

A MODERN ST. IGANTIUS

The Late Bishop of Demerara was First a Soldier and Then a Saint.

The following account of a very remarkable man has been recently contributed to The Record-Herald by a special correspondent in Dublin:

Dublin, Sept. 25.—With crozier and sword crossed on his coffin, Rt. Rev. Anthony Butler, S. J., was buried in Demerara three weeks ago. It was probably one of the most remarkable funerals in the annals of the church and of the British army, for the body was borne to its last resting place on a gun carriage, and as the remains were lowered into the grave made for them in the cathedral, soldiers outside fired their farewell shots for the hero of the soubane and the sabretache.

Thus ended the career of one of the remarkable men in the British empire—a career of romance, adventure and asceticism—that has few equals in the pages of fiction. Anthony Butler was 71 years old at the time of his death. Born in the County Clare, he was descended from a family of high connections in both Munster and Connaught, and was connected with an "army family." His father was Walter Butler of Ashfield, and his mother, before her marriage, Frances Blake of Frenchfort. Several members of the family have won distinction under the colors in various campaigns of early and recent dates.

Butler was educated at the famous Jesuit College of Clongowes and at the Oscott school, near Birmingham. At 19 he entered the army as a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers (the celebrated Faugh-a-Ballaghs) and at once began active military work, serving in China and the Indian mutiny. For deeds of valor he was decorated with many clasps and medals, and promotion was rapid. He was an idol of the younger officers, and was familiarly known as "Fony" Butler, but little these roving, reckless fighting men thought that in years to come Captain Butler, instead of being their boon companion in warlike exploits and adventures, would become their chaplain. That is what actually occurred, though, for at the age of 36, Butler informed his family that he had decided to abandon the army and to join the Church. He was in barracks at Portsmouth when he penned the famous letter expressing his determination to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Rochampton, and the letter is said to have been a strangely impressive document.

The earnest protests of his family were futile, and in 1866 Captain Butler entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained to the priesthood in 1872. He was then sent to Jamaica on a mission, but soon returned to prosecute his theological studies, for which purpose he entered a college at Ghent, Belgium. When Father Butler took charge of a mission at Belford-Leigh, Lanarkshire, and in 1878 the Pope appointed him Bishop of Demerara and Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana, in succession to the late Dr. Heridge. It was at this time that the ecclesiastical fighting qualities of the new prelate developed. The greatest difficulties were surmounting schools, missions and convents multiplied, and more especially was the cause of education advanced and the care of the unfortunate lepers on the West Indian Islands promoted.

Arduous labors finally affected the soldier-bishop's robust health, and the depressing climate also had ill effects. He visited Europe in 1898 in the hope of bettering his physical condition, and the trip proved him considerably; but the rigors of army service on the sun-baked plains of India and the malarial swamps of China had deep impress on his constitution and upon his return to Demerara he declined rapidly. He died peacefully on the 25th of August, twenty years exactly from the date of his elevation to the episcopate, and Bishop Butler's funeral took place with impressive solemnities at Georgetown, the archbishop and the state participating in the obsequies. It was, however, distinctly a military funeral—something remarkable in a prelate of the Church of Rome.

Grandmother at Her Window.

Grandmother is at the window in her quiet room. She sits there all the day, looking placidly at the out-door world. It is May—the air is sweet with the fragrance of lilacs and creamy magnolias, and a few late blossoms are still out redly on the japonica. There is a soft, droning hum from the bees as they settle on some honey-laden branch. Grandmother leans forward a little. Gertrude, the pretty granddaughter, is coming up the walk, carrying her strap of books. There is all the charm and delight of youth in her light, firm step, and poise of her brown head. Grandmother watches her lovingly. "Dear creature!" she says, "seems just the other day when she was a little mite in her long white dress, putting out her arms and legs to grandmamma to take

She sighs a little, and then a wistfulness creeps into her eyes, as she looks down on the buoyant, girlish figure and thinks how more than 100 years have passed since she walked with such a springing, elastic step. She glances with a little patient smile, at the feet on the old carpet hassock; they move so slowly and languidly now. It is very sweet to be young and strong and glad! Will Gertrude think to look up, with a smile and a gay word? Sometimes she does, but often—well, it is no wonder young folks sometimes forget the old—they have so many beautiful things to think about.

She watches the clock with growing eagerness. It is almost time for the mail-carrier to come by. Perhaps she will get a letter today from Katharine. "Give my love to grandmamma, and tell her I am going to write to her soon!" That is what Katharine has been saying for months in the postscripts of her letters to Gertrude. So grandmamma watches the clock every day as the time draws near for the gray uniformed figure to come down the street. If the letter does not come to-day, it may to-morrow. That is the way grandmothers always reason, trying to put away the chilling disappointment settling over her.

It is queer how an old, tired heart like hers can quicken its beating, just for a little, fluttering hope. There is almost a childlike wistfulness in her eyes when the letter-carrier comes in sight. He is in front of the house—by the gate now—but he passes by. She settles back with a little, patient sigh. She wishes the clock would go faster—it is so many hours before the dark comes and she can go to sleep. There is a new magazine laying on the little stand beside her, but her eyes ache too much to even look at the pictures any more.

She looks out of the window again, her face turned intently on the street, while the shadows grow longer on the yellow road and the bright, vivid green of the grass. "Twenty-three!" she says aloud. It is a little game she has invented to cheat the monotony of her days—this counting of the bicycles that go spinning down the road. Sometimes it is white horses that she numbers, sometimes it is the human passers. Whichever it is, it helps the minutes go by. From the yard below, young, laughing voices float up to her, and light, girlish draperies flit in and out among the magnolias. The afternoon seems so short, so short and beautiful to the young things in their teens.

COST OF THE WORK.

A Statement About Decorations in St. Joseph's Church.

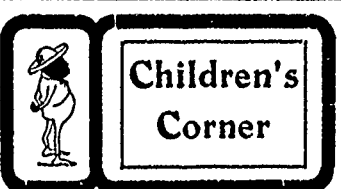
Ottawa, Oct. 14.—Rev. Father Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, gave a statement yesterday as to the cost of the decorations and repairs recently made in the church. The cost was \$10,500, and of this amount \$7,000 had already been paid. There still remained to be paid \$3,500. Father Murphy said that placing himself in the position of a member of the congregation he could understand why it was that the contributions may not have been very generous during the past few months in the envelope collections. The inscription on the envelope was "Church and hall fund," and there was some uncertainty about this. The uncertainty was twofold, first as regards the realization of a hall and the usefulness of such a building, and secondly as to the length of time contributions would continue. This inscription had now been changed to "church decoration fund" and that ought to do away with any uncertainty. The matter of a hall was no longer to be considered. The original plans and contracts for the decoration of the church had been followed out closely and any changes made were in the nature of more artistic work. There was a year in which to pay the \$3,500 now due, and then the envelope collection would be discontinued.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.

Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, with the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."



Children's Corner

THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with tattered face,
With forehead white 'neath tangled hair
and limbs devoid of grace;

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare;
Whose knees are patched all ways;
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise;

A boy whose's born with an appetite,
Who seeks the pantry shelf
To eat his "piece" with resounding smack,
Who isn't gone on himself;

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy,
Whose pockets bulge with trash,
Who knows the use of rod and gun
And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair
With his hat on his tousled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man"
Nor deny his mother's call
Nor ridicule what his elders say
Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy
Of a good old-fashioned clay—
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
For he'll make a man some day!
—Detroit Free Press.

THE COMING YEAR.

What shall I wish thee for the coming year?
From toil—say cease?
A bliss unmingled? From all care
and fear
A sweet release?—
No path on earth is but with flowers strewn;
No human heart, secure upon its throne,
Holds perfect Peace.

What shall I wish thee for the coming days?
Friends loyal and true,
Who ne'er will fail thee in the devilous ways
Thou trauest through?
On these we may count, for it may be,
With the to-morrow's sun that sets on thee,
These vanish, too.

What shall I wish thee for the coming days?
Wealth? honor? fame?
The tribute, dear to most, of well-earned praise,
A lauded name?
Ahi these are fleeting treasures,
and their worth
Must perish with the perishable earth
From whence they came.

What shall I wish thee for the coming year?
A spirit strong,
A faithful heart, A conscience light,
and clear
From sense of wrong.
A hope that soars beyond the bounds of Time—
That finds its fruitage in a purer clime!
The ages long.
—Henry Faulkner Darnell.

A QUEER HOSPITAL.

(Carry on) Wells in Youth's Companion).
There's a hospital down on Absurdity Square,
Where the queerest of patients are tended with care.

When I made them a visit I saw in a crib
A little Umbrella who had broken his rib.

And then I observed in the very next bed
A bright little Pin who had bumped
ed its poor head.

They said a new cure they'd decided to try
On an old Needle, totally blind in one eye.

I was much interested, and soon I espied
A Shoe who complained of a stitch in her side.

And a sad-looking patient who seemed in the dumps
Was a Clock with a swell face because of the mumps.

Then I tried very hard, though I fear 'twas in vain,
To comfort a Window who had a bad pane.

And I paused just a moment to cheerily speak
With a pale Cup of Tea who was awfully weak.

As I took my departure I met on the stair
A new patient, whom they were handling with care,

A victim, perhaps, of some terrible wreck—
'Twas a Squash who had fatally broken his neck.

THE PENCIL-TREES.

Oh, could I find the forest
Where the pencil-trees grow!
Oh, might I see their stately stems
All standing in a row!
I'd hie me to their grateful shade,
In deep, in deepest bliss;
For then I need not hourly hear
A chorus such as this:

CHORUS.

Oh, lend me a pencil, please, mamma!
Oh, draw me some houses and trees, mamma!
Oh, make me a floppy Great poppy to copy,
And horses that prances and gees, mamma!

The branches of the pencil-tree
Are pointed, every one.
Aye! each one has a glancing point
That glitters in the sun;
The leaves are leaves of paper white,
All fluttering in the breeze;
Ahi! could I pluck one rustling bough,
I'd silence cries like these:

CHORUS.

Oh, lend me a pencil, do, mamma!
I've got mine all stuck in the glue, mamma!
Oh, make me a pretty Big barn and a city,
And a cow and a steam engine, too, mamma!

The fruit upon the pencil-tree
Hangs ripening in the sun,
In clusters bright of pocket-knives—
Three blades to every one.
Ahi! might I pluck one shining fruit,
And plant it by my door,
The pleading cries, the longing sighs,
Would trouble me no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, sharpen a pencil for me, mamma!
'Cause Johnny and baby have three, mamma!
And this isn't fine!
And Hal sat down on mine!
So do it be-yu-ti-ful-lee, mamma!
—Journal of Education.

MENDING HOSIERY.

The ordinary method practiced by your grandmothers is good enough for all others, that is, weaving in a filling, with threads across one way and in and out the other. When the hole is large, use a darn-egg, and draw the edges of the hole—not together, but into position—with long stitches of white basting cotton, otherwise it will stretch. Leave a tiny loop at the end of each thread, for the stocking will stretch, while the darn-egg-cotton will not; in filling in do this closely, but not heavily. Let your work extend far enough to form a border to the hole which you mend, else the darn will pull away from the stocking, leaving breaks all around it. Stocking darning in these days of cheap hosiery is a virtue which may be carried to excess, but within limits it is both necessary and praiseworthy; it is not every mother who can afford always to buy new stockings instead of mending the worn ones. It does not take any more time to insert a new heel into a small boy's stocking than it does to darn a big hole, and if the work is neatly done it will look better and be more comfortable. One may find heel protectors of kid and chamois skin on the stocking counter of every large store, but those made at home of unbleached Canton flannel, wear better, besides costing many times less. Make them of two pieces, like the heel of a stocking or a doll's cap, with crown in shape of a U and a straight piece sewed around it.—The Delineator.

WHEN GIRLS SHOULD MARRY.

A girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to get married. No matter how plain the home may be, if it is neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, the husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return. Let a girl play the piano and acquire every other accomplishment within her power, the more the better, for each one will be that much more power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time, if she cannot go into the kitchen, if necessary, and prepare a good meal, and serve it after it is prepared, she had better defer her marriage until she learns. If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry, there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives and more happy homes.—Popular Fashions.



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