

black clothes, silk hats, adorned with shawls, and wearing green and gold sashes and badges, it made a most inspiring display.

The procession formed up at the Drill Shed, and at about 10.30 marched off in the following order:

Marchal—Wm. Brodyck.
Aids—R. Taplo, J. Brown.

ST. PATRICK'S BAND.
Brian Boru Sword, carried by John Kounedy.

Charitable Irish Society.
Carriage containing Thomas Shaw, oldest member of the Society, 98 years of age.

Marchal—Thos Grady.
Aids—W. Power, G. Power.

GB BAND.

St. Patrick's C. T. and B. Society.
Marchal—Thos. Walsh.

Aids—W. Spavin, A. Murphy.

HIBERNIAN FEEL AND DRUM CORPS.

Harp carried by Jas. McDonald.
St. Mary's Young Men's C. T. A. and B. Society.

The Charitable Irish Society turned out more members than for some time. St. Patrick's also had a large number while St. Mary's had the largest representation in the procession. With Irish airs by the bands and banners flying, they proceeded along Harrington, St. Paul's, Argyle, Jacob and Brunswick Streets to St. Patrick's where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Daly, with Rev. G. Murphy as deacon, Rev. Father O'Le, subdeacon, Rev. Father Forbes; master of ceremonies, Rev. Fathers Underwood and Daly, deacons of honor; Archbishop O'Brien was present.

Rev. Father McCarthy preached a panegyric on Ireland's patron saint, one of the best heard in years. He delivered a thoughtful address on the life and labors of the Apostle of Ireland, giving an impressive account of the mission of the Apostle to that country. The most important work accomplished by that devoted man and his followers was described, and the high stage of civilization and religious culture attained by the Irish people through the efforts, made that country envied and praised among all the states of Europe. The varied programs of suffering and prosperity presented by different stages of Irish history were dwelt upon, special mention being made of the severe penal laws which had so depressing an effect on the people, the famines by which the unhappy country had on several occasions been visited, and the baleful and obnoxious system of the land laws, which still had their marked and injurious effects upon the well being of the people. He sketched the life of St. Patrick, and asked all to practice the virtues of Ireland's apostle. It was a most brilliant effort and listened to with rapt attention.

The procession afterwards reformed and proceeded through the principal streets to the Drill Shed, where they dispersed after giving cheers for the Queen, Ireland and Nova Scotia.

The Charitable Irish Society dinner was largely attended, and among the guests were Gov. Daly, Gen. Moore, Archbishop O'Brien, Premier Murray, Mayor Stephen, Atty.-Gen. Longley, Rev. Dr. Murray, Rev. Dr. Gordon, Col. Clarke, Col. Colborne, Col. Irvine, and others. The Leinster Band and the Irish pipers were present.

A Notable American Convert.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Another notable convert to the faith has been made in the person of George M. P. Brown, who was formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church and whose conversion is said to be the direct result of a recent mission to non-Catholics held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Fifty-ninth street and Columbia avenue.



It is warm and waxy when used. The woman who is under the knife who cooks and washes for a big family. Hundreds of women whose husbands are only in moderate circumstances have to bear this hardship uncomplainingly. If a woman is in thoroughly good health, it does not come so hard, but when, as is frequently the case, the poor woman is suffering from the pains, nervousness, debility and ill-health that are a result of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, the task is too much. Under these circumstances, unless the right remedy is used, the poor woman will break down completely and fall an early grave. Over 90,000 women have testified to the marvelous merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of their names, addresses, photographs and experiences have been published by permission in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the woman's burden. It makes them well and strong. It builds up the nervous system. It makes weak, sickly, nervous, fretful women strong, healthy, amiable wives. All medicine dealers sell it.

"My youngest daughter, Mrs. Julia Rappé, was all run down with nervous prostration, lung trouble," writes Mrs. Julia Ann Gibson, of Hickman, Kan. Co., Kansas. "I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was cured."

The Domain of Woman

"Watch ye therefore, any pray, for at an hour ye know not the Son of Man cometh."

In the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, besides the application that is usually accepted, there is one that is generally overlooked, the oil of prayer. If prayer is not constantly and almost unceasingly used to fill the lamp of faith, the lamp goes out, or burns but dimly. Constant watching is necessary if we would keep our lamps burning brightly, and preserve our faith from the assaults of the evil one, especially in these days of too great laxity and carelessness. Well enough if we keep our minds and hearts prepared for the coming of the Great King for Whom all Christians worthy of the name are waiting and longing. But is there nothing else that we should do besides watch and pray? If we know that a great prince intended at some time to visit our house and we were uncertain of the time of his coming, should we not be anxious to keep everything neat and clean, to have all our belongings looking their best; should we not polish our silver, and wash our ornaments, and sweep and garnish and decorate in honor of the expected guest? If humiliated we should feel if the noble visitor found everything in disorder, no preparation made for his coming, perhaps no chair for him to sit upon, nothing to show our respect or esteem!

And yet, how often does this happen in Catholic families! They are likely at any moment to be visited by a guest greater than all the kings and princes of the earth, before Whom every knee shall bow, and every heart tremble when he comes in majesty in the glory of the heavens, to gather His elect together and to seat them at the wedding. O, God! how can any of us, sinful, miserable creatures that we are, think of that terrible day without trembling? And yet, that very judge comes almost daily to our houses, comes in love and mercy, and asks us to give Him, for us, with His Sacred Body and Blood for the last day's atonement before the tribunal of God. What should be our preparations to receive Him? The whitest, finest linen; the costliest lace; silver and gold to wear in His Majesty, before Whom the glory of the angels is darkness. How do we receive Him? Alas! there is but too often little or nothing in our preparations to show that we even remotely consider the greatness of our guest.

The priest, His bearer and ambassador, who would fain give his Divine Master, is distracted by half a dozen small needs and omissions that must be remedied before the sacraments can be duly administered to the plate, perhaps dying, person. When the preparations are at length complete, how small and inadequate they appear; we seem to have put pewter vessels before a guest who is accustomed to silver! God forbid that I should say that any man or woman should be understood as degrading the poverty and bareness of the poor; few know better than I what poverty means. The lowliness of the dwelling is nothing to the Saviour Who was Himself the lowliest of men. He who is so poor as to be glad upon the bare table of the poor as upon the richly furnished altar in the chamber of the well-to-do; surroundings are nothing to Him, He sees nothing, knows nothing but the soul He has come to save. But is that any reason why we should neglect to make every preparation in our power to do honor to honor to our great Guest? I am sure not one of us thinks so, not one of us but would gladly welcome any means by which we could be always ready, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose. There is such a means, within the reach of all, even of the poor; a set of exquisite beautiful articles in silver plate, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose. There is such a means, within the reach of all, even of the poor; a set of exquisite beautiful articles in silver plate, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose. There is such a means, within the reach of all, even of the poor; a set of exquisite beautiful articles in silver plate, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose.

of the clergy of the United States and Canada. It behooves every Catholic who whose love for Our Lord is what it should be, to make some effort to possess this beautiful service, which is worthy of the Guest in Whose honor it is to be used. All may exercise a little care and self-denial for a short time; and be assured that the greater the effort we have made to show the love we bear to the Blessed Sacrament, and the honor we deem it to be visited by such a Guest, the greater will be the grace we shall receive. Besides the knowledge that we are always prepared for the coming of the Prince, there is the comfort of certainty that any sudden emergency is provided for; that the priest when he arrives will find everything ready, and will not be worried by omissions, or irruptions. A small table should be kept in readiness, and a neat linen cloth should be hemmed and placed in the box, ready to be spread upon the improvised altar.

Of course I do not wish to be understood as advising any of my readers to run into needless expense in the purchase of articles for which there seems to be no immediate necessity; and many may think, "Well, I cannot afford any thing of the kind, and besides, it may be years before it will be needed." It may be so, but I do not know. No one knows when his or her time will come, or when serious sickness may lay his hand upon us, and we should, as far as possible, be prepared in everything; in externals as well. As for this expense, most people can spare 25 cents per week, even if the sparing involves a little sacrifice. When the time does come for the long expected visit of the Prince, we shall be glad that we are fittingly prepared to welcome Him, that our hearts are ever glad and generous, and the best that we have, or can procure, is laid in readiness. Certainly, it is the heart that Jesus looks at, it is the soul upon which His gaze is turned as He enters our chambers to prepare us for that last dread trial that He Himself knows and understands so well. If our hearts are pure and full of the love of God it is all He asks of us; He cares not if the house into which He comes is poor, and barely furnished, earthly riches run in every room, and gold and silver owneth the earth and the silver thereof.

But if we really love Him, will it be nothing to us if we have had the means placed within our reach of welcoming Him in a becoming manner, and have neglected them?

Surely not; we shall reproach ourselves, and wish we had not let the consideration of a slight cost, and the necessity for a little self-denial stand in the way of our procuring a beautifully finished altar for the Prince of our Heavenly King, Who condescends so lovingly and graciously to us.

The Adoration of the Cross: The most touching and beautiful service of the bereaved Church will take place to-morrow, with all the accompaniments of deepest grief for the cruel death of the Saviour, and the agony of His Blessed Mother.

Let us thank Him in our inmost souls for that splendid monument of His Mercy, wherein the intensest love of Christ, and realization of His awful sacrifice is alone to be found. Let us devoutly and reverently, as we kneel to kiss the Crucifix, and mingle our tears with those of the Immaculate Mother, that God, in His infinite goodness will be pleased to convert our poor brethren, who give up the day of mourning to the day of festivity, merry-making, and with a few exceptions, gaily and one thought to the awful meaning of the name "Good Friday."

Another French Literary Convert. Another literary Frenchman, M. Edmond Harcourt, is, like M. Coppee and M. Flaubert, supposed to be desirous of permanently making peace with the Church. M. Harcourt, who wrote the poetic "Princesse Lointaine" for Sarah Bernhardt, and tried his hand at a new version of the old story of "Don Juan." His latest work, "Le Consensus of the Grande Chartreuse," near Grenoble, in order to compose the concluding portion of his play wherein he shows the libertine touched by remorse and anxious to save his soul in the quietude of a cloister. The play has, doubtless, a deep religious significance, but it is introduced with "trimmings" only too palpably intended to pander to sensual tastes. M. Harcourt's calls his play "Jean de Harcourt," so distinguish it from "Don Juan de Marana," a production so meretriciously satirized by "Phalotery in his 'Paris Sketch Book.'"

Domestic Reading

It has long been a common saying that no woman can be a lady who washes and scrubs. Well, if purpose gives character to a nation (and we all agree that it does), then if it is uncleanly to wash and scrub, it must be much more uncleanly to have clean dishes, clean houses, or clean clothes. O, Pride! what a blind liar you are!

Let all who have a devotion to the Immaculate Conception put themselves in a special way under St. Anne. It was St. Anne who opened, in the secret solemnities of that avowed mystery, the everlasting jubilee of Jesus, and it was within her womb that God granted the first and completest plenary indulgence in the world.—Father Faber.

Even immoral people have an innate respect for real piety; they detest only sham religion. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate show, pretence, selfishness, when they are veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate guinea in piety; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar which should be a sanctuary only for the wretched and the good.

A formal politeness chills the affections and repels those who would naturally be drawn together; so also does an assumed manner which is insincere. The courtesy which ranks so highly, and the lack of which is often deplored, is the natural and graceful expression of a kindly feeling. But it is tender and easily crushed; it is delicate, and must be cherished, and cherished, and the rude storms of life will sweep it away. Let us protect and honor it as it deserves, and it will in its turn protect and preserve for us some of the dearest and best possessions that life has to offer.

Beware of three women—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unwelcome trait. As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman "is fit for a woman, stratagem upon a thousand, but she is not fit for a man, she can fall lower, for men smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but after all, the prattle every womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife's or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex, and boldly avow it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.

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