Superior and Sisters of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, ask that their thanks be conveyed to the public who so generously remembered them during the passing Christmas tide.

To any subject there are generally more sides than one, and to the subject of the Catholic Press, mentioned elsewhere, there is the constant recognition of hundreds of our readers.

The universe was made for every one of us, and for each one the world will be fair and pleasant in the degree in which he strives to make it so for others.

stead of going hither and thither looking for "prices," to remember that courtesy if nothing else, asks that we send our official notices of home happenings, such as society notices, wedding and obituary notices, to our own paper as well as to the secular press.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION

New Year's Day, which is also the Feast of the Circumcision, was celebrated in all the churches of the city with all the solemnity and ceremony befitting the occasion.

SCHOOLS REOPENED

The Catholic schools of the city reopened on Tuesday after the Christmas holidays. At the masses on the Sunday previous the congregations were all urged to see that the children were ready and in their places on the first day of the session.

PRESBYTERY OCCUPIED

The handsome new presbytery of St. Paul's parish, is now completed and occupied. It has been furnished, it is reported, in harmony with its handsome exterior, and is now a credit to the people of the pioneer parish of the city, and altogether in keeping with the fine parish church to which it is adjacent.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "IMMACULATE"

One does not like to place himself or herself as the case may be in the way of being called hypercritical, censorious, pedantic, or any other of the nasty words similar in meaning, yet despite this we are sometimes almost impelled to take chances when a principle is at stake.

I think of thee and what thou art, Thy Majesty, Thy state, And I keep singing in my heart, Immaculate! Immaculate!

Not Immaculot! Immaculot! This last, unless proof is offered which I find it impossible to find, is altogether wrong; it has nothing whatever to commend it in beauty of sound and is altogether wanting in sense.

THANKS FROM SUNNYSIDE ORPHANAGE

The Superior and Sisters of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, ask that their thanks be conveyed to the public who so generously remembered them during the passing Christmas tide.

THANKS FOR REMEMBRANCES

To any subject there are generally more sides than one, and to the subject of the Catholic Press, mentioned elsewhere, there is the constant recognition of hundreds of our readers.

It Pays to Attend the Best

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

One of the Greatest Business Training Schools in Canada. Open the entire year. Beautiful Catalogue Free. Enter Now.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY OF MONTREAL

(For The Register.)

A few weeks ago Rev. Father McDonald, the popular, energetic and painstaking curate of St. Mary's church, called a meeting of the young men of the parish for the purpose of re-organizing the society.

At nine o'clock the chairman, Rev. Father McDonald, called the meeting to order, and explained the object of the Society, which is to elevate the moral, social and religious tone of its members.

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that winter is more congenial to the sportsman than summer." The affirmative was taken by Messrs. T. J. Norton, G. J. Fox, B. McIlhonne, the negative being sustained by Messrs. J. C. McLaughlin, P. Doyle, T. O'Rourke, J. P. Purcell.

The speech of Mr. T. O'Rourke greatly pleased as well as amused the audience, as he pictured in fancy a beautiful sail down the St. Lawrence at moonlight, a yachting expedition, and an exciting game of lacrosse.

Mr. McDonald made a capital speech, full of practical knowledge. He was glad to be present at the reunion, and complimented the speakers on their able speeches.

Rev. Father Callinan paid a glowing tribute to Mr. McDonald, and was glad to see him occupy such an important position in our midst. He said that when Mr. McDonald was in France he covered himself with glory in his work in connection with the street railway, and spoke while in that country "La belle lanee de France."

Each bud flowers but once, and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty; so, in the garden of the soul each feeling has, as it were, its flowering instant.

FIVE PER CENT. IN GOLD. By means of a 5% GOLD BOND POLICY you can secure a guaranteed investment and protect your family in case of your death.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE NO HONING! NO GRINDING! Full Hollow Ground or Double Concave for Extra Hard Beards. The Carbo Magnetic Razor. NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING. Ready for 365 smooth, comfortable shaves each year.

Superfluous Hair De Miracle. Removed by the New Principle. Electrolysis, X ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers.

Sent on Approval TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE Laughlin FOUNTAIN PEN. Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k SOLID GOLD PEN. These Two Popular Styles For Only \$1.00.

School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1876. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

SALUS MEDICINAL CO. We have a position open for one good man in each locality, local or travelling, at \$840 a year and expenses \$2.50 per day tacking up show-cards and generally advertising a New Discovery.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting a and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, 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.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT. Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

THE BEST ALE! COSGRAVE'S THE BEST PORTER! (From Pure Irish Malt only) COSGRAVE'S THE BEST HALF AND HALF! COSGRAVE'S ALWAYS ASK FOR THE BEST!

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-Metrical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

CALENDAR WITH FULL INFORMATION MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

TYPENITERS. All makes rented and sold on instalments. UNITED TYPENITERS CO. Limited TORONTO.