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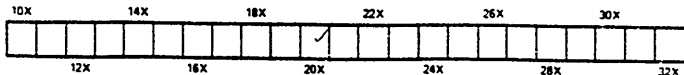
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## A WEEK WITH LORD and LADY ABERDEEN

FAREWELL WORDS OF THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH.

Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, have put in another very busy week visiting the institutions of Toronto, the programme including no less than four visits of special importance from the Catholic standpoint.

On Wednesday afternoon their Excellencies re-visited St. Michael's College, and renewed their acquaintance with the young students of the drama upon whom they had on previous occasions bestowed warm praise. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto was present to receive the distinguished visitors, in addition to Rev. Dr. Terry (Principal) and the faculty of the college. Among a large gathering of clergy and laity were noticed Vicar General McCann, Rev. Frank Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral; Very Rev. Dean Egan, (Jarrie); Rev. Father Honnessy, Rev. James Walsh, R.V., Father Dodsworth, C.S.S.R.; Rev. L. Minahan, Rev. Frank Walsh, C.S.B., Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Lamarche, Rev. J. J. McEntee, Rev. Father Prachon, Hugh Ryan, Sir Frank Smith, Capt. Law, R.N.; Hugh T. Kelly, Frank A. Anglin. The opening number on the programme of the afternoon was a motley of Scotch airs (Cox) which the orchestra rendered in spirited style. Following this Dr. Terry read an address of welcome to their Excellencies as follows:

To the Right Honourable John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada.

MAY I PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—In welcoming your Excellency to St. Michael's College we find a difficulty in expressing the sentiments of our hearts in a brief address. Your exalted station, the power you represent, and the deep interest which your Excellency and your most charitable Lady have taken in the advancement of the lower classes, and more particularly in the welfare of our people, are factors rendering this occasion an important event in our rather quiet life. As Governor-General you have displayed a zealous and continued interest in the cause of education throughout the Dominion. And in visiting us to-day your Excellency shows that your interest reaches beyond the more favored institutions of the state. We therefore welcome your Excellency and Lady Aberdeen most cordially to our humble halls. Your work done by such colleges as this faculty in their arduous labors, as well as to the students in their ordinary work. To build and sustain a residential college, and still more to keep pace with modern progress, is a most difficult task. It needs encouragement. And in visiting us to-day your Excellency, England's greatest churchman and statesman received their first information in one or other of the famous public schools. Nor are we, though younger and more lowly than they, without our honor roll. Bishops, priests and professional men have in the various generations drunk the draught of wisdom at this very fountain. They came from far and near; they were educated in the affectionate bonds of college friendship; they are scattered throughout Canada and the United States in various fields of distinction and usefulness.

The great majority of us are of Irish extraction. It is therefore with hearty gratitude and with special reason we welcome you to our midst. Your official life in our fatherland, your brief but generous administration of its affairs, the self-sacrificing devotion of Lady Aberdeen to the industries of Ireland, your sympathy and consideration with the poor people, are all well known to us, young though some of us are. These memories have endeared your Excellency to the children of the Irish race, whether at home or in the colonies or in the United States. Their answer we express in the prayer we breathe for your happiness and health in time and your bliss in eternity.—Signed J. R. Terry, Superior, St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 15, 1897.

Then Father Murray's fete brought the students to their feet to sing "The Maple Leaf." This chorus was most patriotic. The special presentation of a scene from "Rebellion" in honor of the visitors followed. The entire play was presented by St. Michael's students has already been described in these columns. All that need now be said is that the scene selected—that laid in the garden of the Louvre, Act IV.—was most creditable to the performers. Mr. H. N. Shaw may be said to have scored a signal success in this instance. At the close of the programme, Lord Aberdeen made an exceedingly cordial speech in reply to the address of welcome and in appreciation of the students' entertainment. He said that it was with feelings of more than usual pleasure and gratitude he had listened to the address

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

read by Rev. Dr. Terry. He appreciated its terms all the more because they had renewed the kindly expressions which he had received upon the occasion of former visits to St. Michael's College. If the presence of Lady Aberdeen and himself once again in this college hall was an encouragement to the students, he said in return that the expressions of good will to which they had listened were equally gratifying to them. He congratulated the Principal and faculty of St. Michael's upon the excellent work which the college has done and is doing. Its record was written to-day in the public opinion of many of its students of the past, and from the indication of its work which they had just seen he felt that he could safely predict as great, or greater, things for the future. He thanked them for the mention which the address made of Lady Aberdeen's work in Ireland. It had spoken of her "self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of education"; it was true that her very active interest in the revival of Irish industries had been a labor of love as well as duty. It was some years now since they had left Ireland, but their memories of the country and the people were as fresh as if they had happened recently, and it was indeed a pleasure to have those things recalled now with so much characteristic kindness. He could say that any mention of Irish industries always put Her Excellency upon the alert, as she would greatly appreciate the reference contained in this address. Before sitting down Lord Aberdeen made his usual happy reference to a holiday, which the students received with ready applause and the proceedings closed with "God save the Queen."

AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

All who were present at the reception in St. Joseph's College walked over to St. Joseph's Convent where their Excellencies were received at 4:30 on Wednesday afternoon in one of the lecture rooms that had been fitted up for the occasion with striking effectiveness. The room was beautiful with flowers and colors, among the latter the plaid of the house of Aberdeen being prominently displayed. The Reverend Mother and the sisters received their Excellencies, and as they accompanied the Archbishop past the reception room to view the beautiful new chapel, a chorus of the pupils rendered the National Anthem. Lord Aberdeen commented afterwards upon the singing had made upon him as he stood in the chapel. When their Excellencies and the Archbishop entered the reception hall they were greeted with a chorus of "God Save the Queen," "The Choice," by the pupils who stood in their school uniforms on the stage, presenting quite an inspiring picture. The young ladies were the Lady Dorothea Ross, and the little girls the Gordon ivy. The reading of an address of welcome followed. It was read by Miss Isabella Curtis, who, who she had finished reading the verses, stepped down and handed the exquisitely painted folios to the Governor-General and the other Lady Aberdeen. The verses of the address reviewed the brilliant careers of Lord and Lady Aberdeen as representatives of the Queen, especially in Ireland and Canada. A second greeting to their Excellencies was sung in chorus by the little girls.

Some of the musical numbers were: Violin duo (Mozart), first violins, the Misses Kony and Downey, second violins, the Misses Falconbridge and Hughes; instrumental solo (Bach), Op. 18—Beethoven, Miss Downey; recitation, "A Northern Lass" (Boyesen), Miss Kathleen McDonnell; musical trio (Burns), the Misses Curtis, Hughes and I. Curtis.

Lord Aberdeen conferred honors upon the pupils of the convent as awarded by the University of Toronto. The list of names was read by Miss Duran as follows:—Miss Una Mabel Clavel, certificate for having passed in September, 1897, the examination for matriculation in music; for having obtained at the annual examination in May first class honors in the history of music first year; second class honors in the history of music second year; first class honors in harmony, counterpoint, practical music, double counterpoint and canon, fugue and sonatas.

Awarded by the Education Department to the Misses Frances Morrow, Harriet Boyle and Florence Miley, certificates for having passed in matriculation. Part I in mathematics, science and modern languages. Certificates awarded to the Misses Morrow, Miley and Julia Doran for passing university matriculation, Part I in history, national history, arithmetic and physical science. Primary certificates awarded by the Education Department to the Misses Teresa Shaughan and Ella Kony for passing departmental examinations in English, mathematics and physical science. Certificates awarded to the Misses Janet Johnston, Carmel Sullivan, Bella

Curtis, Harriet Boyle and Loretto Morrow for passing Form I examination in botany, drawing, book-keeping and commercial transactions.

Lord Aberdeen delivered a happy speech to the pupils. He began by complimenting them on the singing of the National Anthem, which he said had rarely made such an impression upon him as when, standing in the beautiful chapel adjoining, he heard their fresh young voices swelling its ever welcome strains. In regard to the musical part of the entertainment, and the university honors which he had the pleasure of conferring, he said "I can only say to you, what we have again and again observed, that, although during the past four years we have travelled through the length and breadth of this wide Dominion, although we have had the pleasure of visiting the various colleges, seminaries, and academies of the land and of expressing again and again our enjoyment and appreciation of the welcome wherever prepared for us, we have certainly not exhausted our pleasure in witnessing such gracefulness and skill as we have been struck by here this afternoon. In the address we have listened to our attention is turned to our own

Central Prison on Sunday evening. Their Excellencies were accompanied by Warden Gilmour, Inspector Noxon, Mr. Frank Walsh, O.S.B. (prison chaplain), Mr. S. H. Blake, (Q.C.), Mr. Hamilton Cassels, and a number of ladies and gentlemen prominently identified with prisoners' aid work in the city. The scene was a remarkable one, and perhaps the most interesting in the entire round of visits their Excellencies have made to the institutions of the city. The Warden made a short introductory speech after the visitors were seated. He said every one present would be glad to listen to Father Walsh, the Catholic chaplain, who had been asked and had consented to speak to their Excellencies upon the working of the prison as he had observed it. He (the Warden) would confine himself to expressing what he believed to be the thought prominent in the heart of every inmate—gratitude that their Excellencies, when visiting the institutions of Toronto had not omitted the Central Prison. (Applause.)

Father Walsh thanked the Governor-General and his amiable lady for the wisdom and thoughtfulness that prompted them to make this visit on a Sunday

him that his congregation is decreasing, and also growing better. Three times a year they receive Holy Communion; and last Sunday 50 of the 100 Catholic inmates, in the last part of 50 arrivals there were only 6 Catholics. He thanked God for evidences of improvement. He would sooner see a man anywhere than here; but the man whom he once met here and who was sure would be his religion, was always glad to meet as a friend as often as possible. He did meet very many who had reformed their lives in prison. That was one of the joys of a chaplain's life and their Excellencies he was sure would be glad to know it. Before closing the speaker drew the attention of their Excellencies to a locked cupboard near them, and made the humorous remark that it was the Catholic church, but he said the inmates were sparing no effort to facilitate both their Excellencies and by providing two rooms instead of the one now used as a chapel. The arrangements were approaching completion.

Hon. S. H. Blake followed with a touching and earnest address.

Lord Aberdeen delivered one of the noblest addresses of his series of visits. He said he had been forcibly struck by Father Walsh's reference to the perfect facility afforded him of ministering to all the inmates of this institution placed under his spiritual care, as well as by the subsequent remarks indicating how he ministered to such inmates strictly, even to the extent of putting off other requests for instruction. That information had pleased and impressed him as a matter to remember and possibly to use elsewhere for the comfort and profit of persons interested in prison work. His Excellency then entered upon a practical talk to the inmates, showing at once his own sympathy for the inmates, but he pointed out not only the necessity but also the manliness and spirit of obedience to discipline and religion. Lady Aberdeen followed, speaking as she did, not in an official sense, but as the representative of the mothers, wives and sisters of the men listening to her. One of the things that could not fail to attract notice was the keen attention and sympathy of the prisoners, the readiness and unanimity with which they responded to every word that touched their emotions, whether it made them applaud, laugh or start tears in their eyes. They sang the hymns which she sang once more before they left the hall.

AT LORNETO ABBEY.

Loretto Abbey tendered a reception to their Excellencies on Monday afternoon. It would be idle to attempt a description of the decorations of the lecture hall and the elaborate arrangements for welcoming the visitors. Good tidings of the day and with welcoming mottoes greeted the eye in every direction. The Archbishop, the Reverend Mother and the Sisters welcomed Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the main entrance. The lecture hall was crowded with ladies. The National Anthem as the vice-regal party entered the hall. Some of the prominent citizens present were Hon. Edward Blake, Hugh Ryan, Sir Frank Smith, George Plunkett Magann, Eugene O'Keefe, H. T. Kelly, Patrick Hughes, P. A. Auglin, Joseph Brudenrych, Major Gray, W. T. J. Leo Inspector May, D. M. Deane. Among the clergy were Vicar-General McCann, Fathers McEate, L. Minahan, Dollard and Wm. McCann. Lord Haddo accompanied the Governor-General. The presentation was presided by Miss P. Varkins, Miss Gertrude Foy, Miss Winnifred Evans, Miss Norma Fraser and Miss Gertrude Sullivan. The address of welcome was read by Miss McMahon. Then the musical programme was presented. To say that the singing and instrumental music were alike admirable is unnecessary, as Loretto Abbey enjoys distinction in this respect. The following was the programme:

Valse Song—"L'ardita" (Ardito). Miss Ruby Shea; duet, hard and piano—"Gloria Go Brand" (Boquet), Misses Kravang and Devan; three-part song—"Bonnie Doon" (Scottish), St. Cecilia's Chorus; recitation—"Magdalen," Elocution Class; chorus—"Misericordia" (Verdi), Miss T. Flanagan and Loretto Abbey Girls' Chorus; solo—"Lamento" (Op. 68) (Chopin), Miss H. McMahon; Cavatine—"Plus grand" (Gounod), Miss M. Chapin; duet and chorus (Ballo), Misses Flossie Burns, Sarah Palmer and Loretto Abbey Choral Class.

After His Excellency had warmly praised the entertainment, and spoken of the form of the address presented as a work of art which would ever be treasured among the most prized possessions they would take back from Canada to Scotland, and had also tendered to the sisters a sincere expression of his own appreciation of their respect and admiration, the pupils were given a holiday.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

After a few pleasant introductory remarks on the subject of the Christmas holidays, the Archbishop said. Your Excellencies, ladies and gentlemen—This is probably the last opportunity I will have as head, in the official and spiritual sense, of the Catholic citizens of Toronto, of expressing the most heartfelt and warm affection of all on account of the unvarying kindness and benevolence of the Governor-General of Canada and his amiable Countess, which we have seen during their visit to the city now drawing to a close. (Applause.) I am quite sure there is not one Catholic in the city who, at this same time, can think that there is anything unusual in the consideration which

their Excellencies have shown in the series of visits they have paid to our Catholic institutions, and we know that their kindness is in no sense a special favor; but on the contrary that their visit are like the sunshine of heaven itself in their beautiful impartiality. (Applause.) We all feel that indeed during their Excellencies' short stay in the city, I am quite sure by reason of the completeness with which they have embraced all local institutions, that they must have themselves, to St. Paul, the debtors of all classes of our people. The gentle and simple, the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, all have been comprehended in the attention they have bestowed upon Toronto and its citizens. The charm of their presence will remain as a bright page in the lives not only of the inmates of our charitable homes for the old, but also of our charitable refuges for the young. Even the bars of the prisons have not availed to keep them out, for we have seen them acting in perfect accordance with the words of the Saviour of Mankind, visiting the dungeons and carrying their sympathy among the unfortunate victims of human justice. Your Excellencies, I may indeed say, in the words of a countryman of my own, you stoop to conquer. (Applause.) You have stooped from your high station to visit all the aged, the sick, the afflicted and the imprisoned; and you have condescended and taken captives to the hearts of the citizens of Toronto. But as we know all human captivity must have an end, so it will not do for me to say that we do not hope for release from the willing captivity of affection into which your Excellencies have led us. Your official residence in Canada must soon come to an end; but we do not expect you to return here again to restore our liberty at the same time that we resume our relations of loyal attachment to you as the representatives of the sovereign in this Dominion. (Applause.) Otherwise your Excellencies would most earnestly hope that when at the foot of the throne you shall give an account of your Canadian stewardship you may be rewarded with the praise earned by the good toward: Well done thou good and faithful servant; and may I say a faithful I will make you ruler in many things. (Applause.) If you are not to return to Canada, we hope that your future official trusts may be even more exalted than this. And now your Excellencies are about to bid farewell to the Dominion. We most earnestly hope that which brings to yourselves, "Fortuna Sequatur." (Applause.) May good luck and fortune follow you; may kind Providence protect you, shed upon you every blessing and benediction and reward you in the life to come.

Christmas Church Services.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The Christmas services will begin at 6 o'clock a.m., when Solemn High Mass will be celebrated by Rev. Father Wynn, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. At 8:30 o'clock Christmas Mass will be celebrated by Rev. Father Grogan. A choir of fifty children will sing under the direction of Prof. Donville. Miss Costello will act as organist. At 10:30 o'clock the Solemn High Mass will be celebrated by Rev. Father Grogan, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Cosgrave, will sing Giorza's Third Mass in C. The soloists will be Mrs. O'Hara, the Misses Flannery, O'Donoghue and Murphy, and Messrs. Terry, O'Donoghue, Sheehan, Thompson, Grogan, and Murphy. Signor Diuelli will preside at the organ and will be assisted by a full orchestra. Rev. Father Dodsworth will preach.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The Masses on Christmas Day in St. Paul's Church will be at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10:30 o'clock. At the High Mass, at 6 o'clock, the Christmas music of the "Pastores" and "Adeste Fideles" will be sung by the school children. At 10:30, Solemn High Mass, music by Mercadanti, sopranos, the Misses O'Connell, Baxter, Ryan, Geary, Carol and Troman, altos, Troman, Foy, Tumpkin, Curran, and Murphy, tenors, Tompkins, O'Connell, Larkins, basses, Hall, McGuire, Tadmey, Mogan, Gloglog and Cadapan. Mr. Harry Troman will conduct the choir, and Miss Kate Rigney will preside at the organ. Rev. Father Climo will be celebrant of the Mass. Father Hands will preach the Christmas sermon.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.

Masses will be celebrated, beginning at 5:30 and every half-hour to 10:30. When Haydn's 10th Mass will be sung by the choir, under the leadership of Rev. Father Murray, assisted by a full orchestra under Mr. Bailey. The celebrant of the Mass will be Rev. Father Marjion. Rev. L. Bronau will preach the Christmas sermon. Vespers in the evening at 7:30.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Soprano's Mass in "A" will be sung for the first time in Canada by the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Christmas morning, at 10:45. The choir will be accompanied with full orchestra.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Masses on Christmas Day at 7, 9 and 11 o'clock. At 11 o'clock the choir will sing Millard's Mass, under the leadership of Miss Murphy. Sermon by Father McKintee. Vespers at 7:30 p.m.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

Mass, Mass's First Vespers, "Pastors" (Lambert), soloists, Mrs. Callner, Misses Flannigan, Foley, McCann, Banks, Messrs. Morcier, Durban, McNamara, Stack, Russell and Egan.



### The Early Christmas Mass

AN IRISH BALLAD, BY SHAW-NA-MON

Shipping down the dim Welsh mountains to the early Christmas Mass,  
When the shadow 's on the heather, and the rime is on the grass,  
Want may chill our highland cottage, troubles bide with us alway;  
But the Saviour makes us happy on His Holy Christmas Day.

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace and joy—  
Little pet-lamb, pretty Nora; sturdy Neil, my noble boy—  
When the hearth is neat and cozy, and the dancing flames are gay,  
And the kettle croons a welcome to the coming Christmas Day.

Darkness lingers in the valley, and the fairy-haunted glen,  
Eastward now the breaking morn brings the peace of God to men;  
Near the mountain rim, first jewel of the Christ-child's diadem,  
Burns a star of radiant beauty like the star of Bethlehem.

Wake ye now, my sleeping treasures, wake ye now, your mother's joy—  
Pretty Nora, drowsy lambkin, blue-eyed Neil, my laughing boy—  
For the shadow 's on the heather and the rime is on the grass,  
And the Angels hurry earthward to the early Christmas Mass.

See, above yon ivied abbey, where God's servants prayed of old,  
Fery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of gold—  
Swing the gables of glory open, shining silvers unnumbered pass,  
Let us hurry down to meet them at the early Christmas Mass.

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the riverside and glen,  
Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately women, stalwart men;  
Guard them there, oh God of Erin, butter sorrowers their's al!;  
Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas Mass.

Lit' the drooping fame, my Ern, God has heard thy bitter moan,  
Thou' His hand rest heavy on thee, us to make thee more His own.  
Faith has died where nations flourished; earthly gain His gifts surpass,  
When He greets His gathered people at the early Christmas Mass.

Home in the old country and to the future,  
and we are asked to remember  
"one bright day"—this day—of our  
visit to St. Joseph's Convent. I can  
assure you that we will regard this as a  
bright day indeed, and often think of it  
with the same wish which we have in  
our hearts now, that God may continue  
his blessings and benedictions upon  
you and the work done within the walls  
of St. Joseph's Convent. I thought to  
say something about the Sisters; but  
what can I say. I can only repeat to  
you the words of Goldsmith which His  
Grace the Archbishop made beautiful  
use of a few days ago, when speaking of  
them, he said: "They do speak by  
strength and blush to find it fame."  
They set us all one example, to  
seek first the kingdom of God  
and His righteousness. His Ex-  
cellency made a lengthy comment upon  
the artistic covering of the address of  
welcome, describing minutely the design  
printed on the outside, which combined  
the shamrock, rose, thistle and maple  
leaf and the motto of the house of  
Aberdeen "Fortuna Sequatur." He  
praised the artistic value of the ad-  
dress; but he added that they would  
value it for the thoughtfulness which it  
expressed, and the sentiment which he  
was sure emanated from the mind of a  
woman. In expressing his gratitude he  
could only say, may fortune and every  
blessing attend the work of St. Joseph's  
Academy. The usual holiday was  
pleasantly greeted and after a short  
address by the Archbishop the reception  
was terminated with a farrow chorus  
and the National Anthem.

AT THE CENTRAL PRISON.

The "National Anthem" sung with  
enthusiasm by over four hundred pri-  
soners, greeted Lord and Lady Aber-  
deen as they climbed up the spiral iron  
stairs and entered the chapel at the

evening so near to the blessed Christmas  
time. This thought, he knew, was in  
the heart of every visitor and inmate  
present. The speaker paid a warm  
tribute to the goodness of Lord and  
Lady Aberdeen, remarking that he had  
known Lord Aberdeen, and was aware of  
the affection which his name still in-  
spires throughout Canada, this affec-  
tion, he said, had been born again  
among every class of the people by the  
many virtues of head and heart of Lord  
and Lady Aberdeen. (Loud cheers by  
the prisoners.) He had been asked to  
give an account of his charge to Lord  
Aberdeen. It would be very brief; but  
there was one thing he would testify to,  
and he believed their Excellencies would  
be glad to hear it. "There is not," he  
said "as far as I know, an institution of  
this kind on the continent of America  
or elsewhere, where the Catholic chap-  
lain is received so cordially, treated with  
such respect, and given more perfect  
facility for access to all the inmates  
under his charge than the Central  
Prison. This is a matter of so much  
importance, your Excellencies, that I  
am bound to add, for my own part, that  
I only restrict my actions as much as  
possible in consideration of it. I  
have been chaplain here for seven  
years and to this day I do not know the  
names of the Catholic guards. Another  
point is this, that although I have often  
been approached by inmates not under  
my charge with the request to give  
them Catholic instruction, I have felt,  
although I could not refuse as a priest,  
that I could not consent as chaplain  
to do anything resembling proselytism;  
and in every such instance I have put  
the request off to another time and  
place." Continuing he said he had not  
prepared any statistics. There were  
about 100 Catholics now in the prison  
out of 410, being the smallest proportion  
during his chaplaincy. It was a joy to





The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

TALKS BY "TERESA"

If there is one thing more than another that should enter into a child's education it is the lesson of kindness to animals.

It is only just to humanity to say that most children are not cruel by nature; it is merely thoughtlessness and want of comprehension of the suffering they inflict that is in most cases to blame for cruel and unkind treatment of animals.

Much may be done by parents and teachers to instil a fondness for animals into the minds of the children in their charge, both by word and example.

Parrots, especially, should not allow children to tease and persecute domestic animals; they should try and lead the little ones to love them and to rejoice with pleasure the love and gratitude with which the poor dumb creatures always regard those who treat them with kindness and consideration.

I often hear people say: "Oh, I can't bear animals, I hate cats." I must confess it gives me a feeling of aversion to hear anyone talk like that; it certainly betrays a lack of sympathetic feeling on those qualities that enable us to see and appreciate whatever is best and most admirable in the world around us.

I saw a woman walking down the street one day strike with her umbrella every innocent little dog that happened to come near her, whether it touched her or not. I thought the friendship of a woman like that would not be worth having. She will probably be bitten one of these days, and will then have to thank for it a word here about hydrophobia; the dread of this exceedingly rare disease is absurdly out of proportion to its actual occurrence.

I have heard it said that man possesses supreme power over the lower animals, and may do with them as he pleases with them. This is a mistake; they were given to us for our use, certainly, but we are to treat them with consideration, not to inflict needless pain upon them or kill them without necessity.

Then they would know what truth is, what patience is and unkindness, and read our hearts' devotion in the softness of our eyes.

If they would but teach their children to treat the subject creatures as humble friends, as servants who strive their love to win, then they would see how joyous, how kindly are our natures, and a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.

We are becoming more humane in many respects, our methods of transporting cattle are much improved, water-troughs abound in nearly all cities, and though the treatment of the poor animals intended for slaughter leaves very much to be desired, the question of more public and better arranged facilities continues to be discussed with a view to introducing quicker and more merciful methods.

must have been a person of means, if not of taste.

That he had a chimney-pot hat on goes without saying, likewise an immaculate collar and front, and a four-in-hand tie with a horse-hoof pin in it.

So far so good, but when one looked a little lower one was startled to behold six enormous white mother-of-pearl buttons, three on each side decorating his otherwise faultless dark blue overcoat.

The gentleman had possibly fastened his coat with dinner plates, and appropriated to his smothering nose and fuchling in male attire.

Three smaller buttons adorned the coat-sleeves; gloves he had none, though he should have worn a pair of lavender silk to complete the tout ensemble.

The usual garments and a pair of light tan boots finished him off. But when he struck me more than anything else, even the buttons, was an enormous walking stick, a trifle thicker than the leg of a table and somewhat resembling Gullish's club.

It was a pretty heavy weight to carry around and a rather awkward object when used to practice.

"The vice is not of a cloud's cane," but it is not solid, and thereby made to walk under any circumstances of the Cautious official. For if that "knobkerrie" is hollow and the ferrule made to screw on, several pounds of tobacco or other contraband of civilization might be conveniently made to walk under the very loaves of Mr. M-j-y's revenue collectors.

Smuggling is very profitable (until you are found out), and might possibly account for the big stick, the gold watch, the horse-hoof pin and the mother-of-pearl buttons, though the latter are difficult to account for under any hypothesis save slight temporary insanity.

I hope the gentleman won't see that he might be offended, and that stick would create a panic in the office if he came down and asked for the editor.

"O'clo' o'clo' rags and bones, o'clo'!" The sound appeared to come from a large sack that was staggering along one of Toronto's middle-class residential streets the other day. But if the pedestrian passed it and looked round, he saw that the motive power was of a different kind, and that the sack was of a different kind.

"Will you buy a pair of pants?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am, if they're worth it." "They are quite good, only they are too tight for my husband," and she produced the garments for inspection. The Jew fingered them and twisted them about him up to the light, and finally offered fifteen cents.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the lady. "Fifteen cents? Why, I'd as soon throw them away," and she began to roll them up again.

"Shelp me grabbas its all they're worth," said the purchaser of cast-off garments, flitting nervously. "I know better," retorted the lady. "Well, what do you want for 'em?" "A dollar," was the prompt answer. "A dollar! I'm no grashin', I haven't a toller to bless myself with!"

"I don't suppose you would bless yourself with it if you had," said the lady. The Jew was examining the garments again; suddenly he gave a slight start, which the lady, who had recognized an acquaintance across the road, did not see. Finally he said: "Fifty cents! I couldn't do it. I should do what I'm keeping hold of one of the pants."

"Oh, that's an old story," replied the fair vendor, contemptuously, trying to roll the pants up again. "Sit up a minute, say forty, ma'am, say forty." "Forty-five." "Not a cent less than fifty." "Well, its awfully stooped, but they are good cloth, I'll give you fifty." Still keeping hold of the pants he humbled himself to the lady, and handed the lady two quarters, handed his purchase into his sack and ambled down the street.

PIRESIDE PUN.

"I can't see why you object to young Sofly, I'm sure he is constant." "Worse than that. He's perpetual."

"Well, Bobby, have you had a pleasant day?" "Yes; me and Jack took our three pups and went over to play with Billy Perkins' four cats."

"Did you know that English colonists women marry more titled Englishmen than American women do?" "No. How do you explain it?" "I think they must bid higher."

An Optical Delusion.—Bings: "Mrs. Hasmand brags about keeping her boarders so long." Bangs: "She keeps them so long that they look longer than they really are."

One Reason.—Teacher: "Why is it that the inhabitants of the south are large and E-quimaux so very small?" Johnny: "Because heat expands and cold contracts."

"Dah's only one pesson," said Uncle Eben, "dat I has my doubts of my dar' do man dat keeps talkin' 'bout how good he is, an' dah's do man dat flourishes a razor an' tells how bad he is."

"Did you bring me that complexion powder?" He: "Er—my dear, it slipped my memory entirely." She: "And yet before we were married you said my face was one no man could forget."

Traveller to ferryman crossing the river: "Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?" Boatman: "No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."

Juvenile Divination.—Oholly (waiting for sister): "My I never had so much candy as that when I was a kid." Bobby: "I guess yer did, I've a good-looking sister wot took yer along ter the grocer's, did yer?"

Sarcastic.—"I don't want theoyaters too large, nor too small, nor too fat, and they must not be too salty; they must be cold, and I want them quick." "You hasn't said yit, sah, if you would have 'em wid or widout pearls."

"I am afraid," said Maud, thoughtfully, "that Willie Whiddles will never come here again." "Did he go away in a pet?" asked Mattie. "Well, some of him did. Just before he

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started, my dear little dachshund bit a piece out of him."

"When a woman," said the corn-fed philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has ceased to be."

Laura: "What terrible fashions the European nobility have for remembering their ancestors!" Nannie: "What do you refer to—their picture galleries?" Laura: "No; I heard that every aristocratic house keeps a family skeleton in the closet."

"Don't you know, my dear madam, that you are taking a terrible risk when you encourage your husband to go to the goldfields? The probabilities are that not one man in a hundred will bring back any gold and not ten in a hundred will ever return."

"Yes; I know, and I'm taking my chances both ways."

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Dec. 24—S. Victoria.
- 25—SS. Therasia and Emilianna.
- 26—CHRISTMAS DAY.
- 27—S. Stephen.
- 28—E. John, Evangelist.
- 29—The Holy Innocents.
- 30—S. Thomas a Becket.

A Merry and Happy Christmas.

To every reader of The Register we extend the good old greeting, in its highest sense, a Merry and Happy Christmas.

This Register is not at all inclined to doubt the assurance of The Hamilton Herald that the political opinions of Catholics dismissed by the government is the head and front of their offending. But our point in the Hamilton case is simply this, that in a department where P. P. A.'s are preferred it matters not to the P. P. A. prejudice whether the Catholic is a Liberal or Conservative, a nominal Catholic or a pillar in the temple. Like the primrose by the river brim, a Catholic is a Catholic in the eye of his P. P. A. neighbor; and he is nothing more.

There is a spice of dry humor in reading Mr. Goldwin Smith's fears for Hon. Edward Blake's association with men who would dismember the British Empire. The "Bystander" is probably aware that there are men in Toronto who habitually speak for himself as a traitor. We have heard apparently sane persons declare that the professor ought to be brought to justice for treason. No doubt he thinks, in his good-humored, philosophical way, that they are mad. But if he is honest in his own opinion regarding Home Rule—how once was a Home Ruler—his own perceptions, as far as this question is concerned, must be sadly disturbed; indeed he is no sinner than his loyal Canadian friends who would hang him for his opinions concerning the future of this country.

In the report of the week's vice-regal visit to our Catholic institutions which we publish to-day, two points will strike the reader. Father Walsh made an important statement on Sunday evening, when he said that in no other institution are the facilities afforded to the Catholic chaplain so perfect as in the Central Prison. Lord Aberdeen made an equally interesting remark when he declared that he would repeat for the information and profit of others what Father Walsh had testified concerning his scrupulous respect for the confidence of the prison authorities in him. The Archbishop's farewell to their Excellencies spoken at Loreto Abbey and Lord Aberdeen's remarks at the Central Prison will make, perhaps, the deepest impression upon the minds of our Catholic citizens in connection with this stay in Toronto of the Governor-General and his wife.

It is reported from London that a proposal has been made by the Duke of Norfolk and approved by the Pope to obtain the admission of Cardinal Vaughan into the House of Lords. There may be something in it. Cardinal Vaughan's traditions and opinions are supposedly such as would incline him to the idea of levelling his political influence up to that legally enjoyed by the Archbishop of the Establishment. But unless disestablishment is impending that level could never be reached by a Catholic bishop, who would have to sit a temporal lord beside the lords spiritual of the Established Church. But if the state church were disestablishment to-morrow, and all the bishops allowed to retain their seats as lords temporal, then the Catholic Church might claim in England full equality for her bishops as members of the Upper House. Under any other arrangement—and this is decidedly improbable—most Catholics would, we think, prefer to see Cardinal Vaughan representing a constituency on the floor of the House of Commons, if he has a strong desire for political activity.

Catholics and the Municipal Elections.

The municipal rulers of Toronto, the Orange lodges, long ago modeled themselves in their management of civic affairs upon the example of Belfast in the hey-day of its anti-Catholic bigotry and exclusiveness. But the age we live in is one of education and popular effort to live down all evil prejudices. Belfast has felt the influence of the times and has reformed itself, to some extent at least, in accordance with liberal public opinion. The Catholic citizens of the Irish centre of Orangeism now enjoy some measure of representation in the council of that city; and the last words of the outgoing Lord Mayor, Hon. W. J. Pirrie, were a condemnation of the old reign of exclusiveness, which, he said, he trusted had passed into history as far as the corporation of Belfast was concerned.

But of Belfast of Canada has not changed its colors in the least. The Orangemen of Ireland may rub the sleep out of their eyes and shake off the chains of bigotry; but the Orangemen of Canada seem determined to perpetuate the traditions of their Order in its worst form, in connection with the government of a Canadian city, that ought to be the centre of civic enlightenment and advancement, as it is the centre of public education, charity and intelligence in the premier province of the Dominion. In these days of holiday good will—not to speak of the "glad hand" held out by majority and aldermanic candidates to Catholic electors and tax-payers—it is surely in order to discuss how Catholics stand in regard to civic administration, and to ask why they are denied participation in the supposed-to-be-free institutions of the municipality? Catholics constitute between one-sixth and one-seventh, at the lowest estimate, of the population of Toronto. Calculating according to the amount of Separate School taxes as compared with the Public Schools, Catholics pay perhaps one-eleventh of the taxes of the city. But when we bear in mind that the shares of wealthy Catholics—men like Hugh Ryan, Sir Frank Smith, Thomas Long, Eugene O'Keefe, George P. Magann, the Kiely estate and a score of others—in the banks and financial corporations are not rated on the side of Catholic schools, but go to the Public Schools, we must make due allowance for the bearing of this and other points in estimating the probable amount of taxes paid by the Catholic portion of the population. We do not think we are far off the mark in one direction or another when we claim that the Catholic citizens of Toronto pay between one-eighth and one-tenth of the entire taxes. Every year they help to choose a mayor. But they have never once had the opportunity of electing a Catholic to the chief magistrate's chair.

In the city of Montreal, where Catholics are in the vast majority, a Protestant is every other term at least chosen for mayor. There is also more than the due share of representation of the Protestant population in the city council. But in the city of Toronto, where municipal government is dictated by the Orange lodges, the sixth of the population composed of Catholics never saw more than one Catholic alderman at any time, and, as we have said, never a Catholic mayor.

But that is not all. We propose, now that time and occasion are so suitable, to present a digest of a fairly complete list of civic officials; a statement that will show not only the total number of officials, and the exclusion of Catholics, but one that will also give an interesting comparison of the amount drawn in salaries under the same heads.

CITY OF TORONTO OFFICIALS.

DEPARTMENT	TOTAL No. OF OFFICIALS	No. of PROTESTANTS	No. of CATHOLICS	TOTAL SALARIES RECEIVED BY PROTESTANTS	TOTAL SALARIES RECEIVED BY CATHOLICS
<b>ASSESSMENT—</b>					
Permanent officials.....	5	5	none	\$5596	\$ nil
Assessors.....	6	4	2	2950	1476
Survey Branch.....	4	4	none	3250	nil
Temporary clerks.....	25	23	2	3557	359
<b>FIRE DEPARTMENT</b>	170	162	8	95517	4825
<b>JAIL</b>					
Regular officials.....	14	14	none	10053	nil
Extra guards, etc.....	9	9	none	4378	nil
<b>CITY SOLICITOR'S OFFICE—</b>					
Staff.....	4	4	none	13000	nil
Counsel.....	4	4	none	3100	nil
License of months.....	3	3	none	1130	nil
<b>LOCAL BOARD OF HEALTH</b>	33	31	2	1423	908
Special work.....	2	2	none	1421	nil
Receiving more than \$100.....	15	15	none	4270	nil
<b>MARKETS</b>					
Caretakers and weighmasters, etc.....	8	8	none	4531	nil
<b>POLICE</b>					
Chief and Deputy constables.....	2	2	none	4900	nil
Inspectors.....	8	8	none	9850	nil
Sergeants.....	15	14	1	15000	1000
Patrol sergeants.....	12	12	none	10000	nil
Detectives.....	6	6	1	6000	1000
Constables.....	228	214	14	15200	10000
<b>COURT HOUSE</b>	1	1	none	1165	nil
<b>PUBLIC BUILDINGS</b>	9	9	none	6982	nil
<b>PUBLIC WORKS</b>	1	1	none	625	nil
<b>PARKS</b>	1	1	none	1898	nil
<b>MAJOR</b>	1	1	none	3600	nil
<b>BOARD OF CONTROL</b>	4	4	none	2100	nil
<b>ALDERMEN</b>	25	24	1	7458	400
<b>MAYOR'S OFFICE</b>	3	3	none	2946	nil
<b>CITY TREASURER</b>	15	15	none	18128	nil
" (Temporary).....	6	6	none	1262	nil
<b>CITY CLERK</b>	7	7	none	7976	nil
" (Temporary).....	21	20	1	4354	538
<b>AUDIT—</b>					
(Including special audits by Mr. Hughes).....	5	5	none	3855	nil
Messenger.....	1	1	none	628	nil
<b>COURT OF REVISION</b>	3	2	1	1000	500
<b>COLLECTORS OF TAXES—</b>					
Permanent.....	7	5	2	4000	1600
Temporary.....	41	39	2	1898	113
<b>POLICE COURTS</b>	6	6	none	8572	nil
<b>WATER WORKS INSPECTORS AND RATING CLERKS</b>	16	16	none	11621	nil
<b>INSPECTORS AND TURNKEYS, ETC.</b>	4	4	none	8719	3000
<b>CITY ENGINEER—</b>					
General.....	9	9	none	12281	nil
Sewer.....	5	5	none	3762	nil
Roadways.....	5	5	none	2931	nil
<b>STREET COMMISSIONER</b>	4	4	none	3669	nil
<b>WATER WORKS—</b>					
High level.....				3332	
Low level.....				22284	
Metro and machine.....				7850	
Press and storehouse.....				6626	
Rose Hill.....				7067	

CATHOLICS EMPLOYED IN WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT

..... 6 ..... \$ 3276

We do not pretend that this list is quite complete; but it is as complete as our knowledge of civic affairs and a careful study of the last annual report of the City Treasurer can make it. We do claim, however, that it is absolutely complete in respect to the number of Catholic employes in the departments under review. The only result of its incompleteness is to make the number of Protestant officials, and the money drawn by them, appear less than actually is the case. Also, we have omitted the High Schools and Public Library, both being upon a somewhat different footing from the general civic administration. The first important fact that will be noticed after a glance at the foregoing table is that in the City Hall itself there is not one single, solitary Catholic employe. It is said that the reason of this rigid exclusiveness is the existence

in the City Hall of two co-operating lodges of the I.O.O.F. and the S.O.E., and that membership in one or other of these lodges is an indispensable condition of City Hall employment. If this be true—and we do not doubt it—it is an excellent indication of the general influence radiating from the City Hall and penetrating into every branch of the civic administration. In this connection, too, it may be mentioned that one may look for hours through the report of the City Treasurer without finding a Catholic name in the pages headed "disbursements," which means that goods are not bought from Catholics in trade; and that somehow or other Catholics who tender never get a contract. It may be all fair and above board to be sure; but it looks odd that the money spent in business in Toronto should follow the money spent in salaries almost exclusively into the pockets of one class of citizens only.

On the eve of an election, what are Catholics who have as good a civic spirit as their neighbors to think of the continued reign of exclusiveness in Toronto? And what are they to do? Other tax payers, when their interests are in any way affected, demand pledges of candidates. What the Catholics of Toronto must ultimately demand is the safeguarding of civic rights upon a plan of minority representation such as that which passed the Imperial Parliament last year and went into operation in various old country cities. But something might be done in the meantime, indeed something might be done at once. At least some representative Catholics should demand, as this paper demands, that majority and aldermanic candidates publicly pledge themselves that if elected they will endeavor to put an end to the reign of class exclusiveness in civic administration fostered by the Orangemen and Sons of England. This question should be pressed upon the candidates, and Catholic electors should vote according to the statements the candidates may make in reply.

Tax Exemptions.

It is hard to see what other course could have presented itself to the Toronto City Council in dealing with the demand for the abolition of tax exemptions than the one decided upon. The electors are called upon at once to face the problem in its most comprehensive form on Monday week; and in no other form we think will they feel less disposed to touch it. The question put upon the election paper is this: "Are you in favor of the abolition of all tax exemptions?" This big question is both a poser for the abolitionists and a scotch for the Council. But it merely puts off for the present the real assault intended upon the churches, and upon certain hospitals and schools. The bright idea of taxing these institutions can only be dreamed of in the philosophy of people who candidly wish to praise a Christian community. The World is quite beside itself with anger. It declares that the question put to the electors should have been, "Are you in favor of abolishing tax exemptions on all churches, schools (except the Public Schools) on all hospitals and cemeteries?" The paper professes to believe that the electors would have answered "yes," had the question been popped in that form. The Globe is more moderate. It merely favors the taxation for the present of all unnecessary land held by churches, and all educational institutions in which a financial interest is held by persons who expect to or may receive dividends therefrom. By and by, The Globe says, church lands and church buildings could be taxed. Saturday Night asserts that the people should answer "yes" to the proposal. It is clear enough from this that the editor of Saturday Night receives more than \$700 a year salary and personally does not care how the revolution may affect the large army of workmen, clerks, etc., whose bare sustenance is now exempt.

While we do not pretend to say that the scheme of taxation in vogue in Toronto is more perfect in its main features than any other branch of our municipal system, there can be little doubt that the chief desire behind the present cry for abolition of exemptions is to attack the churches and certain prominent hospitals and schools. Let us imagine, if we can, the city of Toronto ten years after all church sites and buildings, all church schools, all hospitals nominally associated with religion and all cemeteries had been taxed according to the present value of the adjoining properties. It would not require a great stretch of the imagination to see Toronto in that near future a theme for the sad muse of some twentieth century Goldsmith—a veritable deserted village. We will try to regard this proposal, as far as possible apart from the indignation naturally aroused by its essentially barbarian radicalism. The so-called practical argument behind it is that the large new areas thrown open to taxation in more or less central parts of the city would bring the general taxes down very considerably. But this, it seems to us, assumes that there is a land famine in Toronto; and if that is so why not cut the parks up into building lots? They have no economical value. They simply provide open spaces, and help to keep out the diseases that follow in the train of overcrowding. In the same way the open spaces around the Metropolitan Church, St. James' Cathedral, St. Michael's, Upper Canada College,

If the proportion is not quite so large it is not far below the mark. We may be able in a little while to publish the accurate figures. The Globe may not have intended it, but its line of argument suggested that because the Catholic scheme of education is religious the great majority of talented young Catholics aim to enter the sacred ministry rather than a secular profession like the law. If this is The Globe's idea, it is mistaken. Many of the leading men of England in secular pursuits, including the law, are Catholics who were educated primarily in religious schools and finished their education in the Jesuit colleges of Sicily and Ushaw. The Chief Justice of England is, we believe, a legal product of Catholic education. The editor of Punch is a literary product of Catholic education. But cases, which might be cited by the score in point, are beside the real question. To return to the point we would say emphatically that Catholics on the Ontario bench are chosen neither with the view of proportion to the number of Catholic lawyers nor to the strength of the Catholic population. If the Government only act upon The Globe's ideas, things will not be so one-sided at all. But at the same time we can hardly agree that The Globe's view is the correct one. If the lawyers alone were entitled to be consulted in regard to judicial appointments, why not have the Bunchers make these appointments instead of the Government? The very fact that the appointments belong to Government is the best proof that the intention of the British system is to satisfy all classes of population with the complexion of the judiciary. This is so reasonable a proposition, indeed, that it has only to be stated to be made quite evident to the average comprehension. The complexion of the Ontario judiciary—from this standpoint of course—is no credit to the province; nor does it reflect any glory upon the federal Tory politicians who allowed the unworkmen to become and remain so glaring as we see it now.

He Is Come.

(WRITTEN FOR THIS REGISTER.)

Slowly falls Night's sable mantle  
O'er Judas's rugged hills,  
Shedding earth in darkness dreary,  
As the soul of souls all wearies,  
For the hope which Christ fulfills.  
Midnight onward steals in silence,  
Led by one great luminous star,  
Shining forth in darkness dreary,  
O'er the sled which earth's Defender  
From a manger wields His power!  
Heavenly light beams through the darkness,  
Angels voices sweetly sing  
"Peace to earth, to God all glory!"  
And all heaven rings out the story—  
"Glory to the now born King!"  
Heaven's pearly gates are opened,  
Ransomed souls their havens reach;  
Earth's Redeemer from the manger  
Saves all from eternal danger—  
Love Divine has spanned the breach!  
—MAY CARROLL, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Orations in Toronto.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Wednesday morning ordained the following during the Mass, which he himself celebrated: Thomas Edward Finegan and Chas. Collins to sub-deaconship; Patrick Nicholas Roche to deaconship. Many of the friends and relatives of the ordained students were present. The priests present in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Marjion, Cherrier, Treacy and Jas. Walsh.

On Tuesday morning His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh administered the Sacrament of Holy Orders in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, city. The Rev. Thomas Edward Finegan, deacon, was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood. During the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass His Grace was assisted by Very Rev. Father Marjion, Fathers James Walsh, Cherrier, Murray, Kelly, Aboulia, who also performed the ceremony of the imposition of hands. The Rev. Father Treacy was master of ceremonies. After Mass, and when the newly-ordained priest had made the public profession of faith, he gave his first priestly blessing to his mother and other relatives, who were present in large numbers.

Clerical Changes.

Rev. Father Canning has been transferred from St. Paul's parish, Toronto, to be assistant to Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines. Rev. Father Maguire, who was acting priest at the Toronto Gore parish, has been appointed assistant priest at St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

Christmas Day in St. Mary's Church.

Masses will be said in St. Mary's Church at 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 10 and 11 o'clock (High Mass). The 10 o'clock Mass will be sung by the boys' choir. At the 11 o'clock Mass the choir will be assisted by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Donville. The Christmas Mass will be presided by Very Rev. General McCann. Veppers at 7 p.m.

Catholics are in the general population.

HOLIDAY AND HOLIDAY.

Itah for the holidays. Good roads, a bright sun, and nothing to do for a whole week!

This is about the way boys think these days; a little incoherently, you say, but never mind that, they know what they mean, or if there is some vagueness in their anticipations, so much the better.

Why should they not be? Man is not made like the dry horse merely for work, which is the penalty of transgression. He can laugh, too, and that faculty has its purpose and uses as well as the rest.

Any scheme, then, intended for man must take account of this characteristic, and make due provision for it. As the element of work has its occupations, so the element of laughter must have its diversions, amusements, fun, or what you choose to call them; and so the holiday has as solid a claim to recognition and observance as the day for work.

This will be admitted by everybody. The difficulty is how to apportion the times of labor and the times of play so as to ensure the greatest good. Divine Providence gives the best instruction in the distribution of the hours and seasons.

The sun, as he rises daily, fittingly wakes us from sleep, and by the sight of his rays, and the warmth of his beams, encourages us to labor in sympathy with him; but, as if he knew our nature and wants, he finishes his daily task in a reasonably short span, and then, "amicum tempus agens abeunt curam," withdraws, leaving on earth the friendly hour of rest.

The seasons evidence the same law. For not merely does winter, the period of rest and recuperation, occupy about a fourth of the whole year, but it is so provided that in our spring and summer have their cool days, and winter and autumn their warm ones; and thus monotony, with its depressing shadows, is almost banished from the face of nature.

Not feeling within ourselves a conscious adequacy to such a task we are content to set down the two schemes that are prominently advanced on this matter, the scheme of the church and the scheme of the world. The church says that in addition to the one day in seven, there should be others set apart—for the double purpose of piety and recreation—and they should be thrown in here and there in the midst of the working days, like breathing spells to refresh on the course, or like tea, so smaller hours of entertainment on much travelled highways, in which one can get a comfortable snack, and so be better able for the journey to the full meal and rest for the night.

This would seem to be a philosophical way of settling the difficulty, at least to the Christian mind. For if the universe was made to fit our needs and habits it goes without saying, those needs and habits must reflect its main laws, and amongst them, this one of resting a quarter of the time.

We are not taking into account here the higher reasons of religion on which the Holy Day is based—that is a distinct question—but considering it merely as a provision for rest and recreation. And in that point of view it is easy to see how a few days every month ought to be welcome to every child of toil.

Holidays? So that without saying anything of the deplorable effects upon society of the convulsive struggles, we may fairly conclude that even upon economic grounds the Church's course is shown to be most fitted to the nature and needs of man.

Too many days of labor have a doubly injurious effect; they issue in over production, followed by enforced and uncollected idleness, and they tend to crush the workman. For even if he could secure an eight hours' day, he would only have established a rule that is unjust to many, and would find himself each evening too fatigued, even by the shorter period, to take that necessary recreation in the full holiday, once in a while, would furnish.

But our space is too narrow for an essay on this interesting topic. Otherwise we think it could easily be shown that a better cure for strikes and lock-outs can be found in a return to the old system of holidays than in either legislation or arbitration. Man is a working being, no doubt; but he requires just as well proper opportunities for rest and recreation. And proper means here is a right distribution of them. It would be hardly to do, to be able to take all the food of the day at one meal, but the prejudice and habit are the other way and likely to remain so.

Kindly help to Re-Elect ALD. F. S. SPENCE IN WARD No. 2 FOR 1898 Committee Room : 318 Parliament Street

audience. The songs rendered by a quartet consisting of Mr. Gillooly, Mr. O'Connor, Miss Troman and Miss Laura Troman were liberally applauded. Mrs. Joseph Bonner was the accompanist and Rev. Dr. Treacy acted as chairman.

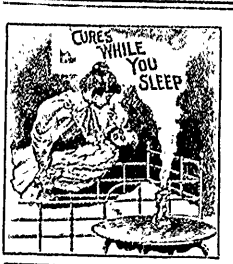
Prize Winners in Last Week's Competition. The following are the names and addresses of the prize winners in the first week's \$2,000 competition offered by the Comparative Synoptical Chart Company.

Toronto has recently received a great acquisition to the ranks of its medical profession in Dr. Sproule, B. Sc., who has settled at No. 93 Carlton street.

At a meeting of the Ladies Aid Society held in St. Michael's Palace on the 15th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Miss Foy; President, Mrs. O'Leane; Vice President, Mrs. Doherty; Secretary, Mrs. French; Treasurer, Mrs. Moran.

Does It Pay to Tipple? You know it don't. Then why do you do it? I know you. It requires too much self denial to quit. The Dixon cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will cure you of all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey.

How often events by chance, and unexpectedly, come to pass, which you had not dared even to hope for. It is strictly and philosophically true in nature and reason that there is no such thing as chance or accident.



The People's Candidate WARD 2 Ex-Ald. Davies Solicits your Vote for Election as Alderman for 1898

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St. Michael's Ladies Aid Society. At a meeting of the Ladies Aid Society held in St. Michael's Palace on the 15th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

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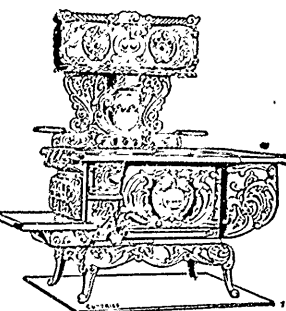
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THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED. Western Canada Loan AND Savings Company. SIXTY-NINTH HALF-YEARLY DIVIDEND. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. for the half-year ending December 31, 1897, has been declared on the paid-up capital stock.

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Notice to Creditors. In the Estate of ARCHIBALD McDONALD, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 110 of the Act, 1887, and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of Archibald McDonald, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Esquire, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-fifth day of October, 1897, are required to send to the undersigned, the Solicitor for GEORGE DUNNAN McNEILL, the administrator of the said estate, a list of their claims, with vouchers therefor, on or before the 6th day of January, 1898, their Christian names and addresses, and the nature and amount of the claims, together with a statement of their accounts, together with a statement of the assets held by them, the said claims to be duly verified by statutory declaration.



# How Connor Came at Christmas.

(M. M. HALVEY IN THE SACRED HEART MESSENGER.)

FOR eight and forty years "come Candlemas—as many of the white-capped grandmothers presiding over the cottage houses of Garcon, could have told you—Mrs. Owen Hynes had rejoiced in the possession of a flower garden "that hadn't its mate in Connaught. Owen Hynes himself—the groom of eight and forty years ago—had planted it then, with the assistance of the head gardener from Castle Corrig, whose professional instincts smarted under the inhibition of an absentee employer, and the consequent waste of his really remarkable talent.

Flowers had always been the one possession desired by Maurya Connor, as her lover well remembered, for these two were playmates and school-fellows in the primitive days when the teacher "boarded round amongst his patrons—thus becoming the recipient of parental confidences and injunctions of scriptural dictation, regarding the use of that formidable rod of his.

That Owen Hynes had come to admit intimate acquaintance with this particular means of education was an irony due to Maurya Connor's fondness for wild flowers and his frequent expression in those days.

How was she to come into possession of those wonderful "yellow flaggers" she coveted, which only at tained such perfection in the marshes beside the Douglas river fully six miles away—or the rare blue forget-me-nots that starred the lonesome ditches of the Shrubert district (in the next parish), if Owen Hynes hadn't played truant on purpose to wade the marshes and soak the ditches for her gratification?

And what was left to Mr. Bourke, the conscientious master, but to report the truant, next time he occupied the special seat reserved for his comfort beside the roaring turf fire that was the glory of the Hynes kitchen, when the embryo lover could but take the consequences of father's and master's displeasure.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of those boyish misdeeds—over which Maurya the schoolgirl-queen when she first heard of them, and Maurya the maiden laughed (inconsistently enough) at a later period—that made Maurya the mother. Or, otherwise Mrs. Owen Hynes was, to invariably generous towards the garden treasures that rewarded Owen's plantings and her own years of tireless care. Certain it is, there were always flowers to spare in that roomy garden for every local emergency—for the altar of Kilmolan Chapel, whenever Father O'Connell chose to send for the little Maurya Shrines, wherein the hearts of the little girls delighted—for the gloomy infirmary ward at E—when ill fortune drove a poor neighbor to that cold refuge—even for the gorgeous proprietary bunch to teacher or sweet-heart.

Mrs. Hynes was ever ready to don that lilac sunbonnet of hers, which the younger generation only remembered atop of a snowy frilled cap, tied down of late, with the wide black ribbon that bespoke her widowhood; and, scissors in hand, to take her way amongst the box-bordered beds, culling and cutting with the deftness of long experience.

There were one or two beds now, that were sacred to her own use—furnishing the offering she had never failed to carry weekly to Kilmolan Churchyard where, beneath the great Hynes tombstone, slept the school-mate and lover who had been for thirty years the "best of husbands and providers." Young Owen—a strapping six-footer of twenty-two, but still "Owen Oge" to his mother and the sympathetic neighbors—occupied on those occasions his father's accustomed position on the family jaunting-car; and now, as we pause to introduce him, was awkwardly enough endeavoring to take his mother's place in preparing for the journey of remembrance. For it was the day of the weekly visitation and Maurya Hynes was not able to leave the cozy "upper room" which opened off the cool parlor on the ground floor (as is the usual plan of country cottages) and overlooked the garden from its diamond-paned windows. Beside one of these the old-fashioned canopy bed was drawn, and, in the angle it formed with the low window-sill, Mrs. Hynes rested against great white pillows—housewifely souvenirs of feathered flocks that had thriven beneath her careful eye, and commanded in their day the highest market price, as the geese of a good housekeeper should. A shepherd's plaid shawl was folded around her shoulders, its fringes now and again entangling the long brown beads that interlaced her thin fingers, on the hair, still dark and shining, was set the muslin cap with lace-edged borders, fresh from the "tally-iron" and careful manipulation of Oimny D. O'Connell, still known as Mrs. Hynes' "gri," notwithstanding the fact that she also wore "tally" caps, and that, too, above locks which had apparently absorbed the silver meant for the "Mistresses" and herself to share.

The window was raised somewhat, so the breath of the outdoor, mingled

with that of the out flowers so plentifully arranged within.

A little table, daintily draped, held the choicest that the big "beds" could supply, grouped at the base of a tall, plain Crucifix, and half obscuring the branched silver candlesticks that had long stood, each beside its own masonry snuffer and dish, on the mantel of Mrs. Hynes' parlor.

The table and its garniture told its own story to the invalid, who could read the continuation as well in the beautiful peace-beaming from the kind eyes and gentle smiles of the invalid—the story of a Great Guest who had designed to enter there, to gladden the heart of a patient servant and gift her the strength on the journey He willed her soon to undertake.

This explained, too, why young Owen Hynes was more than usually awkward amongst his mother's flowers, for he had never tried so hard before to do her bidding regarding the blinding of mouthy roses and chrysanthemums, or the assortment of geranium with nasturtium shades. True, Dr. O'Meara had only said something of a "break-up of the system," and talked to Owen of having mother rest awhile, as she was now doing, and then perhaps trying a short stay at Killea before Winter set in. Father O'Connell had noted as though there was nothing unusual in the solemn function of the morning, and forebore even a look of chiding, when Owen, who was once his most proficient altar boy, broke down in the responses and could hardly hold his peace. And mother herself—her voice never sounded more cheerily for all its faintness, it was never a loud voice, so the added softness was not noticeable or alarming.

"Why, Father O'Connell, this just reminds you and me of the 'Stations'; but Owen does not remember those days, and pleasant they were," said he remarked as Father O'Connell prepared to leave, and, after her hour of thanksgiving and quiet, Owen sat beside her to hear her reminiscences of the time when she and father and Father O'Connell were all young together.

Kilmolan boasted no chapel then, and their house being new and ready for the Easter "Stations" were held there. In the parlor had stood the improvised altar and confessional—the upper room was given up to the intending penitents, while below, in the big kitchen, Oimny D. O'Connell—then "the gri," in fact as in name—presided numerous assistants into the service, that the reputation of the "Hyneses" for full and plenty might be sustained; for, as a rule, all who came to pray remained to partake of the morning meal.

"Terence and Hugh remember the Stations," mused Mrs. Hynes. "Hugh told me in one of his letters when he first went out West to Uncle Connor that the priest got there only once or twice a year, and the sisters came from far and near to their duty then. 'It was just like the Stations at home,' the old people would say. And that reminds me, Maurya, if you get me that photograph, I'd like to look over them, now I've my prayers said. I want to put the new one in with the rest."

Owen brought the precious photographs, which had come to be his mother's consolation for the two absent sons, whose emigration was the very saddest episode in her peaceful life—sadder, now, in those closing days than the loss of her life's companion.

His fervid faith regarded as simply gone before, to await their eternal reunion, just as it had been his mission in life to make ready every path allotted to her to tread. As to Hugh and Terence, they had not really had emigration forced on them, as so many of the neighbors had. The Connor and Hynes families were always known as "suag people"—subject, of course, to the influence of bad and good years, but always able to keep their heads well above water, and give the boys, as they came, the advantages of a good education, and the girls a finishing year or two at the chosen convent boarding school.

There was another Uncle Connor beside the one who had "coaxed" Hugh to Wisconsin (so Mrs. Hynes always put it) a prosperous business man in Dublin, who had wanted one or other of the boys to grow up with him, with a view of holding on to the connection when his course was run. But the fever of emigration was contagious, or inherent in the Western blood. Mrs. Hynes herself had taught the boys the story of long descent and olden independence, and Hugh and Terence loved to hear of the old O'Hyneses, and their bold battling for threatened rights. It might not be theirs to battle, but at least, they need not linger to watch the decay and inaction that they were powerless to assuage or prevent. So, first Hugh and then Terence, with many promises to return, bade that long good-bye to home and parents, the echo of which had never been silenced by the joy of a home-coming. Both had married and Mrs. Hynes was pleased with all she had managed to hear of the new daughters she was never fated to see, but it was for Hugh's sons and

Terence's girls that her heart hungered in those later days, when the children she cuddled at the neighbors' hearths had come to call her "Grandmother Hynes." She, who had never known a pang of envy for any worldly advantage which others might attain, felt something akin to its sorrows, when, at Christmas and Easter-time, that other grandmothers of her own family—her brother's white-haired wife—passed up the single aisle of Kilmolan Chapel, with her hand on the strong arm of a grandson, home for his holidays from St. Jarlath's. For many holiday seasons she had looked for her promised visitors, at first, it was by the side of Terence or Hugh she had hoped to kneel in that familiar pew—the second from the altar, as it fitted the family of old, of the chapel's fountain. Of late years it was a faint figure, not unlike the St. Jarlath's stationer, of which she dreamed. For such, the picture of Connor Hynes—Hugh's oldest boy, and named for her side of the house—showed him to have grown. That young Owen, his father's namesake and successor in the proprietorship of the farm, had not married was attributed in interested circles to her influence for she was known as "hard to please," but this was not really the case. Owen had his ideal of the future mistress of the Hynes home stud modelled on the mother he idolized, but whose dear old-fashioned ways were sadly behind the times in the opinion of his own generation.

Hence the ideal had not been realized, and Owen Oge was still, as always, his mother's admirer and, otherwise, fancy free.

With the tenderness of a woman, he patted and smoothed the big pillows into more substantial support for the frail figure by the window, and set before her the "stand" he had fashioned to hold, without entailing effort for her, the picture of her grandchild, which she counted her dearest treasures.

They were indeed many, for Hugh and Terence and the unknown wives had never failed to cater to this fancy of mother's. There were pictures in long sweeping baby robes—in abbreviated skirts—in initial blouses, and introductory trouser suits, and some late ones of Terence's girls, with wreaths on their fair heads, and veils, showing their serious eyes, as they had looked on last Communion day. The latest addition showed a tall youth of well-knit frame and smiling countenance, his hand on a pile of apparently ornate books, and underneath, in the writing that was now familiar to the old eyes, the inscription:

"To Dear Grandmother, from Connor. My picture, with my first College Prizes."

Again Owen listened interestedly to comments upon the little Maurya "who featured the Connors," and the baby Hugh, who, seated astride a diminutive pony, was, in his grandmothers' opinion, "every inch a Hynes."

"Mrs. O'Connell says Connor has your eyes, Mother, and you would never believe me," said Owen, holding the new photograph at an angle where the sunlight flitted back, like the picture of a smile coaxed into coveted life.

"See would come to see you to-day with that visitor of theirs, but I thought you might be tired out."

"Oh, no, Owen dear, I'm not so easy tired. Send her word to come—she will sit at 'em till me all about Connor and his father again, an you can talk to the stranger—show him the garden; Owen says he's wild over the flowers when he passes."

"I'll run over myself, Mother, if you're sure you won't be annoyed any. Mr. O'Connell is going back soon, and we'll tell him to bring Hugh to let the lad come to you for Christmas."

"Accusation! I'm afeared—but you go over, anyhow, it'll do me good to see Mrs. O'Connell."

"There's no use saying what I think to Owen; he'll know time enough," was the thought that checked the gentle mother's expression of what she was "afeared" of, for Dr. O'Connell knew her too well to attempt concealment, while at her request he had not as yet told the worst to Owen.

They now lived, to receive from her hands the packets of flower seeds that Grandma saved, and the stockings that Grandma knit from homespun yarn, and the down pillows that Grandma's own hands had stuffed for the comfort of Hugh's wife.

"Well! only to think of it! she has seen the boy—he has talked to her, and she will always know what he looks like." There was little room for other thought in the breast of the simple grandmothers, while pretty Mrs. O'Connell sat beside her, puzzling to recall for the hundredth time, every little action and word of the handsome school boy, who had spent a hurried hour in the hotel parlor, talking and questioning of his father's home in his cradle, American way, and always recurring, as Mrs. O'Connell liked to remember, to "dear old Grandma" and his desire to see her.

Mr. O'Connell, whom the O'Connors met on shipboard and liked well enough to invite to "The Hill," sat with Owen on the rustic garden seat after his duty call on the invalid had been paid. Through the half-open window they heard the two boys, now questioning, now alluring, but always the air of it was the same—the children's suit might not hope to see.

"It is a phase of the exile question to which I have never before given much thought," Mr. O'Connell said as he walked homeward with his hostess. "But oh! the beauty of that love, and the pathos of that heart-hunger will be with me for ever as a revelation." Owen had taken him to the "upper room" to say good-bye after they had all partaken of the tea that Mrs. O'Connell dispensed in the breezy parlor, while Owen made sundry visits to the bedside to allay the "omniscience of the mistresses" in regard to the perfection of the "shim-zake," and to assure her that the butter set forth was the "purest print."

There were tears in Mr. O'Connell's eyes, and an unaccountable quiver in his voice, when he bent above the thin hand Grandmother offered at leave taking, and volunteered the promise that he would give her pleasure that "I shall see your handsome grandson some day too, Mrs. Hynes, in Boston, or it may be at his own home, or I can call on him at college perhaps. My business is sure to take me to one or other of those places very soon, and I promise myself the pleasure of telling him of you, and my afternoon in his father's old home."

"Tell him to come an' see Mother," interrupted the eager Owen, longing to call the hopeful smile again to the dear eyes. "And he must not wait for graduation, as he told Mrs. O'Connell—Mother wants to see him."

"And I will too, Owen dear, I don't ever doubt that all together in heaven father and I will meet our boys and theirs—aye! and our mother's good boys—too," she added, smoothing with a touch that lingered like a benediction the hand of the young stranger which seemed so loath to lose its grasp.

"You can tell them much better than I can write it—how mother longs for them all," said big, broken-hearted Owen, when he parted from his new acquaintance, never doubting that the sickbed promise would be faithfully kept by the sympathetic friend of the O'Connors.

But as they talked it over when Owen had turned back for his delayed return to Kilmolan Churchyard, Mrs. O'Connell sighed and shook her head.

"I can't help thinking Mrs. Hynes knows best," she remarked. "You may see the boys, of course. I hope you will, and tell them more of the dear old grandmother we all love, but to meet her face to face! That joy is reserved for some future Christmas in a better land than yours or ours."

Nevertheless, Henry Germaine cherished his promise and the quiet hope that he might be instrumental in procuring the crowning joy of the peaceful life ebbing slowly away in that quiet country nook of Clare where he, the stranger, had been made welcome in such unquestioning good faith. During the continuation of his Irish tour and after his return to his own land, Mr. O'Connell still wrote him occasionally, never omitting his wife's report of the invalid, and, so far as the "bulletins" read, there was little change, or, rather, more room for hope. He had forwarded to Connor Hynes at college Mrs. O'Connell's introductory note, and the boy's acknowledgment was warm and grateful.

"When we meet, it shall certainly not be as strangers," he wrote, "and you may yet help me to plead Grandmother's cause with father, who holds that the years of study should not be interrupted. Who knows but he may consent to a few weeks' absence after the Christmas vacation, and let us all pray that she be spared to meet me then."

Quite a welcome coincidence was the quiet that came later, from a busy theatrical manager who mediated the purchase of a play from Mr. O'Connell's pen, that a meeting should be arranged in W—, the New England city where Joe Hynes had long been a respected resident.

Under the circumstances not even this recognition of his gaining reputation would have quite reconciled the play-wright to an enforced absence from his home at such a time, for the day set for the interview was but two days from Christmas, and, hasten as he might, the festival would dawn upon

his place vacant in the little family circle a loving mother always sought to gather around her for a reunion of thankfulness.

If, however, it might be his to help the young collegian carry his point against parental objections—if he might speed just three little words across the wide Atlantic barrier that should be welcome as echo of angel's message to the frail wretch whom he pictured still expectant, amongst her hardy Winter blossoms—now more willing than Henry Germaine's mother to spare a son on such an errand.

"Connor is coming! Connor is coming!"—already in fancy his peculiar traced the magic words which, like doves of promise staying their flight at the O'Connell cottage, should displace the hovering shadow that dimmed the daily sunlight.

As some well-known refrain the message rang in his ears, when, fresh and clad in the managerial iron view, he stood on the steps of Connor's home.

Tearing from the door-bell he had rung none too gently, he noticed two or three carriages drawn up ahead of his own, as if in waiting, and was conscious that their drivers observed his movements with eye, ear, and tongue. Some boys passed, and, starting and whispering with a subdued air, quite at variance with the festive anticipation of their kind.

The neighboring windows showed bright in all the bravery of bordered and beribboned wreaths, but in the house he sought to enter, the shades were tightly drawn, and, were it not for those waiting carriages, the caller might have been inclined to consider it unattended. His ring was answered, however, with but slight delay, and he stepped into the darkened vestibule as the r-r-r-r-r of a girl whose voice sounded shrill as from recent weeping. She replied to his embarrassed request to see Mr. Hynes in a preoccupied fashion, while her eyes were fixed on the tall figure hurrying down the stairway to meet the stranger.

Her "God bless you, Dear!" and earnest prayer for his welfare were amongst the remembered greetings of his childhood, of her identity he only knew that she seemed, judging from appearances, to be quite alone, spending much of her time in solitary prayer in her favorite corner of "St. Joseph's." Evidently poor, and quite as evidently refined, was all that could be gathered from her looks and speech, and for many a year, Connor had silently associated her, somehow, with the unseen Grandmother of whom he thought so frequently. Was she, too, feeble and bent, and glad of some boy's active help in such emergencies? For, of course, she could be no longer as father remembered her in the busy, housewifely days, and he was sure she could never have had anything in common with the well-preserved lady who permitted him as her daughter's son to call her "Grandmamma," but openly resented such simple attentions on his part as might suggest to the onlooker the encroachment of years.

With a start, Connor saw that the old woman he waited for, paying no attention to the devious route of the vehicle, meant to pass directly before it. A call would but confuse her, unaware as she was of his presence, and might startle the horse already restless in unwonted freedom, for the lines had fallen from the hold of the sleeping or drunken driver.

Connor was strong and athletic—'and kind father for him to be'—the neighbors in Garcon would have commented—and it took no small instant to decide that his course was to seize the horse, and stay the onward rush that threatened disaster to the helpless wayfarer. To decide was to do; but in that instant the animal had swerved nearer the further pavement, so bringing the old woman's dark form directly within the range of his bewildered vision. She, in the first consciousness of danger, stumbled, not beneath, as was imminent, but backward whence she had come, which was entirely owing to the vigorous impulse of the strong arm extended before the startled animal, while with his other hand Connor clung to the bridle, forming a momentary pause that unseated the driver, who, somehow, slid to terra firma in comparative safety, so often in such cases the portion of the culpable and incapable.

But for the brave rescuer there was no such regret! What of that stronger one—the shield of the Guardian Spirit in whose sweet presence he believed and rejoiced?

Ah! angel eyes saw far past the seeming triumph of brute strength, when, with the impetus that succeeded a temporary check, the horse sprang his foothold, forsook the effort to direct his old friend's stumbling movements—saw past the shock of flashing shafts that sent him protesting—the clang of hoofs, dashed a second from their cruel stroke on the up-turned breast—the whirl of flying wheels—the sudden commotion of stern and would it stoop. Far past all these the Guardian Spirit saw, where myriads like unto him gave new thanks and glory that once again on Christmas Eve was the sweet Gospel of Love thus set forth indeed, the "love that yieldeth life for a friend."

Tenderly they had borne the boy-hero to his desolated home, and watched for the consciousness that came to justify Father Whyte's faith.

"Connor understands better than his parents that mortal help is powerless to save him, and except for their grief he knows none. He inquired after poor Mrs. Field—she is resting easily now and she's not told her that a sacrifice her life was saved. Speaking of her, he mentioned you, Mr. Germaine. 'I always thought

of the youth from whom she had parted twenty odd years ago, than could be traced now in the 'ear-worm' man who was then her 'boy.' So they awaited Christmas, and the Irish letters it never failed to bring, as the best introduction of the subject; Connor counting, too, on Mr. Germaine's visit and his eloquent repetition of grandmother's desires. He remained as was always his custom on homecoming—his habit of attendance at first Mass, which was in Father Whyte's church, particularly early, to meet the requirements of a congregation composed for the most part of sailors in mill and factory, whose duties gave them little leisure. This morning, while hastening his steps in the semi-darkness of a drizzling dawn, hardly robbed by the flickering street lights that blinked as though in protracted vigil, Connor's attention was attracted to a solitary street cab counting in the opposite direction to him.

Its clatter sounded through the stillness of the deserted street, but the peculiarity to him consisted in the fact that, although he could discern in the occasional gleams of lamp-light a form on the driver's seat, the horse seemed entirely independent of guidance, veering towards either side of the way as suited his inclination.

As the conveyance rattled towards the crossing, Connor saw on the corner opposite where he stood the figure, familiar to him, of a woman, old and infirm, whom he had often assisted to a seat during a crowded service at the church they both frequented, and helped down its entrance steps when winter weather had made them dangerous for one so feeble as she.

Her "God bless you, Dear!" and earnest prayer for his welfare were amongst the remembered greetings of his childhood, of her identity he only knew that she seemed, judging from appearances, to be quite alone, spending much of her time in solitary prayer in her favorite corner of "St. Joseph's." Evidently poor, and quite as evidently refined, was all that could be gathered from her looks and speech, and for many a year, Connor had silently associated her, somehow, with the unseen Grandmother of whom he thought so frequently. Was she, too, feeble and bent, and glad of some boy's active help in such emergencies? For, of course, she could be no longer as father remembered her in the busy, housewifely days, and he was sure she could never have had anything in common with the well-preserved lady who permitted him as her daughter's son to call her "Grandmamma," but openly resented such simple attentions on his part as might suggest to the onlooker the encroachment of years.

of her as somebody's grandmother, Father, he whispered to me when I was in of her welfare, and then, there will be a message from Grandmother Hyne today.

Within sound of Father Whyte's words—broken and fearful words, now that the restraint of the parson's presence was removed—Henry Germaine recalled that leaving in Clara and the prophetic conclusion, "All together in heaven forever and ever, father and I will meet our sons and theirs."

The message that had haunted his thoughts might never be written, only transferred to another charge for delivery in the beautiful Beyond where parting and exile are not. "Connor is coming!" It seemed of a surety that this responsibility of his had been assumed by spirit ministrants, and that on the ears of the front mother, blent with the hymn of Bethlehem, should sound the happy assurance for which she longed—"Connor is coming."

Not many hours were left to watch and wait; science was powerless, but faith and hope stood guard by that bedside through the gloaming of the December day. Instead of cheery greeting and remembrance, the visitor, admitted into the family circle for Connor's and Grandmother's dear sakes, heard the solemn sound of petition and response, and carried away the memory of a death bed that in its atmosphere of hope and resignation embodied the essence of Catholicity.

His description of the scene, written Mrs. Clancy while on route for his home, crossed in its passage her husband's letter to him, the burden of which was told by the printed enclosure that fluttered therefrom as he opened it.

"At her residence, Moate Cottage, Oarreen, on Dec. 23rd, Mrs. Maurya Hyne, beloved and regretted by all who knew her."

"The premonition was proven in the message that was to have been his care had fallen to that of the Christmas angels, and with their glorious promise of peace for those who must look behind was blinded for the mother of exiles the tidings she craved."

"Connor is coming!"

Catholics in Germany. A highly interesting situation has arisen in the German Reichstag over the Bill for the increase of the Navy. Parties are so divided that the centre or Catholic party holds the casting vote.

The centre are accordingly utilizing their moment to force the Government to consent to re-admit the Jesuits to Germany. If the Government want their money for their increase of the Navy they can have it on those conditions, not otherwise.

The Kaiser is said to be in a highly inflexible condition of mind over the action of the Centre in making his grand naval programme the subject of a deal. But the probability is that the Centre will carry the day all the same.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

The Precious Blood is such a wonderful revelation of God that it partakes in a measure of his incomprehensibility. But it is also a marvelous revelation of the enormity of sin. Father Faber.

Disease weaves its web around people a little at a time. They are not dangerously ill all at once. The beginnings of illness are mere trifles. First a little indigestion, perturbation, or headache, or an occasional biliousness. It is hard to realize how you are being tangled up in the strands of sickness until you are fairly caught.

Nearly all serious illnesses begin with some stomach or liver trouble or with a constipated condition of the bowels. These functions have got to be put in good condition before there can be any recovery from any disease no matter what its name or nature, and it is because Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs that it has such a marvelous effect upon all diseases of malnutrition.

It gives the digestive system power to assimilate nourishment and make good blood; it drives out bilious poisons; it creates the red, vitalizing, life-giving elements in the circulation; and builds up the weak and wasted places in every corner of the constitution.

Taken in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Cassell's Kidney and Bladder Pills, it relieves obstinate constipation and keeps the bowels in a perfectly natural condition.

Chats with the children

THERE WAS NO ROOM IN THE INN. There was no room in the inn, And they slowly turned away, At the close of that weary day, Some sheltering spot to win.

There was no room in the inn, But the gentle ox in the stall, Lamented to them from the wall, And welcomed them kindly in.

There was no room in the inn, But over the roofless place, On her who was "full of grace" The wondering stars looked in.

In the inn there was no room, But a sign at midnight came, Brilliant with points of flame, Some said, "Is it Peace or Doom?"

In the inn there was no room, But a Babe in the manger lay, And it was Christmas Day, With the world a bloom.

O, soul grown dark with sin, O, heart turned sick with dreams, The Star of Bethlehem beams; Shall there be room in the inn? —MARY E. MANNIX.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE. There's a little old man with silvery hair An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air, With twinklin' black eyes and a rosy, Au' our little maid Au' our little maid

Ex anxious to see 'im—they ain't afraid I Au' you better take keer, for some folks say 'At of yer naughty he'll fly away, Au' quicker u you kin whistle—phew— Away he's gone up the chimney fluo i

So our little maid Au' our little maid Au' our little maid Au' our little maid

Wants Sauty to come jos' 'as quick's he can. —Selected.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND. In the patois of central France are preserved many touching Christmas legends. In passing through villages, in conversing with the peasants, in visiting the laborer's hut, one sees how the imagination of these simple people is struck with the least details of the Divine infancy.

"In one of my excursions through the country," says a traveller, "I found myself one Saturday in the house of a good peasant. Of course, I assisted at Mass and at the sermon of the day.

"After ordinary prayers the cure spoke of the olden days of Jesus. I was glad of the opportunity of observing how the good pastor would fix the attention of the flock which he had tended for more than forty years with the charity of an apostle and unbounded devotedness.

"He commenced: 'Jesus was five years old; he lived with his parents in the village of Nazareth, assisting his father in his humble labors. His mother kept in heart the words, full of wisdom, which fell from the lips of the Divine Child.

"Not far from them lived a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his breast; day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console him. D despair took possession of her heart. 'My child,' she said, 'is very sick. What can I do, my God, to relieve him?'

"Suddenly a thought came to her. She would go to the house of her neighbor, the Virgin Mary, tell her all her trouble, and ask her by what means she could calm her dear child.

"Jesus listened attentively to the plaint of the desolate mother, while the child continued to cry. Then, approaching the poor little one, He embraced him tenderly. Immediately his tears ceased. He looked sweetly at Jesus, and an ineffable smile lighted up his pretty face.

"The happy mother was astonished at this prodigy, and turning toward Mary: 'Holy woman,' she said, 'your son will be the greatest among the greatest.'

"Jesus pressed the hand of the child, saying: 'This one shall be my brother; he will suffer and die for my sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice.'

Farm and Garden

An interesting talk was given by F. O. Morrison, assisted by stereopticon views, on milk contamination. A jar which had fallen into a milk can was shown to be full of bacteria. The udder of a cow should, the speaker said, be milked before milking, as if left dry injurious droppings would fall from it into the pail. From a must udder milk could be taken with only a tenth of the impurities which would fall from a dry one. The effect of proper methods of cleansing cans was also shown. Milk taken from a tin which had been cleaned with lukewarm water showed five hundred times more impurity than did milk contained in a can which had been first scalded and then steamed. Even the scalding of tins would produce good results, as milk taken from cans so treated would only show one-twelfth the impurity found in vessels not perfectly cleaned.

H. L. Holt gave an object lesson in grafting. With the aid of branches, tools, etc., he illustrated each part of the work. Grafting should, he said, be done in the spring. The branch grafted on should be thrifty and from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. Shoots of last year's growth should be selected for the cutting, and the cutting itself ought to be taken from the centre of the shoot and should contain three buds, the bottom bud being faced outside on the limb to which it was grafted. After grafting by means of grafting wax, a Tormant Street was a good stock to graft on. One of the visitors, W. W. Farley, of Northumberland county, said if a fast-growing branch was grafted on a slow growing tree the new section would soon outgrow its support and break off.

R. Harcourt spoke of the respective value of clover and timothy as fodder and of the proper time for cutting. They had cut Lucerne at the farm, he said, just at the beginning of bloom, at full bloom, and in the decay of the flower. That cut early showed 16 per cent. of flesh forming material, that taken in the full bloom 10 per cent., and the late cut 10 per cent. The early cut showed 23 of indigestible fibre, the medium 31, and the late 40. The amount of digestible matter per acre was 1,938 pounds from the early cut, 2,271 pounds from the medium, and 1,654 pounds from the late. This lesson was, then, that Lucerne should be cut when the bloom was at the full. The value of red clover for feed was, the speaker said, almost twice that of timothy, to wit, Mr. Reynolds added that clover would yield 24 tons to the acre, while timothy would only give 1 1/2 tons.

"Why, then," asked the latter, "will farmers raise timothy?" J. B. Reynolds spoke of the effect of decaying vegetable matter in the soil. It prevented the baking of clay, assisted sand to hold water, and provided plant food. To keep up the supply of this material should be one of the first objects of a good farmer. Mr. Reynolds introduced another important matter. He pointed out that nothing was of more vital interest to the farmer than the question of moisture. Streams, once large, were now dry. He suggested that the samples of nine inches of surface soil and nine inches of subsoil be taken in tubes from various parts of the province and sent to the college at different intervals in order that the effects of cultivation, no cultivation, drainage, deep and shallow ploughing, and various varieties of crops on the conservation of moisture might be arrived at.

It is rather strange that, after being told so often how to water and care for house plants, so many inquire I have come in lately asking for information upon this point, and yet, perhaps, not so strange, since it is one of the most difficult parts of gardening to learn. Indeed, it goes as a truism, "Show me a man who can water a plant properly and I will show you a man who can grow a plant to perfection." How to water and when to water are matters of no small moment. The trouble is all caused because people will not take the trouble to study out the requirements of the plants in their homes. When a child is not properly taken care of he soon lets the nurses know, and if it cannot articulate and tell his wants it will soon show its bad treatment in its face and body, so it is with a plant, for there is no difference in this respect between animal and vegetable life. When a plant is receiving proper treatment it will show it at once by growing and putting forth flowers, giving pleasure and satisfaction to those who take care of it, and in this way repaying for the labor and care bestowed upon it; but on the other hand, when proper treatment is not given, it at once turns sickly, drops its leaves and dies; and here I wish to say that if all our homes were in such a healthy condition as to fresh air, wherein plants delight to grow, it would be much better for us all, as the two great conditions of plant life are to be found in air and water.

To say a thing is chance or casual, as it relates to second causes, is not profane, but a great truth.

Domestic Reading

The best perfection of a man is to do common things in a perfect manner. A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue.—St. Bonaventure.

Charity is made the constant companion and perfection of all virtues, and well it is for that virtue where it most enters and longest stays.

Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a man and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domesticity.—Wordsworth.

A remarkable vagary of modern criticism is the serious dispute concerning morality in art. That is not an open question. We must require that same morality in art that we require in a woman, and this entirely for aesthetic reasons. Immorality is not beauty, and art has nothing to do with anything not beautiful. This is not a limitation of art, because beauty is everywhere, from the light of a child's forehead up to its source in God.

One who has tasted the delights of the heights and suffered the agonies of the depths knows that a balanced life is the ideal one—life in which the trials and sufferings of one time are offset and counterbalanced by delights and compensations at other times, in such ways that humanity is better adjusted, the divinity of man is better apprehended, and the fact that God is infinite is somewhat comprehended.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary sad obstacles through a thousand light in disappointing the assiduity of art, with which it would rear legitimate dullness to maturity, and to glory in vigor and luxuriance of her obscure productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.

"I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes; "there never was a chair too good for a soldier or a cooper or a king to sit on—never a house too fine to shelter the human hand. These elements about us—the glorious sun, imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance is a man; but do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the malapropos we bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I get a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I heart-love that for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterysters in the world can gather."

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St. Joseph's High School.

On Tuesday afternoon the closing exercises of St. Joseph's High School were held in the upper hall of the De La Salle Institute, Duke street. Rev. Frank Ryan presided, and there were also present: Fathers McEntee, Treacy, Hand, Grogan, Dollard, Murray, Dodsworth, Donohue, Murray, and Wynn; also Trustees, Gray, M. Walsh, Ryan, Kay, and Inspector Baldwin. The following programme was pleasingly rendered: Oration, Mrs. Rice; Violin Solo, Farmer, Miss Florence McMillan. Drama, the Maidens Choice—Queen of the Flowers, Miss Ethel Stewart; Gontilla, the Maiden, Miss Abiel Reeves; Ruba—Charity, Miss Kate Flanagan; Lilia—Purity, Miss Theresa McAray; Viola—Modesty, Miss Gertrude Costello; Eglantina—Jealousy, Miss Carrie Cahley; Columbine—Folly, Miss Theresa Rush; Amaryllis—Pride, Miss Alice Daly; Popira—Sleep, Miss Eva Troman. Piano Duet, Misses Henry and Newman (Shueter).

Father Ryan distributed the following list of certificates, diplomas and honors:

Diplomas for passing the examination prescribed by the Education Department in freehand, geometric, perspective, model and memory drawing, awarded to Misses Serena Morgan, Maura Moriarty and Mary Dulan.

Certificates in geometric drawing awarded to the Misses F. McMillan, A. Crowe and K. Hayes. Certificates in perspective drawing awarded to the Misses L. Dalton, M. Glocking, F. Costello, E. Collins, and A. Fleming.

Certificates in model drawing awarded to the Misses A. Daly, M. Watson, K. Flanagan, A. Breen, W. J. G. Costello, A. Fleming, E. Collins and K. Hayes.

Certificates in memory drawing awarded to the Misses M. Watson, G. Landy, A. Daly, A. McNevin, O. Cahley, T. Rush, P. McMillan, L. Dalton, M. Thompson, M. Lewis, E. McInerney, A. McKeown, M. Henry, E. Costello, G. Costello, L. Lalone, E. Collins, K. Hayes.

Commercial Diplomas.—Diplomas for phonography and type-writing awarded by the Nimmco and Harrison Business College to the Misses L. Lalone, G. Costello, F. Costello, M. Norris, J. O'Keefe, M. Moriarty, M. Henry, M. Osgrove, M. Watson, E. Stewart, A. Fleming, M. McMillan, E. Collins.

List of Honors—Gold medal presented by the Very Rev. A. Wynn, O.S.B., to the Miss Mary Meehan for obtaining the highest number of marks at the High school entrance examination. Prize presented by the Rev. Father Canning to Miss Eva Troman of St. Paul's school for obtaining the highest number of marks at the High school entrance examination. Prize presented by the Rev. J. McEntee to Miss Frances Lamphier of St. Anne's School for obtaining the highest number of marks at the High school entrance examination.

Education Department Certificates—Third Form—Misses Patricia O'Connor and Carrie McBride. Second Form—Part II—Misses Kate Flanagan and May Glocking. Second Form—Part I—Misses Patricia O'Connor, Carrie McBride, Kate Flanagan, May Glocking, O. Cahley. First Form—Misses May Glocking, Kate Hayes, Teresa Rush, Mary Dulan, Gertrude Costello, Elizabeth Lalone, Agnes Baxter (passed with honors). Public School Leaving—Misses Annie Crowe, May Thompson, Bella Canton, Angela Breen, Blanche Fletcher.

St. Joseph's Church Concert.

The music loving public are requested to remember the date of St. Joseph's church annual concert, Wednesday next Dec. 29th. Dingman's Hall, corner Broadway avenue and Queen street east has been secured, and from present indications bids fair to be crowded at an early hour. The children of St. Anne's and St. Joseph's schools are making elaborate preparations and will take an important part in the programme. Among the artists the following will appear: Miss Lyman, Mrs. Dogel, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Coughlin, Messrs. Tomney, Russell and Rogers, Miss Luke and Toronto's leading humorist, Mr. Bert Harvey.

A. O. H.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 9 A. O. H., held in its hall, Red Lion Block, Yonge street, on Monday evening, the following were elected officers for 1898: president, A. T. Hernon; vice-president, P. W. Falvey; recording secretary, T. Hyland; financial secretary, N. Hyland; treasurer, M. J. Ryan; sergeant-at-arms, J. J. Hyland; sentinel, John Pearce; standing committee—J. McDonald, J. J. Hyland, Vincent McNally, M. J. Linehan, P. McCann.

The regular meeting of Div. No. 8 A. O. H., was held in Cameron Hall on Thursday evening last. The attendance of the members and visiting brothers was unusually large, it being the election of officers for 1898 and great interest was taken in the proceedings. After very keen contests for the different offices, the following were duly elected: president, J. J. Brennan; vice-president, E. Moore; recording secretary, F. Lyons; financial secretary, P. J. Lowe; treasurer, G. Moore; sentinel, W. Pierce; sergeant-

at-arms, W. Donnelly, marshal M. O'Leary; standing committee, J. P. O'Neill, J. Mollroy, P. O'Meara, H. McCaffrey and J. Daley. Several important questions were discussed, among which was the insurance, quite a number of No. 8 are pushing on the insurance feature. Their interest in it should be an example for the divisions in outside towns by the showing of this feature. Hibernianism is sure to lead the way. Div. No. 8 meets in Cameron Hall on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, where they are always glad to welcome visiting brothers and applicants for membership.

C. M. B. A.

BRANCH NO. 51, BARRIE.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 51, of the C.M.B.A., held Dec 18th, the following resolution, moved by Bro. Shanay seconded by Bro. F. McKernon was unanimously adopted:

That—Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the beloved wife of our respected Bro. John Coffey,

Resolved—That we, the members of Branch No. 51 of the C.M.B.A. hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by him, and extend to him our most sincere sympathy and condolence in his sad affliction, also

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and sent to him, and also published in the Canadian and other Catholic papers.

P. MORAN, Rec. Sec.

Knights of St. John.

St. Paul's Commandery No. 122, Knights of St. John, held a very pleasant and successful meeting in their room, Richmond hall, Richmond street West, on Sunday Dec 19th. The most important business after the routine work was done was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following were the successful candidates: Chaplain, Rev. Father Oline; president, M. K. McQuinn; first vice-president, P. L. Smith; second vice-president, D. Cameron; recording secretary, Waznot Hodgson; financial secretary, T. K. Haffy; treasurer, F. Hallman; messenger, Capt. Farley; sergeant at arms, J. Mooney; trustees, P. Farley, O. W. Dawsey, W. A. Hodgson, G. Hayes and E. McGeo. After some stirring addresses from our own and visiting Bros., we adjourned to meet the first Sunday in January, 1898. M. K. McQuinn, Rec. Sec.

St. Paul's Fancy Fair.

St. Paul's Fancy Fair opens Monday, Dec. 26th in St. Paul's Hall, Power St. There will be a programme for the entertainment of those present each evening. On Monday evening the girls of St. Paul's school will provide the entertainment. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings there will be a grand minstrel entertainment, in which some of the leading amateur artists of the city will take part assisted by a chorus of over 50 voices. On Friday evening the boys of St. Paul's school will give a first class concert of songs and recitations, and on Saturday evening the concert will be under the auspices of St. Paul's Catholic association. The tables, which are under the supervision of the ladies of the parish will be laden with the choicest articles, that may be purchased at as reasonable prices as any place in the city.

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- 3.—First Century Christian Era, lithographed in 5 colors, size 36 in. by 24 in.

When forwarding the dollar you must give your full name the postal address, and state which Historical Chart you want.

With the chart a printed postcard will be sent you. On this printed postcard will be mentioned a certain figure between 1 and 9, and all you will have to do will be to count how many times this figure occurs on the face of the chart, to fill in the blank space left for the purpose on the postcard with the number, and mail it to the company. None of the Charts contain more than 2,300 figures, so that you will not have many to count.

REMEMBER

The postcards containing correct answers will be registered in the order in which they are received at the office of the company up to noon on the Saturday in EACH WEEK during the nine weeks of the competition. The postcards received after noon on Saturday will be reckoned in the next week's competition.

HOW THE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

The total number of correct answers received during each of the nine weeks up to noon on Saturday in each week will be divided into four series.

The sender of the FIRST correct answer in each of the FIRST THREE SERIES and the sender of the LAST CORRECT ANSWER received will get a prize in the form of either a bicycle or a watch each week.

Thus, for example:—Suppose 57 correct answers were received in any week. This figure divided by four gives three series of fourteen each and one of fifteen.

A Bicycle, Value \$75.00, will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer, being the first of the series.

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A Watch, Value \$25.00, will be awarded to the sender of the 29th correct answer, being the first of the third.

A Bicycle, Value \$75.00, will be awarded to the sender of the 57th correct answer, being the last sent in.

The Bicycles to be distributed as prizes will be 1897 Crescent wheels, guaranteed by the HYSLOP BROS. HERS CYCLE COMPANY OF TORONTO, each to the value of \$75 and the watches will be goldfilled cases made and guaranteed for five years by the AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY.

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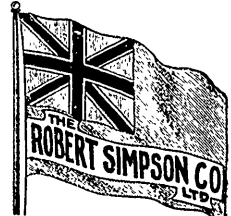
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