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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMBER

Write on Irish Affairs Fifty-three years ago, reviewing the Condition of the Country—Ireland now finding a Soul of Her Own—Wonderful—Progress in the Restoration of the Irish Language—Dr. Douglas Hyde Speaks to the People of America—Wonderful Work of the Gaelic League—Folk Love and Tales preserved in the Evse—Scholars seeking a Knowledge of the Language—Presidence of the United States Theodore Roosevelt has Acquired a Knowledge of the Language like former President Thomas Jefferson—The Story of the Celtic Renaissance.

It is fifty-three years since Old-Timer wrote his first article on Irish affairs. That article was written for the Toronto "Mirror" and was two columns in length. That it had some merit was shown by the fact that it was copied into the Montreal "Pilot," then edited by Sir Francis Hicks. The editor of the Toronto Mirror at that time was Samuel B. McCoy, a native of Adair, County Limerick, Ireland. He was a very bright and brilliant man and a ripe scholar, to whom I was personally much attached. In that article I took a very hopeful view of Ireland's future. She was then recovering somewhat from the effects of a succession of famines, the immigrant fever, the failure of 1848 and the very general depression that had existed. It is true that Charles Gavan Duffy had deserted the country and gone to Australia, having left the country "like a corpse on the dissecting table," but there were some able men left yet in the land, including Frederick Lucas, an English Catholic of great capacity; Denis Lane, John Francis McGuire, Maurice Leyne, Dennis Florence McCarthy, the poet, Rev. Dr. Cahill, a great polemic and astronomer; Shearman Crawford, the parliamentary advocate of tenant right, and a number of others. The tenant right cause was that which was uppermost in the people's mind and it was urged with no inconsiderable spirit. The educational sentiment was again taking possession of the people's minds and the people were arousing themselves from the terrible depression of the few previous years. Lord Palmerston, though, was the Prime Minister of England, and he gave no encouragement to Ireland's hopes, for he declared tenant right to be landlording wrong. This, too, was the period of Ecclesiastical Titles Bill discussion, which was very detrimental to Catholic interests. This also was the time when Irish and Catholic representation in the British Parliament was scandalised by the appearance of a number of political adventurers, whose efforts were for their own personal gain. The names of Sadlier, Keough, C'Flaherty and Scully are not to be forgotten for their evil designs. Mr. Goldwin Smith in his new Irish book, speaks of those men to the disparagement of Irish representation, but it must be remembered there had not yet been organized a pledge-bound party like that of Parnell or Redmond to lay down the law for the guidance of Irish members, and evil-minded men like those referred to, were not under control of party discipline. That was the day of political marauders, happily long since passed away.

Now, some fifty-three years later, I have much pleasure in reviewing Irish conditions in a much more hopeful aspect. Home Rule, it is true, has not yet been accomplished, but many reforms have been brought about. The land laws have been completely revolutionized, the state church, with all its abuses, has been abolished, the franchise has been greatly extended; local or county legislation has been established, and many economical conditions of im-

provement set on foot. There is a strong, invincible Home Rule party holding Irish representation with a firm grasp and possessed of a leadership that is not surpassed by any British party; and now a party in power whose sympathy with Irish claims are well understood. From a legislative point of view there is, therefore, cause for hope, large hope indeed.

There are some other acquisitions that give Irishmen cause for rejoicing. Ireland is finding a soul of her own. She had lost her language and is now recovering it. Ireland is not only in a fair way of obtaining Home Rule and self-government, but of recovering her language, her laws and her traditions. She is in a fair way to secure material advantages as well as ethical gains. Since fifty years ago she has become the leader of the Celtic nations and is aglow with race patriotism. Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, are looking up to her for leadership and instruction. They have had a number of meetings in Dublin and Wales with representative men of ability to guide them and assist in reviving the glories of the past. Men of ability have arisen to revive the language, the arts, the music, the games, and even the dances of days gone by. There is a grand revival of Irish sentiment all over the land. With an Irish National League there is a Gaelic League side by side, and the grand old language that existed for over 2,000 years, if not longer, but which in our day was on the verge of extinction, the subscription lists yielded \$5,000 more being spoken on the farms, heard on the streets, and making its way in the schools and academies.

The leader of this new movement is Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is now considered to be one of the foremost men in Ireland. This gentleman is now in America telling the Americans what the revival of Erse has done and is doing. He has visited several of the larger cities and has been received with a great deal of enthusiasm. In New York it reached a climax. Over \$6,000 was realised from the sale of seats, the boxes alone netting somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,500. In addition the subscription lists yielded \$5,000 with the promise of an additional six or eight thousand. Every section and element of the citizenship of New York was represented. Carnegie Hall perhaps never before in its history, re-echoed with more real and spontaneous enthusiasm. Supreme Court judges touched elbows with dignified prelates and priests, Catholic and Protestant Irishmen and lovers of liberty thronged the spacious amphitheatre.

Similar meetings have been held in Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, and Mr. Hyde has been invited to speak in several of the American universities, especially Harvard, which has a Professor of Gaelic.

In one of Mr. Hyde's addresses he spoke as follows, describing the progress made:

"A dozen years ago the language was taught in less than a dozen schools. Six years ago it was taught in 105 schools. To-day it is taught more or less in 3,000 schools. Between public and parochial schools, colleges and convents, there cannot be less than a quarter of a million now studying the language and history of their fathers. Six years ago a stranger would never hear a word of Irish or anything to show that Ireland was not one big vulgarised English country.

Now in many towns the street names are put up in Irish and the national daily papers and very many of the weeklies print more or less in every issue. Six years ago an Irish hook was a rarity. Now scarce a week passes but a new one comes from the press and the distribution of books and pamphlets from our own offices alone, amount to a quarter of a million copies yearly. Six years ago if you spoke Irish as well as Owen Roe O'Neill or wrote it as well as Geoffrey Keating, it was not worth a threnene to you. To-day you cannot obtain a place under the corporation in the capital of Ireland or of Mayo, or under the Corporation of Limerick, or in a dozen other places, unless you know the national language of your country."

That the Gaelic League has been largely instrumental in the revival of Irish manufactures was shown by Dr. Hyde when he said:

"Six years ago for any product of Irish brains or of Irish hands to find a sale in Ireland, it was actually necessary for it to bear the hallmark of London or Paris—a terrible com-

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ment on the situation that had to be faced by the Gaelic League. But now we are training up a race for whom an Irish trademark on an article will be the strongest inducement to buy it, and the results of our teaching have been amazing. I am told in every direction that the trade of our woollen mills is doubled, of our paper mills trebled and of every little industry that we have, enormously increased, and I believe it."

In his lecture at Harvard University, Mr. Hyde said:

"It is fortunate for me that my first lecture in America should be in the first college of America to establish a chair of Gaelic and Celtic literature, and the home and working place of one of the greatest students of folk lore, Prof. Childs. The language that I used just now is the language that was spoken in Ireland a century ago in all parts of the country, but which now through social and political causes has been banished and extinguished till, at the present time, it is spoken by only three-quarters of a million of people.

"The Irish language is highly reflected, pure and unmingled with other tongues. The Irish people were probably the first to break off the original Aryan stock. Their language contains many remnants of its old Aryan origin. It bears this resemblance even in its outward surface that it appears so to a casual student of the language, for philological purposes old Irish ranks second only to Sanscrit.

"The children of Milesius have been both blessed and cursed above all others. They alone were not conquered by the invasion of the Romans, the Gauls and the Northmen; they alone retained their own civilization, unshaken by the conqueror. This fact has tended to give to Irish literature a place of its own in the history of the world's literature. The Irish race alone of modern Europe has preserved its race and language of years. It has no parallel but Greece.

"Before the rise of the Neibelung, and the troubadours of the Languedoc and Langueped, Ireland swarmed with bands and poets and singers. The volume of Irish literature is enormous. But it is not of the written literature that I wish to speak, although I deem it necessary to give this short introduction, as Irish literature is very little known in this country. The folk tales go back further than literature; the tales of the peasants carry us back centuries before the art of writing was invented. The folk tales that we find in peasant cabins give us the only possible clew to the habits of these early peoples. The study of folk lore has found a home in Harvard, and Harvard has in its library the best collection of folk lore literature that can be found in the world. Folk fancies and folk tales are recognized as the basis of all literature. In them lie the germs of the novel, the romance and the epic. The great national epics are really built up on folk tales.

"Many folklore stories are transmitted by men of one country traveling to another and there settling and marrying. In time the myths of their native land will appear as folk tales among the new people. As an example of that there is the old Irish tale that I heard repeated among the Minnesink Indians in New

Brunswick. The Gaelic League of Ireland stands for a complete intellectual revolution in Ireland. It desires an intensely Irish Ireland, in which the Irish language shall be spoken, the Irish literature read and written, Irish songs sung and Irish dances danced. We have founded Irish schools, supported by the pennies of the poor, and our aim is to produce Gaelic students who will make their work a credit to their country."

Dr. Goldwin Smith in his new Irish book disparages this movement. "The revival of Erse," he says, "as a national language, is surely a patriotic dream. How is it possible to revive a language all but dead, with no valuable literature or wealth of printed books?"

The answer to this is given in the statements of Mr. Hyde here copied. Mr. Smith forgets that a people having but one language are at a disadvantage. The other day in Toronto, while traversing the University grounds, two students came out of one of the university buildings with books in their hands and one said to the other the very same thing. Great as the English language is, wide as it is spread, broad as is its literature, it is not equal to the Irish in the number of words, richness of expression and poetic facility. Scholars are studying it as they used to study Greek and Latin and Sanscrit. An Irish friend of mine in Chicago in the employ of the Harvester Company of that city, was a few years since at Copenhagen in Denmark in the interest of that company. A merchant with whom he had business on learning that he was of Irish nationality, invited him to spend an evening at his house where he said he would meet one of the professors of the University who would converse with him in his native tongue, the Erse; but my friend, Irish as he was, spoke no native tongue, and felt his humiliation at the fact. Irish is now being studied in both Europe and America by learned men. In fact the best Irish scholars to-day are in America. Messrs. who are the principal instructors in the language in Europe. It will, no doubt, be surprising news to many to learn that the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, is an Irish scholar and contemplates writing a book in Irish. Long before him, however, was another President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, who studied the Gaelic in order that he might read Ossian's poems, by McPherson, in the original. It will surprise Mr. Smith, no doubt, to learn that a quarter of a million people in Ireland are now learning the language, and that 700,000 people have already acquired it. Mr. Smith ought to have learned from Wales that this thing is not impossible, for Ireland is now only following the example of that other Celtic nation of the empire which had lost its language and recovered it. And this is the story of the Irish renaissance.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

The Klondikers' Friend

The attention of our readers is directed to a sketch as published in Donahoe's Christmas number and reproduced on page 6 of this issue, of Father Judge, the Klondiker's friend. The sketch of the life of this devoted priest, a life grand in its simplicity, makes most interesting and touching reading. None should miss it.

ALONG THE CANADA ATLANTIC

A Visit to Annprior—Hibernian Enthusiasm.

My first visit to Annprior, which occurred a few weeks ago, will be made memorable through my attending a red-hot gathering of that most patriotic Irish organization, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which came off in a commodious and well-equipped hall in the "Galvin Block," on the night of the 13th ult. Annprior has been a fertile field for the growth and development of a number of excellent associations, fraternal in their character and beneficial in their results, and whilst heartily wishing success to every one of them, I can truthfully say that none of them has a higher claim on the sympathies and the support of the Sons of Gael than the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

This association is exclusively made up of Irishmen and of their descendants, and has before it a glorious work, stupendous in its magnitude, although not inseparable in its character. Throughout a great portion of the Dominion, I have met with thousands of my fellow-countrymen who, like myself, felt that there existed grave danger of our losing our identity as a race, throwing overboard our distinctive national individuality and abandoning in toto the Celtic Characteristics bequeathed to us by a proud ancestry. To rehabilitate the decaying Irish national sentiment the Ancient Order of Hibernians has manned the breach and well and nobly has it endeavored to fulfil the task. In Canada it has already established several influential branches; in the neighboring republic its ramifications extend to every point, whilst in Old Ireland, with its unquenchable vitality, it assists the Gaelic League to restore that language which was spoken by Irish scholars and Irish statesmen long before the Anglo-Saxon gibberish was heard of, and if the ancient glories of Ireland are to-day sung on the hills, in the valleys and along the highways of that country, in the sweet and expressive language of our ancestors, we owe it largely to the agency of such associations as the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

On the night of the 13th ult., to which reference has been already made, the Irishmen of Annprior looked more than happy, and as the clock told that the hour of eight had arrived, the attractive hall was well filled by Ancient and Modern Hibernians with their invited friends, friends, Messrs. who are the principal instructors in the language in Europe. It will, no doubt, be surprising news to many to learn that the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, is an Irish scholar and contemplates writing a book in Irish. Long before him, however, was another President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, who studied the Gaelic in order that he might read Ossian's poems, by McPherson, in the original. It will surprise Mr. Smith, no doubt, to learn that a quarter of a million people in Ireland are now learning the language, and that 700,000 people have already acquired it. Mr. Smith ought to have learned from Wales that this thing is not impossible, for Ireland is now only following the example of that other Celtic nation of the empire which had lost its language and recovered it. And this is the story of the Irish renaissance.

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say that, from his thorough grasp and conception of historical incidents interesting to an audience such as he was addressing, from the picture which he drew of our forefathers' struggles for liberty of conscience, from his eloquent counsels on behalf of union amongst Catholics, and from the fond hope he expressed of Ireland ultimately winning the blessings of self-government, his Annprior speech will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune of listening to it, and it is almost superfluous to say that at its close he sat down amidst vehement cheering.

Rev. Father Duquette, the zealous curate of Annprior, was the next speaker and in the course of an interesting address, all but succeeded in proving himself an Irishman. Rev. Father Chaine, the faithful pastor of Annprior, was the next speaker introduced, and was received as he always is, by the Irish portion of his congregation, with the heartiest enthusiasm. Father Chaine is a native of Grand Old France, and like thousands of his fellow-countrymen, is now, and for many years has been, engaged in spreading God's Gospel in the wilds of the Western Hemisphere, but had it not been for his accent, we would have claimed him as an Irishman born either on the banks of the Boyne or the Shannon, the Liffey, the Lee or the Blackwater.

The next speaker was a gentleman well known in every section of the County of Renfrew. I have no desire to speak disparagingly of any man who does the best he can, nor do I enter into a criticism of this gentleman's speech in a hostile spirit, but I think I voice the sentiment of the whole meeting when I say, more in sorrow than in anger, that speechmaking is an art which he should abandon at once and forever.

RAMBLER.

Death of John G. Malone

Mr. John G. Malone, one of Almonte's most esteemed residents, died last Thursday at his home, and was buried Saturday morning. He was a devout member of St. Mary's church, belonged to the Ancient Order of Hibernians and was treasurer of St. Mary's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society. He leaves, besides his mother and widow, five children and five brothers. The children are: Frank, Isabelle, John, Charles and Valda. His brothers are: George of Ottawa, Michael, James, Peter of Almonte, and Thomas of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

At the funeral on Thursday the attendance was remarkably large, and all the members of the Hibernians, 85 in all, were present. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. John Fitzgerald, J. J. O'Connell, P. Rooney, J. O'Donoghue and Michael Hogan.

Bishop Dowling Present at High Mass

For the first time since his return to the city from St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, his lordship Bishop Dowling was present at a high mass on Sunday, when he gave his episcopal blessing in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, in the morning.

His lordship will celebrate solemn pontifical high mass in the cathedral on Christmas day as usual. Either on next Sunday or Christmas day the new electrical effects in St. Patrick's church will be turned on for the first time. This work about the altar is very beautiful, and will add greatly to the handsome spectacle this church always presents on Christmas.

Never Buy a Pig in a Poke

It is said that some wags at Northampton Market put a cat in a bag, or poke, and sold it to a countryman as a pig. Upon going to a tavern to have a drink over the bargain, the buyer opened the bag, and of course the cat jumped out. This is stated to be the origin of the proverb: "Never buy a pig in a poke," and also of "You have let the cat out of the bag." The word poke is still used for sack in the south of England.

Controller Ward

Controller Ward is out again for re-election and if a clean record both as alderman and controller commend themselves, then Mr. Ward ought to find commendation in the mind of every ratepayer in Toronto. The success of Controller Ward in the coming election is already certain, but this should not interfere with his friends giving him their most hearty support.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Have you ever seen this young man before?" his master asked, in a low voice.

"Twice, my lord," said John. "I see him in the crowd last night and Saturday."

"Did it seem to you that his manner was at all wild or strange?" Lord George demanded, frowning.

"Mad," said John, with emphatic brevity.

"And why do you think him mad, sir?" said his master, speaking in a peevish tone. "Don't use that word too freely. Why do you think him mad?"

"My lord," John Grueby answered, "look at his dress, look at his eyes, look at his restless way, hear him cry, 'No Popery!' Mad, my lord."

"So because one man dresses unlike another," returned his angry master, glancing at himself, "and happens to differ from other men in his carriage, and to advocate a great cause which the corrupt and irreligious desert, he is to be accounted mad, is he?"

"Stark, staring, raving, roaring mad, my lord," returned the unmoved John.

"Do you say this to my face?" cried his master, turning sharply upon him.

"To any man, my lord, who asks me," answered John.

"Mr. Gashford, I find, was right," said Lord George, "I thought him prejudiced, though I ought to have known a man like him better than to have supposed it possible?"

"I shall never have Mr. Gashford's good word, my lord," replied John, touching his hat respectfully, "and I don't covet it."

"You are an ill-conditioned, most ungrateful fellow," said Lord George, "a spy, for anything I know. Mr. Gashford is perfectly correct, as I might have felt convinced he was. I have done wrong to retain you in my service. It is a tacit insult to him as my choice and confidential friend to do so, remembering the cause you sided with on the day he was maligned at Westminster. You will leave me to-night—may, as soon as we reach home. The sooner the better."

"If it comes to that, I say so too, my lord. Let Mr. Gashford have his will. As to my being a spy, my lord, you know me better than to believe it, I am sure. I don't know much about causes. My cause is the cause of one man against two hundred; and I hope it always will be."

"You have said quite enough," returned Lord George, motioning him to go back. "I desire to hear no more."

"If you'll let me add another word, my lord," returned John Grueby, "I would give this silly fellow a caution not to stay here by himself. The proclamation is in a good many hands already, and it's well known that he was concerned in the business it relates to. He had better get to a place of safety if he can, poor creature."

"You hear what this man says?" cried Lord George, addressing Barnaby, who had looked on and wondered while this dialogue passed. "He thinks you may be afraid to remain upon your post, and are kept here perhaps against your will. What do you say?"

"I think, young man," said John in explanation, "that the soldiers may turn out and take you, and that if they do, you will certainly be hung by the neck till you're dead—dead—dead. And I think you'd better go from here, as fast as you can. That's what I think."

"He's a coward, Grip, a coward!" cried Barnaby, putting the raven on the ground and shouldering his staff. "Let them come! Godden forever! Let them come!"

"Ay!" said Lord George, "let them! Let us see who will venture to attack a power like ours; the solemn league of a whole people. This a madman! You have said well, very well. I am proud to be the leader of such men as you."

Barnaby's heart swelled within his bosom as he heard these words. He took Lord George's hand and carried it to his lips; patted his horse's crest, as if the affection and admiration he had conceived for the man extended to the animal he rode, then unfurled his flag, and proudly waving it, resumed his pacing up and down.

Lord George, with a kindling eye and glowing cheek, took off his hat, and flourished it above his head, bade him exultingly farewell!—then cantered off at a brisk pace; after glancing angrily round to see if his servant followed. Honest John set spurs to his horse and rode after his master, but not before he had again warned Barnaby to retreat, with many significant gestures, which indeed he continued to make, and Bar-

naby to resist, until the windings of the road concealed them from each other's view.

Left to himself again with a still higher sense of the importance of his post, and stimulated to enthusiasm by the special notice and encouragement of his leader, Barnaby walked to and fro in a delicious trance rather than as a waking man. The sunshine which prevailed around was in his mind. He had but one desire ungratified. If she could only see him now.

The day wore on; its heat was gently giving place to the cool of evening; a slight wind sprang up, fanning his long hair, and making the banner rustle pleasantly above his head. There was a freedom and freshness in the sound and in the time, which chimed exactly with his mood. He was happier than ever.

He was leaning on his staff looking towards the declining sun, and reflecting with a smile that he stood sentinel at that moment over buried gold, when two or three figures appeared in the distance, making towards the house at a rapid pace, and motioning with their hands as though they urged its inmates to retreat from some approaching danger. As they drew nearer, they became more earnest in their gestures, and they were no sooner within hearing than the foremost among them cried that the soldiers were coming up.

At these words Barnaby furled his flag and tied it round the pole. His heart beat high while he did so, but he had no more fear or thought of retreating than the pole itself. The friendly stragglers behind past him, after giving him notice of his danger, and quickly passed into the house, where the utmost confusion immediately prevailed. As those within hastily closed the windows and the doors, they urged him by looks and signs to fly without loss of time, and called to him many times to do so; but he only shook his head indignantly in answer, and stood the firmer on his post. Finding that he was not to be persuaded, they took care of themselves, and leaving the place with only one old woman in it, speedily withdrew.

As yet there had been no symptom of the news having any better foundation than in the fears of those who brought it, but The Boot had not been deserted five minutes, when there appeared coming across the fields, a body of men who, it was easy to see, by the glitter of their arms and ornaments in the sun, and by their orderly and regular mode of advancing—for they came on as one man—were soldiers. In a very little time Barnaby knew that they were a strong detachment of the Foot Guards, having along with them two gentlemen in private clothes, and a small party of Horse, the latter brought up the rear, and were not in number more than six or eight.

They advanced steadily, neither quickening their pace as they came nearer, nor raising any cry, nor showing the least emotion of anxiety. Though this was a matter of course in the case of regular troops, even to Barnaby there was something particularly impressive and disconcerting in it to one accustomed to the noise and tumult of an undisciplined mob. For all that, he stood his ground not a whit the less resolutely, and looked on undismayed.

Presently, they marched into the yard and halted. The commanding officer despatched a messenger to the horsemen, one of whom came riding back. Some words passed between them, and they glanced at Barnaby, who well remembered the man he had unhorsed at Westminster, and saw him now before his eyes. The man being speedily dismissed, saluted, and rode back to his comrades, who were drawn up apart at a short distance.

The officer then gave the word to prime and load. The heavy ringing of the musket-stocks upon the ground and the sharp and rapid rattling of the ramrods in their barrels, were a kind of relief to Barnaby, dead though he knew the purport of such sounds to be. When this was gone, other commands were given, and the soldiers instantaneously formed in single file all around the house and stables, completely encircling them in every part, at a distance, perhaps, of some half-dozen yards; at least that seemed in Barnaby's eyes to be about the space left between himself and those who confronted him. The horsemen remained drawn up by themselves as before.

The two gentlemen in private clothes who had kept aloof, now rode forward, one on either side of the officer. The proclamation having been produced and read by one of

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them, the officer called on Barnaby to surrender.

He made no answer, but stepping within the door, before which he had kept guard, held his pole crosswise to protect it. In the midst of a profound silence he was again called upon to yield.

Still he offered no reply. Indeed he had enough to do to run his eye backward and forward along the half-dozen men who immediately fronted him, and settle hurriedly within himself at which of them he would strike first, when they pressed on him. He caught the eye of one in the centre, and resolved to hew that fellow down though he died for it.

Again there was a dead silence, and again the same voice called upon him to deliver himself up.

Next moment he was back in the stable, dealing blows about him like a madman. Two of the men lay stretched at his feet; the one he had marked dropped first—he had a thought for that, even in the hot blood and hurry of the struggle. Another blow—another. Down he mastered, wounded in the breast by a heavy blow from the butt-end of a gun (he saw the weapon in the act of falling)—breathless—and a prisoner.

An exclamation of surprise from the officer recalled him, in some degree, to himself. He looked round, Grip, after working in secret all the afternoon, and with redoubled vigor while everybody's attention was distracted, had plucked away the straw from Hugh's bed, and turned up the loose ground with his iron bill. The hole had been recklessly filled to the brim, and was merely sprinkled with earth. Golden cups, spoons, candlesticks coated guineas—all the riches were revealed.

They brought spades and a sack, dug up everything that was hidden there, and carried away more than two men could lift. They handcuffed him and bound his arms, searched him, and took away all he had. Nobody questioned or reproached him, or seemed to have much curiosity about him. The two men he had stunned were carried off by their companions in the same business-like way in which everything else was done.

Finally, he was left under a guard of four soldiers, with fixed bayonets, while the officer directed in person the search of the house and the outer buildings connected with it.

This was soon completed. The soldiers formed again in the yard; he was marched out with his guard about him; and ordered to fall in where a space was left. The others closed up all round, and so they moved away, with the prisoner in the centre.

When they came into the streets, he felt he was a sight, and looking up as they passed quickly along, could see people running to the windows a little too late, and throwing up the sashes to look after him, or under the arms of his conductors, or peering down upon him from a wagon top or coach box, but this was all he saw, being surrounded by so many men. The very noises of the street seemed muffled and subdued, and the air came stale and hot upon him, like the sickly breath of an oven.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Heads erect, shoulders square, every man stepping in exact time—all so orderly and regular—nobody looking at him—nobody seeming conscious of his presence—he could hardly believe he was a prisoner. But at the word, though only thought, not spoken, he felt the handcuffs galling his wrists, the cord pressing his arms to his sides, the loaded guns levelled at his head, and those cold, bright, sharp points turned towards him, the mere looking down at which, now that he was bound and helpless, made the warm current of his life run cold.

CHAPTER LVIII.

They were not long in reaching the barracks, for the officer who commanded the party was desirous to avoid rousing the people by the display of military force in the streets, and was humanely anxious to give as little opportunity as possible for any attempt at rescue; knowing that it must lead to bloodshed and loss of life, and that if the civil authorities by whom he was accompanied, empowered him to order his men to fire, many innocent persons would probably fall, whom curiosity or idleness had attracted to the spot. He therefore led the party briskly on, avoiding with a merciful prudence the more public and crowded thoroughfares, and pursuing those which he seemed least likely to be infested by disorderly persons. This wise proceeding not only enabled them to gain their quarters without interruption, but completely baffled a body of rioters who had assembled in one of the main streets, through which it was considered certain they would pass, and who remained gathered together for the purpose of releasing the prisoner from their hands, long after they had deposited him in a place of security, closed the barrack gates, and set a double guard at every entrance for its better protection.

Arrived at this place, poor Barnaby was marched into a stone-floored room, where there was a very powerful smell of tobacco, a strong thorough draught of air, and a great wooden bedstead, large enough for a score of men. Several soldiers in undress were lounging about, or eating from tin cans; military accoutrements dangled on rows of pegs along

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the whitewashed wall, and some half-dozen men lay fast asleep upon their backs, snoring in concert. After remaining here just long enough to note these things, he was marched out again, and conveyed across the parade-ground to another portion of the building.

Perhaps a man never sees so much at a glance as when he is in a situation of extremity. The chances are a hundred to one that if Barnaby had lounged in at the gate to look about him, he would have lounged out again with a very imperfect idea of the place, and would have remembered very little about it. But as he was taken handcuffed across the gravelled area, nothing escaped his notice. The dry, arid look of the dusty square, and of the bare brick building, the clothes hanging at some of the windows, and the men in their shirtsleeves and braces, loling with half their bodies out of the others, the green sun-blinds at the officers' quarters, and the little scanty trees in front; the drummer-boys practising in a distant courtyard, the men on drill on the parade, the two soldiers carrying a basket between them, who winked to each other as he went by, and slyly pointed to their throats; the spruce Sergeant who hurried past with a cane in his hand and under his arm a clasped book with a vellum cover; the fellows in the ground-floor rooms, furbishing and brushing up their different articles of dress, who stopped to look at him, and whose voices as they spoke together echoed loudly through the empty galleries and passages—everything, down to the stand of muskets before the guard-house, and the drum with a pipe-clayed belt attached, in one corner, impressed itself upon his observation, as though he had noticed them in the same place a hundred times, or had been a whole day among them, in place of one brief hurried minute.

He was taken into a small paved back yard, and there they opened a great door plated with iron, and pierced some five feet above the ground with a few holes to let in air and light. Into this dungeon he was walked straightway, and having locked him up there, and placed a sentry over him, they left him to his meditations.

The cell, or black hole, for it had those words painted on the door, was very dark, and having recently accommodated a drunken delerby, no means clean. Barnaby felt his way to some straw at the farther end, and looking towards the door, tried to accustom himself to the gloom, which, coming from the bright sunshine out of doors, was not an easy task.

There was a kind of portico or colonnade outside, and this obstructed even the little light that at the best could have found its way through the small apertures in the door. The footsteps of the sentinel echoed monotonously as he paced its stone pavement to and fro (reminding Barnaby of the watch he had so lately kept himself), and as he passed and re-passed the door, he made the cell for an instant so black by the interposition of his body, that his going away again seemed like the appearance of a new ray of light, and was quite a circumstance to look for.

When the prisoner had sat some time upon the ground, gazing at the chinks, and listening to the advancing and receding footsteps of his guard, the man stood still upon his post. Barnaby, quite unable to think, or to speculate on what would be done with him, had been lulled in to a kind of doze by his regular pace, but his stopping roused him, and then he became aware that two men were in conversation under the colonnade, and very near the door of his cell.

How long they had been talking there he could not tell, for he had fallen into an unconsciousness of his position, and when the footsteps ceased, was answering aloud some question which seemed to have been put to him by Hugh in the stable, though of the fancied purport, either of question or reply, notwithstanding that he awoke with the latter on his lips he had no recollection whatever. The first words that reached his ears were these:

"Why is he brought here, then, if he has to be taken away again, so soon?"

"Why where would you have him go? Damme, he's not as safe anywhere as among the king's troops, is he? What would you do with him? Would you hand him over to a pack of cowardly civilians, that shake in their shoes till they wear the soles out with trembling at the threats of the raganulins he belongs to?"

"That's true enough."

"True enough—I'll tell you what. I wish, Tom Green, that I was a commissioned officer, and that I had the command of two companies—only two companies—or my own regiment. Call me out to stop these riots—give me the needful authority, and half a dozen rounds of ball cartridge!"

"Ay!" said the other voice. "That's all very well, but they won't give the needful authority. If the magistrate won't give the word, what's the officer to do?"

Not very well knowing, as it seemed, how to overcome this difficulty, the other man contented himself with damning the magistrates.

"With all my heart," said his friend.

"Where's the use of a magistrate?" returned the other voice. "What's a magistrate in this case, but an impertinent, unnecessary, unconstitutional sort of interference? Here's a proclamation. Here's a man referred to in that proclamation. Here's proof against him, and a witness on the spot. Damme! Take him

out and shoot him, sir. Who wants a magistrate?"

"When does he go before Sir John Fielding?" asked the man who had spoken first.

"To-night at eight o'clock," returned the other. "Mark what follows. The magistrate commits him to Newgate. Our people take him to Newgate. The rioters pelt our people. Our people retire before the rioters. Stones are thrown, insults are offered, not a shot's fired. Why? Because of the magistrates. Damn the magistrates!"

When he had in some degree relieved his mind by cursing the magistrates in various other forms of speech, the man was silent, save for a low growling, still having reference to those authorities, which from time to time escaped him.

Barnaby, who had wit enough to know that this conversation concerned a devil, as he says he is, himself, remained perfectly quiet until they ceased to speak, when he groped his way to the door, and peeping through the air-holes, tried to make out what kind of men they were to whom he had been listening.

The one who condemned the civil power in such strong terms, was a sergeant—engaged just then, as the streaming ribbons in his cap announced, on the recruiting service. He stood leaning sideways against a pillar nearly opposite the door, and as he growled to himself, drew figures on the pavement with his cane. The other man had his back towards the dungeon, and Barnaby could only see his form. To judge from that he was a gallant, manly, handsome fellow, but he had lost his left arm. It had been taken off between the elbow and the shoulder, and his empty coat sleeve hung across his breast.

It was probably this circumstance which gave him an interest beyond any that his companion could boast of, and attracted Barnaby's attention. There was something soldierly in his bearing, and he wore a jaunty cap and jacket. Perhaps he had been in the service at one time or other. If he had, it could not have been very long ago, for he was but a young fellow now.

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully, "let the fault be where it may, it makes a man sorrowful to come back to old England, and see her in this condition."

"I suppose the pigs will join 'em next," said the sergeant, with an imprecation on the rioters, "now that the birds have set 'em the example."

"The birds!" repeated Tom Green. "Ah—birds," said the sergeant, testily; "that's English, ain't it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Go to the guard-house, and see you'll find a bird there, that's got their cry as pat as any of 'em, and hawks 'No Popery,' like a man—or like a devil, as he says he is. I shouldn't wonder. The devil's loose in London somewhere. Damme if I wouldn't twist his neck round, on the chance, if I had my way."

The young man had taken two or three steps away, as if to go and see this creature, when he was arrested by the voice of Barnaby.

"It's mine," he called out, half laughing and half weeping—"my pet, my friend Grip. Ha ha ha! Don't hurt him, he has done no harm. I taught him; it's my fault. Let me have him, if you please. He's the only friend I have left now. He'll not dance, or talk, or whistle for you, I know; but he will for me, because he knows me, and loves me—though you wouldn't think it—very well. You wouldn't hurt a bird, I'm sure. You're a brave soldier, sir, and wouldn't harm a woman or a child—no, no, nor a poor bird, I'm certain."

This latter adjuration was addressed to the sergeant, whom Barnaby judged from his red coat to be high in office, and able to seal Grip's destiny by a word. But that gentleman in reply, sully damned him for a thief and rebel as he was, and with many disinterested imprecations on his own eyes, liver, blood, and body, assured him that if it rested with him to decide, he would put a final

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stopper on the bird, and his master too.

"You talk boldly to a caged man," said Barnaby, in anger. "If I was on the other side of the door and there were none to part us, you'd change your note—ay, you may toss your head—you would! Kill the bird—do. Kill anything you can, and so revenge yourself on those who with their bare hands untied could do as much to you!"

(To be Continued.)

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TWELFTH MONTH December THE ADVENT OF CHRIST

31 DAYS

1905

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

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.

Dr. Beddoe, F.R.S., who delivered the annual Huxley memorial lecture on Tuesday evening at the Society of Arts, took for his subject "Color and Race." After pointing out the drawbacks in the way of observation and classification of color—including artificial as well as normal changes—Dr. Beddoe observed that red used to be the prevailing color of the hair in parts of Central Europe, but it was now a grayish brown. The results of his own investigations went to show that red was the natural color of man's hair in Europe, at any rate in his uncivilized state, the brown pigment coming later. As a side-light on this point he mentioned that while Japanese, Chinese, and Egyptian children often had reddish or fair hair, there were no fair Chinamen, Japanese or Egyptians. The phenomena observable in the British Isles could be generally accounted for by the intrusions of light complexioned races from the north and east, the prior inhabitants having been more usually dark.

WOMEN AND WOMEN.

Some women may spend hundreds a year on their dress, and yet look cheap. Other women have a knack of always looking expensive on the results of the expenditure of a few pence. One of Miss Cholmondeley's most delightful characters replies laughingly in answer to her snobbish brother's remark, "You can't afford to marry a poor man." "Well, they don't often ask me. I fancy I look more expensive to keep up than I really am." There is a sad side to this illusion. Many a woman has been accused of extravagance, of running up bills she cannot hope to pay, because she looks expensive to keep up, and is not. In this world a great deal of philosophy is needed. The pretty woman who suffers from the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of her plain sisters (and very severely she suffers at times), must remember that she has to pay a price for her gift of the gods. She would have remained beneath their notice had she been plain. If she is grateful, as every one should be for whatever gift has been granted, she will be properly thankful for her prettiness. I hope I do not try to make people conceited. But over and over again I feel really angry when I see a pretty woman despising her gift of longing discontentedly to change her type of beauty, her coloring, her everything, for another sort of good looks, which she thinks she admires more. I have spoken plainly more than once. "You know you are pretty. Be glad of it. Enjoy it yourself, as other people enjoy looking at you, gratefully. It won't last, anyhow. Make the most of it while you can." I have gone further. I have advised, rather pointedly, "You might have been ugly, with brains, you know!"

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Never use a fork when taking a piece of bread. Avoid using a spoon for anything that is not liquid. Pastry should be eaten with a fork; also ice cream where the proper forks are served. It is permissible to eat celery, corn, asparagus, water cress and undressed salad with the fingers. Olives should be lifted from the dish with the olive fork or spoon, but should be eaten from the fingers. Lemon is often served with fish and pancakes. The lemon should be taken in the fingers and squeezed upon the viands.

Brain and Nerves

DEPENDENT ON CERTAIN ELEMENTS OF NATURE, WHICH ARE FOUND IN

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The Christian Scientists are right enough when they claim that the mind influences the body. Worry, excessive mental toil and strong emotions consume nervous energy at an enormous rate. Rest of mind and body is essential for the restoration of an exhausted nervous system. But the mind is dependent on the brain, and the brain in turn is a bundle of nerve cells, which are nourished and sustained by pure, rich blood. Hence the absolute necessity of supplying the elements from which blood is made. These elements of nature which go to form new rich blood and revitalize wasted and depleted nerve cells, are found in splendid proportions in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. By using this great food cure you supply the material substances from which are formed brain and nerve force. By all means have a cheerful, hopeful mind, but do not depend on this so make you strong and well or you will be terribly disappointed when it is forever too late. It may take weeks, or even months, to thoroughly restore your health with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but you can be absolutely certain that every dose of this great food cure is at least of some benefit to you. The healthful complexion, the elasticity of movement characteristic of persons who have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are the strongest evidence of its wonderful restorative influence. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

If cut sugar is served and there are no sugar tongs in the bowl, lift the pieces out as delicately as possible with the tips of the fingers.

GREEK ATHLETES.

"In the foot races of the ancient Greeks," says a writer, "the shape of the stadium caused a great difference, since it was not circular, but long and narrow, with one or both ends semicircular. Consequently the runners had to take a sharp turn at the end of each lap, while except at the turn they were running a straight course. Evidently this turn needed much practice for the athletes on the old vases show athletes practising this one part of the race as a kind of drill, taking each movement separately.

"In early times, when all the runners turned round the same post, the turn gave opportunities for foul play, and there are stories of one competitor tripping another at the post or seizing him by the hair to prevent his winning. But later, in the shorter distances at least, each runner had his own track and post to turn round and probably the separate courses were roped off in much the same way as they are now in sprint races. For the start elaborate arrangements were made and at Olympia the stone slabs are still to be seen, with the grooves at regular intervals that had to be toed at starting.

"Greek long distance men ran in the most approved style of the present day. But the sprinters apparently employed a considerable amount of arm action and took very long steps, rising well on to the toes. Then there was the race in armor, an event highly praised by several of the Greek writers as a valuable preparation for war and which is supposed to explain the famous running charge of the Athenians at Marathon."

MAN'S IDEAL OF WOMAN.

Something pliable—not too masterful. Men don't like a brigadier in skirts; and, above all, not too volatile for "they" want to be able to assert themselves occasionally. "She" ought to be sweet and womanly and thoroughly capable. Clever? Well, yes; conversationally, perhaps, but not a "blue stocking." She must never babble in too classical a vein. In that case she is apt to be a bore with both sexes; but she ought to be, and in fact must be, sympathetic and able to hold her tongue when occasion demands.

A gossiping tendency is not in her favor. Anyway, if she is charitable and mild in her comments, she will be decidedly more congenial. Then she must be neat in dress, with a tendency towards individual style, and, too, men like a "personality"—something quite distinct and original. Lastly, she should not be fault-finding and fretful. A "vinegary" temperament is always fatal.

THE ENGLISH, FRENCH AND MUSIC.

M. Messenger, the composer, recently drew an interesting distinction between English and French audiences. "The French," he says, "are much more rapid in grasping the character of a musical piece. A Frenchman will go to an opera once, whistle its music next day and never wants to go to it again. Not so with the English. If they do not understand a piece on their first visit they do not condemn it, but they go again and even half a dozen times in some cases until the melody soaks into them. In a French opera house one never sees a man or woman with the book or score, but in England I should think at least two-thirds of the audience follow a favorite piece with the book before them."

FORGET-ME-NOT.

This is a German legend of the Forget-me-not. Thousands of years ago God gave names to all the flowers. They were very proud of their names, the stately rose, the poor white lily, the dreamy violet, the April primrose, the straight, slender tulip, the pansy, with its laughing eyes. For amusement they repeated their new names to themselves—all but one small flower that bent beside a rivulet and wept. He was very, very tiny, but he seemed to have a great sorrow. "How now?" asked the Rose. "What is the matter?" The little blossom wept silently. "Don't cry," continued the rose. "Take pattern from the pansy yonder and laugh. Why, even the shy little violet is more cheerful than you." "Alas!" replied the flower, between its sobs, "I would like to laugh, but I am too unhappy. I have forgotten my name." "That is too bad," answered the rose. "We are sorry, but we cannot help you. God only knows your name."

And with this the rose and the other flowers went to their evening rest. Only the sad, small thing by the brookside remained awake. God heard the faint, low sound of its grief. In the depth of the night He came to the flower and said softly: "What is thy trouble?" "My name! my name! I have forgotten my name!" "Dry thy tears," said God. "I will give you another name. Henceforth you will be called Forgetmenot. That name you will never forget."

This made the little flower very happy. It repeated the name over and over again, "Forgetmenot. Forgetmenot," all the while lifting its blue eyes in gratitude to heaven.

THE "BUMMAREE"

That not very elegant word, supposedly an Americanism, "bummaree," is said to be descended from the English "bummaree," itself centuries old, if not very literary in the company it has kept. A "bummaree" was a person who peddled fish outside the regular fish market. Naturally such a person was in disfavor with the dealers in the established markets. The "bummarees" were accused of cheating and selling worthless wares, hence the disgraceful significance of its linguistic descendant.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

MOTHER'S WAY.

Whenever a man had all day until I'm ready, I'm ashamed to pray, I wait till mother comes to say "Good-night, dear child." That's mother's way. And then, somehow, I don't know why, I tell her everything and cry. She hugs me then, and right away I feel less sad. That's mother's way. And mother kneels down by my bed, and pulls my face close to her head, and we both snuggle down and pray. That's why I'm glad for mother's way.

A very sober nursery party sat round the big fire in the old oak-paneled nursery, and for a wonder no one spoke for exactly five minutes. "I never knew anything so tiresome!" And Lance heaved such a sigh that everyone thought that the east wind had come into the room to pay them a visit. "And just when we were to have so much fun!"

"And Barbara and Connie coming to stay for the whole of the holidays!" "And now to be shut up for the next six weeks and go nowhere! I do wish that Baby and Dot hadn't just chosen the holidays to have the scarlet fever in! And any of us may get it, too, and that would be a terrible bore."

"I don't think we will get it, for we weren't with Baby." "But Dot was with us, and the worst is that we none of us knew what to do, it is so awful slow to go nowhere and do nothing." "We can't go out for weeks." "But only in the grounds, and you can't walk all day and all the evening."

And then everyone sighed at once, and then were all so still that a little mouse came out to run across to the nursery cupboard, and only found out that the room was full of his enemies when he was half-way across the floor. Just then the door opened, and their pretty mother came in with a stick of chocolate for each of them.

"Now I have something to tell you." And she stood looking at the children for a minute before she spoke. "I know it will be very dull, and so I am going to give you the little empty room up in the top of the house to furnish for yourselves, and keep as a play-room. Jack has his tool-chest, and he can have any of the old broken furniture that is up in the loft over the stable to do as you like with."

And then mother had to run away, because she said there would have been nothing else left to kiss the next time if she had stayed. "Let's go and look at the room." And upstairs everyone ran, with the fox-terriers at their heels. It was a nice little room, with one window and a sloping roof. Lance was soon hard at work on his knees on the floor, Jack was polishing the window, and the girls were brushing down the walls and making war on the cobwebs.

"Now, it's clean, and we must begin on the furniture. This chair would be good if we could make a new seat." "Let's nail canvas over it, and put a border of red braid." "And we will look in the stable and bring up everything that will be of use." So before long a procession could be seen coming up the stairs. Lance with a broken table, Jack with some legless chairs, Enid with a footstool, and the twins with a box between them.

"Such treasures, and a lot more to come!" they panted, as they came into the room. "Get your tool-chest, Jack, and we will set to work at once and see what we can do before tea-time." No one had time after this to think of being dull. The chairs had to have new legs nailed on, and the table had to be made steady. The girls stuffed cushions and covered boxes to make into seats. The walls had to be papered and the woodwork painted. And though the paper wasn't very straight, and the wood was all streaky, they were all very proud of their efforts. Enid colored some pictures to hang on the walls, and Florrie and Winnie made curtains for the windows. At last it was finished, and they invited mother to tea, to show her all they had done. "It is just a lovely room," mother told them, "and it shall always be your very own. Just think how it has made the time pass!" "It was a very lucky fever for us," they declared, "for if Baby hadn't caught it we wouldn't have had this nice play room."

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, if it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

BEING A BOY.

Sometimes to be a boy's no fun. For, if you notice, every one expects a boy can get along. And won't take nothin', ever, wrong! The other folks—now, ain't this true? Of course must be attended to. And give their choice and asked polite. But boys—"they get along all right!"

When we go vis'tin' some place where they ain't got beds enough to spare, they fix the sofa up for me! "I'll do it him nicely," ma says—gee! Or when we've company, like as not I'm stuck out on a wabby cot. Jes' anywhere that's out of sight! But boys—"they get along all right!"

Or when we drive I'm crowded in. Till I'm all squeezed out good and thin. "You don't need much room, do you, Roy?" And I say no, 'cause I'm a boy! And at the table (jes' like bed), when things don't even up, plain bread. And butter does my appetite! For boys—"they get along all right!"

RIDDLES.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift. What can speak all the languages? Echo. Why is gooseberry pie like counterfeited money? Because it is not current. Name a word of five letters from which if you take two but "one" remains. Stone. Everything has what a pudding has—what has a pudding? A name. In what color should our friendship be kept? In violet (inviolate). Why is India ink like a cunning Hot-tentot? Because it is a deep black. There is a well known word in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman? He, her, hero, heroine.

HE DIDN'T ASK

A certain family in Baltimore has a precocious youngster of 5 or 6 who is noted for his adroit way of getting around parental commands and gaining his own point. His mother is very particular about his asking for anything at other people's houses and has laid strict injunctions on him to that effect when visiting. The other day he was at a house where he waited what he thought too long a time for the usual hospitable piece of cake to be forthcoming. "I ain't goin' to ask for any cake," he remarked at last, blandly. The lady of the house, wishing to see how his ingenuity would encompass his end, pretended not to notice the implied request. "That's very nice of you, Willie," she said. "Because," he went on, loftily ignoring her remark, "in houses where ladies is polite to little boys I don't have to."

Willie got his cake. It must be believed that St. Columba and his men had some galleys that were reasonably stout and had considerable capacity. The one in which the first voyage was made from Ireland to Iowa was, we know, sixty feet long, and carried not only the sails, but other brethren, laborers and sailors. By the way, the sailing rig of the galleys was a cross-yard with a square sail, and this the monks particularly esteemed, for they felt that the yard was always making over their crew the sign of the cross.

There was no coaxing, or hiring or compelling reluctant youngsters to go to that Sunday School. It was the great event of the week. To be sure, the scholars were the same boys and girls who whispered and got into scrapes together five days out of the seven, at school, but in their Sunday clothes and their Sabbath behavior they seemed a different society altogether. Having on a nink frock with frills, slippers with little bows and buckles, and a white straw hat with "streamers," instead of a plain lilac or brown print and a sun-bonnet, marked the seventh day joyfully for one small girl—The Old Frame Meeting-House.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

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

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

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

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

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1906.

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

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

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

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

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN. 34 Queen street East.

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON C.O., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN: Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

CHRISTMAS.

Before our next issue the great feast of Christmas, the feast of feasts, will have come and gone. It is right and proper, therefore, a duty and also a pleasure, for us to greet our patrons with sincere good wishes for this holy tide.

These wishes are simple and oft-repeated, as quickly heard as quickly said. They are none the less sincere by reason of being simple, or because the fast returning years multiply their repetition.

Christmas is the greatest feast of all the year, or indeed, of all the cycles of years. From it the centuries date themselves as circles ever widening from a common centre; piety turning a hopeful gaze towards the ever increasing signs and light.

The Babe of Bethlehem is yesterday, to-day the same forever. He is still in His manger. The angels still sing the same hymn of "Glory to God and peace to men of good will."

THE "DESERVING" POOR. The word much used and in our opinion, abused now-a-days, is the word "deserving" when used to qualify the word poor.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION. Three important object lessons have lately been given the citizens of Toronto upon the evils of education without religion.

draw money for time wasted or ill-spent at the expense of their patrons; that they teach them that there is a higher law than that of selfishness which obliges every member of society and which binds the parts together.

The next two cases, though not nearly so extended or aggravating, have a direct bearing upon the point we maintain concerning them, that they are the result of a bad system of education. A young bank clerk—drawing a salary of six hundred dollars and more, steals a lot of money from the bank and runs away with it and a respectable young lady whom he induced to be his wife. The last case is that of younger boys still, who whilst employed in a wholesale house, used their opportunities to steal a number of things by which they might add to their spending money.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE. It will be somewhat of a surprise to many to learn that Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., at one time rector of St. Patrick's church, Toronto, has just completed a half-century of work in the congregation of which he is so faithful and brilliant a member.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER McCARTHY, C.S.S.R. A few days ago news came to hand of the death of Rev. Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., the beloved priest of Diamond Harbor Church, Quebec, and at one time member of the staff attached to St. Patrick's church in this city.

DEATH OF FATHER CRONIN. The sudden death of Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, marks the close of an eventful and arduous life in the service of the Church.

Club Building at Thorold. The Thorold Post of the 15th inst., contains an article dealing with an enterprise upon which the pastor, Rev. Father Sullivan, is energetically engaged.

ed and narrow, and the warm dews of charity which, like those of mercy, should be as the gentler rain from heaven, disappears and a cold, calculating scientific atmosphere envelops us, and somehow the change is not comforting.

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in youth who in later years devoted themselves to an editorial career, each proving a power in the path chosen, the other associates being Father Lambert and Father Phelan.

The collapse of banking and trust institutions in Chicago and Toronto points a lesson that no sane banker or trustee should require to learn.

Club Building at Thorold. The Thorold Post of the 15th inst., contains an article dealing with an enterprise upon which the pastor, Rev. Father Sullivan, is energetically engaged.

DO YOU WANT A POSITION? All schools are not alike, and especially in helping students to positions. Do not overlook this point.

FURRIERS To H.M. Queen H.R.H. Alexandra Prince of Wales. Order your FURS Through our Mail Order Office.

A new booklet "Snowshoes and other things," illustrates snowshoes, moccasins, toboggans, toques, mitts, and toboggan coats.

Husband, Wife and Home. By Frederic Goss, published in Canada by William Briggs, Toronto, a series of essays on home life.

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The Catholic Register 9 Jordan Street

Headaches are usually caused by eye-strain and can be cured by wearing properly fitted glasses.

PAPER BY MR. J. J. SEITZ

The following practical paper was read by Mr. J. J. Seitz at the last meeting of the Canadian Catholic Union.

A few weeks ago we were favored with a paper from Dr. Barrett of Winnipeg, on "The Catholic Layman's Mission." Dr. Barrett's paper dealt with this subject in a general way; with your kind permission, I shall aim to treat the same subject from a local standpoint.

In my opinion one of the greatest drawbacks in connection with Catholic success in this city, is lack of unity and co-operation. We have some twenty-five societies with various objects in view, social, national, etc., consequently dividing our people into sections, and making concentration an impossibility.

The religious world is viewing with intense interest the steady growth of the Federation of Catholic Societies in the United States.

There was a class who chose to think that the movement would engender enmity between Catholics and non-Catholics. The idea has proved erroneous. In point of fact, the Federation has increased the harmony which had already existed.

The men of brains in America are beginning to recognize the power of the Church. They admire her magnificent organization. The late Mark Hanna is related to have said: "I have studied the ways of the Catholic Church, and I want to say that I speak not as a politician, but from profound conviction, if ever the liberties of the free institutions of America are in danger, the great Catholic Church will be their salvation."

J. J. M. LANDY 416 QUEEN ST., W.

WHY NOT

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casual, from the fact that its needs were so forcibly brought before my notice in the above-mentioned manner. To-day our children are surrounded with every care and attention, to-morrow, they go forth to face alone the stern realities of life.

Naturally a young man graduating from our Catholic institutions seeks for opportunities of furthering the development he has already received. What has been done by the Catholics of this city to assist the young men? In regard to the physical development of our Catholic graduates does there not remain much to be done? Shall we suffer the reproach of being indifferent in this all-important matter? At this very moment our Holy Father the Pope sets us the example, which should stimulate us to immediate action.

Do we fully realize this? It must be clear to each and every one of us that we should do something to further this good work, by every effort in our power. Individually we must take greater interest in our educational institutions, visits should be frequent, and every effort made to safeguard the faith of our Catholic youth. The warfare waged to-day against the Catholic Church is an intellectual one. More than ever, then, must the Catholic young man be able to give reason for the faith that is in him.

Dr. Barrett stated, "Show me the parish in which is attached a suitable club for young men in which they can have access to a good library, reading-room, billiard-room and gymnasium, and I will show you a congregation of Catholic young men who are a credit to their parish, a joy to their parents, and a consolation to their pastor." Why cannot we act on the suggestion? We have discussed projects for a Central Hall with the necessary equipment, etc., etc. Why not make a start?

If the training of children is the special care of those who are able to surround themselves with the things which serve to refine and elevate, how much more necessary is it that an effort should be made to counteract the baneful influence which certainly surrounds the boy of the street, the boy of the shop and small store, the boy of the factory, the boy of no home; the parentless boy, the boy whose every-day drudgery brings him into contact with influences destructive of honor, probity and uprightness.

Could we instill into the hearts of the natural guardians a realization of the duty they owe their offspring, could we open their eyes to the certain destruction to which they are certainly driving their children; could we awaken in them the feeling of the personal responsibility and duty they owe to God, their neighbor and themselves, the care and condition of children would scarcely be the subject of consideration. But to do this would be the momentous if not impossible task of involving the reclamation of the full-grown.

"Better guide well the young than force them when old. For the voice of true wisdom is calling; To rescue the fallen is certainly good But it's best to prevent them from falling. Better close the source of temptation and crime, Than deliver from dungeon and galley. Better put up a fence around the top of the cliff Than an ambulance down in the valley."

How shall we reach this truly desolate and unfortunate boy who thus needs our uplifting? This has been the subject of much thought, and the method generally accepted as the most practical and efficacious under existing conditions is through the establishment of boys' clubs.

Our non-Catholic brethren, richer in worldly means, have already taken up this work and are rendering valuable service. Their clubs are mostly non-sectarian and have given considerable comfort, recreation and intelligent stimulus to many Catholic children, and for this they deserve great credit and thanks; but at the same time, even though elevating, their influence is not Catholic; and for Catholic children and for children of Catholic parents, Catholic influence and Catholic instruction are necessary, if we would have them grow up Catholic citizens.

Too frequently has it happened that the Catholic name has received the stigma of disgrace and borne an unjust and unfair burden because of perverted youth.

Social doctrines of the most pernicious type find fertile field in the unregulated, irreligious, uneducated and unemployed, lazy youth of our cities. Discontent seems to fill the air. "The world owes me a living," yesterday the cry of the anarchist and socialist alone, is now being taken up all over the world by many of those fated to poverty. The tendency is afoot and growing stronger daily among our young men and boys; it may be yet a step, but it grows, and unless checked will grow to a big black cloud which one day will break and deluge us with a flood of crime, which the law cannot curb and against which every mortal force will prove ineffectual. Prevention is safe; it is cheap; it is sensible; reformation is doubtful; it is problematical; it is often unsafe.

This class of Boys' Clubs are intended for boys of the age, say between twelve and seventeen; boys of uneducated and poor parents; boys who labor hard all day in the many sweat-shops of our cities; boys of the widowed mother; boys who if they receive not an uplifting hand from a club, would probably, under ordinary

circumstances, be the subject for ever of demoralizing influences. We see the boys of morals ordinarily high and pure, mingling daily with the boys of the depraved and pernicious type; we see the boy thrown out of his house by a drunken father or mother; we see the boy reared on the profanity of profligate parents; we see the boy of the street, because his home is too small to accommodate him except at bed-time, perhaps, there may be a corner out of the way; we see the unclean and untidy boy, the boy of no character, the boy who swears, drinks, chews, and smokes, all on one block, playing, shouting and running with one another.

We see this boy's bigger brothers going in and coming out of the gambling dens, telling corrupt stories and gradually losing every spark of ambition and self-respect. Gentlemen, this is the situation which confronts us, and if we are to push our work of elevating the youth we must adopt some method whereby these boys may be made to experience, feel and see changes, conditions and surroundings which will counteract this home and street influence. We must give them a place which they will prefer to the street; a place that is bright, cheerful and clean, a place where they will feel comfortable, where swearing and profanity are unknown, and where the kind word will take the place of the cuff and the blow. Such should be our boys' clubs.

Doubtless you will all realize the vastness of the projects I have outlined. They require careful thought and concentrated effort along well-defined lines. While working strenuously along these lines and waiting patiently for ultimate success, let us not neglect the present golden opportunity. Let us begin by helping and fostering the present organizations of our Catholic institutions. A close study of their excellent methods affords us better facilities for acquiring the necessary experience to handle this important matter. Let us also, of our means, contribute to supply our Catholic libraries with the literature spoken of above. In our educational establishments the young man is trained to become familiar with the teaching and doctrine of Holy Church, and in the difficulties of after life, he naturally turns to those who led him on in the paths of science and virtue. If we desire our Catholic institutions to cope with those aided by government grant and private contribution, let us not handicap them in the race.

A Legend of the Nativity

The chilly, wind-swept stable-home A holy Temple hath become, And Mary worships at the shrine Of Emmanuel Divine. Prostrate, adoring, kisses meet She presses to His Sacred feet Who lieth where the beasts have trod, While in great awe she doth repeat—"My God! My God!"

The cattle's straw-strewn stable-home A Royal Palace hath become; Before Him, throned upon the mow, Again our Lady sweet doth bow, In homage kissing His dear hand Who earth and Heaven doth command While in great rapture doth she sing With all the choiring angel band—"My King! My King!"

But now the stable hath become The Holy Infants' earthly home, And Mary stoops to lift and hold, And fondly to her bosom fold This Child of glory and of grace And shower soft kisses on His face: "My Love! My own most precious One! Come to Thy Mother's dear embrace— My Son! My Son!" —The Rev. David Bearne, S.J., in Cantate Mariae.

Election Notes

CONTROLLER J. J. WARD SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED.

Controller J. J. Ward is a candidate for re-election. Controller Ward has given the people of Toronto good straight service and has been careful, broad, energetic and progressive. He has the endorsement of the labor organizations. Retail merchants are with him, also the Citizens' Association. All our readers should support Controller Ward.

Joseph Oliver, who is in the field for Alderman in Ward 2, has had four years' experience in the council, one of which was as controller. His record in the city council should not only re-elect him, but place him at the head of the poll.

Ald. R. C. Vaughan is seeking re-election for Ward 1. He has proven one of the best members of the city council and his record shows that he is worthy of another term.

Ald. Church should be elected in Ward 2. He has proved a safe, honest and energetic alderman and always on the side of good government.

David Carlyle has been prevailed upon to come out for Alderman for Ward 2. Mr. Carlyle is a thorough Torontonian and is well versed in city affairs, having lived here all his life and having served in the council previously. He should be returned for 1906.

Our Christ

Hail! All hail to our Christ! So lowly born, But who became in God's good time The Saviour of mankind. With Him we'll keep the tryst From early morn Till close of day His praise we'll chime, Our Lord, our God, most kind.

Humbly He came on earth In man's own guise, To live among and win from sin His children, ever dear. Let us, then, prove our worth and not despise The love that's shown to us by Him, His mercy never fear.

Once more His natal day Has come around, To keep in view before our eyes The season of His birth. Then as we tread our way Let us be found Not wanting, but be ever wise, Whilst here we stay on earth. —W. G. Teaffe

O'tawa, Xmas 1905.

DRESS WELL First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones. FOUNTAIN, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074.

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TERRITORY Between all Stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, New York. AT SINGLE FARE Good going December 23, 24 and 25, returning until Dec. 26; also good going Dec. 30 and 31 and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 2nd. AT FARE AND ONE-THIRD Going Dec. 23, 24 and 25, also on Dec 29, 30, 31 and Jan 1; valid returning until Jan. 3, 1905. For tickets and full information, call on agent. J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

CANNOT COMPETE AGAINST CHICORY A congregation might as well compete against a church organ— [as sometimes played]. FOR PURE COFFEE Properly Roasted go to 12 LEADER LANE W. LAWSON, TEA AND COFFEE EXPERT Late of Salada Tea Co.

TEACHER WANTED Lady Teacher wanted for Separate School. Apply O. BISSONNETTE, Sec'y, St. Joseph P.O., Huron Co., Ont.

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Thos. A. HASTINGS FOR CONTROLLER TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY

Kindly mark your ballot for the re-election of JOHN SHAW TO THE OFFICE OF CONTROLLER BOARD OF CONTROL 1906

VOTE FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF CONTROLLER J. J. WARD Remember Cumulative Voting is Abolished. Mark your Ballot thus: WARD J. J. X (one cross only) Municipal Ownership, Fair Wages, Clean Government

ALDERMAN JONES FOR CONTROLLER No Results Without Energy

WARD ONE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Your Vote and assistance to elect E. HALES as one of your Council Representatives for 1906 are respectfully solicited. Election Day, Monday, January 1.

1906 WARD No. ONE 1906 VOTE FOR W. T. STEWART AS ALDERMAN

WARD No. TWO VOTE FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF ALDERMAN THOMAS L. CHURCH

WARD No. 2 1906 VOTE AND SUPPORT DAVID CARLYLE AS ALDERMAN

WARD No. 3 Your Vote and Influence for the Election of A. FRIEDMAN AS ALDERMAN FOR 1906

WARD No. FOUR Your Vote and Influence Solicited for the Election of JOSEPH OLIVER FOR ALDERMAN

WARD No. FOUR Your Vote and Work will be appreciated for the Re-Election of R. C. VAUGHAN AS ALDERMAN FOR 1906

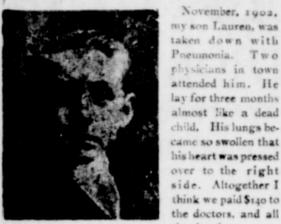
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Positively Cures

Grippe, Lung Trouble, Pneumonia, Night Sweats, General Weakness, Consumption, Bronchitis, Loss of Flesh, Short Breathing, Chills and Fever, Coldness of the Limbs, Obstinate Coughs and Colds, Stops Waste of Lung Tissue.

THIS BOY CURED

Mrs. A. O. Fisher's Recent Statement:



November, 1904, my son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia. Two physicians in town attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen that his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$40 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse.

PSYCHINE (Pronounced Sikeen)

For sale at all drug stores. If it so happens that your druggist hasn't Psychine in stock, order direct or write for a free sample to Dr. J. A. Slocum, Limited, 170 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

\$1.00 Per Bottle.

The Klondikers' Friend

REV. WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S.J. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." The practical truth of this trite but expressive aphorism has been once more demonstrated in the case of the first pastor of Dawson City, the late Rev. Wm. H. Judge, S.J. The sketch of his work, published last year in "An American Missionary," shows this pretty conclusively. The population of that synopsis of the Alaskan missionary's work has been welcomed with grateful approbation by former Klondikers who knew Father Judge; and some of them have eagerly taken up their pen to certify to the truth of what has been said of him, and to add weight and force to the assertion that in '97 and '98, in Dawson, Father Judge was a "friend indeed" because he was most emphatically a "friend in need."

We offer our readers some of these hearty tributes of admiration and gratitude from men who once braved the untold dangers of a trip to the Klondike gold-fields.

Mr. Arnold F. George, editor of the Dawson Daily News, in the following letter, describes Father Judge among his patients in the hospital—a picture of divine compassion that may not soon be forgotten.

Dawson, Y.T., Dec. 27, 1904. Rev. C. J. Judge, S.S., St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.

My dear Father Judge: It strikes me oddly to address "Father Judge" once more, for I never knew until the publication of "An American Missionary," that our Father Judge had a brother in the priesthood.

If it is any pleasure to you to know it, I will say that whatever I have said of Father Judge, has been said in love, since there was no religious tie, myself being a Protestant. I thought I would tell you that as an illustration of the deep affection he inspired in those not of his own faith.

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898. Dawson was a city of tents—and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H—?" was his first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H—? why I didn't know he was here."

"Yep!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."

"Who is this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummiest lot you ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a been sick. And say! You just ought to know

Good Digestion Should wait on Appetite—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce boughs, and he's kept a whole lot of 'em alive up there, waiting for medicines to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

"My acquaintance, B—, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as something funny occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the beg?" I asked, grinning at B—'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me—two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H— and ask him."

I secured my directions, and started through the thickly crowded single street of Dawson for the hill under the slide, where tradition says a whole village of Indians was once buried.

I found, perched up on the rocks, a large canvas church—its predecessor had been burned. Alongside was a log building, extended with canvas tents. I have entered at what I took to be the entrance, though there were many openings, with carpenters plying in and out. I was right, and found the "office," a bare room, but clean. I sat down on what I took to be a home-made lounge—it was of hard boards, covered with a clean carpet rug, with a pillow at the head. I touched the bell on the table and it was answered by a tired looking, old-young man. I recognized a shabby, priestly garb.

"Is this Father Judge?"

"Yes-s," replied the stranger, eyeing me thoughtfully. "How are you? You don't look sick."

"No, no," I hastened to say. "I'm not sick. I just come down the river. I heard you had a friend of mine here, a Mr. —."

"Just come down the river, eh?" he broke in. Then with eyes twinkling and the appearance of age gone, he asked somewhat banteringly, but eagerly:

"I don't suppose now, you've got such things as potatoes with you?"

"Potatoes!" I echoed, with astonishment. "I suppose you are hankering for a mess of potatoes after the food famine of the past winter."

"I?" in great astonishment. "Why, bless your heart, no. I don't want potatoes. But I've got a big houseful of fellows here with scurvy, and medicine has been about gone for months. Potatoes would fix 'em, though."

He grew thoughtful, and continued as though speaking to himself:

"There'll be some coming in pretty soon, I suppose, but I expect they will be five or ten dollars a pound, and I'm broke. Well!" with sudden resolution and briskness. "I'll get them if I have to pay for them. Now, whom might you be wanting to see?"

I told him, and received the proper directions. As I started up the stairs he said:

"You want to cheer him up till I can get some medicine or potatoes for him. We must keep them alive on hope, you know."

I found H—, who was sitting up in his bed, smoking. He had been carried to the hospital six months before, and had never been out of bed. In the ward with him were fifteen other scurvy patients. After a hearty exchange of greetings, H— proceeded to introduce to me every man in the room, after which I sat down on the edge of his bed and talked.

"I don't suppose you've brought any potatoes?" he queried, as soon as the confusion, consequent upon my arrival, had ceased.

"Only the evaporated," I replied. "You all seem to want potatoes. I suppose from what Father Judge said to me, that potatoes are medicine to you fellows."

"A sure cure," spoke up everyone at once. Then H— broke in:

"So you've seen Father Judge!" Then with a confident smile, as knowing the inevitable answer: "What d'ye think of him?"

Everyone in the room looked up, as if a well-worn and interesting theme of conversation had been brought up.

"Oh," I replied, diffidently. "I really haven't seen anything of him much. R— was telling me down town that he is sort of popular about here."

"Popular!" echoed H—, in protest. "Don't use that word 'popular' here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know. He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody."

"I'm sure he's a good man," I replied, sympathetically for all had joined in silent but evidently hearty approbation of my friend, H—.

"You're not a Catholic, H—?"

"O that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot—unless it's Jack, over there. But Father Judge is making Catholics. List. Never preaches or talks doctrine or forms of faith, you know, unless you ask him or show him your mind is uneasy on that score. No! He just does all a mortal man can do for you, and evidently wishes he could do more. Then he jollies you and goes to church, and you feel you'd give one of your two useless legs if you could follow him. Whist! Here he comes."

As Father Judge entered the room with a brisk step and serious mien, every patient that could, raised himself up in bed, while all heads were lifted. Oddly enough there was a smile on every sick face; only the priest looked dull and old. He passed at once to the centre bed, containing the man I had heard named as "Jack." Jack had a rather uncountly, stolid face. He tried to rise as the priest approached, reached out and took one of the priest's hands tenderly in his own. H— and everyone else had stopped all conversation. All looked on. H— whispered softly to me:

er's eyes for a full half minute. Then in the softest tones ever heard from a man's lips, Father Judge said:

"I've been praying for you, Jack. If it is the good Lord's will, you're going to get well. The medicine is beginning to come down river. Nurse will be here in a minute with what you need. Your good old mother is going to see you again if prayers and medicine can avail. Say your prayers, my boy. I'm going down to the chapel again, and I'll leave your case in good hands."

The priest smoothed back the sick man's hair from his forehead, and then I saw the man crying. As the Father turned away, Jack raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it fervently, then buried his face in his pillow.

The nurse came in, and the Father, personally administered the new medicine with thoughtful care. He turned his attention to the rest of the sick men.

"Now, Mr. H—, those pillows don't look comfortable. I've got a better one down stairs. Just get it from a man who is going out. I'll send it up." "Harry! What are you doing with your feet out of bed?"

"Let me make you comfortable, Williams"—smiting the action to the words; and rearranging bedclothes.

Then taking a position in the very centre of the room:

"I've got good news for you all. He looked around with a happy smile.

"There's a whole scow-load of potatoes just landed! What d'ye think of that? Now, I do hope the good Lord will not require me to steal them."

The idea of Father Judge stealing potatoes caused a breach of the silence in a moment. The laughter was infectious. Everyone laughed. Jack had wiped away his tears and spoke up behind the priest's back:

"No, don't you steal 'em, Father. I'll steal them for you," at which there was another laugh.

"No, my boy," answered the priest, "we won't have to steal them. We'll just pray." Then as a merry after-thought, "It's quicker."

Then suddenly becoming serious again and speaking softly:

"I wanted you to know that the chapel downstairs is finished, and evening. We cannot give too many thanks for what He has done for us this winter."

He passed quickly around the room, taking temperatures where the cases were most serious, with a cheerful word to all, and a merry quip for every convalescent, petting the big fellows like great children, and every one of them looking the most profound gratitude.

When a nurse called him away, he hesitated just long enough to assume the most delicious Irish twang:

"Now, don't ye all be after getting downhearted. The boats do be coming in by hundreds, and I'm going out now to have them send ye down what's good for ye. Goodbye."

His departure was the signal for the letting loose of a perfect flood of talk. The knowledge that the Father would be presently among the host of new arrivals, purchasing, bargaining, and, when his money ran out, begging for his dearly beloved sick, was almost too much for many bursting hearts present. I have never in all my eventful life listened to such a stream of adulation for a living man. Incidents of the winter were related, in which Father Judge had always figured in absolute self-forgetfulness. His never wavering faith that the Lord would provide for him and his sick was dwelt upon at length. At one time he had accepted charge of twenty more patients than there were beds in the institution, or bedding for. Before dark, three bales of blankets were brought on an unknown sleigh, dumped at the door, and the driver hurried off. At another time, he had to put his rapidly increasing patients in an upper, unfinished room, with only the ceiling overhead, and no roof to ward off the summer storms, so plentiful in the Yukon. And, as if in answer to prayer, the storms relented, and it was fine for three weeks, or until the last board of the roof was in place. Much earlier, in the dead of winter, he had been unable to get a hole dug in the cemetery for the reception of one of the dead, and had himself worked with pick and shovel until he was about to give up in despair, when in the semi-darkness, two burly men came in from the creeks with the story that it had been borne upon them that they were wanted at the hospital, and there they were to complete the grave and cover the coffin.

With sincere regards, ARNOLD F. GEORGE, Editor, Dawson Daily News.

P.B.—Let me add that the sketch I attempted is incomplete. I proposed reproducing, if possible, the atmosphere surrounding the Father, but I am afraid I have fallen far short. A.F.G.

Another interesting letter, written by Edward C. Gerow, of Seattle, Washington, in July of the present year, recalls several meetings in which the devoted missionary appears as doctor, nurse, friend and adviser in affairs both spiritual and temporal.

Mr. Garrow says: "In June, 1898, my father and I were mining on No. 21 Below, Lower Discovery on Dominion Creek (in the Yukon Territory). One George Hunt was at this time ill in the hospital at Dawson, and as we had to take a trip in for provisions, while there we went to see him. It was then I met Father Judge for the first time, and never will I forget him as he looked that day. One felt that his very glance was a blessing.

The following incident happened about this time: On Dominion, on a claim not far from us, a man named "Giraus" was poisoned by gas, underground. Father Judge had had prayers, or a Mass, said for him, when we met him at the hospital he was much surprised to see my fa-

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. A few lines of which they have partaken lies lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression and a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

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ther, and told him how, thinking he was dead, the prayers had been said. My father thanked him, saying the prayers would not come in amiss, that he thought he could use them; to which Father Judge replied that they would at least do no harm.

The Catholic hospital was then only two stories high, built of logs. Dawson at that time was being visited by an epidemic, and all available space was filled. Each room held three or four sick men, the halls and aisles were filled with cots, leaving just enough space for the nurses to move around. Father Judge gave up his own room and bed, and slept where he could. Indeed, he hardly needed a bed, for he slept very little those days, and in reply to the nurses' pleading that he take some rest, he said that when his work was finished he would have plenty of time for sleeping." The little ten by twelve office and the kitchen were the only places free from sick-cots.

He did not see much of him on that trip—there were from four to twelve men dying every day, and his time with the exception of half an hour for saying Mass, was devoted to cheering and nursing the sick, helping them to die, and after all was over performing the last rites over them.

There are many men who were in the Yukon that year who knew nothing and cared less for religion, and yet I feel, from hearing them talk, that the love and respect they bore Father Judge amounted almost to a religion. One man, an infidel, once said to me that the only time he ever felt he wanted to believe was when he was with Father Judge, and he thought if he could only have seen more of him he would have turned to the Church eventually.

During this portion of Father Judge's life in the Yukon he said Mass in a tent. The church had been burned down shortly before, they having had work to save the hospital. The tent was built on the side of the hill, which left a large open space underneath. I have seen the attendance at Mass so great that the tent could not accommodate the crowd, and the space underneath would be filled also. Neither fire nor his hard work at the hospital discouraged Father Judge; in spite of it all he started immediately to build a new church. Mr. Alec McDonald ("Big Alec," as he is called in the Yukon) I understand gave \$25,000 towards it in one donation, to say nothing of his numerous generous gifts since.

We left for the Creek on the eighth of July, and did not see Father Judge again until the first of January, 1890. While in town I boarded at the cabin of one Mrs. H—, a devout Catholic, whose husband died about the 23rd of December, 1898, and her baby a short time before that. Mrs. H— and I generally went to church together, and on several occasions went up to see Father Judge in the evenings. She felt very badly—her husband had not been a Catholic, and his death was very sudden from heart failure. Father would try to console her. No matter how weary he was, or how much work was waiting for him, there was always time for those in trouble, or who needed help. His one purpose in life seemed to be to do the work before him at the moment and leave the rest to God. He seemed very frail to be living in that climate, and doing such work, but he would say to those speaking to him that God would give him strength to carry out the work. He wanted him to do, no matter what. I have heard him say that when his work was finished he would go to sleep. Every one in that country was working and striving for gold, but he was working to be happy in the next world. Little troubles and annoyances did not amount to anything with him.

(To be Continued.)

Raise What's Wanted

Few really intelligent and progressive farmers are heard complaining. The wise man is he who keeps himself ever on the alert to produce that commodity for which there is a good, strong, quick market.

There are several ways in which the cash returns from the farm may be largely increased without the sacrifice of much time, money or work. For instance, the raising of poultry has come to be a great profit-making business on some farms.

Now, a few years ago this end of the farming business was scarcely worth bothering with. The farmer's wife set a few hens, raised a few chicks and sold a few eggs, but the whole thing didn't amount to much and never counted on to help pay the interest or swell the bank account.

Now, however, conditions have changed. There is a strong, steady and ever increasing demand for chicks as broilers. City hotels, restaurants, clubs, cafes, dining cars and private kitchens are consuming more and more every day, to say nothing of the tons and tons required to fill the export demand. Dealers can never get enough to supply the wants of their customers, and thousands and thousands more could be sold at good prices if they were offered.

A few farmers have been wise enough to see what was going on and to prepare to profit by these conditions. Broilers are wanted and good cash prices are being paid for every

chick large enough to be made ready for the table. Then why not produce them?

Several difficulties arise. Hens as hatchers are failures. They set when they take the notion and seldom when you want them to. They are careless mothers, almost always leading their chicks into danger and losing money. To make any progress or profit in the raising of chicks you must have a good incubator and brooder, and this initial expenditure may prevent those who are not prepared to instal such a machine.

With a good incubator and brooder any farmer's wife can raise chicks so as to make a handsome annual cash revenue. You should get one at once and go into the raising of chicks. All you need is a small yard, eggs and the machine.

By the way, there's a firm in Chatham, Ont., who are advertising an incubator and brooder and who offer to send it prepaid and wait for the money till after 1906 harvest. This offer is worth inquiring about. If you will write a post card with your name and address to The Manson Campbell Co., Dept.—, Chatham, they will doubtless send full particulars of their offer.

Get into the poultry raising business as soon as you can if you want to make money—and keep looking out for other good things all the time.

A Few Converted Ministers

The following are the names of eminent converts (as given in the Calendar of the Paulist Church, Chicago) who, before their conversion, were ministers in one or other non-Catholic denominations:

James Roosevelt Bayley, who became Archbishop of Baltimore.

Levi Silliman Ives, who had been the Episcopal bishop of North Carolina.

William C. Robinson, formerly judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, then for nearly thirty years professor of law at Yale, now head of the law department of the Catholic University at Washington.

Calvin White, grandfather of Richard Grant White, the author.

Jesse Albert Locke, head master of the Newman School at Hackensack, N.J.

James Whitfield, who became fourth Archbishop of Baltimore.

Samuel Eccleston, who succeeded Archbishop Whitfield of Baltimore.

Dwight Lyman.

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'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

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Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

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FITS EPILEPSY

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

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

Frank Monroe, grand-nephew of President Monroe.

Alfred Curtis, now coadjutor bishop to Cardinal Gibbons.

Right Rev. Monsignor Doane, son of the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey.

James Kent Stone, formerly head of Hobart and Kenyon Colleges, Ohio.

Augustine F. Hewitt, who became the second Superior-General of the Paulists.

Daniel Barber, a revolutionary soldier.

Virgil Horace Barber, son of the preceding.

John Thayer of Boston. A peculiar interest attaches to the Rev. Mr. Thayer's conversion from the fact that he had been extremely bitter against Catholicity.

Edgar P. Wadhams, who became the Catholic Bishop of Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Henry Van Rensselaer of New York.

Thomas S. Preston, late Vicar-General of New York.

George F. Haskins of Boston.

The Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa of New York.

Other eminent converts who became priests: Thomas A. Becker, who became Bishop of Savannah.

George DeShon, Lieutenant in the United States Army, who became the third Superior-General of the Paulists.

Richard Gardner, who became bishop of Cleveland.

Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulists.

William Tyler, who became bishop of Hartford.

James Wood, later Archbishop of Philadelphia.

George M. Searle, present Superior of the Paulists.

Sylvester Rosecrans, brother of General Rosecrans, later bishop of Columbus.

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SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods, saying "It's just as good as Eddy's," but experience proves to the contrary, so don't be led astray.

Buy Eddy's every time and you will buy right



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CEYLON TEA is Pure, Delicious, Healthful, and Economical.

In lead packets only at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers.

Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904

GAELIC BRITAIN

Origin of Place Names in Great Britain.

(Written for the Catholic Register by John Hurley of Litchfield, Conn.)

In the great revival of the Gaelic language now taking place in Ireland and while men are being imprisoned for writing their names in Gaelic, it is not generally known that at one time Gaelic was the language of all Britain.

The Romans called the Gaels, Gauls or Galls. In an early edition of Webster's Dictionary, it says the Saxons used a letter like this "G" (the letter g), but "we do not know what letter it is."

Like the language, nearly all place names in Great Britain are simply Gaelic names when traced back to their original forms.

Vir-Lucio or Luchtol, of Wiltshire and Gaul.

Vir-Terae, of Westmoreland, and Fartram.

Vir-Dumnonia, of Devon and Cornwall or Cornubia.

Vir-Marianus, of Hertfordshire.

Vir-Conium, of Shropshire.

Vir-Nemetum, of Nottinghamshire.

Vir-Eda, of Cumberland.

Vir-Puna, of Devon and Verdun, in France.

Radnoas (Bayocass), of Warchestershire and Bayeux.

Cardig of Ceredigair, Cardigan, or Cardiganshire.

The Clan Cat, or Cattach, occupied Caithness and Southerland.

The Scotto-Belgii, or Irish Cambrians. They occupied South Britain; their chief capital was Venta Belgarum, changed to Ventchester - now Winchester.

The Cantii occupied Cam-turr or Cotsum, now Kent.

Trino-bants, of Iccani or Essex, and Middlesex.

Atrebes in Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire.

Kegini, in Berks, Wilts and Somerset.

Duro-triges, in Dorsetshire, hence Dorchester.

Deire, Deiry, or Daireinians of Durham.

The Silurians, of Silchester, also called Calleva Atrebatum.

The Gall-Gaethals, or Novantes, occupied Galloway or Galloweines.

The Virgaleoin, or Clan Galeoin of the Orades, or Orkneys, descendants of the son of Hercules.

The Erigena or Irish, of Ayrshire. (Eria-gena).

The Auberic, in Bibroc or Beresic, now Berkshire.

The Decantii or Dekantai, occupied North Scotia.

Strath-alun is now Shropshire.

The descendants of Gomar or Gomarrah, were called Gymerder, Gamauraidhe, Gomaraidhe, Cammarians, Comberians, Camberians, Cymri, etc.

They were the nation of Cambrians who occupied Cambria, or Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and the Humber. Cumberland Mountains and other places get their names from them; also the Crimea in Russia.

Gaelic was spoken in all Cambria in the eighth century.

The Cruthunians or Picts also spoke Gaelic.

The following are some of the names in Britain, Gaul and Ireland: Crutheni, Cruthie, Coritiana, Corondi, Cruan, Crubne, Cruith, Cruit, Peol, Pictians, Pictavi, Poitou, Ortolni and Cruithni. Their chief cities in Britain were Lindon, now Lincoln, and Ratal, in Gaelic Rath-Ai. They were called by the Romans Volgae, Celtae, or Belgi, and in Gaelic Fir-boigis, Tuath-Taidheans (Teutons), or Fir-domhains, or Tuatha de Dombhains of Devon, Cornubia, Linsther and several places in Connaught in the reign of Eochy IX., A.D. 300, namely, Fir-Criabs, Gamrads and Tuath-Taidheans. The Aitbeach-tuath-Cruth, Attacotti, or Attacots, a tribe mentioned by Amianus-Marcellinus and St. Jerome, as aiding the Picts and Scots against the Britons. Were also Picts. Drumcroon or Picts Riuge, Drum Cum or Duncruthine in Latin is Arx Cruthannorum, or Pict Fort. They have left a great number of place names.

The Scotto-Brigantia or Iriso Britons, occupied North Britain, or that part lying between Stafford and Scot-

land. The chief capital was occupied by the Eber-docii, hence Eboracum, York, etc.

It was the Clan na Breoghain, or Brigantes, who gave name to Britain, variously spelled Prydain, Prydain, Priten, Ynya-Prydan, Breennoch, Breathnoch, Bernicia, Brenneth, Gurth Berneth, etc., because their language was Gaelic. The Saxons called them Wealisc, or Gaelisc, Waichia or Wales.

Colchester was named from St. Gall or Cole.

Leicester, Leir or Lirchester, from Mennanain, MacLin or Leir, also called Oirib-sen, or de-sen-dant of Europa, and was called Neptune from the number of Neabs or ships which used. He gave name to Lirr or Il-lir-ian Sea; also Heria, Magh-Lirr, Logh-Lirr and Logh Corib, originally Cirib. He also gave name to London or Luud-dun, Hyrdun, Luudon, Llyrr-dunum, Lund. It was also named Luing-dun, on account of the Romans having an encampment there, and where they kept their Irish and Cruthunian prisoners.

An early British King was called "Cham," hence the various names of Cham or Ham, Cathir or Carhamp-ton, Hampden, North, South, East and West Hampton, Hampshire, New Hampshire, Hamburg, etc. Cathir in Gaelic means city, but is variously corrupted in to Caer or Car, as Cardiff, Carhampton, etc.

Cathir-Didhe is Cardiff.

Cathir-Cobi (Cubi), is now Holyhead (Regisbituria Cubi).

Cathir-Leon-an-Uisce is perhaps now Carlisle.

Caer London, the capital of the Cruthunians is now London.

Venta Icenorum was the capital of Icen, also called Icanus, Essonia, Exonia (now Exeter); hence also the family names De Extera, Dexter, etc. Queen Boadicia was the famous ruler of the Icen.

Ceanfil or Pennifael, is now Penel-tub.

Camden or Campdena, was called after the Irish St. Caomhden.

Lichfield in Stafford, is called after the patron saint of that place from the Licht or grave of St. Cedwal, or the good St. Cedd, who was either Irish or Welsh. He was also called Scedwal, Shadwell, Cadwell or Cad-wallader, from the Gaelic Cath-Mol-ad.

Glaston, Glastonbury and other places is from "Giolla Josa," a disciple of Jesus; hence Giollastin, Austin, Gladsden, or Glisadisa.

Old Sarum is now Salisbury, and Ambras is Amesbury.

Peairt is the origin of Peart, Perthshire, etc.

Westminster was Iar-Mainster, Western Monastery.

Boston in England was St. Botolphstow, Dolph, or Dubh, which in Gaelic means dark.

Galluh or Gaithness, gets its name from the Clan Gaith.

Fir-Carnub, Carnubha or Cornellie, Cornishmen.

Meneted or Mew-teith, a district west of Clae-Maunshire. Tibh or Fife is from Fiddhaid, woody.

Fathrif Wood; Woodruff may be from this name.

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In and Around Toronto

COME CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Among the superlative joys of life is that of being in a position to help others, and at this blessed season of the year the greatest happiness comes not to those who receive but to those who give.

While Christmas is regarded as the special feast of the children, and perhaps of the very old, it is after all the adults amongst us who will reap the greatest harvest of enjoyment, because it is to us and to us alone, that is given the power to fill the tiny outstretched hands of the children and to minister to the wants of those whose trembling steps show that they are already within view of the distant land.

The famous missionary, Rev. Father Kent-Stone, is expected to superintend the Mission.

Mr. J. D. O'Connor, recently train despatcher at Stratford, and Ex-Grand President of the C.M.B.A., is to be located in Toronto as permanent Organizer for the above society.

The death of James E. Moran, son of Mr. Edward of Weston, took place at the General Hospital on Sunday, the 17th inst., the funeral taking place from the family residence on Wednesday morning to Mount Hope cemetery. R.I.P.

Mr. Mathew J. Wedlock of Barrie will be ordained at St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, on Wednesday, 27th inst., at 9 o'clock.

The following boys received Excellent Testimonials for December, 1905. Form IV.—Francis Casey, Francis Bero, Francis Bartello, Fred Glynn, Fred, Byron, Joseph Firley, Bernard Donovan, William Kirk, Edgar Glynn, Leo Lambrick.

Form III.—Sen.—Francis Kelly, Ernest Broderick, Chas. Finley, John Jamieson, Addis Byrne, Philip Bero, Jas. Wright, Walter Kennedy, John Brennan. Junior III.—Wm. Cahill, Wm. Fogarty, F. Kearns, A. Hamilton, G. Kelly.

Senior II.—N. Pully, Ed. Case, Ed. Sullivan, J. Patton, J. Dillon. Testimonial List.—Junior III.—Wm. Cahill, F. Kearns, Wm. Fogarty, Ed. Murphy, G. Kelly, F. Gentle, F. Bolger, A. Hamilton, T. Bell, Ed. Stacey and F. Byron.

Senior II.—N. Tully, Ed. Case, H. Harrigan, J. Miller, Ed. Sullivan, W. Byron and C. Lambrick.

HINTS TO SHOPPERS

A beautifully illustrated booklet has come in to us this week entitled "Hints to Shoppers" from the West End Jewellery and Religious Goods House of Mr. J. M. Landy, 416 Queen Street West, Toronto.

MR HALLEY'S HAMILTON LECTURE.

The arrangements are all made for Mr. Halley's lecture in Hamilton, which will be held on Friday evening, the 29th inst., in the C.M.B.A. Hall, on James street, opposite the Spectator office.

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of above association was held on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Moore, 195 Bloor St., East. The study of Browning and Shakespeare was continued, after which the annual election of officers took place with the result that those holding office for last year were re-elected by acclamation as follows: Pres., Miss M. O'Donoghue, Vice-Pres., Miss Ferguson, Cor. Secy., Mrs. Moore, Rec. Secy., Miss K. O'Donoghue, Treas., Miss Goodie, Asst. Treas., Miss Monahan, Delegates to local Council, Mrs. Moore and the Misses Aymong, McMahon, D'Entremont and Hart.

PRESENTATION TO MR. MAISONVILLE.

The Parliament Buildings on Saturday were the scene of a pleasant event, when Mr. H. Maisonville, private secretary to the Hon. Dr. Roume, Minister of Public Works, was presented by the office staff of the Department with a handsome gold watch and chain, on the occasion of his recent marriage.

HOURS OF CHRISTMAS MASSES.

Mass in the different city churches on Christmas morning will be as follows: St. Michael's, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 30. St. Paul's, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 30. St. Mary's, 6, 30, 8, 10, 11. St. Patrick's, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 30. St. Joseph's, 8, 8, 30, 10, 30. St. Basil's, first mass at 5.30, followed by mass at every half hour. St. Francis', 6.30, 8.30, 10.30. St. Peter's, 7, 8.30, 10.30. St. Helen's, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 30. Our Lady of Lourdes, 7, 9, 10, 30. Holy Family, three masses with last mass at 10.30.

MISSION BY PASSIONIST FATHERS.

The Passionist Fathers of New York City will open a mission in St. Joseph's church, Leslie street, on Sunday, Dec. 31st. The first week will be as usual, for the women, the second for the men.

PERMANENT ORGANIZER FOR C.M.B.A.

Mr. J. D. O'Connor, recently train despatcher at Stratford, and Ex-Grand President of the C.M.B.A., is to be located in Toronto as permanent Organizer for the above society.

DEATH OF JAMES E. MORAN.

The death of James E. Moran, son of Mr. Edward of Weston, took place at the General Hospital on Sunday, the 17th inst., the funeral taking place from the family residence on Wednesday morning to Mount Hope cemetery. R.I.P.

ORDINATION IN TORONTO.

Mr. Mathew J. Wedlock of Barrie will be ordained at St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, on Wednesday, 27th inst., at 9 o'clock.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

The following boys received Excellent Testimonials for December, 1905. Form IV.—Francis Casey, Francis Bero, Francis Bartello, Fred Glynn, Fred, Byron, Joseph Firley, Bernard Donovan, William Kirk, Edgar Glynn, Leo Lambrick.

Form III.—Sen.—Francis Kelly, Ernest Broderick, Chas. Finley, John Jamieson, Addis Byrne, Philip Bero, Jas. Wright, Walter Kennedy, John Brennan. Junior III.—Wm. Cahill, Wm. Fogarty, F. Kearns, A. Hamilton, G. Kelly.

Senior II.—N. Pully, Ed. Case, Ed. Sullivan, J. Patton, J. Dillon. Testimonial List.—Junior III.—Wm. Cahill, F. Kearns, Wm. Fogarty, Ed. Murphy, G. Kelly, F. Gentle, F. Bolger, A. Hamilton, T. Bell, Ed. Stacey and F. Byron.

Senior II.—N. Tully, Ed. Case, H. Harrigan, J. Miller, Ed. Sullivan, W. Byron and C. Lambrick.

HINTS TO SHOPPERS

A beautifully illustrated booklet has come in to us this week entitled "Hints to Shoppers" from the West End Jewellery and Religious Goods House of Mr. J. M. Landy, 416 Queen Street West, Toronto.

Re Central Catholic Club or Catholic Society Hall

Dear Sir,—In the edition of your paper of the 11th inst., I noticed with much pleasure an editorial inviting all who are interested in having a Catholic Society Hall in the city of Toronto, where all societies could meet to express their views in the columns of the Catholic Register.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c. Ferrozone, 50c. Little Liver Pills, 50c. Doan's Pain-Expeller, 50c. Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills, 50c. 2 qt. Fountain Syringe, 1.25. Dr. Elston's Kidney Pills, 50c. Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills, 1.00.

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very great importance to our people. But separated as we are at the present time, we never can hope to accomplish much. It is an old saying and a true one, "In union there is strength—disunion we fall." This is the position we are in to-day, and as it lies with ourselves to make our position more secure, let us act along the lines suggested.

Training a Jesuit

(From the Catholic Columbian.) The course of studies, according to the rule of the order, never varies. The novitiate at Poughkeepsie is the preliminary training school for all candidates for the order who enter from the eastern part of the United States.

The lesson of humility and equality is emphasized especially by their system of retiring prominent members from their offices at the end of stated periods to other positions to which no prominence is attached. The most distinguished churchman or educator as a member of the order is put upon the same ground of equality as the humblest priest who follows the rule.

At this juncture a change of proceeding takes place, and the candidate retires from active routine study and spends the following five years as a scholastic teacher in the various collegiate grades in the Jesuit colleges.

Following the five years of scholastic teaching the candidate returns to study exclusively, and spends three years in the study of theology. At the conclusion he is ordained to the priesthood. After ordination he returns immediately to his studies, and spends at least another year in higher philosophical work.

Now the course of preparation is completed, and the priest takes his solemn vows, receives his final degrees and becomes a professed Jesuit. The vows of the order are of two kinds—perpetual and solemn. The perpetual vows consists of pledges of poverty, chastity and obedience. They are taken at the end of the two years' course in the novitiate.

MUSIC

Pupils prepared for examinations in PIANO AND HARMONY. Term—\$5.00. Mrs. J. A. Scott, 328 Seaton St., TORONTO.

SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hamilton Wharf," will be received at this office up to and including February 5, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf in the City of Hamilton, Wentworth County, Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster of Hamilton, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

FRID. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, December 16, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Also a complete stock of our goods is carried at the Auction Rooms of F. Chilton Young & Co., 248 Yonge St. during Xmas Week, where purchases can be made at our prices, which are 35 per cent. lower than any other firm in Canada. Phone Main 5682. SIMON ALAJAJI, PROPRIETOR.

These vows are perpetual only in the language of the order. If later in his course the candidate should change his mind and leave the order, he may be dispensed from the perpetual vows. The solemn vows are taken at the time of final profession and are therefore preceded by nearly a score of years in the order. They are regarded as far more important than the earlier vows, and, according to the laws of the society and the Church, they are very binding upon the subject.

WARD 2

1905 — — — 1905 ELECTORS OF WARD NO. 6 RE-ELECT J. H. McGHIE AS ALDERMAN

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