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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.—No. 2

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## A SHAMELESS PLOT.

### Attempt to Overthrow Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

On his Policy in regard to Manitoba Schools. The Cabal which has Handled the Premier's First—An unprecedented situation.

The re-assembling of Parliament brought on a sharp crisis and quick collapse at Ottawa. Taking the results of the by-elections as a pretext for the immediate reorganization of the Government, the faction that brought about, on January 1st, the last session again reasserted itself and instituted a tremendous effort to drive Sir Mackenzie Bowell out of the premiership. The cabinet was reported to be pretty evenly divided in the struggle when variety was imparted to affairs by the publication in the newspapers of a charge against Dr. Montague of having written anonymous letters to the Governor-General charging Sir Adolphe Caron with accepting a money bribe for getting certain legislation passed in 1894.

Sir Adolphe Caron denied any knowledge of the publication of the charge and Dr. Montague denied any knowledge of the letters. Matters were in that condition on Saturday morning. In the afternoon the storm became doleful worse when the following members of the cabinet handed their resignations to the Premier by whom they were accepted: Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Minister of Justice; Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance; Hon. John Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals; Hon. W. H. Montague, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. W. B. Ives, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Hon. A. R. Dickey, Minister of Militia and Defence; and Hon. J. F. Wood, Controller of Customs. The reason for the resignations was not made clear beyond the determination of the ministerial faction to depose Sir Mackenzie Bowell and stop his policy of remedial legislation.

On Tuesday the situation was unchanged. Both the Conservatives and Liberals called party consultations while the Premier acting independently was reported to be endeavoring to fill up the vacant places. Meanwhile the ministers remaining faithful to the premier were allotted the work of the despoiling faction as follows:

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier, President of the Privy Council, and Acting Minister of Finance; Mr. Costigan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Minister of Trade and Commerce; and Acting Controller of Customs and Inland Revenue; Sir Adolphe Caron, Postmaster-General and Acting Minister of Militia; Mr. Ferguson, Acting Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Dally, Minister of the Interior, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and Acting Minister of Justice.

On Wednesday morning the tension was great and the situation more complicated. The Premier's policy was no surrender to the cabal.

## CARDINAL SATOLLI.

Elevated to the Rank of a Prince of the Catholic Church—Splendid Pageant.

Baltimore, Jan. 6.—Francis Satolli, titular Archbishop of Lepanto in the Catholic Church, the distinguished prelate who has been the representative of the Supreme pontiff in the United States for the past three years, was formally raised to the cardinalate yesterday by the delivery to him of the red biretta, which forms one of the principal insignia of his now and princely rank in the church.

The ceremonies attending his elevation took place in the venerable cathedral of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Only twice before has a similar event taken place within the United States. Twenty years ago last March the late Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, was made a cardinal in the old cathedral at the metropolis, and ten years ago next June Cardinal Gibbons was elevated at the same shrine where yesterday's ceremonies occurred.

Those who witnessed the ceremonies included archbishops, bishops, priests whose reputations are national and whose names are familiar to the "Catholic" households of America and Canada. There, for instance, among the prelates were: Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Michael A. Corrigan, the head of the large Diocese of New York; Archbishop John J. Williams, the "don" of American archbishops; and Archbishop Patrick J. Kehoe, of Philadelphia, one of the most noted pulpit orators of the church.

The procession filed up the central aisle to the sanctuary, the solemnity passing to the right and left as they reached the front, and filling up the side aisles, where most of them remained standing during the ceremonies. The priests were grouped in the extreme left of the altar, with those in the left wing being the summary choir, which was to intone a part of the services.

The ceremony of conferring the biretta formed the beginning of the services. Rev. Fr. Patrick J. Keenan, rector of the American College at Rome but more recently has been made secretary of the apostolic legation at Washington, acted as the secretary of the pontifical ablegate, Monsignor Dominico Sheretti, in reading the papal letter to Cardinal Gibbons a second papal letter, which was read aloud by Very Rev. Dr. A. J. Magnien, of St. Mary's Seminary, who was one of the Cardinal's deacons of honor. Both letters were in Latin.

After the reading of the letters and delivery of addresses Cardinal Satolli was escorted into the sacristy to change his purple archbishop's vestments for the scarlet robes of his new dignity. He reappeared in a few moments wearing the scarlet cardinal's cap and the other vestments of the cardinalate, but immediately afterward was vested at his throne in the golden vestments worn by those who celebrate a pontifical Mass. Beneath the long outer robe was visible cassock, and on his head whenever his mitre was removed during the progress of the Mass, could be seen his little red skull cap, or zucchetto. This was removed but once at the elevation of the host, when the Cardinal knelt at the altar with his attendant priests.

The Mass was one of the greatest solemnities, both in the manner of its celebration at the altar and in the music selected to be sung by the choir of male and female voices, led by Prof. F. V. Colburn, who was himself the colorator and intoned the introductory sentences. Beethoven's Mass in C was given in splendid style by the choir. A choir of seminarians stationed in the sanctuary also took part.

From the most elevated pulpit beneath the great arch of the cathedral John J. Kane, conductor of St. Louis, preached the sermon of the day.

The address upon which the chief interest of the day centered was delivered by Cardinal Satolli as follows: "This is the third occasion on which it has been an honor and a pleasure to me to be present in this venerable Cathedral surrounded by the prelates, the clergy and the most distinguished people of the country, and to unite with them in celebrating a feast of joy."

The first occasion was the day on which was commemorated the first centenary of the existence of the American hierarchy. Then was this church filled with a gathering similar to that which has now come together here. A great throng united to thank God with a joy not unmixed with wonder and amazement at the remarkable growth and progress of the Catholic Church in one century under this republic.

We all convened here again to do honor to your eminence, America's Cardinal Archbishop, on the occasion of your silver episcopal jubilee. Then did the whole country rejoice that God had preserved your eminence for so long a time to guide by your wisdom and aid by your councils the growth of the American church, and beg that same Divine Providence to spare you for still many years for the good of the church and of the nation.

"Today is the third time that I find myself in the midst of this glorious assemblage, and 'tis to me most certainly an occasion of extraordinary rejoicing. I hope and pray that this will mark the beginning of an era still more brilliant, still more prosperous for the church and the country."

### Ecclesiastical Students.

Following is a statement of the collections for the students fund for the Archdiocese of Toronto:

CITY PARISHES.	
St. Michael's Cathedral	\$110 17
St. Mary's	116 50
St. Paul's	110 00
St. Helen's	90 00
Our Lady of Lourdes	86 00
St. Patrick's	80 00
St. Joseph's	78 00
St. Basil's	65 00
Sacred Heart	18 76
RURAL PARISHES.	
Orillia	130 00
Floes	68 00
Brook	60 00
St. Catharines (St. Catharine)	60 00
Adelaide	48 00
Dixie	42 10
Toronto Junction	42 10
Barrick	31 85
Parkville	30 00
Thorhill	30 00
Alliston	31 85
Collingwood	32 75
Thorold	31 00
Port Colborne	30 00
Schomberg	30 00
Pickering	29 00
Castleton	29 00
Caledon	24 00
St. Mary's (St. Catharines)	20 00
Grove of Toronto	22 00
Little York	14 85
St. Croix	12 28
Fort Erie	11 69
Uxbridge	8 75
	\$1,774 50

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

### Some of those who paid their respects to His Grace the Archbishop.

On New Year's Day His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto received a large number of visitors at St. Michael's Palace. Among others were Mr. C. P. Arohbold, Mr. P. Boyle, Dr. Cassidy, Mr. R. J. Dwyer, Mr. B. J. J. Davies, Mr. T. Alexander Davies, Chevalier Giannelli, Mr. H. A. St. George Gray, Major Gray, M.I.C.E., Lt. Col. Gray, Mr. Thomas Long, Mr. J. J. Long, Mr. James Mason, Mr. J. A. Murray, Mr. D. Miller, Mr. James P. Murray, Mr. A. Claude Macdonnell, Mr. J. D. Macdonnell, Mr. M. J. Macnamara, Col. James C. Mason, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, and many others.

## The School Question.

The following was the substance of the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament on Thursday, to the Manitoba School question: "Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, my Government communicated, through the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, with the Government of that province, in order to ascertain upon what lines the local authorities of Manitoba would be prepared to promote amendments to the acts respecting education in schools in that province, and whether any arrangement was possible with the Manitoba Government which would render action by the Federal Parliament in this connection unnecessary. I regret to say that the advisers of the Lieutenant-Governor have declined to entertain favorably those suggestions, thereby rendering it necessary for my Government, in pursuance of its declared policy, to introduce legislation in regard to this subject. The papers will be laid before you."

## The Persecution of the Religious Orders.

Paris, Dec. 20.—One of the glories of historical Anjou is the religious Order of the Bon Pasteur (the Good Shepherd), which now numbers 6,000 Sisters who devote their lives to over 30,000 female children and young girls whom they have rescued from vice. Only those who are blinded by fanaticism will deny that this is one of the noblest and most useful institutions of France. It is nevertheless threatened with ruin, and the mass of the nation appears to be indifferent. The venerable Superior-General recently received notice to pay under the fiscal law (droit d'abonnement), directed against the religious Communities, 180,000F. Supposing the Sisters were willing to pay the iniquitous tax, where could they find the money, considering that they live a life of privation and experience the greatest difficulty in feeding and clothing those whom they shelter and train. A convent of the Order having been recently established at Suez, the Sisters rendered invaluable service to France by the charitable assistance which they afforded to the fever-stricken soldiers returning from Madagascar.

## League of the Cross.

An open meeting of the League of the Cross will be held on Sunday next at 8 o'clock in their Hall, Powerst. The lecturer of the afternoon will be Rev. Dr. Treacy, of the Cathedral, who will speak on "Catholic Missions of To-day," and as his fame as a lecturer is well known, this account of places and scenes he has visited cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive. The committee extend a hearty invitation to Father Treacy's many friends to be present.

## The Archbishop's Representative.

Rev. Father Ryan rector of the Cathedral left last Friday to represent the Archbishop of Toronto at Baltimore on the occasion of bestowing the Cardinal's hat on Archbishop Satolli the papal delegate in the United States.

## C. Y. L. A.

The opening meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association will take place on Monday evening, January 13, instead of the 6th, as previously announced.—M. F. O'DONOGHUE, Sec. C. Y. L. A.

Herr Ahlwardt the Jew-baiter, who came from Germany to preach a crusade against the Hebrew race in the United States, has been long enough in the New World to assure himself that no class of American citizens sympathize with him. This is some thing to rejoice in. Let the people in the United States now give public evidence of the futility of the P. P. A. crusade against Catholics.

## READY FOR WAR.

### Sudden Flare up Between England and Germany.

Invasion of the Dutch Republic in South Africa—Emperor William Denies British Treaty Rights—The People Clamoring for War—Various Situations.

The prospect of war was brought quite near towards the close of last week. Dr. Jameson, administrator of the British South Africa company, had led a body of 700 Englishmen to make war upon the Transvaal Republic and aid the Uitlanders who were in revolt in Pretoria. The Boers met the invaders six miles from Johannesburg defeated them after severe fighting and heavy loss of life and took Jameson and 500 of his followers prisoners. The news of the invasion set Europe aflame. Emperor William telegraphed to President Kruger congratulating the Boers on their victory, extending German protection and practically denying British suzerainty in the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain British Colonial Secretary telegraphed President Kruger appealing for clemency for Jameson and his followers. Kruger replied to Emperor William in grateful terms and to Mr. Chamberlain in a tone of hostile indignation. Emperor William's action was accepted in England as a direct insult and challenge and preparations for war at once began to manifest themselves. On Saturday night the entire British nation was unanimous for war. The government adopted the war measure of seizing the telegraph line to South Africa. On Tuesday morning further exciting news leaked out. Sir Cecil Rhodes premier of Cape Colony resigned and was succeeded by Sir J. Gordon Sprigg a former premier. A sinister significance was attached to the resignation of Sir Cecil Rhodes. English popular feeling is entirely on his side and on Jameson's.

Mr. Chamberlain made a noble announcement that the government would insist on its legal rights with the Transvaal and tolerate no interference from a part of Germany. On the other hand news from Berlin reported negotiations under way for the establishment of a German protectorate over the Transvaal. The Emperor gave an audience to Dr. Leyd Secretary of the State in the Transvaal Government to whom he promised German protection of an entirely independent Boer republic.

On Wednesday Britain was making active preparations for war.

## VEN ARCHDEACON CAMPBELL.

### Federal Obituaries of the Late Parish Priest of Orillia.

Again, within a few brief months has death's dread summons been heard in the ranks of the priests of our Archdiocese, and an exemplary priest, one of the most respected and revered of the English and northern Canada, has responded to the call.

Ven. Archdeacon Campbell, one of the most indefatigable pioneers of the Church in the Simcoe district since the time of the early Jesuit missionaries, one of the most zealous self-sacrificing of the many priests whose edifying examples illumine the pages of Catholic history of the Northern district, has passed from time into a happy eternity.

On Friday 27th inst., the Ven. Archdeacon Campbell, late parish priest of Orillia, died at the residence of his friend, Dr. Thompson, of Stratford, Pa., where he had been remaining for the benefit of his health. On Tuesday following, his funeral took place in Orillia, when a solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of his soul.

His Grace, Archbishop Walsh presided. Very Rev. Vicar General McCann was celebrant of the Mass assisted by Fathers Labareau and Killeulan as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Hand was master of ceremonies. The Gregorian chant was very impressively sung by Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Murray, Geary and others, whose voices blended so as to render the musical part of the ceremony such as could have scarcely been expected outside of the Cathedral.

In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers O'Reilly of Stratford Pa., Hogan, Walsh, Secretary to the Archbishop, Walsh, St. Michael's College, McGuire, Duffy, McEntee, Morris, E. Korman, P. Kernan, McColl, Mollie, McPhillips, Moyne, Egan, Lynch and Cahill.

His Grace the Archbishop delivered an eloquent and most appropriate address, dealing with the lesson which the occasion should teach. Not being a short-hand writer, I cannot give a verbatim report, but indeed cast I give but an imperfect idea of the grandeur of the flights of oratory which characterized that magnificent discourse. Referring to the time of the year when nature itself, he said, has opened her full course, when all the varied beauties she has called into life in the early year have lost their bloom and faded and died, this should remind us of our decline and departure. The morning and the evening of the day, the rising and setting of myriad worlds around us, are perpe-

tual lessons to remind us that we too, are advancing in the universal movement of all things, and that the night of our being will soon arrive, covering with its dismal and heavy shadow all those objects which during life glittered before our fervid fancy in the brightness of life and existence. And here the Archbishop with marvellous aptitude seized the incident of a violet, which he held in his hand, and looked at it, and in the next moment they would fall in the withering effect of death remaining that which the world ceases to be beautiful when the pale shadow of decay everywhere darkens its flowers and obscures its brightest sun. And this decay of everything around us should remain amongst reminiscences a splendid lesson to remind us of our mortal character. But death is not the end of all. It is the end of a life, but not of a terrible. How few men's faces would blanch in the presence of death. Death would not be the king of terrors; death's sceptre would fall from his grasp, and no man would acknowledge its reign. But after death is judgment. Death is not the end of a life, but the beginning of a happy or miserable eternity. It is not all life to live nor all death to die. After death comes judgment. Man stands alone.

Yet there is something following him. The judge told him that something would follow him before the judgment seat; his works follow him. And as nature itself, on the arrival of spring revives, putting on once more its resplendent robe of radiance and loveliness, so also shall be the resurrection of the dead. It is soon to be seen that it shall rise in incorruption. It is soon to be seen in dishonor it shall rise in glory. It is soon to be seen in weakness it shall rise in power. It is soon to be seen in a natural body it shall rise in a spiritual body. This sublime supernatural truth raises the soul of the just and especially that of the good and holy priest, such as your departed pastor, Archdeacon Campbell, above all danger, all fear, and should fill us all who are trying to serve God with true consolation. We are indebted for his glorious privilege to the victory which our Lord gained over death, as we see by the express declarations of the Scripture, which make our Lord say in Osee: "O death I will be thy death." Our faith, therefore, triumphs over death, and our souls are raised to a light that illuminates the short, dark passage between this world and the next, and conducts the soul in security after the consumptive shock of dissolution till it sees God in eternity.

The Archbishop went on to speak in terms of the highest praise of the zeal and devotion of his deceased friend, referring particularly to the almost unendurable amount of work which he faithfully and fully accomplished. He had left in Brechin, Mara and Orillia lasting monuments of his zealous labors. This zeal urged him to go even beyond the bounds of his own extensive mission to promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Although Archdeacon Campbell had led the life of a saintly priest, still we must remember that God's justice is very strict. We shall have to give an account of every idle word. Our Lord will search Jerusalem with lamps. He will examine every fold and crevice of the heart, and if there be any fault un- known to our neighbors, we will be found, and hasten the fulfillment of all that he has lived and labored for.

Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in honoring the memory of Father Campbell, and the immense concourse no one can estimate on the sad occasion of his funeral is a proof of the heartfelt devotion he had inspired in his flock, and will cause his name to be cherished as a household word in the hearts and homes of those amongst whom he labored.

It remains to the south of the church and his fresh made grave will echo to the prayers of generations to come, who will be taught to revere his memory as a saintly priest.

## In Memory of Archdeacon Campbell.

There is no death that we do not transcend. This life of mortal breath is but the shadow of the life to come. Whose portal we call Death.

O bleeding, moaning heart, bethink thee. May not the Father summon home his son? May not the monarch call a loyal subject. And give him place and power. For faithful service done?

Why should you mourn. O hearts that love so fondly He is not dead, but peacefully asleep. Let's little days, with wearying stress is over. The wondering angels say: Wherefore ye sadly weep.

Patience, poor hearts, the light is quickly passing. The precious moments, that will never be again. Though long the time may seem until the dawning. Rest on thy Saviour's Heart. He loved thee first and best.

In hope in Christian hope, dear hearts, look upward. The darkness soon shall change to easy light. Our friends and angels, that are farewell be spoken. Rest on the sainted hands. Whisper to him, "Good-night."

## The School Question.

OTTAWA, Dec. 7.—In the Senate today Sir John A. Macdonald said: "The declaration that I made in this House just before its prorogation last year in reference to the future policy of the Government upon the great question which is agitating the people of this country, will, so far as I am concerned and so far as my influence goes, be carried out to the letter."

## Annual Election of Officers—Continued.

Branch 10, C. M. B. A.  
S. C. M. B. A. Dec. 30, 1895.  
At our regular meeting held Dec. 12th, the following members were elected officers of Branch 10 C. M. B. A.: Hartnett, President, Jos. Volsard, 1st Vice-President, F. Coyle, 2nd Vice-President, M. Sullivan, Sec. Secy., J. E. McCarthy, Asst. Sec. Secy., J. E. Lawrence, Fin. Secy., M. J. McCarron, Treasurer, R. Kearney, Marshall; Wm. Nesbitt, Guard; Representative to Grand Council, M. J. McCarron; Alternative, Jos. Volsard; Trustees, P. J. Brennan, O. J. Murphy and R. Patterson.

C. M. B. A. TORONTO.  
Among the active Branches of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association we note with pleasure that No. 49, located at Toronto. The membership of this Branch numbers close upon eighty. Its financial standing is excellent, and its officers—from president to guard—take the warmest interest in its working and progression. A feature of the Branch consists in promoting the intellectual as well as the benevolent welfare of its members. The order of business, "good of the Association," is usually marked by an instructive lesson given by some attending member. Recently Bro. E. J. Hearn gave an interesting description of his travels through a portion of the United States, England, Scotland, France, etc., etc., dwelling on special features appertaining to each country, such as the scenery, the architecture, the manners of the people, and other subjects naturally coming under the observation of a traveller. The worthy Brother intends, at an early date, to give his impressions and observations on the Killarney Lakes. At the last meeting (29th inst.) of the Branch there was read by Rev. Seay W. J. Smith, a paper on the "Early History of Electricity." It is thus seen that branches may do much in an intellectual as well as a beneficent way for their members. Such doing is also in harmony with the C. M. B. A. Constitution.

## CONDOLENCE.

At Branch meeting, 27th inst., it was resolved.

Mr. Thos. Mulvey 171 Madison ave. Toronto.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,  
That the sympathy of the members be extended to yourself and the rest of your family in this hour of deprivation of a loved and respected parent. To hero glorify the dead would be but a repeating of platitudes to ears impregnated with tales of the charitable deeds and good will of the man who was ever ready to counsel the young and assist the aged and impetuous.

It might well be said, now that he is gone to whom will we tell our tale of woe, as we will assist us in all ways as Mr. John Mulvey did.

A better world is his home, a home earned by a life of truth, conscientiousness and charity. With thee we sympathize, and with thee we pray that Divine consolation descend upon your bereaved hearts.

Signed on behalf of the members of Branch 49 C. M. B. A.

W. J. SMITH, Rec. Sec.

## C. O. F. St. Mary's Court, Hastings.

The Annual Assembly of St. Mary's Court No. 556, C. O. F., held in the town hall Hastings on Friday evening last was undoubtedly the most successful event of the season, over three hundred ladies and gentlemen being present from Campbellford, Stirling, Newwood, Warkworth, Roseneath, Keene, Peterboro, and Hastings. The following comprised the committee of management: J. J. Quigley, P. Convery, Wm. Boyle, J. O'Reilly, P. Crowley, J. G. Caroy, T. J. O'Neill, P. M. Howard, secretary, and everything possible was done for the accommodation of the public. Mr. A. Moore acted as floor manager. The stage which was fitted up as a drawing room and was very pretty indeed, was occupied by the orchestra, the floor was covered with very handsome rugs and large flags occupied the sides and back walls over the platform, a large motto was hanging comprising the words "Welcome to all." About eight thirty the people began to assemble and at nine o'clock everything was in "full swing." The handsome dresses of the ladies and the gait of the men made the hall one to be long remembered. Admirable music was furnished by Butcher's orchestra, of Peterboro. Refreshments were served by the committee of management, under supervision of Mr. John Murray, the well known Hastings caterer, after which the programme was given and everybody appeared entirely satisfied with the dance.



OUR IRISH LETTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

Dublin Dec. 22.—Dublin this week has lost its most venerated priest in the Right Rev. Monsignor Kennedy, P.P. V.G., Dean of the Chapter of Dublin. His death took place in the Presbytery of James's street Church where he had lived and worked for thirty nine years. He was close on ninety years of age, fifty-nine of which had passed in the sacred ministry. His was truly a hidden life. He abhorred notoriety. Even in this age of publicity he succeeded in keeping the "specials" at arm's length; and it was only on very rare occasions that his name crept into the newspapers. His mission was to the poor. Amongst them he lived and laboured incessantly. His charity was boundless, his sympathy with suffering and want inexhaustible. The struggling working class who strive to hide destitution under a decent exterior found in him a generous and loyal friend, who stood between them and dire want and whose bounty savoured not at all of alms giving. Dean Kennedy realized that above all things the honest pride of the artisan must be fostered, for his safe guard of his moral rectitude. The Dean himself gave more than tithe of all he possessed. His house was destitute of luxury, and the cassock that draped his poor, stooping figure was green and threadbare from age. In the hidden corner of the modest of Guinness's Brewery and overlooks Grand Canal Harbour—he led a life austere, ascetic, as little concerned about the world as any of the Fathers of the desert. As a practical advocate of education he was unsurpassed. He established schools in every corner of his struggling parish, and built two chapels of ease one at Golden Bridge and the other at Dolphin's Barn. He was never heard of in politics although as chaplain to Kilmainham prison he enjoyed the highest and esteem of a long and illustrious career. He attended the Inventions implicated in the Phoenix Park murders. Everybody, even the who differed from him in religion, trusted him, and many Protestants availed themselves of his kindly discrimination in the distribution of their bounty to the poor. The funds which passed through the Dean's hands to relieve so much secret suffering, came from many sources. In his zeal to spread the light of religion and civilization in the city he established a community of the Little Sisters of the Assumption in James's street. These nuns nurse the sick poor in their own homes. He will be missed by many, but most of all by the Little Sisters. He was father, benefactor and friend to the whole community. In his work of the spiritual and temporal matters he was his guardian, and his example of piety, patience and industry kept daily before their eyes a living, breathing realization of the highest ideal of charity as well as love and worship of God, and the love and service of man. Dublin is much the poorer by his loss. Sullins are few.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. T. J. Smith, O.P., at St. Saviour's, Lower Dominick street, in his 64th year. Father Smith was one of the best known of Irish Dominicans owing to the number of missions which he gave through the country. He possessed keen insight into human nature; and his advice was much sought after in the settlement of family disputes.

The popular Irish tenor, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, has been singing in Dublin at the third of the popular concerts and again at the promenade concert this week. He is a native of Limerick. His father, Mr. James O'Mara, is one of the most esteemed citizens of that historic city. Limerick in his day has been famous for many truly distinguished and beautiful women of talent and genius. There are no gloves made there now, and a friend who was at the last Limerick races, told me there was hardly a pretty girl to be seen on the course. Cork is taking the beauty prize presented by the Limerick lace still takes out a struggling existence. In the curing of bacon alone is the city of the Treaty Stone keeping up-to-date. Limerick hangs to the lead. Messrs. O'Mara & Sons is one of the oldest and most respected firms in the bacon trade. The O'Mara family is thoroughly Irish, especially in point of number. It is doubtful if the old man himself knows how many children, grandchildren, great grandchildren he possesses. He is one of the few who cling to all the old-fashioned traditions of Christmas. It is an established custom that all his descendants dine with him on Christmas day. There is scarcely such another family gathering in Ireland. The tenor is the Benjamin of the flock. He was the first flush of his success as a star of the Royal Italian Opera Company, he came home to spend his summer holidays with his father in Lisdoonvarna and Killakee. Every July and August the O'Mara family is one of the attractions of the health resorts. He is one of the rising generation of artists who are content with the musical talent. Before he went to Italy for training, Mr. Joseph O'Mara was in very great demand for charity concerts. People who heard him sing as an amateur, took his professional success as a matter of course. He is an amazingly sympathetic, his notes full and clear. On dit that he has accepted an engagement from Sir Augustus Harris for the coming opera season.

What with hand contests and occupation competitions, the Arts and Crafts had a number of Sir military bands engaged, the judges were Mr. Van Wagoner, Mr. Douglas and Herr Werner, and the first prize, twenty guineas, presented by the Society, and Messrs. Bosson & Co.'s valuable saxophone, silver plated, and richly adorned, has been carried off by the Laureate. Finally, who came all the way from Athlone. The Society presented Mr.

Rogers, their bandmaster, with a silver mounted baton as a memento of the occasion. The Athlone band, Beggar's Irish barracks, took second prize, an Armada cup, the gift of Mr. Walter Sexton. Third prize, Messrs. Pigott's silver plated concert piano to the Curragh in custody of the East Yorkshire. The three honorary contest evoked much interest. The entries were very numerous. The judges were the Rev. Chancellor Tisdell, D.D., Mr. T. W. Ralston, Very Rev. Father Lyons, O.P., Miss Cleather, Mr. F. W. Crossley and Captain Woodfield. So high did they rate the Athlone band that they decided to present two additional prizes. The awards took the form of money orders and books, and in addition Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins gave a valuable watch to the competitor securing first honors in each class.

Giving his experience of interviews in this month, Mr. Stoad says: "I remember the first public man in England who consented to be interviewed was Mr. Forster. I interviewed him immediately after his return from Bulgaria, a dozen years ago, and that astute statesman made a remark which I have never forgotten. He said: 'I have no objection to be interviewed, for I think the interview affords a public man an invaluable agency for launching his opinions without responsibility, and enabling him to feel the public pulse before formally committing himself to its publication.' But Mr. Forster, there are two things. First, no interview should ever be published until the proof or the MS. has been submitted to the person interviewed for his correction; and secondly the fact that the interview has been published should never be revealed to the world, other wise an interview which was known to have been revised by the person interviewed would be almost as compromising to him as if he had written a signed article, or made a public speech."

CHARLES DALTON.

BOOK REVIEW.

We have received a copy of the Catholic Family Annual for 1906, issued by the Catholic School Book Co., 28 Borealy street, New York. For all the purposes of information that a Catholic volume supplying such information is long wanted. In addition there is a mass of appropriate interesting and varied reading matter, and the book is copiously illustrated with colored plates and photographs. This is the 28th year of publication.

Judge Treves's History of Newfoundland. I will say of the book what was said when the work of Hooker, the ecclesiastical historian, had been translated: "There is no learning that this man hath not searched into; nothing too hard for his understanding. This man, indeed, deserves the name of author; his book will get reverence by age."

It is beyond all question one of the most satisfactory histories of Newfoundland ever issued. It is superior to all other histories of the island, and is the reason of its being so. It is a perfect mine of information about everything connected with Newfoundland, and as its usefulness becomes known few merchants, lawyers, clergymen, editors and men of letters will find themselves able to do without it. It is a work that should be consulted on almost everything bearing on literature. While not aiming to be a biographical dictionary it goes pretty fully into such details in an author's life as are considered pertinent or necessary. In almost every chapter, however, the author has published a book, the dates of the issue are given in chronological order, as well as some facts about them as are likely to prove interesting. Scraps of criticism, notes, etc., interesting, useful and necessary, have all a place in the work. Almost every literary man and person of prominence receives mention here. The book is a gazetteer or encyclopedia. It is unique and fills a place peculiarly its own. It gives a full history of the Catholic Church in this island. The author is never theoretical where he can be practical. The work bristles with interesting statistics, and gives every possible item of information. It is not a mere collection of facts and figures, for it abounds with interesting anecdotes. Every subject is interesting, and it is a page in dull or commonplace. Those who open the book will scarcely lay it aside until they have made themselves acquainted with its contents. The only defect I notice in the book is that some parts of natural history have been slightly touched on. In the next edition it would be well to add more on zoology, entomology and botany may be given. One cannot have perfection in a work of the extent to which this one goes; but this large volume is as near perfection as possible. This famous Newfoundland history ought to win its way into the libraries of all scholars and the desks of all students. The work is embellished with numerous engravings and maps, and is mechanically a very fine specimen of the book publisher's art. I cordially recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in the history of the island, and who desire to become acquainted with the inexhaustible resources of Newfoundland, which is destined to play a prominent part in the history of the continent.

His interesting history, has placed the public under a debt to him. We hope so reliable and valuable a work will have an extensive circulation. PHILIP TOUQUE.

Thrice unhappy he who, born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see them as people say they are—to read God in a prose translation.—Lowell.

COLIN D. CHISHOLM.

Death of an Intrepid Glenarriff Militia Man.

The death of Colin D. Chisholm was a great surprise to the whole neighborhood of the Glenarriff Militia. He had been ill for some time, and had been confined to his bed for several days before his death, which took place on Saturday, 21st inst. His brother Angus had been very seriously ill for some time past, and Colin having made several visits to him during the recent severe weather, which was followed by an attack of congestion of the lungs and heart failure ensuing, he succumbed very suddenly. No one in the community was better known or more generally liked and esteemed, and his place will be sorely missed. He had all his life in this immediate vicinity, and his fund of information respecting local affairs, and for the family connections of all persons in the neighborhood, and those with whom he was related or in any way connected, was very remarkable, and frequently appealed to, and always most cheerfully given. Mr. Chisholm was born in June, 1824, and was thus in his 72nd year. His father, the late Col. Alex. Chisholm, was M.P. for Glenarriff in the Parliament of Great Britain from 1834, until the union with Lower Canada in 1841. He had also served in the Rebellion of 1837-38 as Colonel of the 3rd (Locheil) Regiment of Glenarriff Militia, a position for which his early training eminently fitted him, as in early youth he had been in the military service, a Lieutenant in the Royal African Regiment. Colin D. Chisholm was the second son, his elder brother being the Rev. Dr. James Chisholm, the well-known priest at Alexandria, Lindsay and Perth. He has many years been a member of the 2nd Division Court, and has on several occasions acted as Constable Commissioner, and Returning Officer for the county. It was mainly owing to his instrumentality, and through information supplied by him that the late Chief Justice, Sir James Chisholm, was enabled to prove his claim to the Chieftainship and his title to Erchless Castle, and the large estate in Invernesshire connected therewith, valued at over £10,000 a year. Mr. Chisholm was unmarried, and had no issue, and his only surviving son, to whom we beg to extend our sincere sympathy in their heavy affliction. The funeral took place on Tuesday to St. Finnan's Church, and the large attendance showed the high estimation in which Mr. Chisholm was held by the whole community.

CORNWALL NEWS.

A Generous Gift. It has been learned that the Very Rev. Dean Murray, of Truro, has graciously consented to donate to St. Columban's New Church the silver altars and stations of the cross. Father Murray, as he is still affectionately called here says the Glenarriff where he laboured with splendid results for so many years, had on several occasions been the architect of the church, deeming him most competent to make designs harmonizing with the style and symmetry of the sacred edifice. These plans, how ever, will be submitted to Mr. Murray, and he reserved to himself the right of finally determining the selection of a design, should such be necessary. The order for the stations of the cross was given by Father Murray as early as last July, and a beautiful series of pictures is now being painted in France. It is expected that this portion of Father Murray's splendid gift will be in Cornwall, ready to be placed in the new church, towards the end of January or early in the following month.

The people of Cornwall long before his departure, had learned to recognize in the reverend gentleman a staunch and unswerving determination to make the Separate Schools of Cornwall second to none in the province, nor is his zeal in the cause of higher education any less strong and genuine. It is to be regretted that the welfare of our primary and intermediate schools. It will no, therefore, surprise Father Murray's hosts of friends here to learn that he has given another generous donation, the sum of three thousand dollars to the new College which the Archbishop of Kingston will have opened in the September of 1896. Old King-stonians will call to mind that this new educational institution was formerly the building occupied by the Merchants Bank, which Mr. Cleary purchased for educational purposes.

ST. COLUMBAN'S CHURCH. The following highly satisfactory statement was read by Mr. J. Keating after service at St. Columban's Church, Cornwall, on Sunday morning last: Expenditure Account of New Church. Site, 2500 00; Materials, 1200 00; Labour, 4500 00; Total, 8200 00. Receipts: Envelope system, 4400 00; Pews and other Church contributions, 6500 00; Private subscriptions, bequests, collections in Church and pew money, 18000 00; Total, 38900 00. The contractors have practically completed their work and will soon be fitted to receive the drawback amounting to about \$5,000. It may be stated that \$2,000.00 has been expended for school purposes out of the money collected in the Church, making the total expenditure from that source \$9,000.00. The actual debt is now under \$21,000.00. In addition to the visits of the architect, Mr. Duane H. Macdonald has, free of charge, spent several hours every day supervising the woodwork. Mr. Duane H. Macdonald has supervised the stone work. It was announced that two new altars, designed by Mr. Toungay, had been presented at a cost of \$800 each, and also the Stations of the Cross. The work of the church has been delayed until the spring or early part of the summer, in order to give the plastering time to dry thoroughly before the decorators commence their work. When finished the new St. Columban's will be one of the finest churches in the province.

Religious Ceremony at the Abbey.

Strangely different are the thoughts that at the same time fill the minds of men so widely apart as the participants in the religious ceremony at the Abbey. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto with a number of his clergy followed in the rear. When all were in their appointed places Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of the Cathedral, addressed in touching words those who were to be his countrymen. He received those who were parting from one life, those entering upon another, taking for his text the words of St. Paul: "Your lives are hidden with Christ in God." The Rev. Father spoke of the deep significance of the ceremony about to take place, not to all but to individual souls, to the souls of those who renounce the world, and to the souls also of those near and dear ones, who give up all claim on their society and their heart's best affections, that they may be freely bestowed upon Him who alone is worthy of so great a sacrifice. To these there is none of that sameness, that monotony which the uninterested find in such scenes, to these it has a deep and awful meaning, it is the breaking off of all familiar associations, the renouncing of self from one's strongest ties, the parting from the nearest and dearest, to lead a life which seems unnatural and even cruel in the eyes of the world, but which is not really so. True, these darlings of homes, these hills of hearts, the best loved and fairest, seek themselves away and hide far from the eyes of men, sever themselves from the dear home life which hitherto has held them, but for what—to lead a life hidden with Christ in God, and herein lies the beauty, the glory and the reward of the sacrifice.

After replying to the usual questions the postulants withdrew to lay aside the raiment of the world forever, and returned robed in the habit and veil of novices. The candidates for profession then received from his Grace the different symbols of the profession. Then Rev. Father W. McCann began the holy Mass. At the Communion the novices pronounced their vows and received from the Archbishop's hand Him whom they had chosen as their Lord and their portion forever.

Those who received the holy habit were: Miss Hannah Connor, of Toronto, in religion Sister Mary Carmelita; Miss Louise Dwan, Toronto, Sister Mary Celestina; Miss Boland, Brockton, Sister Mary Conzelmann; and Miss Mary McMoran, of St. Somers, Sister Mary Magdalen. The professed were: Miss Davison, of Renfrew, in religion Sister Mary Felix; Miss Reddin, of Pickering, Sister Mary Anselm; Misses H. and B. O'Brien, of Ottawa, Sisters Prudentia and Immaculata; and Miss O'Leary, of Toronto, Sister Annelotta.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

Calendar for the Week: Jan. 9—Of the Octave; 10—Of the Octave; 11—Of the Octave; 12—Of the Octave; 13—Of the Octave; 14—St. Hilary, Bp., C and D; 15—St. Paul the Hermit.

The Armenians now know definitely that they are abandoned to their fate.

Irishmen all the world over will not be without sympathy for the mother country in the loss she has sustained by the death, on Christmas Day, of William J. Fitzpatrick, of Dublin.

The three new Senators are men of the most worthy character. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Villeneuve are prominent figures in the commerce of Montreal, and their selection is a matter for general satisfaction.

In the wise economy of nature it is sometimes astonishing to observe the precision with which equilibrium is maintained in all things. For example, to the tribe of Lecky nature has assigned one historian of somewhat extraordinary fertility, energy and breadth of mind.

The Sabbath was made for man. The Hamilton Lord's Day Alliance entertaining a preference for the Sabbath made by men of their own peculiar way of thinking, asked the courts for an injunction to stop the necessary running of street cars on Sunday in the metropolis by the Municipality.

We regret extremely the disposition that has been shown in some newspapers to question the decision of the Governor General in the Shortis case. From first to last there has been too much feeling displayed in this matter, even while the trial was going on.

The new Protestantism—the creed of the New Woman, the dogma of the Woman's Bible—is breaking new ground in Boston. There it has put new light into the soul of the minister's wife.

If the strikers were all to adopt this lead they would bankrupt the churches in a month. The theatre would have such a storm of popularity that the churches could not stand the competition any length of time.

A young man of the World called upon a very well known local personage the other day and asked him—Was it true that he had been quietly married? It was carrying the practice of intermarriage rather far perhaps, but as the victim was disposed to undergo the operation, as he was insolvent, and had been a gentleman of some fame in the city, the interview, taking into account the peculiar nature of it, would no doubt have a considerable commercial value for the young man's paper.

When he had made up his mind he will probably tell the reporter more. But the question arises, does this good natured old gentleman understand the transaction in its purely commercial aspect? We think not. A lady journalist in London sent a request for an interview the other day to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the eminent librettist. He replied promptly, stating his terms—20 guineas.

The Passing of the Cabal.

What hope now remains of a settlement of the Manitoba School question? Seven ministers have attempted to kill the remedial policy and the Premier at one fell blow. For such a parallel is to be found. What is to be the outcome of it? To imagine that any dependence can be put upon a possible Government in which the deserters would be the dominant influence is absurd.

The New Laureate.

Some weeks ago, when the cable despatches to the newspapers first intimated the probability of Alfred Austin's appointment to the Laureateship, THE REGISTER welcomed the poet, and said he was more deserving of the laurel than Mr. Swinburne or any other claimant.

Alfred Austin the first poet of England today. His fare may not be as fat as that of the Alfred who preceded him, but then all poets are not Tennysons, that possibly might become monotonous. It cannot be from any shortcoming in the volume of his poetry that objection is taken to Alfred Austin's right. His poems fill half a dozen small volumes and he has not yet exhausted his powers.

When the meads grew saffron, the lark then white, And the lark bore his music out of sight. And the swallow outraced the racing wave Up from the lonely outcast grave.

We are not, however, to suppose that Alfred Austin has ever attempted to usurp the part of an authorized exponent of Catholicism. He has never pretended to be anything else than a literary man, and, unlike Dr. St. George Mirart, we have never found him preaching a new Catholicism.

Some of Alfred Austin's poems flow as musically as a meadow brook. All readers of the poem "Benedicite" will, we think, grant its sweetness. Brother Benedict rose and left his cell With the last slow swing of the evening bell.

Alfred Austin has always been a friend of Ireland. He has written in her praise, and he has published many words in defence of her Catholic educational rights. Let us give here his latest verses, in which Ireland and England are made to share each other's sympathies.

And tried to rob me of my very creed And when I said them less no where I lay, And get them to be only, all they would not get.

England speaks. We own our fault the great, so we owe For blame of that wrong would make amends. But the low wimple from your clouded brow, Let your eyes and say that we are friends.

We admire Alfred Austin also for his courage. When his countrymen were making an exhibition of themselves, slobbering adulation upon the czar, the indignation he poured out upon them may be recalled, especially at the present time when their attitude towards the Russian Emperor is very much different.

Oh rather my country lay dead in its shroud, Than had lived to hear silent—"All hail to the czar!"

Why War is Probable.

An explosion in South Africa was not unexpected; and the inevitable has only happened. Paul Kruger's Government set upon the safety valve of popular discontent to the last, and Emperor William apparently intends to sustain it though the boiler may burst a dozen times.

The Boers have now taken the steps of many Englishmen who accompanied Dr. Jameson and it is impossible to conceive that this blood shed, although the lawlessness of Dr. Jameson may be immediately responsible for it, can end the original problem.

week that England is prepared to fight Germany, and all Europe if necessary, to establish that proposition. As a matter of fact Germany has no more right under international law to interfere between England and the Boers than President Cleveland had to interfere between England and the Venezuela.

As to Mr. J. L. Hughes.

Mr. James L. Hughes, Orange-Grand Master of West Ontario, had himself open to one species of attack when he published last week his manifesto on the brethron on the Manitoba School question.

1. Remember that the demagogues cry, "Hands off Manitoba!" or "Let Manitoba manage her own affairs!" "The people of Manitoba understand their own business," would be just as logical and as constitutional if applied to Quebec as to Manitoba.

2. Remember that if Canada is over to become truly a confederation of Roman Catholics must be subjected to the same laws, and that the same treatment accorded to Protestant minorities must be given to Roman Catholic minorities.

3. Remember that education is one of the subjects not wholly under the control of any province in the Dominion. The British North America Act makes definite provision for the supreme control of educational matters by the Dominion Parliament when a minority in any Province, either a Roman Catholic or a Protestant minority, has a grievance.

4. Remember that the Privy Council is the highest court of appeal in the British Empire, and that the Privy Council decided that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba were entitled to the same school law of 1890 as was passed by the Manitoba Legislature.

5. Remember that the Privy Council is the highest court of appeal in the British Empire, and that the Privy Council decided that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba were entitled to the same school law of 1890 as was passed by the Manitoba Legislature.

Stories of Father James Healy.

While the citizens of Dublin are preparing to erect a monument to the memory of the late Father James Healy, of Little Bray, whose fame as the greatest Irish wit of his day is known throughout the world, a gifted biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, has published the memoirs of the brilliant and beloved priest.





THE BLACK PRIAR,

THE GHOST OF THE PRIORY.

By J. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER I.

"Look you how a 'black friar' has come to the castle."

One Christmas Eve, not many years ago, a party of young gentlemen were seated in a large apartment in an old mansion in Warwickshire. The mansion which was known in the district as "The Priory," dated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was considered by archaeologists one of the finest existing specimens of the architecture of the period. The room in which the first scenes of our story is placed was called the Cedar Room, from the fact that the walls, the ceiling, and the floor were entirely composed of cedar wood, which gave altogether an antique appearance. The chimney-piece was finely wrought in white marble, and above it hung the picture of a stern looking knight clad in armour, and was attributed to Holbein. Otherwise the room presented the attractions and luxuries of a modern drawing room. A branch of mistletoe hung from the brilliant chandelier in the centre of the room, the use of which was not quite approved, as the persons present, were, as stated, all gentlemen.

There were nearly a dozen of them all round, but it will not be necessary in our short story, to introduce them all to our readers. They had all been together at Oxford; and their host, Sir Lionel Forrester, had taken the opportunity of inviting them to be his guests during Christmastide at "The Priory." The baronet was a handsome young gentleman of eight-and-twenty, and well qualified by the nobility of his bearing, the suavity of his disposition, and the extensiveness of his learning to maintain the traditions of an ancestry ever distinguished by faithful service to their sovereign and their country. Despite the various walks in life towards which their steps were turned they had met each other with that cordiality and good humour which we might have expected among English gentlemen who had spent perhaps the happiest years of their lives in each other's company at the most ancient and most famous university in the land. The conversation sparkled with wit and overflowed with humour. There was an inexhaustible fund of anecdote in the brave officer who had just returned from the late war, the eloquent barrister who had been distinguished in so many causes celebres, and the author whose bright and busy pen was fast carving out his way to fortune. And then there was a rising musician already a music bachelor, soon to be a doctor, who delighted the ears of his listeners with his marvellous playing, and stirred their souls with the sweetness and pathos of his songs. But we wish to draw attention to the gentleman who is seated by the fireplace immediately opposite Sir Lionel. He is slightly his senior in age, and is at once recognized as a Catholic priest, for he not only wears a Roman collar, but does so with the unconscious ease of the man who only wears what belongs to him. He is rather tall, and has a pale and somewhat ascetic cast of features; his hair is long, with a natural tendency to curl; and his deep blue eyes, now quietly beaming with contentment and good humour, seem to hold a latent fire which upon occasion could flash out as he became eloquent and impassioned. He had taken a double first at Oxford, and had been offered a curacy, and promised a snug living, when he surprised all his friends by crossing the Rubicon, which divides the national sect from the Church of all lands and tongues. It was what no one had ever suspected; but he said he had contemplated the step for years. He became a priest, and at his ordination was appointed professor of a College where he had made his days. He had then found no difficulty in accepting Sir Lionel's invitation to spend Christmas at "The Priory."

There was one other Catholic present, Raphael Penn, the author already alluded to. "By the way, have you not such a thing as a ghost among the many other objects of interest in this delightful old house of yours?" asked the barrister. The other gentlemen looked at the speaker and began to laugh, except Sir Lionel, who knitted his brows, and taking his cup of coffee from his lips, set it unostentatiously on the little table beside him. "Should you be very surprised if I said yes?" he asked. "Well, I should not be surprised if you said so; many of our old mansions do profess to have such things. But I should be interested if you were able to pursue the fact."

"Heaven grant that I may not be able," answered Sir Lionel, as he took up such a story here, you do not mean to say that you believe it?" The baronet did not answer this time till he had drunk his coffee, and then replacing his cup rejoined,

"Would you still be surprised if I answered yes?" "Now really, Sir Lionel, laughed his friend, "I am sure you can give us the story of the evening if you like. I pray you let us have it."

"Nay," he added, after a pause during which no one spoke "do not be afraid. Whatever your own conviction may be, I assure you we are not at all frightened at the prospect of a ghost story."

"I beg your pardon," put in Raphael Penn; "I am rather nervous about such matters myself."

"Of course," replied the barrister, "you Catholics believe in them. But I am sure Father Trumann is not afraid."

"I confess I should like to hear the story," he said quietly. At this point there was a knock at the door, and Raphael Penn and his host both started slightly; but the latter at once called to the person outside to come in.

It was the waiter, an old man, with white hair and a slight stoop, who entered bearing a huge silver goblet containing hot liquid, whose fragrance presently pervaded the room. "It is a custom with our house to mix punch in this goblet for our guests on Christmas Eve. You may place it here, Thompson, and you need not remain."

"Yes, it is mixed according to an old recipe possessed only by the head of the house," he added, when the butler had retired, "and by one of those old traditions of which we have several, no one else must know how it is made. I mixed the ingredients only an hour ago. It is a good old custom, I think; not one of those mere honours in the breach than the observance."

"It is the duty of the host to present it first to that guest whom he desires to honour most."

"I will tell you that, it has appeared some fifteen months ago when I was travelling in the Holy Land. My father was seated one evening with the vicar of the parish and two other gentlemen in this very room, when they heard the sound of footsteps, as it were, passing the door. My father seemed struck by a sudden thought, and went to the door and looked out into the corridor. His friends heard him utter a frightened exclamation, and going to him, found him trembling in every limb, and pale as a ghost himself. He told them he had seen the black friar. The vicar—a high Churchman and a man of interdict spirit—desired he would cross the ghost's path if it appeared again. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the footsteps were heard returning. As they approached the door, the vicar strode boldly out into the corridor, confronted the apparition, and tried to speak. But he seemed suddenly paralysed, and the two other gentlemen have told me that the Black Friar appeared to pass right through him—and then wended his way to the end of the corridor, and was seen no more. The vicar afterwards said that he felt at the moment as if he had received the shock of an electric battery; and for weeks afterwards he was greatly depressed in mind and weakened in body. Early in December I received a telegram announcing me to my father's deathbed. He was taken ill soon after seeing the apparition. I arrived in time to see him and to receive his last embrace and blessing."

"There is no doubt the ghost is a real one," said Raphael Penn. "I am almost sorry I heard the story. God grant it may be long ere this house is troubled again by so dread a visitor."

"Amen," responded the baronet. "There is a curious story told of one of my ancestors Sir Theobald, who fell at Worcester fighting for Charles II. He had long been convinced, Father Trumann, of the truth of the claims of your Church, and intended submission to it, but was prevented by the evil times. Just before the Battle of Worcester a holy priest met him, and having heard the story, declared that the curse of the house would not be taken away till his head was received back into that Church from which the old house and lands had been taken. Sir Theobald determined that he would fight the battle to get up to his knees in blood. But he fell, as I have said, fighting for his king, and the curse continues till this day."

"But please God," said Father Trumann, "it will be your happiness to deliver your house by making that submission which your patriotic ancestor delayed too long."

The conversation was prolonged until close on midnight. Each one present had some ghostly tale to tell, and Raphael Penn, a man of exquisite sensitiveness and high poetic temperament, felt a great fear taking possession of his soul.

"At least we have nothing to fear to night," said the priest; "for this is the season of which Shakespeare speaks—'Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.'"

"And then they say no spirit dares walk abroad, so mine host, if you will permit me, I will retire, if my chamber for I must rise betimes in the morning, to drive over to Guildenborough to say my three Masses. Raphael will accompany me."

"The carriage will be at the door at half-past seven. I will ring for your candles. I imagine the rest of us will stay up a little longer."

The priest and his friend to their respective chambers. They cordially wished their companions good night, and were about to follow the butler from the room when the old man stepped back, and lighting the candles fell from his hands, and cried out "God have mercy on us, Sir Lionel!"

The old man's face was blanched with terror, the guests started to their feet, and then there was a silence as if of death, broken only by one sound, that of footsteps in the corridor outside. They passed by the door, the priest alone remaining close enough to see outside, then he turned round and said "It is the Black Friar!"

The effect of this announcement upon the guests can be better imagined than described. Every face was pale. Sir Lionel was paler than any; Raphael Penn trembled like a leaf. "I will interrogate if it comes again," exclaimed the baronet, desperately, and he strode forward, and stood beside Father Trumann.

"You had better do nothing of the kind," said the barrister, "your feelings are all overwrought by those horrible stories."

"Will you confront it, then?" asked the priest, quietly, turning to the man of law. "No shall not," exclaimed the baronet. "I will ask no man to do what I will not do myself. I will know why I am molested thus in my own house, and I will ask what can be done to quiet this restless spirit."

"This time all present saw the figure pass by. There was little that was ghostly in its appearance; all they saw was a Dominican Monk, clad in the white habit and black mantle of his order; with his long scapular before, and his cowi thrown back over his shoulders. He appeared to be a man about fifty years of age.

"It will not be interfered with," said Raphael Penn. "It never will," added the butler. "I was here when the vicar opposed it; but he had no more power over it than a layman."

"But for a true priest it can have no terrors."

The speaker was Father Trumann, whose face had become strangely animated and whose eyes glared as with an inspiration.

Two of the gentlemen had placed their host on a sofa, and with the butler were attending to him in his room; the rest watched the priest, not one spoke. And now the steps were heard once more coming from the end of the corridor towards which the spirit had gone a minute before. Father Trumann opened his vest, and took out a small silver crucifix which was suspended from his neck by a chain. He loosened it from the clasp, and then stepping resolutely into the corridor, turned in the direction of the Black Friar, who by this time was at the doorway. Raising the symbol of faith above his head with his left hand, and holding out his right to the apparition, he cried out in a loud voice:

"In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whose servant I am, I command thee to say and tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou disturbest this house."

The Black Friar paused, and regarded the young priest with a stern gaze for several seconds; the expression changed strangely; his eyes seemed strangely bright with hope; and bowing his head with deep humility, but at the same time with unassuming dignity, he stretched out his arm and pointed over the priest's shoulder. The priest slowly retreated the ghostly figure that followed him down the corridor. At the end they reached the staircase, and the priest stood still. The Black Friar also stepped and pointed to the staircase. The priest descended and found him self at the chapel door; the Friar followed and stood with him before it. The priest understood that they must enter the chapel, and tried the door, which he found to be locked; but the Friar gave it a gentle push with his hand, at which it opened, and he entered the chapel closely followed by the priest. The Dominican closed the door, and the priest distinctly heard the lock shoot into its socket. Thus he found himself standing alone with the dreadful apparition in the chapel.

CHAPTER II. "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The chapel had been tastefully restored by Sir Lionel, and the moon light was now streaming through the brightly stained windows, and carpeting the marble pavement with rainbow radiance. The Friar stood in the light of one of the windows, and his humble garb became gorgeous in the lustre that it cast upon him. The priest stood in the shadow. He felt no terror, though he trembled violent-

ly. Every faculty of his mind returned its full vigour, but a deep solemnity was upon his feelings as he regarded the figure before him—tall, white, and scapular-like, with radiant brows, and mildly shining eyes. No scorn and sneer did it appear as it stood there, that the young priest made as though he would have offered it a lowly oblation. But it forbade him with an imperious gesture, and then there came from it a voice soft and low, and it sounded as though it came from afar, but the accents were clear and musical as the falling of a cascade or the echoes of the mountains.

"I have waited for three centuries to be interrogated by a true priest. The hour is come, the time of my purgatory is nearly over; and the curse of this house is drawing near to its appointed close. I am the spirit of Edward Cantilupe, the last of the priors of the ancient priory on whose site this mansion is built. You have heard the story of its dissolution, and how I temporised with the cruel and lustful monarch who has long since gone to his own place. Not for this sin, great though it were in the eyes of Uncreated Holiness, was I doomed to so long and terrible a penance. I should have been a confessor; I might have been a martyr, and stood now with many of my contemporaries amid the white-robed choir, with the wreath of faded roses round these unworthy and ignominious brows. But I reared those who removed the precious vessels of the sanctuary, and hid them in a secret place, known only to myself. My brethren were suspected and turned out penniless and provisionless in consequence. They, the innocent, were left to starve and die; while I, the guilty, lived on in comfort at the Priory Farm, enjoying the pension awarded me by the king. This I largely squandered by the money I received for the plate I had stolen and concealed. Had I shared them with my own poor community, there had been little sin; for we held the vessels as the stewards of God; and it had been better to sell them than to die of starvation. But, alas! the flock was scattered and devoured while the false shepherd made friends with the wolves, and lived on the spoils they had shared with him. Fool that I was! My brethren have long since been numbered with the saints in endless glory; while I yet suffer for my sin, and pine away with a love that longs to be satisfied. The holy vessels were costly, yes, beyond all price; I received but a fraction of their worth from the sordid Jews who received them, and who more than half snatched the truth. Several years passed away; it was the last of the reign of the plunderer of our church. But our chalice and paten remained; they were the finest we possessed, and only used on the most solemn feast days. I had kept them to the last, for I was loath to part with them. But the pitance from the state—the price of my shame—was small, and I had already sent a letter to the Israelite who dealt with me, when I was seized with a mortal sickness. There was no priest at hand to give me the Last Sacraments. So I died without Viaticum for my long journey, without the Absolution of my heavy burden of sins and application to my soul of the infinite treasures laid up in God's Church. But I repented of my iniquity, and I found mercy. Nevertheless, because of the depth of my transgression and the insufficiency of my repentance, I have been doomed to lie till now amid the purifying flames, nor have I known any cessation of my punishment save when a death was about to occur in the house of the spoilers, when I have been sent to warn them, by my presence. And I was to continue to come till the house should be extinct, or till I should meet one into whose hands I could safely consign the last of the holy vessels once used in the chapel. The hour is come. It is your hands that must receive them and release me from my bonds. Do you consent?"

The rich voice of the Friar quivered as he asked this question; the light that seemed to smoulder in his eyes became bright and clear; and upon his face there appeared an expression of piteous pleading that touched Father Trumann's heart as nothing else had ever done. "I am willing to do anything in my power to help you," he replied. "Speak on, and you shall be most carefully obeyed."

"You will go to the Priory Farm," said the spirit. "It is now in ruins, but there is a vault beneath, into which you will gain admittance, and in the stones of the flooring one unlike the rest, larger, and of triangular shape. Thus you must raise, and beneath you will find the chalice and paten I have spoken of. Will you swear by the Cross you hold in your hand that you will do this speedily?"

"I swear it," said the priest solemnly. "May I impart what you told me to another?"

"To whomsoever you please, so that the sacred vessels be recovered and restored to their proper use. Father Trumann, for your courage and piety I owe a great debt of gratitude. You have opened the Gates of Heaven to me. I shall ever pray for you before the golden altar and the great white throne. I see you would ask me some thing. What is it?"

"Frier Cantilupe, you have acknowledged that your appearance in this house always presages a death." Let us in this instance.

"It was so. Even now the young Sir Lionel lies above in a foolishly chosen room, but for the late accident that enabled you to face me, I had taken and died like his father. But the curse is taken away, his house will not be out of, for ever, only in time shall all its evil traditions die, and it shall through him to a height of glory it has never yet known."

The moon was no longer shining through the stained window, the chapel was wrapped in gloom, but the marble figure grew brighter and brighter, habit and scapular gleamed with the dazzling whiteness of snow when the sunbeams fall upon it, and the mantle and cowl seemed to soften into a hue of regal purple. An aureole surrounded his head, his features were illumined with peace and joy speakable and his eyes were lighted up as though he saw a great light far away.

"Father, bless me before thou leave me, cried the young priest falling on his knees. The monk raised his arms above him in silence, then clasping his hands he cried out— "They come, they come to take me to my Lord!"

A smile of ineffable love lit up his face with celestial heat, and the priest, who was faintly compelled to close his eyes before the overpowering splendour, heard the sound of many footsteps and many voices, and, as it were, harpings upon their harps. When the clock was on the stroke of one, the butler and several of the gentlemen who had been searching high and low for Father Trumann, made their way into the chapel, and found him lying prostrate in prayer upon the pavement. They roused him, and he retired to his room in silence. The next morning he arose as if nothing had happened, and drove over to Guildenborough with Raphael Penn, where he said his three Masses. He found his friends on the tiptoe of expectation when he returned, but contented himself with telling them that the ghost was laid for ever.

When the rest had gone a service at the parish church, with the exception of the sceptical barrister, who was pursuing Demosthenes in the library, Sir Lionel received the priest and Raphael Penn in his study. He had partially recovered from his shock of the previous night, but looked pale and trembling as he lay back in his dressing gown in a huge easy chair. Father Trumann related all that had happened to him with the utmost attentiveness, and neither of them evinced the slightest doubt of the good father's veracity. It was resolved that they should go together on the first opportunity to the Priory Farm, and that for the present the experience of Father Trumann should be kept a profound secret between them.

Accordingly a few days later they walked over to the farm, which was a complete ruin, and it was only with great difficulty that they found and gained access to the vault. The triangular stone was discovered after clearing away a mass of rubbish, and a pickaxe and crowbar having been brought into requisition, it was moved aside and a rude cavity revealed beneath it. Within was an oak case, much cracked and worn, and bound with iron bands, that were almost consumed with rust. It was lifted out, and easily opened. The red velvet was rent and shrivelled into shreds of dusty brown, but this was not noticed, as Father Trumann took out the ancient chalice and paten. They were of the finest gold, though it had long become dim; but the jewels it shined and sparkled when they met the daylight again after their long imprisonment. They were indeed priceless. Not only for their intrinsic worth, but also as perfect specimens of antique art; still more as affording irrefutable evidence that Father Trumann had indeed spoken with a being from another world. His eyes were dimmed with tears as he raised them in heartfelt praise to Heaven; when he bent their earthwards again he saw Sir Lionel kneeling beside him.

"God has taken away the curse of my house," he said, "and pardoned the sins of our ancestors. I now ask you to receive the only thank-offering I can make Him, that of myself and of my life's service. To instruct me in His saving truths, and to receive me into His Holy Church."

On the eve of the Epiphany the baronet was received into the Church by his old college friend and fellow convert; and the next morning he received his first Communion at his hands. There were many persons present; for it was the first Mass which had been said in the old chapel since the Reformation. The chalice and paten used were the ones found at the farm; but no one knew this, but Father Trumann, Sir Lionel Forrester, and Raphael Penn. Indeed, although the story is often told in the neighbourhood now a troublesome ghost was laid at the Priory by a young Popish priest, no one beside these three had known the true history of the affair until far into the nineteenth century.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and see that you, and well-remembered, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for child onething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind, and is the only remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



CORRESPONDENCE.

The first of the... The second of the... The third of the...

view. Mr. L. V. McBrady will support the former position, and Mr. T. G. Don... The debate will be held at the... of the... every two weeks. The next subject will be "Does Education Lead to Crime?"

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

At the annual meeting of the Irish Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, held at St. Mary's Hall, parish of St. Mary, on Sunday, 24th inst., the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—Director, Rev. P. O. Donnell, P. P. President, Mr. James Morley, 1st Vice-President, Mr. Thos. James, and Vice-President, Mr. Francis Freely, Secretary, Mr. Thomas Murney, Committee on Relief, Chairman, Mr. J. J. Ryan, Mr. Thos. Chohan, Mr. Henry Butler, Mr. Patrick McCall, and Mr. Wm. Parnell.

PERSONAL.

Sir William Hales Hingston has been appointed to the Senate. He was born in Hibernia, Quebec, on the 20th June 1820. His father, Lt. Col. S. J. Hingston, formerly of H. M. 10th Regiment fought in the war of 1812-14. The Hingstons are an old Irish stock, related to the Cork Cotters, and the Latousses of Dublin. Sir William graduated from McGill College. He was chosen mayor of Montreal in 1876. He was elected in 1896 a member of the British Association for the advancement of science. His recent knighthood was conferred on account of his distinction in the medical profession.

Hon. Joseph Octave Villeneuve, Mayor of Montreal who has been called to the Senate was born at St. Anne des Plaines, on the 4th of March, 1817. He was elected to the Legislature, for Hochelaga, in 1868, and with exception of one term has represented the constituency continuously since. He was for many years Mayor of St. Jean Baptiste Village, and for ten years was in the Wardens chair of the County of Hochelaga. He is a Harbor Commissioner of Montreal, and a director of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and of the Dominion Cotton Mills Company, and has also large manufacturing, mercantile and real estate interests in Montreal. Mr. Villeneuve married, in 1850, Miss Susan Anne Walker, of Sorel.

Hon. James O'Brien who has been called to the Senate was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1835. He came to Montreal in 1850, and in 1858, entered into business for himself in the clothing trade, building up one of the largest houses in Canada. He has been a director for years of the City and District Savings Bank. He is a governor of the Montreal General and Western Hospitals, and vice president of the Bel-Air Jockey Club. He is also an active member of the Board of Trade.

"Weigh the earth on which we dwell," says an astronomer, "count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone in the last six thousand years, unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move the earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years. And yet under the omnipotent hand of God not a minute passes that it does not fly more than a thousand miles."

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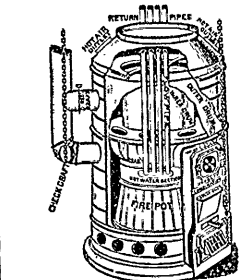


Tam O'Shanter's rule through the midnight wind with the horrible hobgoblins pursuing him was only a bad dream, or nightmare, which anybody is liable to experience in the result of overeating or an attack of biliousness or indigestion. To avoid such disagreeable experiences one of two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken after the hearty meal and the action of the stomach will thereby be quickened and the meal promptly digested.

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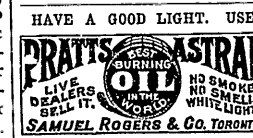
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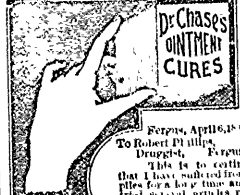
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"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days." And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place.

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent a round of the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

This matter of looking at the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kaolin-like cement with shrimking, it is a kaolin-like, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians.



My 15-year old daughter Bella was afflicted with rheumatism for 21 months, the pain was so severe that she could not walk. I had almost given up hope when I saw advertised in a paper a cure for such cases. I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment Cures, and used it for three weeks. I had a great relief, and in a few days she was able to walk. I have since used it for many other cases, and it has always proved successful. I can confidently say that it is a most valuable remedy. Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, by Dr. Chase, EDMONSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

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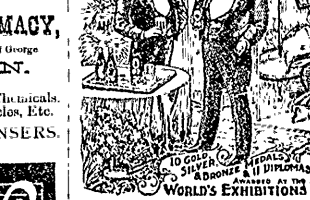
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