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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 3.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The truth is confirmed of the story published at Berlin in the *Vossische Zeitung* November last, of the closing of a Catholic church at Krosche, Russia, by order of the Russian authorities. The Catholics, hearing of this order, took possession of their church and held it day and night. The Governor of the district sent a troop of Cossacks to turn them out, but, owing to the resistance of the defenders, a desperate conflict ensued. Twenty Catholics were said to have been killed, and one hundred wounded, while the Cossacks pursuing others drove them into the river, where many were drowned.

The Russian papers came out with the official version of the affair. They said: The Czar ordered the church to be closed, so that an agricultural college might be built on the site. They asserted that in the encounter between the military and police on one side and the Catholics on the other, four policemen were slightly wounded, but the story of the massacre of the Catholics was branded as a pure invention. The *Cologne Gazette*, a few days ago, had authority to know the story of the massacre was only too true. A correspondent of another European paper says the Cossacks displayed the greatest barbarity and took fiendish delight in killing defenceless women and children. After the capture of the church, says the correspondent, the building was desecrated in every way, some of the Cossacks throwing the Blessed Sacrament from the Altar and trampling on it. The religious symbols and church decorations were completely destroyed.

It has been announced in England that a Royal Commission is to be appointed to inquire into the state of secondary education of that country. "Royal Commissions are not very often the preludes to reforms or changes of any kind," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, and are "convenient methods for enabling Governments to avoid dealing practically with questions which demand attention in some degree, but yet are not of pressing importance." The success of Germans in securing employment in the large cities of Great Britain is a source of anxiety, as they get positions in mercantile establishments for which "the natives sigh, but cannot fill as effectively." And now they are only awakening to the fact, that there is something wrong in the early education of Great Britain's youth. Some years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold in his report on secondary education in Germany particularly noted the fact of the facilities afforded the poor children in the higher training there, and con-

trasted it with the difficulties children of the humble classes have to undergo in Great Britain." And to quote further from the *Liverpool Times*: "The difficulties to which Mr. Arnold called attention did not always exist amongst us. In former times and more particularly before the Reformation, the primary object of grammar and other secondary schools was to place within the reach of parents who were not possessed of wealth the means of giving their children a sound education. But gradually the rights of the poor were encroached upon by the well-to-do, and in the end admission to the secondary schools was beset with such conditions that they ceased almost entirely to fulfil the object for which they were founded. We have now secondary schools which are more or less preserves for certain moneyed classes."

Some of the Toronto papers were charitable enough to insinuate that Mr. Blake had not been invited to speak in Boston for the Home Rule cause. For their benefit, we saw a letter of invitation was sent Mr. Blake last week signed by thirty-five prominent gentlemen of that city, the name of Nathan Matthews, Jr., Mayor of Boston, heading the list. Among other prominent names are those of John Conness, ex-United States Senator, Charles H. Taylor, editor of the *Boston Globe*, Edward H. Clement, editor of the *Transcript*, James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*, Patrick Maguire, editor of the *Republic*, and several others. Mr. Blake answered the invitation as follows: "To Hon. Nathan Matthews, Jr., Mayor; Hon. A. G. Pillsbury and other citizens of Boston—Dear Sirs: I am greatly honored by the invitation extended to me in the letter of the 5th inst., signed by so many of the most distinguished and representative citizens of Boston, and deeply touched by the manifestation of your interest in the cause with which I am, however humbly, identified, and by your too generous appreciation of my trifling service and of your kindly recollection of our meeting last year.

"It gives me hearty pleasure to accept your invitation and to agree, under your high auspices, to meet the people of Boston on the evening of Wednesday, 31st inst., and discuss with them the home rule situation at this crisis of its fate. I have the honor to remain, faithfully yours, Edward Blake."

This does not look as if the Bostonians were receiving the representative of the Home Rule Party with indifference.

There is a society in Dublin, which has not been long established, for the preservation of the Irish language,

and seems to be in a most flourishing condition. "The weekly meetings at No. 1 College Green," a Dublin correspondent of one of our American exchanges writes, "are swelling to such dimensions as will necessitate a change of quarters at an early date. The league holds a meeting here every Wednesday evening, at which papers are read in Irish, speeches are delivered in Irish by men who have spoken it from the cradle, and Irish is taught *in loco*, and it is intended to have a series of addresses delivered in that language in the Irish speaking districts throughout Ireland in order to encourage the people who yet speak the old tongue to continue to use it, and encourage their children to use it."

On Monday evening of last week the alarm was given in Chicago that the Casino building which was one end of the beautiful Peristyle, was in flames. By the time the firemen arrived, the flames had made such rapid progress that the whole building was one burning mass. The material of these beautiful structures was such that a fire seems to take the greatest delight in. It swept on the whole length of the peristyle, until it reached the great Music Hall in which Theodore Thomas had given so much delight to the music-loving visitors of the World's Fair. And on it went until it caught in its merciless grasp the large building which had held the greatest and grandest display the world had ever seen of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. "This building cost nearly two million dollars," says the *New World*, "and more lumber was used in its erection than would be manufactured in a year in the largest saw-mill in America. It contained fourteen million pounds of steel and iron, and the glass in its roof alone filled forty-eight freight cars." In the Manufacturers' building were many of the foreign exhibits, which were all packed ready to be sent away, but were delayed on account of the Custom House, these were all consumed in the flames, or destroyed by water. The German exhibit alone is said to be worth a million dollars, and the other exhibits were also very valuable. The *New World* further says: "At the time of writing, it was not known whether the great library of Catholic authors, most of which were imported from Europe, and which had been sent in response to requests of Bishop Spalding and Brother Maurelian have been saved or suffered." If the Art building were to burn the loss would be untold, as there are two thousand cases of pictures stored in it of incalculable value.

On Tuesday evening Sir Oliver Mowat, addressing the Young Men's Liberal Club of this city, devoted a portion of his speech to the P. P. A.

He claimed that, in the judgment of men who were willing to be convinced, his Government has displayed no Catholic proclivities, that the allegations of this Association are altogether unfounded nay, farther, that the official list of appointees shows that in number of appointments the Roman Catholics had less than might be deemed their share according to their proportion of population, and that the aggregate salaries of the Roman Catholic appointees are very considerably less than that proportion. That acknowledgement is poor comfort to Catholic electors, but it speaks volumes for the liberality of the great Protestant majority. They never did, and they never will, act fairly by us.

Another point touched upon by the Premier was the ecclesiastical dictation in passing laws, open voting for trustees and the supposed solid Catholic vote. On the one hand the P.P.A. insist that Catholics should have the ballot in voting for Separate School Trustees in order that they may be free from clerical influence, while, on the other hand, they are as much bound to the hierarchy with the ballot for the legislative elections.

He thereupon drifts away into religious advice of a very mild character, and thinks that "Reasoning which does not unnecessarily antagonize may do something with them, and kindness. Let us reason with them, then, as we will or can. Let us be kind and considerate in our bearing towards them. Let them see that we recognize their rights, whatever these may be."

Mayor Kennedy, in his inaugural on Monday, announced his policy in language similar to that used on the night of his election: "The Mayoralty of Toronto cannot be regarded as merely an office of honor; it is an office of heavy responsibility also. Keeping in mind this twofold character of the chief magistracy, namely, high honor and heavy responsibility, my earnest efforts will be directed towards the maintenance of the dignity of the office, and the promotion of the best interests of the whole body of the citizens, without regard to distinctions of class, creed or origin, as far as these interests are affected by our municipal government."

The Rome correspondent of the *Central News* says: "The Pope on January 8th received a deputation of Roman Aristocrats. In speaking with them, the Holy Father repudiated indignantly the suggestion that he was aware of the alleged French intrigues in Sicily. 'I was born in Italy,' he said, 'and I love my fatherland. The man that does not love his fatherland is unworthy of God's blessing.'"

LEO XIII'S ENCYCLICAL

On the Study of Holy Scripture

(Continued from Last Week.)

At the outset of their studies they should examine into the nature of the intelligence of their disciples, cultivate it, in fact, so as to fit them at once to preserve intact the doctrine of the Holy Writings and to comprehend their spirit. Such is the object of "The Treatise on the Introduction to the Bible," which supplies the pupil with the means of proving the integrity and authenticity of the Bible, of searching and discovering the true meaning of passages, of boldly attacking and extirpating to the root sophistical interpretations. It is hardly needful to indicate how important it is to discuss these points from the commencement with order and in a scientific way, having recourse to theology, for in verity, the study of the Scriptures is built upon this foundation and illuminated by those lights. The professor should apply himself scrupulously to make the most fruitful part of this science perfectly understood—that which concerns interpretation—and to explain to his auditors how they may utilize the riches of the divine word for the advantage of religion and piety. Assuredly, we understand that neither the extent of the subject nor the time disposable will permit the entire circle of the Scriptures to be gone over in the schools. But since it is necessary to possess a sure method fruitfully to direct interpretation, a wise master must avoid the mistake of those who take up for study passages selected here and there in the books, and likewise the method of those who settle on a determined chapter of a single book. If in the majority of schools one cannot attain the same end as in the higher academies—that is, that one book or another may be expounded in a consecutive and elaborate manner—at least every exertion should be exercised that the passages chosen for interpretation should be studied for a sufficient completeness. Pupils allured in a sense, and instructed by this mode of explanation, might be able to reperuse and relish the rest of the Bible for the duration of life. The professor, faithful to the prescriptions of those who have preceded us, should use the Vulgate version. It is that, in truth, which the Council of Trent has designed as authentic and suitable to be employed "in public readings, discussions, preachings, and explanations," and that which is also recommended by the daily practice of the Church. Nevertheless, we do not wish to say that no account must be taken of other versions which the Christians of the early ages adopted with eulogy, especially those of the primitive texts. In fact as far as concerns the material points, the sense is clear according to the Hebrew and Greek versions of the Vulgate, nevertheless, if an ambiguous passage, or one less clear than usual is met, recourse to the preceding language, as St. Augustine counsels, will be very useful. It is palpable that a great deal of circumspection must be brought to this task, for it is the duty of the commentator to indicate not what he thinks himself but that which was thought by the author whom he explains. After the reading shall have been carefully conducted to the given point, then the moment will arrive to search into and explain the sense. Our first advice on this subject is to observe the prescriptions commonly in use relative to the interpretation, the more assiduously as the attacks of adversaries are more active. We must therefore cautiously weigh the value of the words themselves, the signification of the context, the similitude of the passages and the like, and also improve the opportunity of the strange elucidations of the science opposed to us. Nevertheless, the

master must beware not to bestow more time and care to these questions than to the study of the divine books themselves, lest too extensive and profound a knowledge of those topics should bring more trouble than strength to the intellect of youth. Hence it results that the sure course to pursue is the study of Holy Writ from the theological point of view.

On this subject it is necessary to remark that in addition to the causes of difficulty which present themselves in the explanation of no matter what ancient authors, others have to be supplemented which are peculiar to the explanation of the Sacred Writings. Inasmuch as they are the work of the Holy Ghost, the words conceal a number of truths which are far surpassing the strength and penetration of human reason—that is to say, the divine mysteries, and all which belong to them. The sense is sometimes wider and more veiled than would appear to be conveyed by the letter and by the rules of hermeneutics, and, furthermore, the literal sense itself sometimes hides other senses which serve to elucidate dogmas or to give rules for the conduct of life. Thus, it cannot be denied that the Holy Books are shrouded with a certain religious obscurity to such an extent that nobody should undertake their study without a guide. Thus God has desired—it is the common opinion of the Fathers—that men should study them with more ardour and carefulness, so that truths laboriously acquired should penetrate more deeply into their intellects and their hearts, in order that they might understand above all that God has given the Scriptures that in the interpretation of His words the Church should be accepted as the surest guide and master.

Where God has placed His treasures there truth should be sought. The men in whom resides the succession of the Apostles, as St. Irenæus has already taught us, explain the Scriptures without danger. It is his doctrine and that of other Fathers which the Vatican Council adopted when renewing a Decree of the Council of Trent on the interpretation of the Divine Written Word. It decided that in things of faith and morals tending to the settlement of Christian doctrine that should be regarded as the exact sense of the Scriptures which our holy mother the Church has regarded and regards as such, for it is her province to judge of the sense and interpretation of the Sacred Books. Consequently, no one is permitted to expound the Scriptures in a fashion contrary to this meaning or the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

By this law, full of wisdom the Church does not arrest or retard in the slightest degree the researches of Biblical science, but maintains them in the shelter of all error, and powerfully contributes to their veritable progress. Each doctor, in short, sees open before him a vast field wherein, by following a sure direction, his zeal may be exercised in a signal manner and with profit to the Church. Of a truth, as to those passages of Holy Writ which await a certain and well-defined explanation, thanks to the benevolent design of the Providence of God, it may be that the judgment of the Church will find itself ripened by preparatory studies. But, touching those points which have been already settled, the Doctor may play an equally efficacious role, either in more clearly expounding them to the crowd of the faithful or in a more skillful to the educated, or in defending them more strongly from the adversaries of the faith. The Catholic interpreter should accordingly, as a most important and sacred duty, explain in the fixed sense these texts of Scripture whose signification has been authentically indicated, whether by sacred writers whom the guidance of the Holy Ghost inspired, as occurs in many

passages of the New Testament, or by the Church, assisted by the same Holy Ghost and by the means of a solemn judgment, or by its universal and ordinary authority. He should be convinced that this interpretation is the only one that can be approved by the laws of secret hermeneutics. Upon other points he must follow the analogy of the faith and take for model Catholic doctrine as it is indicated by the authority of the Church. In fact, it is the same God who is the author of the Holy Writing and of the doctrine of which the Church is the storehouse. It absolutely follows, then, that a signification attributed to the former and differing, however little, from the latter cannot be produced from a legitimate interpretation. Hence, it evidently results that every interpretation which puts the sacred authors in contradiction with themselves, or which is opposed to the teaching of the Church, is foolish and false.

He who teaches Holy Writ should also merit the eulogy that he is a thorough master of theology, that he is perfectly conversant with the comments of the holy Fathers, the Doctors and the best interpreters. Such is the doctrine of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, who justly complain in these terms, "If every science, however unimportant and easy of acquisition, demands, as is evident, to be taught as a learned man, by a master, what could be more arrogantly rash than not to seek the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures after the teaching of their interpreters?" Such was likewise the testimony of our Fathers, who confirmed it by examples. They explained the Scriptures, not after their private opinions, but from the writing and authority of their predecessors, because it was evident that these had received in succession to the Apostles the rules for the interpretation of Holy Writ.

The testimony of the holy Fathers, who, after the Apostles, have been, so to speak, gardeners of the holy Church, its builders, its pastors, have nourished it and made it grow, has also a great authority every time they explain, in one and the same manner, a Biblical text as concerning faith and morals; for it is clear from their agreement that, according to Catholic doctrine, this explanation has come in its form by tradition from the Apostles. The advice of the same Fathers is also worthy of being taken into very serious consideration when they treat of the same subjects as Doctors and as giving their private opinion. Indeed, not only their knowledge of revealed doctrine and the multitude of the requirements necessary to interpret the Apostolic books powerfully recommend them, but, moreover, God Himself has bestowed freely His succour and His lights on these men, remarkable for the sanctity of their lives and their zeal for the truth.

Let the interpreter learn, then, that he is bound to follow their footsteps with respect, and avail himself of their labors with an intelligent discrimination. Nevertheless, he must not believe that the road is blocked, and that he cannot, where a reasonable doubt exists, go farther in the line of research and explanation. It is allowable for him, provided he always follows the sage precept of St. Augustine, "not to stray in the slightest from the literal and plain sense unless when there is some reason which forbids him to agree with it or renders it necessary to be abandoned. This rule should be observed with more firmness, that, in the midst of the great ardour of innovation and the freedom of opinion, there exists a very grave danger of going wrong. He who teaches the Scriptures must take care not to neglect the allegorical or analogical sense attached by the holy Fathers to certain words, particularly when the meaning naturally flows

from the literal sense, and is supported by a large number of authorities.

The Church, in fact, has received from the Apostles the mode of interpretation, and has approved of it by its example, as shown by the liturgy. It is not that the Fathers pretended to demonstrate by themselves the dogmas of faith, but that they have experienced that this method was good to nurse virtue and piety. The authority of other Catholic interpreters of a truth is less, nevertheless, since Biblical studies have made a continuous progress in the Church, the honor which is their due should be rendered to these Doctors, and one can borrow from their works many arguments useful for repelling attacks and clearing up points of controversy. But that which is unsuitable is that the interpreter, ignoring or despising the excellent volumes which our co-religionists have left us in considerable numbers, should prefer heterodox works, and that to the imminent risk of sound doctrine and too often to the detriment of the faith, he should search in them for the explanation of passages on which Catholics have long and valuably exercised their talents and multiplied their labors. Although, undeniably, the studies of the heterodox, wisely utilized, may sometimes aid the Catholic interpreter, it is needful for him notwithstanding, to recollect after the numerous proofs given by the ancients that the unaltered sense of Holy Scriptures is to be found nowhere outside the holy Church, and cannot be given by those who, deprived of the true faith, cannot reach the marrow of Holy Writ, but only nibble at the rind. It is especially necessary that the practice of Scriptures should spread itself all over theology and become in a manner its soul. Such has been at every age the doctrine of all the Fathers and of the most remarkable theologians—doctrine which they have supported by their example. They devoted themselves to the establishing and strengthening by the Holy Books all the verities which are the object of faith, and those which flow from them; and it is these Holy Books, as well as divine tradition, which they have employed to refute the novel inventions of heretics, to discover the *raison d'être* (cause of being), the explanation and the inter-dependence of Catholic dogmas.

There is nothing surprising in that to him who reflects on the immense space the Holy Books occupy among the sources of divine revelation. To such a measure is this true that, without their study and daily usage, theology could not be treated in a way appropriate and worthy of such a science. No doubt it is good that young people in the seminaries and universities should be trained to acquire an understanding and knowledge of dogmas, and that, starting from the articles of faith, they should deduce their consequences by ratiocination, established on the rules of tried and solid philosophy. All the same, the serious and instructed theologian should not neglect the interpretation of dogmas based on the authority of the Bible. In fact theology draws its principles from other sciences, but immediately from God by revelation. Furthermore, it has not recourse to these sciences as its superior, but employs them as its inferiors and its servants. This method of teaching the sacred science is indicated and recommended by the prince of theologians, St. Thomas Aquinas. In addition, he showed how the theologians familiar with the character of the science he cultivated could defend its principles did any one attack them. "In reasoning, should the adversary accord some of the truths which are transmitted to us by revelation, it is through the means of Holy Writ we should carry on discussion with heretics, and use one article of faith against those who deny another. On

the contrary, if the adversary believes in nothing which is divinely revealed, there remains no longer to prove to him articles of faith by reasoning, but to capsize his reasonings against the faith."

We should, then, be solicitous that our young people march to the combat properly instructed in Biblical knowledge, in order that they must not frustrate our legitimate hopes, nor—what would be much more serious—that they thoughtlessly run the risk of falling into error, led astray by the false promises of rationalists and the phantom of a superficial erudition. But they will be completely ready for the struggle if, after the method which We Ourselves have indicated and proscribed, they cultivate religiously and profoundly the study of philosophy and theology, under the guidance of St. Thomas Aquinas. Thus they will be certain to make sure progress not merely in Biblical science but in the domain of the theology called positive.

Certes, it is much that the truth of Catholic doctrine has been proved, and that that doctrine has been explained and elucidated, thanks to the legitimate and accomplished interpretation of the Bible; but there remains to be established another point as important as the work necessary to arrive at it is considerable—that the complete authority of the Scriptures should be demonstrated as solidly as possible. This object cannot be obtained in a full and complete manner except by the proper and ever-enduring magistry of the Church, which "by herself, by her admirable diffusion, her eminent holiness, her inexhaustible productivity of every species of good, her Catholic unity and invincible stability, is a grand and perpetual *motus* of credibility, and an irrefragable proof of the divine mission."

But since the divine and infallible magistry of the Church reposes on the authority of Holy Writ, at least human belief in it must at the outset be affirmed and revalidated. From these books, in fact, as from witnesses, the most experienced of antiquity, the divinity and mission of the Christ (God, the institution of the hierarchy of the Church, the primacy conferred on Peter and his successors) are to be brought in evidence and confidently established. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Who are the Patriots?

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who became a convert to the Catholic religion some years ago, thus gives the lie to the A. P. A. fanatics: "Am I, whose ardent and steady patriotism no one doubted before, whose family, of Puritan origin, has produced a line of evangelical ministers and has been solidly American for 258 years—am I at once transformed into a disloyal citizen when I become a Catholic? An eminent man said to me: 'You have turned your back on your countrymen.' I replied: 'No, sir. I am now the best kind of an American there is.' And with entire modesty—for the merit is not mine—I believe this to be true. For, what can make a man so good a citizen as the religion which teaches him the oneness of truth, fidelity to his country, to marriage, to conscience, and applies itself directly every day to strengthening these forces which conserve or purify society and exalt the soul?"

The choir masters of the principal cathedrals of Europe have been invited to give their opinions on the reform of the liturgic chant. The Congregation of Rites has also sent circulars to the Archbishops of Italy seeking their views in order that the alteration may be as well considered as possible.

To preserve a youthful appearance as long as possible, it is indispensable that the hair should retain its natural color and fullness. There is no preparation so effective as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, and keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

A Beautiful Legend.

Dr. Macmillan, writing of the island of St. Honorat as the cradle of European monasticism, relates a beautiful legend of the saint from whom it takes its name, which recalls those told of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. "When St. Honorat left his northern home he was accompanied by his sister, who was devotedly attached to him. The strict rules of monastic life would not allow the presence of a woman within the precincts. The gentle and beautiful girl, who, at her baptism as a Christian received the name of Margaret . . . was consequently sent to reside in the neighboring island of Lero, where she was completely separated from her brother. . . . By her entreaties she at last prevailed on him to promise to come and see her once a year. 'Let me know,' she said, 'at what time I may look for your coming, for that season will be to me the only season of the year.' The saint replied that he would come when the almond trees were in blossom. Whereupon the legend says the forsaken Margaret assailed all the saints with her prayers and tears, until she got her wish, that the almond trees should miraculously blossom once a month, and sending each month a branch with the significant flowers on it to her brother's retreat, he dutifully came to her at once, and her heart was thus made glad by the sight of her brother no less than twelve times every year."

From a Fearful Fate.

A captain belonging to a Honved regiment, says a cable dispatch, will shortly start for Cairo, where he will assume the command of an expedition to the Soudan. The object of the expedition is to liberate the Austrians, Herr Neufelder, a merchant, and, Slatin Bey, who have long been held as slaves by the Mahdists.

Before the departure of the expedition; from Cairo, its commander will have a conference with Father Carwalder the priest who escaped from the Mahdists.

Father Carwalder and Sisters Catharine Chinciarini and Elizabeth Venturini Mission, were captured by the Mahdists and held in slavery for a long time. They effected their escape during a fight between the natives and Omdurmen, and after many privations crossed the desert to Korosko. They reported that when they left Omdurmen there were still held captives by the Mahdists at that place nineteen Greeks, eight Syrians, eight Jews, and two Austrian Missionaries.

Slatin Bey was then holding a high post under the Khalifa Abdallah, but was closely watched. Herr Neufelder was kept in chains and compelled to make powder for his captors in the old Austrian Mission Church at Khartoum. Some of the captive sisters died soon after being taken into slavery.

The first part of a work on the Deluge, of much interest to theologians and scientists, has just come from the University press, Fribourg, Switzerland. The title is "Le Deluge devant la Critique Historique," and the author is M. de Girard, a professor at the Polytechnical School of Zurich.

The handsome bronze statue of the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, which was recently cast in Philadelphia, has been placed upon its pedestal on the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones street, in front of the handsome building of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, and, facing west, it will be very plainly seen by pedestrians on Broadway.

Beniger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Eloquent Bishop Keane.

Right Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., delivered an eloquent lecture on "The Light of the World" on Dec. 20, in St. Patrick's school hall, Roxbury, Mass., before a large and thoroughly appreciative audience.

Bishop Keane began by justifying his assumption of such a subject by the proximity of Christmas, Christ's birthday. He next delivered a beautiful apostrophe to light, whose absence meant darkness. He then considered the gropings of the human mind in the darkness since the creation of the world.

He instanced Socrates as an example of the many figures prophetic of the coming of Christ. He then brought his audience through the time of the birth of Christ to the period of the renaissance, and showed how from that time on the world wandered with regard to philosophy, statesmanship, economy, and the relationship existing between God and man, as well as the relationship of man to man.

He then considered at length the darkness of modern times, and took up the school question.

"The schoolroom," he continued, "does not exclude religion because it hates it, but because it does not know how to make room for it. But room must be made. Schools which teach their children to hate one another, to envy one another's successes, and to never grow up as friends in this world, are not Christian schools. Give me the school which teaches its members to love truth, honesty and purity, whose aim is love of your neighbor, whose ideal is God."

"The Printer's Devil."

The origin of the word has led to many surmises, says an exchange. Superstitious people used to think that in order to produce copies so rapidly a printer must have the assistance of the black art, and therefore his apprentice was called the devil. The story goes that when Aldus Manutius commenced printing in Venice he had in his service a negro boy who became famous all over the city as "the little black devil," and it was whispered he was the representative of his Satanic Majesty. This was very annoying to Aldus, so he publicly exhibited the boy and said:

"Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this very day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

A more probable origin of the phrase, however, is the following: The first apprentice William Caxton had was the son of a French gentleman named De Ville of Deville. So the word came into general use for the boys who did the printer's dirty work.

The Church in France has lost since the beginning of the year eleven prelates amongst whom were five Archbishops, comprising the Cardinals of Lyons and of Rennes, three bishops, and four Vicars-Apostolic. Four Sees are at present vacant—namely, the Archbishopric of Besancon, and the bishoprics of Evreux, Orleans, and Mans.

Mrs. Celeste Cook, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

The youngest queen consort of Europe, the Queen of Portugal, was born at Twickenham in England. She was the favorite child of the Comte de Paris, and is a brave and graceful horsewoman. She has two little sons.

For Christian Education.

The Protestant Conservatives in Germany have taken a resolution which redounds much to their honor, and will certainly win for them the approbation of all Catholics. It will be remembered that the famous scholastic law in favor of Christian education, promulgated by the government and assured of passing by a large majority, being violently opposed by the Liberals, was withdrawn by command of the Emperor. The recent election having given the Conservatives a very largely increased majority, their organs call upon the Prussian Government to re-introduce the measure, otherwise the Conservatives will take the initiative themselves. As the candidates at the late elections distinctly pledged themselves to support this proposed law, and people who voted for them have shown themselves undeniably in favor of it, and have pronounced with one accord for the legal establishment of religious education. Hence it is imperative on the Conservative, in supporting the Scholastic Law, to combat also the neutral or atheistic schools so dear to the Jews and Freemasons, and in doing so they may count on the support of all Catholics, who desire nothing so much as a sincere union of all believers in the work of arresting the spread of dangers which menace the Christian society of Germany.—*London Tablet.*

The Loretto Nuns of Australia.

Monsignor Kelly, rector of the Irish National College at Rome, had the honor of an audience with the Holy Father on Wednesday, November 29, for the purpose of presenting him with an address from the nuns and pupils of the Loretto Order in Australia. Although twenty years have not elapsed since the foundress of this Order, Mrs. Barry and her companions, left Rathfarnham, Dublin, for the foundation in Ballarat, there are now several flourishing houses in Australia. Almost all the nuns and pupils are Irish or of Irish descent. The address was beautifully printed on silk, and mounted on rollers in white and gold. There were also a large bouquet and a solid quill-shaped gold pen sent with the address for presentation to Leo XIII. The Pope received Mgr. Kelly with marked cordiality, and expressed his paternal appreciation of the filial devotion of these Irish-Australian children and nuns, and in conclusion bestowed the apostolic Benediction on all the convents and their work.

The Sailor Monk.

Father Albert Guglielmotti, the Dominican priest who died in Rome recently, was a noted figure in the Via Nazionale of that city, where he was accustomed to walk on Sundays at sunset, his head erect, his eyes steady, his walk firm. He looked like a soldier who had turned monk, and in fact in early life he had been a marine. When not in Rome he traveled along the coasts of Italy, taking pleasure in conversing with sailors and collecting their modes of speech and idioms. He was a man of science, had large views, and kept up a literary correspondence with Signor Lixio, whom, however, he had never met. He was so much admired for his study of naval affairs that a man-of-war was to have been named after the sailor-monk, had not custom forbade the use of the name of a living man.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

Mgr. Satolli is said to be very fond of birds. There is a cage of birds in almost every room in his house.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec. 29, 1893.

Seldom has a week been so devoid of interesting news as the present Christmas one. Even the great festival passed over this year with unusual quietness. It was a green Christmas, green in every sense of the word. Bright and sunny, with the air mild and genial, the grass looking its greenest, the birds singing gaily, primroses in full bloom, in short such surroundings as one would look for not in that cold and gloom of an English winter, but amid the summer skies of Nice or Cannes.

To-day we have had our first taste this winter of a genuine, straightforward, yellow, London fog. Not one of your mere mists which clear off in a few hours and leave the atmosphere brighter than they found it, but a solid affair, which looks as though it could almost be cut into blocks with a knife. It gets into the eyes and makes them sore; into the throat and makes it irritable. One of the good old London fogs in short, which some thoroughbred cockneys profess to rather enjoy than otherwise.

Our Legislators have returned from their brief holiday weary and jaded. Their work since has in consequence been of the dullest and most monotonous description. At the present slow rate of progress the Bills they have before them bid fair to become law somewhere about the Greek Kalends. Feeling of impatience with the Government is gradually spreading amongst the people, and some of the Ministerial organs in the press are taking them severely to task over their listlessness in dealing with obstruction. A Cabinet Council is to be held to-day, when it is expected some decisive plan of future action will be adopted.

The late Mr. Edward Stanhope was a *persona grata* in the House of Commons, and it will be very difficult to fill his place. He was not a great statesman, but he was an excellent administrator, and his death will cause a serious gap in the front rank of the Conservative party. The end came with alarming suddenness. He had been absent from his post about a fortnight, but he had sent a communication to the Conservative Whips expressing the hope that he would be in his place after the holidays. A turn for the worse took place in his condition on Friday morning, and he died in a few hours. A vacancy is thus left in the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire which will give rise to an interesting and instructive bye-election.

A Scotch jury in a famous trial for murder has found a verdict which is puzzling to Englishmen. In this country if a man is not found guilty he is acquitted. There are many cases in which this conclusion is absurd, and the provision of the Scotch law is far superior to our own practice. A man might be indicted on a charge which was not established, and yet there might be no sufficient reason to declare him innocent. In such a case a Scotch jury returns a verdict of "Not proven." This was the verdict in the trial of Monson, and it leaves the question of innocence or guilty exactly where it stood originally. The evidence produced by the Crown has not been sufficient to convict the accused. As for the trial, it is likely to exercise all the spare ingenuity of the public for a long time to come. The career of Monson does not, at most, invest him with a halo of romance. He appears to have been a needy speculator driven at times to rather shady means of recouping himself for the losses he had sustained.

The misletoe this year has been particularly cheap and plentiful in the London markets. A great many an-

cient superstitions cluster round this mystic plant. At one time it was supposed to have great medicinal virtue. The Druidical worship of it is extremely rare, and it is thought that its historic rarity upon the oak had much to do with the peculiar veneration in which it was held. The apple tree is the favorite host of its parasitic growth. Then come the poplar, limes, maples, and mountain ash. On any of these trees it is easy enough to propagate a tuft of the misletoe, and March is the best month, for then the berries are ripe. The bark of a young shoot beaten two and three years old is best to place the berries on, and these should be crushed and placed under a tongue of bark.

I informed you some time ago that Father Anselmus of the Oratory had been appointed Bishop of Clifton. This, I have reason to know, was true. Since then, however, Rome has accepted his "*notens episcopari*," and in his stead, I learn, that the crudit and popular Monsignor, Provost Brownlow, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Plymouth, has been selected. This will prove acceptable news to his large and devoted circle of friends, especially the Irish amongst them who have found a home in England. In the south-west of England, the scene of his birth, conversion and obloquy and ridicule as an uncompromising champion of the rights of Ireland, and chiefly on the question of her inalienable prerogative to make laws for the government of her own citizens. It is by his sturdy advocacy, in season and out of season, of what he considers the honest and patriotic aspiration of the Irish people that he has endeared himself to such a degree in the hearts of those who, amongst so many good qualities, have none more conspicuous than that of gratitude. From many an Irish heart will, then, go up fervent prayers for the success in his episcopal career of one whom they have long known and loved as the learned and yet simple and sympathetic Sogaath Aroon.

The Hospital Dog.

Pete is the name of an unusually intelligent dog of what is commonly called the "board-yard breed," belonging to one of the nurses at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Pete sleeps on the steps of the receiving ward, but instead of sleeping with one eye open, he sleeps with his ears open. He can hear the sound of a patrol or ambulance several blocks away and never fails to bark as the sound is borne on the night air. During the warm nights the nurses attached to the receiving ward sleep with doors open, and as soon as Pete hears the familiar sound of the gong he springs to his feet, and, rushing through the ward, jumps on his master's cot, and doesn't stop barking until everybody is thoroughly awake and prepared to receive the coming patient. Everybody thinks well of Pete about the hospital, and although potted as dogs seldom are he is far from being spoiled.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. Its report for 1892 just issued, shows that during last year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics; the exact numbers being 2,248 Catholics, 3,311 Protestants, and 59 Jews.

Advice to Invalids.

Almozia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferrous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

Home Manners.

If people would only realize how very easy it is to teach children good manners when they were little, it seems to me they never would neglect to attend to it. The youngster is always to go his own way, to violate every rule of civility, sometimes of decency, until his habits are to an extent forced. Then there is a great breaking up of established notions, and the child is punished and nagged and worried for doing that which it has heretofore been permitted to do without criticism. It becomes angered, sullen, unsettled and irritable, and if it has a strong sense of justice—which, by the way, is more common in children than people, as a man, give them credit for—it feels outraged and roused, and becomes unmanageable and rebellious. The best school of manners for a child is the parent's example and some training.

Company manners are, by all odds, the worst element that ever entered into a family. Just why people should indulge themselves in all sorts of carelessness, indifference and ill-bred manners when they are alone at home and put on a veneer of courtesy, amiability and polish when somebody comes, is one of the many mysteries of this very mysterious thing we call life. How much easier it would be to maintain the steady, uniform deportment, to follow out the same theories and hold to the same principles Sunday and week days, storm or shine, alone or in society.

Music the Kernel of Welsh Nature.

Music is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abating from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the *huel*, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive discord to many amongst the Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.

Laugh Heartily.

Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good hearty laugh expands his chest and makes his blood bound merrily along. Command me to a good laugh—not to a little sniggering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blues away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed it is the beat of all music.—*Charasse.*

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's *SOOTHING SYRUP* has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for *MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.*

Slander, like mud, dries and falls off. To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

All are not princes who ride with the emperor.

Correction is good when administered in seasons.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

Mr. Cardinal Wislman will write the "Life of Cardinal Wislman," from materials collected by the late Father Morris, S. J.



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

CANDLEMAS DAY.

Pure Beeswax Candles.

The manufacturers have, after 25 years' experience, succeeded in producing a perfectly pure moulded Beeswax Candle, which for evenness, finish and extraordinary burning qualities, defy competition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, being made from selected Beeswax, clear and unadulterated.

The Candles are symmetrical and burn with a bright, steady flame, while our O. M. candles cannot be equalled for beauty. Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 to the lb. Neatly packed in 6 lb. paper boxes, and 30 lb. wooden boxes.

Moulded Beeswax Candles.

Second Quality.
Made in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 to the lb.
Wax Scones.
Unbleached.

Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb.

Stearic Acid Wax Candles.

Made of pure Stearic Wax only, and exceed all others in hardness, whiteness, beauty of finish and brilliancy of light.

Four to the lb. - 13 inches long.

Six to the lb. - 10 1/2 inches long.

Paraffine Wax Candles.

Six to the lb. 9 inches long.

Large Candles, 30 inches long.

Sanctuary Oil

Quality guaranteed.

Incense for Churches.

Extra Fine Incense, Incense, 75 cents.

Artificial Charcoal.

For Cancers.

Great saving of time and trouble. This charcoal is lighted at the four ends. It ignites as easily as punk and never extinguishes unless completely shut off from the air. Keep dry. Box containing 50 Tablets Gas Lighters, Flasks, etc.

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HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVEN.

TEACHER WANTED,

REMAINE for Separate School No. 3, Glenelg, Holland and Sullivan. Must hold a second or third class certificate. One who is willing to teach a choir and play the organ in the church. Must come well recommended. State salary. Address, TIMOTHY McKEENA, Dornoch P.O., Ont.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Register.

New York, Jan. 12, 1894.

The January thaw has come and gone, but it found nothing here to thaw. The weather at present has settled down to being disagreeable, and succeeds pretty well in the attempt. In the matter of success, it could give lessons to the Congress in its discussion of the Hawaiian question and the Wilson Bill. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed in Congress and out of it on account of the action of the Administration in both matters. The New York Sun, always anti-Cleveland in its utterances, lends the malcontents in the Democratic party, and the prevailing hard times add force to the weakest argument. Canadians cannot build hopes on any clause of the Wilson Bill as it stands at present, as there are many doubts of its success.

In Catholic circles, two utterances of Monsignor Satolli are of importance. In this morning's papers is a copy of a letter purporting to be from him to a priest in Missouri upholding the attitude of the priest in favor of the Church trustee system. What the particular system is does not appear, though it is hardly probable it can include all the obnoxious features which were opposed with so much vigor and wisdom by the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia half a century ago. With one lamentable exception, church property has been generally well administered here under the present system; surprisingly so when we consider the passing needs of the Church in that regard since 1847, and it is doubtful if any change can be expected or desired for some time to come.

The speech of Monsignor Satolli to the students of Gonzaga College, Washington, expressing his wonder that anyone should believe him in any degree averse to the advance of parochial schools, caused comment at the time, and not without reason. From information I received recently, it was more than an ordinary visitation speech. The Monsignor received an invitation to an anniversary dinner, but sent back word that he wished to visit earlier in the day, as he had something to say which he would rather say there. The "something" was of considerable importance, as may be seen, and all the more so when we consider it was done with deliberate intention.

The death of Rev. Patrick Corrigan, the well known parish priest of Hoboken, removes from the scene the third of the trio of priests who have kept church affairs in a turmoil in this district. Dr. McGlynn is no longer a name to conjure by; Dr. Burtzell's pilgrimage to Rome for reinstatement seems doomed to be unsuccessful; Father Corrigan was more successful in gaining his point, but he has been removed by a more powerful hand than his. Apart from the actions for which he is most widely known, Father Corrigan was an earnest, able priest. The energy he displayed in all his actions was manifest in his parish, and his death will be sincerely lamented by many of his parishioners.

The falsehood of Rev. Mr. Burrell, that the ground on which St. Patrick's Cathedral is built was obtained from the city by Irish politicians, has been effectually quashed by the action of Mr. John D. Crimmins, a well-known layman of the Cathedral parish. He wrote to the City Register for full reports of the changes of ownership of this piece of land. It appears that it has not been city property for over fifty years. It was bought by some Irish Catholics, not from the city, but from Protestant owners, and was transferred by them to the trustees of St. Peter's Church for use as a cemetery. Archbishop Hughes, with wise foresight, chose it as the site of the pre-

sent magnificent Cathedral. Since then the only dealings it had with the city were in the re-arrangement of streets, when, by a course of procedure followed out in every case, a strip of land on one side, an average of six feet in width, was given to the Cathedral in compensation for a piece of equal area taken off by the new street. Where the highly "Reverend" gentleman found "ground" for his assertion in all this would be astounding did we not know how little is needed to give basis for a lie told "in the cause of righteousness."

This application of the supposed "Jesuitical" doctrine finds a peculiar contrast in the action of Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., who gave to his Moral Philosophy class of 1,000 students the following thesis to defend: "As human acts derive their morality from the object, purpose of the agent, and circumstances, it follows that *The End Cannot Justify the Means*." The reverend lecturer explained that he had printed the last words in italics and capitals with a wish to remove the last relics of the barbaric tradition of some poor souls that this odious doctrine is fostered by the Society of Jesus either in theory or practice.

The A.P.A.'s still lift their flat heads from the swamp and croak against the sun, but it does not pay in New York. There is too much sun. Up the State among the ruralists, who are just recovering from the notion that priests have horns and cloven hoofs, the campaign of mendacity is in full swing. They lifted their heads in Troy, till a secular newspaper killed their movement by simply printing the name of every man who was connected with them. Catholics have the work of exterminating the microbes taken out of their hands by honest-minded Protestants. The latest utterances on the subject are by Gov. Peck of Wisconsin and Senator Vilas. It is peculiar that they are condemned here usually on the ground of being un-American; is it not deplorable that there is no public sentiment in Canada to denounce these machinations there as un-Canadian?

Professional Beggars.

The professional beggar is not a modern innovation by any means. Readers of the *Spectator* will recall "Scarecrow," the famous London beggar who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Limb, the "Rufflers," of whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventeenth century, were troops of vagrants who infested Lincoln Inn Fields. They assumed the character of maimed soldiers who had suffered in a great rebellion, and found a ready prey in the people of fashion and quality who drove by. Indeed it is made clear by contemporary allusion in comedies that this square was the regular haunt of bogus cripples, who lived by mendicancy, that they carried on in the most barefaced and even intimidating manner. It is related that George IV., when Prince of Wales, once attended a beggars' carnival in London incognito. He had not been there long when the chairman, addressing the company and pointing to the Prince, said, "I call upon that erogenous man with a shirt for a song." The Prince, as well as he could, got excused, upon a friend, who accompanied him promising to sing instead, which the latter did amid great applause. The health of the Prince and his friend having been drunk, and duly responded to, they departed in order to afford the company an opportunity to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business; for at that time the professional beggars of London used to have a general meeting several times the year at which they were divided into companies, each company having its particular walk. In those days their earnings varied much, some getting as

much as five shillings a day. Most of the professional beggars in London today—and their names legion—emanate from two or three common lodging-houses. The most populous of these, which is known as "The Dispensary," supports an individual known as a "scrivener," who earns a living by manufacturing the pathetic sign-boards which the sham cripples and the bygone blind men carry round their necks. In Paris, as is well-known, the professional beggars hold regular weekly meetings, at which the routes to be followed by the members of the guild are mapped out by a standing committee. They have an organ of their own, called the *Journal des Mendicants*, which appears twice a week. From a recent issue the following curious advertisement is taken:—"Wanted—To engage a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required." This queer announcement is explained by the fact that the proprietors of hotels and boarding houses at fashionable French watering-places, assume that visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them; and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts.—*North-American Review*.

Presentation.

The last meeting of the Advisory board of the Toronto C.M.B.A. was held on the 4th January. After routine business had been finished the Secretary, W. M. Vale, was presented by the Board with a valuable gold headed cane, inscribed with the seal of the Association, and the name and office of the recipient. The presentation was accompanied with some very felicitous remarks upon what the Board owed to the energy and rare capability of Mr. Vale in the discharge of his duties as Secretary, all agreeing that the carefulness and efficiency of the Board was greatly due to his efforts. Mr. Vale acknowledged the handsome present in a few well-chosen remarks, pointing out that the event was a great surprise to him; that what he had done was done for the good of the Order, and assuring his colleagues that their good wishes would stimulate him to excel, if possible, his former efforts in advancing the interests of the C.M.B.A.

Mr. J. Coughlin was then requested to vacate the chair, when a vote of thanks was tendered him for his untiring zeal on behalf of the Association, and for his courtesy and business ability in the chair. It was pointed out by the speakers in the vote of thanks to Mr. Coughlin that he had taken the first steps to form an Advisory Board for Toronto, and with this aim had, during the beginning of 1893, visited all the Branches, and laid before them the utility of such a Board. The vote was a standing one and testified to the great esteem in which the chairman is held. Mr. Coughlin made a very happy reply, and amongst other things said that, coming from the east where the C.M.B.A. was in a flourishing condition, he saw no reason why it should not make equal advancement in Toronto; and that he believed that were a good Board and the value of a policy of life insurance in the C.M.B.A. well explained to and understood by the people, it would double its membership the next year.

Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's made the presentation and presented the vote of thanks.

Condoleuce.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held in their hall, Sunday, the 14 instant, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

Moved by Brother P. M. Kennedy seconded by Brother P. Shea:

Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed by the hand of death, the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother Pat Boyle, be it

Resolved that we, the members of No. 4 Division, tender our heartfelt sympathy to Brother Boyle, and earnestly pray that Almighty God may grant him strength to bear his affliction with Christian resignation.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Boyle, and to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

Jos. COADY,
Recording Secretary.

St. Patrick's.

A full account of the solemn Triduum given in this church, and which was very successful, will appear in our next issue.

AS A CLEANSER of the blood, nothing sweeps as clean as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood as well as enriches it. The truth is, an emulsion of Cod liver oil is good for building up fat—no doubt about it. But—ugh! a weak stomach loathes it. Fortunately, there's a tissue-builder, that's even better for making healthy flesh. Pleasant in taste—effective in result. That's the "Discovery." It goes to work in the right way, by regulating, cleansing, and repairing all the organs of the body.



When the germs of disease are round about us we do not all get them. Why? Some of us are in too good a condition. The germs of Consumption, Grippe, Malaria, and all the infectious diseases, pass you by if you are strong to resist their attack. Render yourself germ-proof by putting your blood and liver in a healthy state.

In all blood-taints and diseases, if the "Discovery" fails to benefit or cure, your money is returned. No other medicine of its kind can be sold so.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of January, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close	Duz.
G. T. R. East	6.15 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
O. and Q. Railway	7.00 a.m.	7.35 a.m.
G. T. R. West	7.30 a.m.	12.40pm
N. and N. W.	7.30 a.m.	10.05 a.m.
T. G. and B.	7.00 a.m.	10.55 a.m.
Midland	7.00 a.m.	12.30pm
C. V. R.	7.00 a.m.	12.15pm
G. W. R.	6.15 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 a.m.	12.00 n.
U. S. West'n States	6.15 a.m.	12 n.

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By IDRIE, FOR THE REGISTER.

Next to the Irish Villages, my yearnings turned towards a purely English institution, "The White Horse Inn." I have a claim on Old England although she has yet to beg my forgiveness for her cruel treatment of dear Old Ireland. Feeling that a genius peculiarly pervade would provide and pervade the entire establishment, towards the close of a weary day I turned for rest and solacing memories to the "White Horse."

Upon entering and seating myself in the restaurant, and recalling Dickens' ejaculation "Lord, keep my memory green!" I looked around for the sparkling order that should tell of the apple "orchard trees" of Kent and the southern counties generally, which gave to them the title of "Merrie England." My thoughts wandered away to Palestine, where the English crusaders, true to homo cheer, varied their war cry of "For God and Holy Rood" with "St. George for Merrie England." I took it for granted that the cider was there and some one else drinking it. Flies were present in myriads, and were annoying distractions to my pleasant reverie. I next gave my day dreams to beer and ale, the staple home brewed, dear to the palate of the average Englishman. According to received tradition it was carried in by "mine host" or by the pretty barmaid, on pewter salvers, and from pewter tankards poured into pewter mugs. The traditional repast of cold beef washed down by ale, with the attendant shades of "old Vedder Samivel" and "Mark Tapley" passed before me, and following fast came a wonderful concoction, a so-called home-brewed ale, undistinguishable from bakers' yeast, but much affected when far from "Ome," by an occasional old English housewife. To evince appreciation it is always necessary to shut one's eyes and to swallow it at a gulp; the never departing bitterness arising as an after-effect will serve as a damper on any struggling merriment. "The White Horse" affords only common ale in glass mugs, on any sort of tray.

As to the barmaids:—To thoroughly revel in the vision, before turning my eyes full upon them, I conjured up the pretty barmaid, who first married the kind lord of the inn, and for second husband Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon; and so became the mother of Anne Hyde, first wife of James II. Yes, the barmaid grandmother of Queen Anne and her sister Queen Mary. But alas! I soon perceived that the slipshod barmaid of "The White Horse" does not live up to her dignity as successor to her great prototype. Going to the second, above-ground flat, I discovered that the square building has a square courtyard in the centre. Around this story, and on the court side, runs a gallery in which an orchestra has place, and tables are ranged for the serving of regular meals. A waiter, very intelligent and quite willing to answer questions relative to the inn, informed me that the musicians were a Hungarian Band (no English ballads of love and disaster would now rejoice my ear!), he was a Hungarian, the cooks were French (fancy them making Yorkshire pudding and Devonshire pie for Englishmen to eat!). Upon pouring out my complaint that there was nothing of the old English inn about it, that "The White Horse" was a ghastly fraud, he replied that to make money was the first object and that existing arrangements were the best for that purpose. I looked in vain for the reproduction of the parlor, that enchanted chamber whose walls had no ears, and into which, in the old coaching days, the landlord invariably

ushored the dignified, reserved, upper class Englishman, who was as invariably joined by another type of his class. Wine was then brought by the mute, unquestioning host, and with table and glasses between them, and before them the large fireplace with crackling fire, they discussed dark political issues such as the Restoration, the Commonwealth, and even, according to Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," the French Revolution. Yes, and in "The Tales of the Borders" we are told that Charles II., after the Restoration, gave to an innkeeper who had never failed him, the title of "Laird of Luckie's How." I expected to find portraits of celebrated inn-club members, our poets and wits for example, even princes and kings, or at least the Clarendon fraternity.

However, there were reassuring and redeeming features presented by the inn. Apart from others, but sufficiently near to afford amusement for the orchestra, were a number of lads who were dining in most hilarious mood. I could fancy that corner recently vacated by newly-escaped college boys—our youthful grandfathers or great-grandfathers of one hundred years ago, who met to sing the comic songs of the period, such as one which is now sounding in my ears, and of which I can recollect but one stanza or verso:

"There's the bucks in our street
Oh, it's every day they meet
With their hair frost and frizzled
Nice as can be—O!
With their towels round their neck
Which at least would hold a peck—
And for strutting up and down
They're the dandy—O!"

It is altogether likely that this is the last time the foregoing lines will appear in print, but the song is racy and instructive too, for it describes and playfully criticizes the dress and manner of the dudes or rather "bucks" of the early days of George III. On one hand, a door to an apartment off the gallery, was labelled "Pickwick Club Room." To know that dear old Mr. Pickwick and his conferees were within and deeply bent upon antiquarian research, and that Mr. Pickwick might at any moment make hasty exit in order to send one of those heart-assailing messages to his landlady, was calculated to hold one spell-bound. On the other hand, seated at a table near me, were an English Church, or as our cousins across the line say, an Episcopal clergyman and his wife or sister. He was a still young, fair-faced, honest-countenanced man with an air that seemed to intimate "I mind my own affairs! You mind yours! But let us be good-natured over it; and if I can do anything for you, I—Ah, well, I shall be most happy!"

As to the lady I shall only say that she was of course more than a worthy partner.

They discussed the table appointments, the inn as compared with the old English article, all in a voice pitched at polite tone. They could not be so rude as to treat me as a listener. A writer brought bottle and corkscrew, and having opened the former, left the matter in the hands of the cleric, who filled his glass and then placed the bottle beside it on the table. As he did so I felt like approaching to say—"My dear Rev. Jack or Rev. Jim—for I know you are thus styled by those who love you—I admire your honesty, and I may say, courage. In Canada you would be taking your life in your hands if you interviewed a bottle in public, and even in private life you would rely upon nervous pallor and a doctor's prescription to bear you out."

Having Canadian sensibilities and no share in the bottle I now moved away. Passing into a hallway, I came across an English-tongued lad who was climbing up a ladder and through a trapdoorway into the attic from which he proceeded to tumble bundles of clothes to a servant girl below, with smiles and an open mouth that sug-

gested Oriental juggling. This coupled with the boy's "Ero now! ere she gaoes!" had a hurrying effect which extended even in my direction and towards the outside world. That pair had so much of the English "slavey," and withal so jolly a spirit about them that they won me over to the taking of them as the last factor in the redemption of "The White Horse."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Alphonsus Club.

The largest audience of the season responded to the invitation issued by the St. Alphonsus Club for last Tuesday evening, the occasion being the 3rd open meeting held by that body, and the particular matter of interest being a lecture by Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, upon "The Mind and Its Dwelling Place." President McBrady officiated as chairman very acceptably, and among those present were noticed Rev. "Athers Barrett, Hayden, Krohn, Hogan, McBrady, Hon. T. W. Anglin, and others.

After Mr. H. Thompson had contributed a song, the chairman introduced Dr. Clark, who was received with much applause, and throughout the course of his remarks, which he illustrated in his own graphic style, the closest attention was given him, and frequent bursts of laughter answered the Doctor's numerous witty sallies. He stated emphatically that children to-day were over-crowded with study, and a heavy responsibility rested upon the shoulders of parents and teachers, and particularly upon a system which was so ruinous to the tender frames and intellectual organization of children. He instanced the case of a little boy whom he had seen, who was complaining to a companion of having been whipped by his teacher on account of his inability to read, when called upon, and the poor little fellow could not read, "Because," as he said, "the lines all ran together." "A case of congestion of the brain, nothing more, nothing less," said the doctor. He warned parents to look well after their children; not to rush them but to make allowance for their capabilities.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the Doctor upon the conclusion of his remarks, and a programme to which the following contributed, was then proceeded with: The Miasa Cable, Miss A. Elliot, Mrs. McGinn, and Gilon's Orchestra.

The next open meeting will be on January 23rd, when Rev. Father Ryan the "pulpit orator" will speak upon "Catholic Heroes in Canadian History."

Summerside, P. E. I.

The officers of Branch 215, C.M.B.A., Summerside, for the year 1994, were installed Tuesday evening. Following is the list: President—Rev. D. J. G. Macdonald, 1st Vice-President—Dr. J. H. Maclellan; 2nd Vice-President—Jas. A. Macneill; Rec. Sec.—John B. Strong; Asst. Sec.—Jas. B. Dempsey; Fin. Sec.—S. M. Bent; Treas.—Capt. D. Mackinnon; Marshal—P. T. Fanning; Guard—J. R. Noonan; Chancellor—Jos. McCulloch; Trustees—Francis Perry, Jas. A. Macneill, Daniel D. Macdonald, J. M. Noonan, Jos. McCulloch; Representative to Grand Council—Rev. D. J. G. Macdonald. Alternate, P. T. Fanning.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year, in the Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul:

Spiritual Dir.—Rev. D. J. G. Macdonald; Pres.—J. B. Strong; Vice-Pres.—Lucian Perry; Sec.—Pascal Gallant; the Treasurer and Secretary's report showed that \$106.49 was received, and \$97.02 was spent for the relief of the poor. Thus leaving a balance on 31st Dec. 1893 of \$9.47.

Calgary.

The following are the officers of Branch No. 126 C. M. B. A., Calgary, the current year:

J. R. Costigan, Chancellor; J. W. Costello, President; E. H. Rouleau, 1st Vice-President; Wm. Carroll, 2nd Vice-President; J. R. Miquelon, Rec. Secretary (re-elected); A. P. Godin, Treasurer; Jos. Walsh, Assistant Rec. Secretary; E. Richard, Financial Secretary (re-elected); P. J. Moran, Marshal; Jas. Murphy, Guard; M. A. McCormack, Trustees for one year; A. P. Godin, Jos. Harkley, Jos. Walsh (re-elected) Trustees 2 years; Wm. Carroll, Representative to the Grand Council, J. Costigan; Alternate, C. B. Rouleau.

Almonte.

At the last regular meeting of the F.M.T.A. of Almonte, the following were elected as officers for the first term of 1894:

Spiritual Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley; Prtsident, John O'Reilly; 1st Vice-President, Edward Lotang; 2nd Vice-President, Robert Johnston; Secretary, Jas. P. O'Connor, Asst. Secretary, G. W. Smith, Treasurer, P. Daly; Committee of Management, J. R. Johnston, James Cox, F. Doherty, I. O'Hear, B. Bolton, F. Dowdall, E. J. Daly, P. Frawley and Dennis McGrath.

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When the Master Comes.

Slowly the dusky curtains of night
Are silently lifted softly the light
Is glimmering over the eastern sky,
Brightening dark places where shadows lie;
While the dawn is creeping over the hills,
And the new-born day with rapture thrills
The waking earth, to life and joy serene,
Comes, with noiseless footfall, a guest unseen,
Whispering to man, who fain would flee:
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

The reapers sing with a glad refrain,
As they bind the sheaves of ripened grain:
In the rumble and stir of the city's din
The tollers are striving fresh laurels to win,
Each weaving a wool in the loom of life hours
Of fancies bright, where no sun-cloud lowers.
Ere the brilliant pictures have faded and flown,
Comes into each circle a guest unknown,
And to one of its numbers saith he
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Twilight is trailing her mantle of gray,
O'er land and sea at the close of day,
For the day is spent, and its burdens of care,
With all by-gone things, oblivion share.
There's a hush in the air that betokens rest,
The tired bird seeks his downy nest;
And man craves repose, for his labor is done.
In the tranquil eve comes unbidden, one
Who tenderly says: "Weary child, list to me—
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Not with trumpet's blast, nor with roll of drum,
But unheralded doth the Master come.
From the lowly vale and the mountain tall,
From the humble cot and the stately hall,
From the busy loom and the workshop a glare,
From the giddy dance and the house of prayer,
From the battle's smoke and the ocean's foam,
From the haunts of vice and the happy home,
From the ice-bound poles and the torrid line,
From the broad plain's sheen and the gloomy mine.

From the sultan's tent and the purpled throne,
From the jungle wild and the desert lone,
From the infant's cradle, the couch of a, e,
From the peasant's plow and desk of sage—
Each answers the summons, and then, alone,
He crosses over to realms unknown,
And that voice floats on through eternity.
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

THE WINTER SKY.

Written for the Register.

The beauty of our winter sky is very much enhanced by the conspicuous portion of the brightest of the planets. At sunset, and even while the sun is still above the horizon, Venus is seen shining beautifully in the West. With very slight optical aid the planet is resolved into a slender crescent of light, which is now at its maximum of brilliancy. Although so little of the surface is seen the loss of light from that cause is made up by the nearness to the earth. Venus is now in that part of its orbit which is convex to the earth, and is coming nearer and nearer to us and closing in the angular distance from the sun. On February 15 she will be directly between us and the sun, and of course, for a few days before and after that date, will be lost in the sun's rays. But quickly passing to the westward of the sun the planet will be a morning star in March, and will attain the same brilliancy as she has now.

It is said that the Romans, who were never very careful observers of the heavens, thought there were two planets of equal lustre, one a morning and the other an evening star. We think it curious in this day that even the earliest observers, presumably the Chaldean shepherds, did not learn the true cause of the phenomena—namely: that the planet was simply circuiting the sun, and was alternately behind and in front of that luminary.

While Venus is adorning the western sky, Jupiter, almost rivalling her in splendour, is seen climbing the heavens in the east. He is in splendid position for observation, being so near to the zenith that atmospheric conditions have little effect. The position he occupies is the most beautiful of the entire heavens. Near to him eastward is the well-known cluster, the Pleiades; further south, the group, Hyades, or the "Bull's head," the most conspicuous of which is the red star Aldebaran. (Thus, like many other distinctive names given to the brightest stars, is of Arabic origin.) Further south again is the most beautiful of all the constellations,

Orion, almost every star of which is a gem. Then as Orion rises high in the east, Sirius, the "dog star," appears above the horizon, rivalling even Jupiter in splendour, for it is the brightest of all the objects in the sidereal heavens.

In the morning sky we have in a conspicuous position in the north east the culmination of beauty in the whole heavens, the planet Saturn. He is easily found a few degrees east of the bluish-white star of the first magnitude, Spica, of the constellation of the Virgin. The two together form a beautiful picture. The glory of Saturn is of course only revealed in the telescope, but the observer will find now that it required but little power to show the wonderful "ring system." The planet can be seen with a two-inch telescope as a ball set in a ring, the space between the inner edge of the ring and Saturn being seen with moderate magnifying power. One has but to see the picture once to be prepared to agree with what has been said by enthusiasts, that Saturn and his system, seen in the gigantic telescopes of the present day and under a magnifying power as high as can be used, is absolutely the most beautiful and awe inspiring object upon which the eye of man has ever gazed. It is an interesting experiment for the possessor of a really good instrument to ask some one who has never seen Saturn to form in the mind a conception of its appearance from reading and from drawings and photographs, and then to look upon the object in all its reality. All will agree more or less with the verdict of the enthusiast, but no one will confess disappointment.

Saturn will continue for some months to be an object of interest, and will soon be visible at more convenient hours for observation.

Catholic News.

The Archbishop of Carthage and primate of Africa took formal possession of his see on Thursday, the 14th of Dec.

Mrs. Katherine Johnson, of California, who has just died, left to Archbishop Riordan two million dollars to found a free hospital in San Francisco. A subscription list having been opened in Paris for the purpose of erecting a monument to M. Gounod, the first day's subscription amounted to 42,000f.

Mr. Antoine Lafon, the wealthy colored Catholic, who died the other day in New Orleans, left \$214,000 for religious and educational purposes, in which the white race was largely benefited. He led a holy life and died after being fortified by the last Sacraments.

The nocturnal exposition of the Blessed Sacrament under the auspices of the League of the Sacred Heart was introduced for the first time in New York last week, beginning at the Cathedral. The members of the League were divided into bands of 100 each and relieved each other every hour.

Brother Maxwell, superior general of the Irish Christian Brothers, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the order recently. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided at High Mass, which was celebrated in the chapel of the O'Brien Institute, Clontarf. The Holy Father sent his benediction to the jubilarian.

A magnificent holy water font has been ordered for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. It will be eight feet in diameter and nine feet to the base of the statue, and will be constructed of white Carrara marble. The statue will be five and a half feet high, also of white marble. The pedestal will cost over \$8,000, a memorial offering of a member of the parish.

With the approval of the pope, Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, has written to the German Empire a

letter of thanks for the progress of the Bill of Repeal of the May laws. Father Marth promises that the members of the Society will devote themselves to Catholic education, and to the training of the missionaries who shall carry the Gospel and the Cross to the colonies of the Empire.

The Christmas pilgrims to Botho Som, before embarking at Marseilles, heard Mass in the new cathedral there, said to be the largest in France. The Mass was celebrated for them by Mgr. Robert, Bishop of Marseilles. Afterwards the Bishop solemnly blessed the steamer Notre Dame de Salut, which was to take them to the Holy Land. They were accompanied by a certain number of Fathers of the Assumption. All works which these Fathers take in hand seem to succeed. It was as if the prayer of their founder, Pere d'Alzon, was being heard.

General Thomas Morgan, ex-Commissioner of Indian Schools in the United States, vented his spleen recently against the Roman Catholics at a small gathering at the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. He styled Archbishop Ireland "a consummate schemer in politics," General Sherman's son, a Roman Catholic priest, who had used his influence before Congress to gain greater privileges for Catholic schools, he said: "Shame on him; he should have been in better business." Poor sore-headed Morgan! This tirade is all because he was not allowed, when in office, to use his position against the Catholics under him.

Mr. Joseph Pope, of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, has written a pamphlet in reply to a lecture entitled "Roman Methods of Controversy," delivered by Rev. N. J. Muckleston, M.A., in May, 1893. Mr. Pope is a convert to Catholicism and was Sir John Macdonald's private secretary for some years before the latter's death. He is the eldest son of the late Judge Pope of Prince Edward Island. His family are Protestant, and on his mother's side are of Huguenot stock. His sister—the only other Catholic in the family—is Mrs. F. X. Brelinquet, of Three Rivers, and at one time contributed to Catholic publications.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

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A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name.
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dime,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
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Mr. Lawrence O'Byrne.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Jan. 18—S. Peter's Chair at Rome.
19—S. Canute, Confessor.
20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Mar-
tyrs.
21—Septuagesima Sunday.
22—SS. Vincent and Anastasius,
Martyrs.
23—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin
Mary.
24—S. Timothy, Confessor.

Generous, Hopeful Ireland.

When Ireland appeals to her friends abroad for financial aid in her present struggle with an almost omnipotent and utterly unscrupulous plutocratic power, it is sometimes asked: What is Ireland herself doing? How much has she given to the cause of freedom? Those who ask such questions should remember a little of Ireland's past, and reflect a good deal on Ireland's present. To answer for the present only: What is Ireland doing? She is doing magnificently. She is giving to the cause her time and talent, her suffering and patience, her undying hope and her invincible resolve. She is giving of the fulness of her great heart generous gratitude for political justice, and loving remembrance for social sympathy in her hour of need.

But she is giving much more. In this material age of ours money is the measure of everything. It controls political power, proves practical sympathy, shows the earnestness of effort, and secures present success. Ireland takes the age as it is, and this is how she talks to it: she shows it her accounts. With that sublime simplicity and splendid honesty characteristic of the man and worthy of the cause, the Hon. Edward Blake gives in the *Globe* of Jan. 2nd a financial statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Irish Parliamentary Party. "For each of the years," says Mr. Blake, "1891-1892 and 1892-1893, the Irish Party has taken the unexampled course of publishing audits of its transactions made by chartered public accountants."

From these published audits we take for our present purpose the following facts: 1st "The funds collected through the party in the year amounted in round figures to \$172,500;" and 2nd, "Of this amount \$99,800 were raised in Ireland and \$72,200 from the Irish abroad." And, as Mr. Blake aptly notices, "it must be remembered that these figures by no means represent the total which Ireland herself out of her poverty provided."

Magnificent Ireland! Always as generous as she is brave. When the test of mind and manhood was military prowess Ireland's sons were brave in battle. When a material age asks for a money-test of valour, "poor Ireland" will merit her proud title of

"most generous among the nations." The greater Ireland abroad is richer than Ireland at home; but the poor mother will still teach her prosperous children the old lesson of Irish generosity. And right gladly do the children hear the mother's words and follow her brave example.

But the dear old mother knows something better than even a money-test of love. She still prizes the proofs she so often gave—loyalty, trust, confidence, self-sacrifice, hope—such a test as Toronto has given in the person of her bravest knight of this nineteenth century, the Hon. Edward Blake. He indeed is a worthy soldier of the noble cause of liberty, justice and right: a splendid type of generous, hopeful Ireland. May his brave example be an inspiration of Ireland's friends.

Toronto has been called "the city of generous contributions." She has given Ireland the man: let her now give him and Ireland the money.

Our distinguished fellow citizen, the Hon. Frank Smith, gave the lead to the laity in his magnificent subscription of one thousand dollars. Our friend and fellow-worker, Father Frank Ryan, encouraged the clergy by his generous donation of one hundred dollars. Let us all, clergy and laity, go and do likewise, as far as we can, in the coming diocesan collection.

The Date of the Birth of Christ.

In reply to a Montreal correspondent, *apropos* of an article, on "The true origin of the Christian era," which appeared in a former number of the REGISTER, we beg leave to remind him that any attempt at a like dissertation on the epoch of man's creation must necessarily be attended with very doubtful success. The many and varied difficulties which beset our progress cannot be overcome by even the most recent scientific discoveries. All efforts, therefore, to establish an exact chronological parallelism between the cosmogony of Moses and the researches of modern thought must for the present prove abortive.

In the question of definitely fixing the precise date of the birth of the Messiah we are occupied with a relatively modern chronology; but to determine exactly the real *anno mundi*, or more properly *anno hominis* period, would be to entangle ourselves in the labyrinth of antiquity, from which not even the skill of an Ariadne could extricate us. Geology cannot assist us in this matter. It may indeed advance certain *data* from which we may conclude that man was not in existence 8,000 years ago: but to assure us, *totidem verbis*, that man first appeared on this globe of ours at a certain given and definite epoch—that does not come within the range of this comparatively recent and superlatively inexact science.

If "Reader" will take the trouble to look up the results of modern geologists he will find that all their calculations are given in round numbers—passing round ones at that. This proves that they will not, nay, cannot determine, with even an approach to certainty, the exact time necessary for the formation of a given stratum. According to an eminent English

geologist the present formation of the South Wales coal fields required at least 640,000 years. Another says 600,000 would be nearer the mark. This is only one of the many examples we could produce, all of which would serve still further not only to corroborate our statement as regards the utter want of precision and exactness in geological calculation, but still more to show how hopelessly at variance they are amongst themselves.

One thing modern Geology does assert, and that it proves most conclusively from experiments made in different parts of the earth, viz: that the fossils of man have not been found in strata of the secondary or tertiary period. This proves at least that man is not 18,000 years old, and confirms the Bible narrative, which places the creation of man in the last epoch. Human fossils have been found, however, in strata of the fourth and last period. Granted! Now what is the precise date, the exact age of these strata? Such a question has never yet been answered by any geologist, from Cuvier downward, and it shall remain so until that day when the swaddling clothes of our present geology shall have given way to the more ample folds of rigorous manhood.

Geology, then, can do nothing for us. If we turn aside to the chronologies of the ancients we shall be still farther from the truth. The beginnings of every history are always shrouded in obscurity. China, if we remember rightly, commences her history 2,900,000 years before the birth of the Messiah. The Indians are less extravagant; yet they claim 600,000 years. The Egyptians are more modest, and pretend that the gods and heroes ruled successively over their country for 20,000 years before the reign of King Mizraim. So much for the ancient chronologies whose dark and obscure clouds left of modern science has not as yet penetrated. We can therefore establish no exact parallelism between the cosmogony of Moses and the recent researches of modern science, but are forced, like so many others before us, to fall back on the only bulwark of certainty, the Hebrew Bible.

The Septuagint, which is the oldest Greek version, places the creation of man at about 7,000 years before Christ while the original Hebrew, which our Vulgate follows, gives 4,000 years. We no longer accept the authority of the Septuagint in matters of chronology. It is a well-known fact that its translators have augmented by hundreds of years the ages of all the postdiluvian patriarchs, simply to make the chronology of the Hebrews agree with that of the Egyptians, whose king and people the translators wished to flatter. Then, for example, the Hebrew Bible says most distinctly that Arphaxad begot Sale at the age of thirty-five, and yet the Septuagint puts it at the age of one hundred and thirty-five—and so on with all the others.

The Fathers of the Church have never been unanimous in adopting the chronology of the Alexandrian version; its dates being always extravagant. There remains, therefore, only the Original Hebrew, of which our Vulgate is the best translation. Its chronology is the most perfect, and the discoveries which take place every day in Lower

Egypt and amongst the ruins of the ancient Assyrian cities, all serve to corroborate its dates. According to the Hebrew, the creation of man took place about 4,000 years before the birth of the Messiah; and to be more explicit, we shall give the exact dates which correspond to the prominent events of Biblical History:

From the Creation of Man to the Deluge	1656
From the Deluge to the Vocation of Abram	427
From the call of Abram to Exodus	430
From Exodus to the building of the Temple	487
From building of the Temple to the Captivity	468
From the Return of the Jews in the time of Cyrus to the Birth of the Messiah	632

We have thus a grand total of 4,000 years, which represents the age of man before the coming of Christ.

Ladies' Aid Society.

A most praiseworthy move has been made in the Cathedral parish by starting a Society under the above named title. It is already doing good work, and we have every hope that if maintained it will increase its usefulness. As its name indicates the object of the Society is charity. The parish is divided into districts, and two ladies are appointed to visit the poor and needy. Each visitor is provided with an order book, from which she gives an order and retains the duplicate. In this way all questions are avoided when the poor appear before the Society—a desirable point in dealing with people under such circumstances.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of visiting the poor and the sick. There is not enough of it done. How many a needy one is more enriched by a kind word rather than an alms! How many a hungry soul is better pleased with a little sympathy than with bread tickets! How many a fallen, discouraged heart is rendered braver and better, and drawn out of the old rut, by the strong cord of fellow feeling! Such visits teach them that there are real friends who sympathize with them; and they teach the visitors themselves lessons of great value. We cannot cast the bread of sympathy upon the waters of human misery without it coming back to us. Nor can we cast such seed without reaping a harvest. And even if we find that much of it has fallen upon rock—we may know that the angels of heaven will pick it up for us again. Too frequently our efforts do not succeed as well we first hoped; we grow faint hearted, and give up. Our ranks grow thin from one circumstance or another. We feel that we are not more obliged to the work than others, and so we fold our arms again, and retire without the crown of perseverance, and the satisfaction of having done all that constant, never-failing charity demands of us.

We are pleased to learn that his Grace the Archbishop is encouraging this new and excellent Society by promising a lecture in their behalf next Sunday evening in St. Michael's Cathedral. No object could be dearer to his paternal heart, and we hope that a large congregation will be present to enjoy an eloquent treat, as well as to advance the interests of a young Society which deserves all possible encouragement at the hands of the charitable and benevolent.

Transubstantiation.

In arguing upon any Catholic question with a Protestant although in a technical sense tradition does not carry the weight with him which it does with a Catholic, still the Protestant by no means rejects tradition. Nor can he do so. Tradition, that written and unwritten history of Christianity, that never failing voice of all centuries, cannot be disregarded. It comes to us in the stream of ages. Like a mountain torrent, it gathers force and volume, as downward it pours through widening cycles of time. Its sound is heard above the roar of tribal custom; and its stream is formed by liturgy, and decree of council, by writings of fathers and opinions of theologians.

If therefore in a discussion on Transubstantiation we appeal to tradition, it is not because we think our argument so far is incomplete, but we do so out of deep respect to, and love for, tradition. We do so in the same spirit as Cardinal Franzelin, who says:

"If the words of Christ the Lord have been, all along from Apostolic times understood by the whole Christian name, in their obvious sense; and if it has therefore been believed by all Christians that in the Eucharist are contained really and truly the Body and Blood of Christ; and if, moreover, from all the intrinsic rules of interpretation, the obvious sense can be demonstrated genuine, and the metaphorical absurd, surely, we are to conclude for the obvious sense of the words of Christ; nay, antecedently and directly, from the axioms of philosophy, the possibility is defined of the thing enunciated in that sense; or, at least, that its repugnance is not evident. But that constancy and universality of the Catholic interpretation, and the intrinsic rules of criticism demonstrating the truth of the proper sense, are absolutely so—therefore there is unquestioned certainty of the true sense of the words of Christ."

St. Ignatius the Martyr who was a disciple of the Apostles frequently brings forward the truth of the real presence as an argument against those heretics of his time who denied the reality of our Lord's flesh and blood, as do also several others of the early Greek fathers. Similarly against schism and heresy St. Ignatius commends the unity of the Church from the fact that the bond of this unity is the one flesh and one blood of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. "Strive," he says again, "to use one Eucharist. For it is one flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ and one chalice in the unity of His blood, one altar, as one Bishop with priests and deacons. In the fourth century we have Macarius Magnes teaching the Real Presence: "Christ said, 'This is my body', for it is neither the figure of the body nor a figure of the blood, as some with stupid mind have said, but according to truth the blood and body of Christ." Turning from the Fathers to one of the ancient liturgies—that of St. Basil used amongst the Copts, we see what evidence it gives of a belief in the adorable Eucharist in its day. In a prayer of the Oblation or Preparation of the Host and chalice, it entreats the Lord Jesus Christ: "We pray and beseech Thy goodness, O lover of men, turn Thy face on this host and this chalice, which we have laid on this Thy sacerdotal table; bless them, sanctify them, and consecrate them; change them, that even this bread become Thy holy Body, and this mingled in the chalice Thy precious Blood." Again the Seventh Council refuting the Iconoclasts, taking quota-

tions on the Blessed Eucharist from the words of the promise and of the institution as well as from St. Paul, thus concludes: "Therefore it has been clearly demonstrated that nowhere did the Lord or the Apostles or the Fathers call the unbloody sacrifice offered by the priest an image, but the very body and the very blood."

Nor is the West less doubtful in its testimony. From Tertullian in the second century, who incidentally yet frequently writes of the Real Presence, to St. Isidore in the seventh, without a dissenting voice the Latin Fathers answer *Amen* to its truth. (Go aside from prejudice and national narrowness, from worldly thoughts and pride of intellect, from false systems of philosophy and hasty conclusions of the senses, and listen to the multitude of saints and doctors in the early ages, and such an *Amen* goes up to heaven like the voice of the great multitude seen by St. John in his vision on Patmos.

We conclude therefore with Cardinal Franzelin that "from the express testimony of all the fathers of all ages and of all lands, and from all the liturgies, eastern as well as western, this profession of faith on the part of the pastors, as well as on the part of the people, is put beyond doubt; to wit, that which is offered, that which is eaten and drunk in the Eucharist, is the Body and Blood of the Lord."

Leo XIII. and the Laity.

It was doubtless the modesty of true greatness that prompted the Hon. Wm. J. Onahan of Chicago, when he received from Pope Leo, through the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, the highest honor the Holy See can confer on a layman, to say that the honor was meant to be more than a personal gift.

One of the characteristics of the present Pontiff is the amazing wisdom he shows in the selection of those he honors with dignity or office, and Leo XIII. had the highest authority nearest himself for the distinguished and sterling merit of Wm. J. Onahan. Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Satolli had heard from Bishops, priests and laymen the splendid work Mr. Onahan had done for the Catholic cause; but they saw for themselves the crowning result of his organizing wisdom and indefatigable zeal in the magnificent success of the Catholic Congress. Yes, Pope Leo knew well that "the foremost layman of America" had nobly won his *Spada Cappa*. Yet there is no doubt that "the Pope of the People" did mean to honor the Catholic laity of America in one of its most distinguished members.

The illustrious author of the *Encyclical on Labor* knows the kind of workmen the Church needs now. This is not the age of monks or hermits. It is not even the age of Bishops and priests. It is emphatically the age of the people. Leo XIII., the man of the age, would show, in his distribution of honors, what manner and class of men he would make leaders in the Kingdom he rules so well.

The fourth annual congress of the Catholics of Austria will be held in August next.

Crisis in Belgium.

European exchanges convey reports of a political crisis in Belgium. The head of the Belgian cabinet, M. Beernaert, who for nine years had managed the country with distinguished success—having made good the deficit left him by the Liberals, reduced the taxation and victoriously revised the constitution—has decided on resigning the Premiership. M. Beernaert differed from the majority of his supporters upon two points. He was strongly in favor of obligatory military service; but this question was left in abeyance until after the revision of the constitution, the crucial point of which was the change in the franchise. The majority would not have universal suffrage.

A compromise bill on the franchise was introduced, by which an electorate of 1,200,000 was created, with the anomalous permission of more votes than voters. These 1,200,000 were to be entitled to cast 1,000,000 votes—650,000 having a single vote, and 550,000 two or three votes. The last privilege of a triple vote, was conferred on only 65,000, based on a qualification of education and property. Another basis of distinction made was age. No one is entitled to vote until he is 25; and the right of a dual vote is conferred upon every man who has attained thirty-five or is married. Every Belgian therefore attaining the age of twenty-five has one vote, and ten years later a second vote, or earlier if he offers a gift on Hymen's altar.

This bill met with an unexpected difficulty. After being accepted by the two Chambers in joint congress, it was left to each to devise a way of putting the principle into practice—a task which has not yet been accomplished. A dissolution of Parliament cannot take place until an Electoral Bill is passed, for in case it were dissolved a large number would be entitled to vote, and no one could determine how, when or where the new electors could exercise their franchise. A difference of opinion has arisen in the Ministry. M. Beernaert with some others is in favor of a clause for the representation of minorities—a proposal which is much disliked by the larger part of the Government supporters. Hence after several conferences the Premier, M. Beernaert, announced his irrevocable intention to resign.

Orange Logic.

One of the most absurd and funny specimens of lame logic we ever noticed was given in the columns of the *Sentinel* (Orange of course) of the 21st ult. It started off under the catching heading of "Rome in Britain." It then built up a big mountain of instances of defections and reasons why Catholics are all abandoning the Church of Rome. It also mentions "numerous cases of conversions from Rome among influential people;" but it takes very good care not to mention a single name—among "the numerous cases." Then, without giving names or dates, the *Orange Sentinel* says: "The story of the conversion of dozens of deluded Irish peasants and workmen is a regular item in the weekly papers." We are well aware

that funds from Exeter Hall and other missionary sources send every winter delusions in the shape of hot soup and warm blankets to the poorest of the district peasantry in Ireland, on condition of their putting their names on the society's books, or allowing their children to be sent to proselytizing schools. But when winter is past and danger of starvation over, the few who were so weak as to yield to the tempter return to ask public forgiveness and plead hunger as excuse for their apparent apostasy. However, the number of these must be exceedingly small—if at all existing—as in the years gone by. The *Orange Sentinel* can not quote even one name of a starving Irish peasant who was so "deluded."

The whole mountain was in labour, and it brought forth the "ridiculous muse" of Tom Campbell, who was formerly secretary or book-keeper of the late Cardinal Manning. Cardinal Manning had a large and extensive correspondence, and was compelled to pay the wages of an amanuensis or clerk; and Mr. Tom Campbell got good wages for his work, and perhaps a little more than he was entitled to. After the Cardinal's sad death new arrangements were made in the household of the new Archbishop; and most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, his successor, had his own faithful servants and clerks to do his work. Mr. Tom Campbell's occupation, like Othello's, was gone. "To dig he was not able; to beg he was ashamed." The best thing he could do was to pretend conversion and turn preacher in order to make a living. He now walks in the footsteps of other apostates, and lectures on the "errors of Rome." Lately he was so violent in his harangues that he was set upon by a gang of toughs, by whom he was brutally assaulted, having two of his ribs broken. The *Sentinel* declares that this noted martyr paid no attention to his injuries—or that his ribs were miraculously healed up—for it says, "that immediately after the assault he was out on the Protestant campaign." The conclusion of it all is that "Rome is dying out in Britain."

A movement by the temperance women in Norway has recently been successful, when the authorities complied with their request by making it illegal for women or girls to serve in public bars. So now an inn-keeper in that country cannot employ any other female than his own wife.

St. Michael's Hospital.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of this institution return sincere thanks for the following donations: Mrs. Gallagher, basket of lemons; Mr. G. W. Lewis, \$10; Mr. Wm. Ryan, 4 turkeys and 4 geese; Mrs. Fitzgerald, \$2; Mrs. and the Misses Smith, box of lemons, box of oranges, 3 turkeys, holly and cranberries; Mr. Alex. Macdonell \$5; Christie Brown & Co., barrel of biscuits; Mrs. L. Cosgrave, 2 turkeys and toys for children; Mrs. Carr, flowers; Mr. J. Cahill, a turkey; St. Joseph's Convent, bag of potatoes; Rev. J. Walsh, a turkey; Miss Moran, a turkey and a goose; A Friend, \$1; Mr. J. Walsh, \$20; A Friend, \$1.

St. Basil's Young Men's Sodality.

The Young Men's Sodality in connection with St. Basil's parish had another reception on Sunday evening last, 14th instant, when the Chaplain, Rev. L. Brennan, enrolled some fifteen new members. The Sodality purposes holding an open musical meeting in their Hall on Wednesday evening, 21st instant, to which, we understand, all the young men of the parish are to be invited.

Weekly Retrospect.

The first question that comes to our minds this mild weather, as we reluctantly open our eyes in the morning, is: "I wonder if it is going to rain!" Not, "if it is going to snow?" This latter never strikes one this season, and when the probs say, "flurries of snow in some localities," we turn our lips in disdain, as if the poor weather could feel sarcasms. If we were only in the country now, we would feel like taking a ramble through the fields with the expectation of finding a blue violet or two peeping out from their little green bed. How we would love the pretty little primrose, if it could only weather our severe frost. Not as a political emblem, do we mention this, but for its own simple beauty. But why speak of primroses and violets in January? The subjects should be ice, snow, skating and merry sleigh bells. When we have two or three days of rather severe frost, thoughtless boys and girls say how lovely for a skate on the bay, little imagining of the danger before them, or the sad, lonely, anxious hearts at home.

"To give an account of one's reading is in some sort to give an account of one's life." So says William D. Howells in, "My Literary Passions," contributed to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. How very true this is, and how our favorite authors have crept into our hearts, we can hardly explain. We do not thank anyone who showers abuse on our literary idol—not abuse exactly, but little insinuations which pierce the rosy tints we have in our youth woven round them, and tear the mystic veil ruthlessly away, and only an ordinary, every day human being is exposed to the full glare of a noon-day sun. Life would not have been so sweet, if Dickens had never existed, nor could we have half enjoyed that flying visit to a little, old Inn in the midst of the hop-yards of Kent, almost far enough away from the sound of the railroad as to suit John Ruskin, and only a mile or two from Gadshill. Perhaps some day the REGISTER would like to hear about it; but then it does not properly belong to a Weekly Retrospect, as it is ever so long ago. To return to Mr. Howells, who says: "My reading gave me no standing among the boys, and I did not expect it to rank me with boys who were more valliant in fight or play; and I have since found that literature gives one no more certain station in the world of man's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense, at every period of life among boys or men, we are accepted when they are at leisure and want to be amused. And at best we are tolerated rather than accepted." Notwithstanding Mr. Howells opinion, there is a reverence for literary people among a chosen few which can hardly ever be attained by any other profession, and is not akin either to that fawning respect paid to the owner of millions.

Was there ever a woman of the world who had not a weakness for pouring over fashion journals? It would really take the very cleverest to puzzle out some of the dresses therein described these days, and one must have a great eye for color to at all appreciate the wonderful combinations in vogue now. We take the following from a recent number of *Harpers' Bazar*: a round waist with a coat skirt belted on is an excellent plan, as it makes one costume answer for both house and street. The round waist and skirt serve for the house, and the added skirt makes it an appropriate dress for the street.

In making round waists of wool dresses, most of the seams are confined to the lining, and the outside is drawn smoothly over this fitted lining without darts or seams except those at the sides, or perhaps two seams are there to add an underarm form on each side. The half circle skirt falling in pleats

remains the favorite, and may be cut all in one piece from double-width goods, or in fine goods if preferred. It is about four yards and a half wide around the foot, where it barely escapes the floor all round, and fits smoothly at the top on the front and sides, the back being gathered, or else held in four or five pleats.

Quite the newest thing in the way of dress fabrics will not be woven from the covering of any animal, or the product of the silk worm, but from an apparently very unpromising substance wood.

Wit and Humor.

Wife: "How is my husband this morning?"

Doctor: "He has a very high fever."

Wife: "That's just like him. He always wants the best of everything."

Sate.—"So you are going to marry? Have you anything laid up?"

"Yes; I've got a rich uncle laid up with a paralytic stroke, an' I'm his only survivin' relative."

"Well, I'm not going to run any such risks, my dear."

"That's just like you, John! Ever since you got your life insured you've been awfully afraid you'd get killed!"

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give a temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen years. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Friday morning, Dec. 15th, the remains of the late Sister Kenny were removed from the Dominican Convent, Falls Road, Belfast, for interment in Milltown Cemetery. The remains were enclosed in a magnificent coffin, with suitable moaning, and covered with wreaths. The breast-plate bore the following inscription:—"Sister Mary Alberta Kenny. Died 13th December, 1893. B.I.P." There was a large attendance at the funeral.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society, London, recently announced its rewards for distinguished gallantry in saving life in Ireland to the undermentioned persons—Medal to Richard Copeland, for saving Robert Reid, in the river Lagan, at Albert bridge, Belfast, on the 3d of November. Reid, it appears, fell into the water where it is 22 feet deep, while under the influence of drink, and the savior at great personal risk, plunged into the river, swam to the man, and brought him safely to the bank. Another medal was awarded to Simon Keene, Royal Irish Constabulary, for the saving of T. McCaule, at Bundoran, county Donegal, in a very rough sea, 200 yards from the shore; and a testimonial was also conferred on Denis Lynch, horse trainer, for plunging into the river Lee, at Cork, and saving a boy who fell from the quay wall into the river.

Armagh.

A monster demonstration was held at Lurgan on Dec. 20th in aid of the evicted tenants. Among the speakers were Messrs. John Dillon and David Sheehy, M.P.'s. The meeting was very large and representative of the Nationalists of Lurgan and district. It was held in the grounds of St. Vincent's Patronage, and Mr. Bernard McGlynn, J.P., presided.

On Dec. 21st Cardinal Logue drove from Armagh to Middletown Convent, and gave the habit of the Order of St. Louis to the following young ladies:—Miss Lennie Fennell, Monasteroyan, county Kildare; Miss Mary Egan, county Westmeath; Miss Kathleen Blackhall, Doonbeg, county Limerick; Miss Jane Ryan, North Strand, Dublin; Miss Julia Higgins, Rathmines, Dublin; Miss Reilly, Magherafelt, county Derry; Miss Annie McSwiggan, Omagh, county Tyrone; Miss Catherine Casey, Killahilly, Tyrone. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. C. McEvoy, and his Eminence delivered a discourse befitting the occasion.

Carlow.

The Rev. John Cullen, of Kildare, has been appointed Administrator in Carlow, in succession to the Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, who has been removed from Billu.

Clare.

The most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following promotions in his Diocese: Very Rev. Doctor Phelan, P.P., Borrisokane, to be P.P. Birr, and Vicar General of the diocese; Rev. John Maher, P.P., Kyle and Knock, to be P.P. Borrisokane; Rev. John Gleeson, C.C., Templeberry, to be P.P. Kyle and Knock; Rev. E. Scanlan, late of the Diocese of Peoria, Ill., U.S., to be C.C. Templeberry.

Cork.

The death of the Rev. Father O'Brien, O. S.A., which occurred at the Augustinian Convent, Great George's street, Cork, on December 18th, deprives the Order of one who was a great credit to it, and a preacher of more than ordinary repute. Father O'Brien was a native of Cork, and after passing through his preliminary course of study at the Cork Seminary, he joined the Augustinian Order at the Novitiate, Orleagh House, Rathfarnham, Dublin. Here he displayed abilities of a very high order; and, after a distinguished course of study, he was appointed to the Church of SS. Augustine and John. In this position he zealously discharged the responsible duties of his sacred calling, and attracted attention by his oratorical powers. He fell into bad health some six years ago, and returned to Cork to recover his health. Unfortunately his health never improved, and after a long period of illness, despite all that medical skill could do, he passed away on the date mentioned, fortified by the rites of holy Church in whose service he had worked so ardently. Father O'Brien was only 37 years of age.

Derry.

On Dec. 21st George Strain, a much respected native of Letterkenny, died at his residence, Backroad, Letterkenny, at the age of 101 years. He leaves a widow—his second wife. He was able to move about, and was in fairish health, until a week before his death, when he took to his bed, but retained consciousness up to the last.

On Dec. 16th, the remains of the late Mr. Charles Doherty, senior (head of the firm of Messrs. Doherty & Son, house-furnishers, auctioneers, &c., Coleraine), were interred in their last resting-place in St. John's Catholic Churchyard, Killowen, Coleraine. The death of Mr. Doherty has removed from Coleraine its oldest and most respected business man. The inhabitants of all classes and creeds know and esteemed the old gentleman, as was amply proved by the large and representative attendance at the funeral.

Down.

On Dec. 15th, a fire broke out in Newry, in the stores of the Castleborougham Brewery Company situated in Caulfield Terrace. The stores destroyed contained a large quantity of porter, and also several tons of hay, and the damage must be very considerable; but we understand the property is insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

While some boys were playing highwaymen, on Dec. 10, in Lismavady, with a revolver, it went off in the hands of a youth named Mounaghan; and shot another lad named McLaughlin through the head. He died in a short time after. The grandfather of one of the boys had won the revolver at a shooting match lately. The lads did not know it was loaded.

Dublin.

The foundation stone of the new Town Hall, Clontarf, was laid by Mrs. Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, on December 21.

It is stated that the Lord Mayor elect of Dublin has appointed Rev. Daniel Dowling, of Marlborough street church, to be his Chaplain during his term of office. The office of Secretary has been filled by the appointment of Mr. J. Doherty, B.L., son of Mr. W. J. Doherty, C.E., the present High Sheriff for the city.

The funeral (private) of Joanna Mary Corrigan, widow of the late Sir Dominic Corrigan, Bart., M.D., took place on December 18. The remains were deposited in the vaults of St. Andrew's, Westland row, Dublin. The solemn ceremonies were officiated over by her brother, the Bishop of Ardagh, assisted by the Rev. M. Scally, Adm., and the rev. clergy of the parish.

Fermanagh.

Mr. Davis, organist and musical composer, of Enniskillen, has instituted an action for libel against Mr. Trimble for an adverse criticism of the annual concert of which Mr. Davis was the conductor, which was published in the Fermanagh Reporter.

Galway.

Not for many years had there been such rejoicing in Ballinasloe as was manifested on Dec. 16th, on the arrival in town of the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, the aged Bishop of Clontarf, who had just arrived from Lucan, where he had been staying for the good of his health. Bishop Duggan had not been seen in Ballinasloe for the last three years. There were illuminations in honor of his visit. Messrs. T. Byrne, T. C.; J. Cogavin, T.C.; M. Hayden, G. Larkin, and J. O'Martin had an interview with the Bishop, when it was arranged that he would receive a deputation, so as to give an opportunity to his flock to express their love and affection for their Bishop. A large meeting, including all the clergy and prominent inhabitants of the town, was held at Hayden's Hotel, when an address was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Father Bowes, Administrator of the parish. The Bishop thanked the people of Ballinasloe through their representatives, and, in concluding, said: "In my present feeble health all I can do is to thank you from my inmost soul, and to pray that God may bestow on you his choicest spiritual and temporal blessings. The deputation, after receiving the Bishop's blessing, withdrew."

Kerry.

J. McGillycuddy, Esq., High Sheriff of Kerry, has been appointed Captain in the Royal Munster Fusiliers (Kerry Militia).

The Lord Lieutenant on December 22d commuted the sentence on the Rev. J. C. Griffith, the Kerry Parson, who was sentenced to death at Munster Winter Assizes, for the murder of his mother, to penal servitude for life. The general opinion is that the commutation was justified, as the convict was undoubtedly insane when he committed the fearful deed.

Kildare.

On Dec. 14th Miss Julia O'Keefe, in religion Sister Ita, received the Habit of the Presentation Order in the Sacred Heart Convent, Killocock, county Kildare.

Kilkenny.

A monster demonstration was held in Kilmacow, on St. Stephen's Day, in aid of the Evicted Tenants' Fund. Messrs. T. M. Healy, William O'Brien and P. A. Chance, M.P.'s, attended and spoke, and the meeting was one of the largest demonstrations yet held in that section.

Leitrim.

It is stated that a small section of Lord Leitrim's tenantry have held a meeting and issued circulars with a view of having a subscription started to make what the movers term "a suitable presentation to Colonel Clements on the occasion of his marriage." The idea of presenting such a man with a testimonial is worse than absurd—it is outrageous; and we feel sure the people of Manorhamilton will not entertain it. Too long have the tenantry on the Leitrim estates been ground under the feet of their oppressors; and now is not the time, when, at the bidding of a few slunkies, they should make a step to return to the old regime.

Limerick.

A meeting of the members of the Limerick Catholic Literary Institute was held in the Gymnasium of the Institute, on December 19th, to present Mr. Cashel, late secretary, with a well-deserved tribute of gratitude, respect and appreciation for his substantial services to the Institute, on his promotion,

by the directors of the Cork and Limerick Railway, from the station of Limerick to that of Cork. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful address, artistically illuminated, and a purse of gold which were duly presented to the worthy recipient, by the Rev. T. Leo, C.C., St. John's, President, who spoke with his accustomed fervor on the well-known and estimable merits of Mr. Cashel. Mr. Cashel's reply was excellent in its place, and expressed his regret for leaving so many friends in Limerick.

Longford.

Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, has appointed the Rev. William Gray, C.C., St. Rynagh's, Banagher, to the pastoral charge of Abbeyleira, County Longford.

Louth.

Drogheda, as appears from the returns of the Registrar (General for the quarter ending December 9th, has the highest death-rate of any town in Ireland or Great Britain. Dublin is bad enough, with 29 per 1,000 of the population; but Drogheda, with a rate of near 55 per 1,000 of the population, appears to require prompt attention from the sanitary authorities.

Mayo.

Lord Dillon persists in ignoring the reasonable application of his tenantry for an abatement in their rents. All the rigor of the law is threatened to enforce payment of the money that enables "his lordship" to live in idleness and ease out of the country; but when those who furnish him with the wherewithal for "living abroad" ask him for a concession that will enable themselves and their families to live at home, without being in actual destitution, their modest demand probably finds its way to the waste paper basket or the fire place, and no further acknowledgment is vouchsafed.

Monaghan.

The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, died on Dec. 20th, at his residence in Monaghan.

Queen's County.

On December 2d, a preliminary committee meeting was held at Leixlip, for the purpose of taking initiative steps towards the establishment of a branch of the Irish Industrial League in the town, with the view of re-establishing some of its former industries. The Rev. Father Hackett, C.C., occupied the chair. There was a large and representative attendance.

Sligo.

The fell work of eviction has again commenced in Sligo. On December 20th, five families, numbering in all twenty-five persons, were evicted on the Montgomery and Evans estate, in the townlands of Coolgrane and Killomaun, near Dowra. The evicting party consisted of Sub Sheriff Harrison, Bailiffs Longmoor and Hetherington, of Dromahair; and Emergencyman Brady, Ballinaglera, with a large force of police. One-and-a-half year's exorbitant rent and costs were offered by the tenants in settlement, but would not be accepted. Only one of the tenants, a widow, was allowed back as a caretaker. The greatest sympathy is felt for the poor people, who are now homeless.

Tipperary.

The body of a man which was found in the Royal Canal, Summerhill, Dublin, and upon which an inquest was held on Dec. 20th, was identified as that of James Meagher, a retired captain from the 2d Border Regiment. Deceased had only lately returned from India. He was a native of Tipperary, and had been living in Dublin for some time.

Tyrone.

On Dec. 16th, the annual meeting of the Tyrone branch of the Landlords' Convention was held in the White Heart Hotel, Omagh. The Duke of Abercorn presiding. Colonel Lowery said Mr. Morley was likely to introduce a bill to reinstate the evicted tenants. This bill would not affect the landlords in the county Tyrone, although it would affect them severely in other counties in Ireland. If equitable compensation were provided the landlords would not object to the reinstatement of the tenants.

Waterford.

Mr. E. Clappett has been appointed Rate Collector by the Guardians of the Waterford Union.

Mr. W. J. Smith, J.P. George's street, Waterford, has been appointed City High Sheriff for '94.

Mr. Anthony Cadogan, Mayor of Waterford, has been appointed an auditor of the National Bank, in Waterford in room of Mr. Patrick Roche, J.P., Woodville, New Ross, who has resigned.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Kilvaugh, Walsh Mountains. Mr. Walsh was one of the noblest works of God—an honest man. He died after having spent a good and industrious life, and having reared a numerous family of children, who were alike a credit to him and to his native land. Mr. Walsh must have reached the ripe old age 100 years before he passed away. May the clay rest lightly on his grave.

On Dec. 18 the dead body of the young man Boucher, who was drowned by the capsizing of the Dunmore lifeboat, was washed ashore on the Wexford coast, near Hook Tower. It will be remembered that the

Dunmore lifeboat, on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, went out to the rescue of a crew of a barque in the Harbor; that the boat capsized, and Boucher was carried away by the strong sea running. Having his cork jacket on, he floated out of sight, away into the channel, and having been floating about in it he was washed up by the sea on the coast, as stated.

Wexford.

On Dec. 22 there were interred in the little churchyard of Kilcaeven the remains of one of the most prominent victims of the land war in the early days of the Land League, Mrs. Mary O'Haulon Walsh, the evicted tenant of Knockbarton farm, and the first of the tenants of Colonel Tottenham who struck against unjust and oppressive rents. The deceased, who was 76 years of age at the time of her death, was the mother of the Rev. David O'H. Walsh, C.C., Poulpeasty, and Mr. N. O'H. Walsh, Taghmon, and her death will recall one of the fiercest fights that was made in the early days of the Land League against the tyranny of unjust landlords.

Wicklow.

At a meeting of the Bray branch of the Irish National Federation, held in the rooms on December 19th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted on the proposition of Mr. M. O'Byrne, seconded by Mr. Charles Toole: "That we deeply regret the great loss we have sustained through the death of our reverend and venerable pastor, the Right Rev. Monsignor Lee, P.P., V.G., the patron of our branch, and we offer our heartfelt sympathy to his numerous friends, and particularly to his brother, the Very Rev. Canon Lee, P.P., Haddington road, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to him." The meeting adjourned without transacting any business as a mark of respect for the deceased.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affection of the throat lungs and chest.

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Rosendale in Winter, 1883.

Written for the Register.

Stern is the face of nature,
A cold wind sweeps the vale
The air breathes not sweet fragrance
And boisterous blows the gale.

Where crystal streams meandered
No pleasant streams to flow,
Where gentle zephyrs wandered,
High heeps the driven snow.

Where danced the sparkling fountains
In floods of livid light,
The Storm King holds possessor,
In all his stern might.

Since days of peaceful Autumn
No pretty song birds sing,
To some more genial climate
They long have taken wing.

For now no pleasing verdure
Bedecks the lovely vale:
The cheerful songs of summer-time
Give place to winter's wail.

As through the dreary woodland
The winds mournfully play,
An air of solemn sadness
Hangs there throughout the day.

The leaves robbed of their foliage
In solemn stillness stand,
Awaiting the return of Spring
To breathe upon the land.

Their boughs are heavy laden,
But not a thorn is seen,
They bend beneath a ponderous weight
Of ice, of snow and sleet.

How vain are nature's beauties!
How quickly, too, they fade!
In valley, glen and woodland,
How great the change there made.

When gentle Spring shall come again,
Robed in her garland green
With lovely Flora in her train,
How changed shall be the scene.

Then glad some song shall fill the vale
And daisies deck the green,
When Winter shall disarm his wrath,
The Spring shall then be Queen.

She'll bid the pent-up streams to flow
And make the fountains leap with glee,
As Winter from the valley'll go—
She'll fill the vale with minstrelsy.

Fairville, N. H.

F. W. G.

CATHOLICITY IN DENMARK.

The Part Played by a Skull, a Princess and a Black Friar.

A Frenchman who has been watching with sympathetic interest the striking progress of the Catholic Church in Denmark during the years in which Monsignor Johannes von Euch has been at the helm, recently wrote to his friends in France:

"Doubtless the Monsignor is a scholar and a diplomat, besides being a priest of eminent piety; but all his accomplishments would have gone for naught had it not been for the skull, the princess and the Black Friar. These three gave him his opportunities, which, I admit, he seized and utilized with the skill of a master."

The skull was that of King Canute of Denmark, who some time toward the close of the eleventh century weeded out the last remnants of heathenism within his realms, enforcing obedience to the Church with such persistency that at last some of his subjects rebelled against him, and killed him in a church in front of the altar, writes V. O. Hansen in the *Catholic World*. Subsequently he was canonized, and to the church in the city of Odense, in which the murder had taken place and his body was preserved, was afterwards given the name of St. Canute's. Along with all the other Danish churches, at the "Reformation" in the sixteenth century it passed into the hands of the government, and was henceforth used as a Lutheran place of worship. The late king, Frederick the Seventh, had the remains enclosed in a casket of iron and glass, and placed in the crypt of the church.

In spite of the great weakness, King Frederick was a man of bright intellect and a big heart, and he became more popular than any other Danish monarch for the last two centuries. One day in 1863 he entertained at one of his country seats a German bishop who was visiting Denmark, and then Prefect-Apostolic. Dr. H. Gruder, and the

present Bishop von Euch, at the time Dr. Gruder's curate. The king was very affable and good-natured to both.

"Do you know," he suddenly said, "that I enjoy your company exceedingly. My regard for Catholic clergymen is very great. To tell the truth I should like to be a Catholic myself, only you know the Danish constitution I have myself granted my people, contains the clause that the king must always be a Lutheran. But if there is anything I can do for you tell me, and be sure you'll get it."

The Prefect then suggested that the skull of St. Canute be removed from its present place and turned over to the Catholics.

"It was not until your majesty's reign," said Dr. Gruder, "that we Catholics obtained freedom of worship here in Denmark. Would it not be a crowning act of justice if you restored the relic of the only saint among your illustrious predecessors to us—to us who share the faith he died for, and who alone among your subjects honor his memory in the way in which his and our church prescribes that it should be done."

"Certainly," replied the king, "that is a perfectly just and sensible request. The next time I go to Odense I will see that the skull is handed over to you."

But only a few months later the king was a corpse, having had no chance to visit Odense before his sudden and unforeseen death.

Thus the Catholics did not get the skull; but they remembered their saint just the same, and a few years ago they made up their minds to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of his death with as much solemnity as their small number (not fully four thousand out of in all two million Danes) would permit. It was Prefect von Euch's wish that the widest publicity possible be given to the celebration, and the press willingly published the information he caused to be sent to it. Throughout his career Dr. Gruder had assiduously avoided anything ostentatious or demonstrative, and probably his individuality, which was markedly that of a scholar and an ascetic made this seclusion a necessity. Monsignor von Euch, no less learned and pious, but possessed besides of the inborn dignity and ease of manner of a German nobleman, step by step trod a new path, and events have proved it the one that leads to success.

One feature of the celebration was to be a visit to the relics of the saint. Application was made to the Lutheran church authorities, and permission was granted on condition that no speeches be made, hymns sung, or any other devotional utterance held by the Catholics while in the church.

There is a little Catholic chapel in Odense, and from that on the day appointed for the visit, a procession marched out, wending its way to St. Canute's. The tall commanding figure of the prefect apostolic at once attracted the attention of the many Protestants who had come just to see what a Catholic celebration was like. At the entrance of the church a surprise was sprung on all present. The Lutheran provost of the city suddenly appeared in front of the church facing the procession, thus forcing it to stop short, whereupon he began reviling Catholicity in general and the worship of saints in particular.

The present writer has always regretted that he did not witness the scene, but one of his friends, a Protestant, who did see it, afterwards rendered his impression of it in something like the following words:

"It was decidedly an unfair match. Our provost is a short, thin man, who tries to make up for his physical deficiencies by standing on tiptoe and raising his squeaky voice to an unnatural pitch, while your prefect has the physique of a Prussian officer of the guards, and a certain faint smile of quiet irony hovering in the corner of

his mouth, which is more crushing than a harangue of an hour's length. For five or six minutes Monsignor von Euch listened to the provost's invectives, whereupon, with a firm step, he passed by the angry little man, followed by the procession. They immediately went down into the crypt, spent some moments on their knees in silence, and then returned in an orderly and dignified way as they had come. The provost had disappeared. And now the next time please send us somebody not over six feet; we should like that a great deal better!"

"And still better would it be for you," I added, "if we should send one that has not the law with him."

This was the point. Everybody admitted that the Catholics had done nothing but what was their full and clear right, while the provost had allowed his temper to get the better of him in a way which even his friends must deplore.

The conservative papers, which in Denmark are all wedded to Lutheranism, showed indirectly how indefensible was the conduct of the Protestant clergyman by passing over the event in absolute silence. But some of the liberal journals candidly ridiculed the zealous little dominie, and, although nothing further occurred in direct connection with the case, as a matter of fact from that day the impression got abroad that Monsignor von Euch was what the French call "un homme fort"—a man of strong character and firm purpose, of whom one might reasonably expect to hear more some day.

And something was heard. Now and again it would leak out that the conversion of some distinguished person had been effected, chiefly through Monsignor von Euch. It is true the aggregate number of these converts was not large, but each and every one was in some way or other remarkable, be it for charity, for noble birth, or for learning, and their social standing and private life were universally recognized to be unimpeachable.

Doubtless by this time the cause of Catholicism in Denmark was fathered, indirectly at least, by the marriage of Princess Maria of Orleans to the youngest son of the Danish king, Prince Vladomar. The princess, a bright and talented woman, has succeeded in attaining a degree of popularity exceeding by far that of any other of the royal ladies at Copenhagen, and this she has accomplished against very heavy odds indeed. More distinguished-looking than beautiful, with a somewhat forbidding expression on her strong features, she did not at once attract the sympathy of the Danes. But it soon became manifest that with sundry eccentricities—amazing at times, harmless always—she possesses a tender heart, a great sense of the humorous, and an inflexible will. She was fully aware that her religion was distasteful to her new countrymen, nor could she be kept in ignorance of the venomous attacks on the Catholic Church for which her arrival in Denmark was the signal; and recalling the lukewarm attitude towards their persecuted church of other Catholic princesses, whose lot by marriage had become cast with Protestants—as, for example, a certain Swedish queen in this century—the student of matters human would hardly have had reason for surprise had he seen this young woman evince more diplomacy than religious zeal. But nothing of the kind took place. With firm and quiet dignity, as remote from ostentation as it is from half-heartedness, the Princess Marie never misses an opportunity to testify to her sincere Catholic faith. Strictly observant of her regular religious duties, she does not confine herself to this—she visits Catholic hospitals, is present whenever a corner stone is laid for a new church or a Catholic structure is dedicated, attends Catholic lectures, and calls at Catholic schools. As, at the same time, her charities

extend to the deserving of all denominations, with no discrimination whatsoever, it need cause no wonder that at the present hour she may not only be said to have conquered all prejudice against herself on account of her religious allegiance, but that to her must be ascribed a considerable part of what has of late been accomplished in Denmark in the line of breaking ground for the Catholic propaganda.

Be this not misunderstood; to this day Danish converts to the Church suffer, and for a long time to come they will have to suffer, serious inconveniences as to their convictions: the hour has not yet struck—may it never strike!—when a conversion may be suspected of having been brought about by worldly considerations. But, on the other hand, what has already been said will be sufficient explanation of the fact that nowadays, outside of the ranks of the Lutheran clergy themselves, few Danes only would be found willing to denounce and abuse the Church which numbers among its most devout members the beloved Princess Marie.

Thus had the Danish mind been gradually prepared for the momentous event which took place now three years ago—the coming of a French Dominican, one of the "Black Friars," as were designated the sons of St. Dominic in the North during the middle ages.

Consider the advantages of a French preacher with a Danish audience! The friendship between Denmark and France dates back as far as the time of the first Napoleon, when the little northern nation shared the fortunes and the ill-luck of the great conqueror long after everybody else had forsaken his standard, and throughout the nineteenth century French literature, French plays, and French paintings have been studied and imitated in Copenhagen more industriously and systematically than perhaps, anywhere else. Sarah Bernhardt and the elder Coquelin, may always count on large audiences in the Danish capital, where the show-windows of bookstores are continually glowing with yellow-covered French novels, a museum is devoted exclusively to French sculpture, and no cafe or restaurant that makes claim to anything above the lowest standing would dare be without, at least, *Le Figaro* and *Le Monde Illustré*.

Fully aware of this state of things, and considering the moment for decisive operation to be at last there, Monsignor von Euch three years ago caused the French Dominican Pere Lange to begin a series of lectures—conferences—at St. Ansgar's. It soon became evident that something unusual was stirring up the religious life—ordinarily not overactive—of the city. Not only was the church crowded as often as Pere Lange was expected to speak, but the papers over and over again commented on his discourse; Lutheran ministers denounced him from their pulpits; parents refused their children permission to go and hear him.

As might have been expected, by all this the interest in the Black Friar was only augmented; numerous persons called on him, he could hardly answer all the queries that came to him through the mail, all sorts of associations vied in inviting him to lecture before them. A highly significant fact was that not only the professedly liberal students' club, but even its elder rival, the union of conservative students, who for the greater part support the state church, applied for the honor of seeing the Dominican within its walls.

Of course to obtain such a success a man—even a Frenchman—has to be something above the average; nor would even the most embittered enemy of Pere Lange deny that the abilities of this monk are of a high order. His ascetic frame and somewhat careworn features—offset, to be sure, by a pair of brilliant dark eyes, beaming with humor and kindness—were of no little advantage among a people

with whom "the bloated monk" is a standing figure in novels, plays, and pictures. But above all it was his eloquence that charmed all and convinced not a few—an eloquence of a peculiar direct sort; never turgid or loaded with imagery, hardly even strongly pathetic, recalling less the thunder-like efforts of famous orators and demagogues than the discourse of a man anxious to convince a friend in the matter that is dearest to his soul—a discourse welling straight from the heart, yet tempered with intelligence cool and circumspect, enforced with an array of learning that seems inexhaustible, and a skillful taste in the choice of words that, like that of the best prose writers of his countrymen, seems as nearly flawless as anything purely human can possibly be.

For the last three winters Pere Lango has been lecturing, and his success has been continually on the increase, as the most telling testimony to which may be cited the confirmation last spring, by Bishop von Euch, of over a hundred converts. The significance of this number will be better appreciated when it is kept in mind that, with some four hundred thousand inhabitants, Copenhagen contains not fully two thousand Catholics.

Another circumstance should be dwelt upon in particular: with hardly an exception these one hundred men and women all represent the highest education and enlightenment of their people, all of them being conversant not only with the French language, but capable of following and grasping fully a theological argument in that idiom. Consequently their conversion could not have been of a purely emotional character, such as at times occurs with people of muddled brains and limited knowledge, and is not to be relied upon with absolute confidence.

Of the honors paid to Pere Lango by non-Catholics none could have been more flattering than the reception which the liberal students tendered him at the close of last winter's course of lectures. It was preceded by a brief speech by the Dominican, and an ensuing discussion, of which a passage-of-arms between him and Dr. George Brandes was the most noteworthy feature. Later in the evening, at the reception, Dr. Brandes—the famous rationalistic critic, the friend of Renan and Taine, the literary adviser of Henrik Ibsen, Bjornson and the entire younger school of radical northern authors—again stood up, this time to express in simple, heartfelt words his profound respect and admiration for the monk, adding that the latter might be assured of a sympathetic hearing whenever and as often as he would return to Denmark.

No one doubts that Pere Lange will return.

As for Monsignor von Euch, already a year ago the Pope acknowledged his wise and faithful service by making him a bishop—the first Catholic bishop north of the Elbe river for fully three centuries and a-half, his spiritual jurisdiction extending not only over the Danish Catholics, but over those of Sweden and Norway as well. Since then considerable work has been done by way of erecting schools and churches, but much more is yet to come. The recent action of the Norwegian minister of worship, in for bidding the singing of Cherubini's *Stabat Mater* at a concert in a Norwegian church, solely because it was a "Catholic composition," has only, by the universal ridicule with which it was received in the press, served to bring out still more markedly the fact which is day by day becoming more manifest, that the time of the undisputed sway of bigotry in the northern kingdoms has passed away for ever.

The strength of a nation is in the intelligent and well ordered homes of its people.

To use grand words to express poor ideas is like making fine coach horses to draw donkey carts.

Selected Receipts.

Mrs. CHAPMAN'S PUDDING.—One pint of milk, boil, keeping a little to mix the flour; two ounces of flour, two ounces white sugar; stir in the boiling milk, add two ounces butter, six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, stir in when the mixture is cold. Grease a dish and set in a pan of boiling water. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

BROWN BREAD.—A cup of yellow granulated corn meal, a cup of fine granulated wheat or graham meal, a cup of Yankee rye, a teaspoon of soda and a teaspoon of salt, three-quarters of a cup of molasses and two cups of sour milk. Mix the dry ingredients and meal together, sifting in the salt and soda. Mix the molasses and milk together in a separate bowl, then turn into the dry material, working until no lumps of flour remain. The bread should be baked in a well greased tin, set in boiling water and steamed for three hours at least. By tying down the cover of the tin it may be lifted from the handle more readily from the boiling water.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Mayonnaise dressing is not the bugbear to housekeepers that it used to be before it was discovered that the Dover would greatly facilitate the progress and produce just as perfect a dressing. "I can make just as good a dressing in fifteen minutes now as I used to make in two hours," said a teacher of cooking, the other day. "I put the yolk of the egg into rather a deep cup-shaped vessel, so that the beater can take it up more readily. After the yolk is beaten, add the oil, drop by drop, as usual, beating all the time. When so thick that it can be beaten no longer, add a little lemon juice or pure vinegar. Adulterated vinegar often ruins the dressing. After the dressing is finished by adding the oil and acid alternately, and is of the desired consistency, beat in the seasoning of salt, white pepper and mustard."

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, January 17, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush	50 62	50 00
Wheat, red, per bush	0 60	0 61
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 60	0 60
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 58	0 00
Barley, per bush	0 45	0 49
Oats, per bush	0 39	0 39
Peas, per bush	0 57	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	6 50	6 75
Chickens, per pair	0 40	0 60
Geese, per lb.	0 08	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.	0 09	0 11
Butter per lb., in tubs	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.	0 22	0 24
Eggs, now laid, per dozen	0 25	0 27
Parsley, per doz.	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz	0 35	0 40
Radishes, per doz	0 20	0 25
Lettuce, per doz.	0 20	0 35
Onions, per bag.	1 00	1 10
Turnips, per bag	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag.	0 55	0 65
Beets, per bag.	0 60	0 65
Carrots, per bag	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy	5 00	9 50
Straw, sheaf	5 00	8 50
Straw, loose	6 00	6 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan. 16.—At the Western cattle yards to-day there were 35 loads of offerings, and except that cattle were a shade weaker, the trade situation remains entirely unchanged. We had, all things considered, a fair trade, but the market was not quite cleared. The soft weather, and the absence of the kind of cattle required just now, broke the market up considerably, and the best price paid this morning for lots was 3½c per pound. The range for fairly good stuff was from 3¼ to 3½c per pound, with poor stuff selling from 2¼ to 2½c.

LAMBS AND SHEEP—We had about four hundred here, mostly lambs. Sheep were scarce, with a little more enquiry. Lambs were in sufficient supply at 4c per pound for the best here.

MILKERS—We had 16 on sale and prices were steady, though some poor cows sold as low as \$25 each. The top price was \$50.

CALVES—Scarcely a couple of dozen came in; the best sold at from \$6 to \$8 each, and for very choice more could have been obtained.

HOGS—Just five hundred on sale at prices that—though maintained—had a slightly downward tendency. All sold and all wanted.

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THE GLADIATORS:

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

Valeria liked to hear of proper men; she woke up a little out of her languor, and flung her hair back from her face. "Go on," said she, as Myrrhina hesitated, half eager and half loth to pursue the pleasing topic.

But the waiting-maid felt the chain round her neck, and acknowledged in her heart the equivalent it demanded.

"It was the Tribune, madam," said she, "who spoke about your hair—Julius Placidus, who values every curl you wear, more than a whole mine of gold. Ah! there's not a lord in Rome has such a taste in dress. Only to see him this morning, with his violet mantle and his jewels sparkling in the sun, with the handsomest chariot and the four whitest horses in the town. Well! if I was a lady, and wooed by such a man as that—"

"Man call you him?" interrupted her mistress, with a scornful smile. "Nay, when these curled, perfumed, close shaven things are called *men*, 'tis time for us women to bestir ourselves, lest strength and courage die out in Rome altogether. And you, too, Myrrhina, who know Licinius and Hippas, and saw with your own eyes two hundred gladiators in the Circus only yesterday, you ought to be a better judge. Man, forsooth! Why you will be calling smooth-faced Paris a man next!"

Here maid and mistress burst out laughing, for thereby hung a tale of which Valeria was not a little proud. This Paris, a young Egyptian, of beautiful but effeminate appearance, had lately come to Italy to figure with no small success on the Roman stage. His delicate features, his symmetrical shape, and the girlish graces of his pantomimic gestures, had made sad havoc in the hearts of the Roman ladies, at all times too susceptible to histrionic charms. He lost nothing, either, of public attention, by bearing the name of Nero's ill-fated favorite, and embarked at once, unhesitatingly, on the same brilliant and dangerous career. But although it was the fashion to be in love with Paris, Valeria alone never yielded to the mode, but treated him with all the placid indifference she felt for attractions that found no favor in her sight. Stung by such neglect, the petted actor paid devoted court to the woman who despised him, and succeeded, after much importunity, in prevailing on her to accord him an interview in her own house. Of this he had the bad taste to make no small boast in anticipation: and Myrrhina, who found out most things, lost no time in informing her mistress that her condescension was already as much misrepresented as it was misplaced. The two laid their plans accordingly; and when Paris, attired in the utmost splendor, arrived panting to the promised interview, he found himself seized by some half-dozen hideous old negresses, who smothered him with caresses, stripped him from head to foot, forced him into the bath, and persisted in treating him as if he were a delicate young lady, but with a quiet violence the while, that it was useless to resist. The same swarthy tirewomen then dressed him in female garments; and despite of threats, struggles, outcries, and entreaties, placed him in Valeria's litter, and so carried him home to his own door.

The ready wit of the play-actor put upon his metamorphosis the construction least favorable to the character of its originator, but he vowed a summary vengeance, we may be sure, nevertheless.

"I think Paris knows what you think of him only too well," resumed Myrrhina; "not but that he has a fair face of his own, and a lovely shape for dancing, though, to be sure, Placidus is a finer figure of a man. Oh! if you could have seen him this morning, madam, when he lay back so graceful in his chariot, and chid that pert lad of his for striking with his whip at the tall slave, who to be sure vanished like a flash of lightning, you would have said there wasn't such another patrician in the whole city of Rome!"

"Enough of Placidus!" interrupted her mistress, impatiently, "the subject wearies me. What of this tall slave, Myrrhina, who seems to have attracted your attention? Did he look like one of the barbarians my kinsman Licinius cries up so mightily? Is he handsome enough to stop with my Liburnians, think you, under the day-litter?"

The waiting-maid's eyes sparkled as she thought how pleasant it would be to have him in the same household as herself; and any little restraint she might have experienced in running over the personal advantages that had captivated her fancy disappeared before this agreeable prospect.

"Handsome enough, madam!" she exclaimed, removing the comb from her mouth, dropping her lady's hair, and flourishing her hands with true Italian emphasis and rapidity—"handsome enough! why he would make the Liburnians look like bald-headed vultures beside a golden eagle! Barbarian, like enough, he may be, Cimbrian, Frisian, Ansbarian, or what not, for I caught the foreign accent tripping on his tongue, and we have few men in Rome of stature equal to his. A neck like a tower of marble; arms and shoulders like the statue of Hercules yonder in the vestibule; a face, ay twice as beautiful as Pericles on your medallion, with golden curls clustering round a forehead as white as milk; and eyes—"

Here Myrrhina stopped, a little at a loss for a simile, and a good deal out of breath besides.

"Go on," said Valeria, who had been listening in an attitude of languid attention, her eyes half closed, her lips parted, and the colour deepening on her cheek. "What were his eyes like, Myrrhina?"

"Well, they were like the blue sky of Campania in the vintage; they were like the stones round the boss of your state mantle; they were like the sea at noon day from the long walls of Ostia. And yet they flashed into sparks of fire when he looked at poor little Automedon. I wonder the boy wasn't frightened! I am sure I should have been; only nothing frightens those impudent young charioteers."

"Was he my kinsman's slave; are you sure, Myrrhina?" said her mistress, in an accent of studied unconcern, and never moving a finger from her listless and comfortable attitude.

"No doubt of it, madam," replied the waiting-maid; and would probably have continued to enlarge on the congenial subject, had she not been interrupted by the entrance of one of the damsels who had been summoned from the apartment, and returned to announce that Hippas, the retired gladiator, was in waiting—"Would Valeria take her fencing-lesson?"

But Valeria declined at once, and sat on before her mirror, without even raising her eyes to the tempting picture it displayed. Whatever was the subject of her thoughts, it must have been very engrossing, she seemed so loth to be disturbed.

CHAPTER V.
"ROME."

Meanwhile the British slave, unconscious that he was already the object of Valeria's interest and Myrrhina's admiration, was threading his way through the crowded streets that adjoined the Forum, enjoying that vague sense of amusement with which a man surveys a scene of bustle and confusion

that does not affect his immediate concerns.

Thanks to the favour of his master, his time was nearly at his own disposal, and he had ample leisure to observe the busiest scene in the known world, and to compare it, perhaps, with the peace and simplicity of those early days, which seemed now like the memories of a dream, so completely had they passed away.

The business of the Forum was over; the markets were disgorging their mingled stream of parveyors, purchasers, and idle lookers-on. The whole population of Rome was hurrying home to dinner, and a motley crowd it was. The citizens themselves, the Plebeians, properly so called, scarcely formed one half of the swarming assemblage. Slaves innumerable hurried to and fro, to speed the business or the pleasure of their lords; slaves of every colour and of every nation, from the Scandinavian giant, with blue eyes and waving yellow locks, to the sturdy Ethiopian, thick-lipped, and woolly-haired, the swarthy child of Africa, whose inheritance has been servitude from the earliest ages until now. Many a Roman born was there, too, amongst the servile crowd, aping the appearance and manner of a citizen, but who shrank from a master's frown at home, and who, despite the acquirement of wealth, and even the attainment of power, must die a bondsman as he had lived.

Not the least characteristic feature of the state of society under the Empire was the troop of freedmen that everywhere accompanied the person, and swelled the retinue of each powerful patrician. These manumitted slaves were usually bound by the ties of interest as much as gratitude to the former master, who had now become their patron. Dependent on him in many cases for their daily food, doled out to them in rations at his door, they were necessarily little emancipated from his authority by their lately acquired freedom. While the relation of patron and client was productive of crying evils in the Imperial City, while the former threw the shield of his powerful protection over the crimes of the latter, and the client in return became the willing pander to his patron's vices, it was the freedman who, more than all others, rendered himself a willing tool to his patrician employer, who yielded unhesitatingly time, affections, probity, and honour itself, to the caprices of the lord. They swarmed about the Forum now, running hither and thither with the obsequious haste of the parasite, bent on errands which in too many cases would scarce have borne the light of day.

Besides these, a vast number of foreigners, wearing the costumes of their different countries, hindered the course of traffic as they stood gaping, stupefied by the confusing scene on which they gazed. The Gaul, with his short, close-fitting garment; the Parthian, with his conical sheep-skin cap; the Mede, with his loose silken trousers; the Jew, barefoot and robed in black; the stately Spaniard, the fawning Egyptian, and amongst them all, winding his way wherever the crowd was closest, with perfect ease and self-possession, the smooth and supple Greek. When some great man passed through the midst, borne aloft in his litter, or leaning on the shoulder of a favourite slave, and freedmen and clients made a passage for him with threat, and push, and blow, the latter would invariably miss the Greek to light on the pate of a humble mechanic, or the shoulders of a sturdy barbarian, while the descendant of Leonidas or Alcibiades would reply in whining sing-song tones to the verbal abuse, with some biting retort, which was sure to turn the laughter of the crowd on the aggressor.

If Rome had once overrun and conquered the dominions of her elder

sister in civilisation, the invasion seemed now to be all the other way. With the turn of the tide had come such an overflow of Greek manners, Greek customs, Greek morals, and Greek artifice, that the Imperial City was already losing its natural characteristics; and the very language was so interlarded with the vocabulary of the conquered, that it was fast becoming less Latin than Greek. The Roman ladies, especially, delighted in those euphonian syllables, which clothed Athenian eloquence in such melodious rhythm; and their choicest terms of endearment in the language of love, were invariably whispered in Greek.

That supple nation, too, adapting itself to the degradation of slavery and the indulgence of ease, as it had risen in noble times to the exigencies of liberty and the efforts demanded by war, had usurped the greater portion of art, science, and even power, in Rome. The most talented painters and sculptors were Greeks. The most enterprising contractors and engineers were Greeks. Rhetoric and elocution could only be learned in a Greek school, and mathematics, unless studied with Greek letters, must be esteemed confused and useless; the fashionable invalid who objected to consult a Greek physician deserved to die; and there was but one astrologer in Rome who could cast a patrician horoscope. Of course he was a Greek. In the lower walks of criminal industry; in the many iniquitous professions called into existence by the luxury of a great city, the Greeks drove a thriving and almost an exclusive trade. Whoever was in most repute, as an evil counsellor, a low buffoon, a money-lender, pimp, pander, or parasite, whatever might be his other qualifications, was sure to be a Greek.

And many a scrutinising glance was cast by professors of this successful nation at the Briton's manly form as he strode through the crowd, making his way quietly but surely from sheer weight and strength. They followed him with covetous eyes, as they speculated on the various purposes to which so much good manhood might be applied. They appraised him, so to speak, and took an inventory of his thews and sinews, his limbs, his stature, and his good looks; but they refrained from accosting him with importunate questions or insolent proposals, for there was a bold, confident air about him, that bespoke the stout heart and the ready hand. The stamp of freedom had not yet faded from his brow, and he looked like one who was accustomed to take his own part in a crowd.

Suddenly a stoppage in the traffic arrested the moving stream, which swelled in continually to a struggling, eager, vociferating mass. A dray, containing huge blocks of marble, and drawn by several files of oxen, had become entangled with the chariot of a passing patrician, and another great man's litter being checked by the obstruction, much confusion and bad language was the result. Amused with the turmoil, and in no hurry to get home, the British slave stood looking over the heads of the populace at the irritated and gesticulating antagonists, when a smart blow on the shoulder caused him to wheel suddenly round, prepared to return the injury with interest. At the same instant a powerful hand dragged him back by the tunic, and a grasp was laid on him, from which he could not shake himself free, while a rough good-humored voice whispered in his ear:

"Softly, lad, softly! Keep hands off Caesar's lictors an' thou be'st not mad in good earnest. These gentry give more than they take, I can promise thee!"

The speaker was a broad powerful man of middle size, with the chest of a Hercules, he held the Briton firmly pinioned in his arms while he spoke, and it was well that he did so, for the lictors were indeed forcing a passage

for the Emperor himself, who was proceeding on foot, and as far as was practicable, *incoq.*, to inspect the fish market.

Vitellius shuffled along with the lagging step of an infirm and bloated old man. His face was pale and flabby, his eye dim, though sparkling at intervals with some little remnant of the rosy wit and pliant humor that had made him the favorite of three emperors ere he himself attained the purple. Supported by two freedmen, preceded and followed only by a file of lictors, and attended by three or four slaves, Cæsar was taking his short walk in the hopes of acquiring some little appetite for dinner; what locality so favorable for the furtherance of this object as the fish-market, where the imperial glutton could feast his eyes, if nothing else, on the choicest dainties of the deep? He was so seldom seen abroad in Rome, that the Briton could not forbear following him with his glance, while his new friend, relaxing his hold with great caution, whispered once more in his ear:

"Ay, look well at him, man, and give Jove thanks thou art not an emperor. There's a shape for the purple! There's a head to carry a diadem! Well, well, for all he's so white and flabby now, like a Lucrine turbot, he could drive a chariot once, and hold his own at sword and buckler with the best of them. They say he can drink as well as ever still. Not that he was a match for Nero in his best days, even at the game. Ay, ay, they may talk as they will: we've never had an emperor like him before nor since. Wine, women, shows, sacrifices, wild-beast fights;—a legion of men all engaged in the circus at once! Such a friend as he was to our trade."

"And that trade?" inquired the Briton good humouredly enough, now his hands were free: "I think I can guess it without asking too many questions."

"No need to guess," replied the other. "I'm not ashamed of my trade, nor of my name neither. Maybe you have heard of Hirpinus, the gladiator? Tuscan born, free Roman citizen, and willing to match himself with any man of his weight, on foot or on horseback, blindfold or half-armed, in or out of a war-chariot, with two swords, sword and buckler, or sword or spear. Any weapon, and every weapon, always excepting the net and the noose. Those I can't bear talking about—to my mind they are not fair fighting. But what need I tell you all about it?" he added, running his eye over the slave's powerful frame. "I must surely have seen you before. You look as if you belonged to the family yourself!"

The slave smiled, not insensible to the compliment.

"'Tis a manlier way of getting bread than most of the employments I see practised in Rome," was his reply, though he spoke more to himself than his companion. "A man might die a worse death than in the amphitheatre," he added, meditatively.

"A worse death!" echoed Hirpinus. "He could scarce die a better! Think of the rows of heads one upon another piled up like apples to the very awnings. Think of the patricians and senators vagering their collars and bracelets, and their sesterces in millions, on the strength of your arm, and the point of your blade. Think of your own vigour and manhood, trained till you feel as strong as an elephant, and as lithic as a panther, with an honest wooden buckler on your arm, and two feet of pliant steel in your hand, as you defile by Cæsar and bid him "Good-morrow, from those who have come here to die!" Think of the tough bout with your antagonist, foot to foot, hand to hand, eye to eye, feeling his blade with your own (why swordsman, lad, can fonce as well in the dark as the daylight!), foiling his passes, drawing his attack, learning his foins, watching your opportunity; when you catch it at last,

in your dash like a wild cat, and the guard of your sword rings sharp and true against the breast-bone, and he goes over backwards on the sand!"

"And if he gets the opportunity first?" asked the slave, interested in spite of himself at the enthusiasm which carried him irresistibly along with it. "If your guard is an inch too high, your return a thought too slow? If you go backwards on the sand, with the hilt at your breast-bone, and the two feet of steel in your bosom? How does it feel then?"

"Faith, lad, you must cross the Styx, to have that question fairly answered," replied the other. "I have had no such experience yet. When it comes I shall know how to meet it. But this talking makes a man thirsty, and the sun is hot enough to bake a negro here. Come with me, lad! I know a shady nook, where we can pierce a skin of wine, and afterwards play a game at quoits, or have a bout of wrestling, to while away the afternoon."

The slave was nothing loth. Besides the debt of gratitude he owed for preservation from a serious danger, there was something in his new friend's rough, good-humoured, and athletic manhood that won on the Briton's favour. Hirpinus, with even more than their fierce courage, had less than the usual brutality of his class, and possessed besides a sort of quaint and careless good humour, by no means rare among the athletes of every time, which found its way at once to the natural sympathies of the slave. They started off accordingly, on the most amicable terms, in search of that refreshment which a few hours' exposure to an Italian sun rendered very desirable; but the crowd had not yet cleared off, and their progress was necessarily somewhat slow, notwithstanding that the throng of passengers gave way readily enough before two such stalwart and athletic forms.

Hirpinus thought it incumbent on him to take the Briton, as it were, under his protection, and to point out to him the different objects of interest, and the important personages, to be seen at that hour in the streets of the capital, totally irrespective of the fact, that his pupil was as well instructed on these points as himself. But the gladiator dearly loved a listener, and, truth to tell, was extremely diffuse in his narratives when he had got one to his mind. These generally turned on his own physical prowess, and his deadly exploits in the amphitheatre, which he was by no means disposed to underrate. These are some really brave men who are also boasters, and Hirpinus was one of them.

He was in the midst of a long dissertation on the beauties of an encounter fought out between naked combatants, armed only with the sword, and was explaining at great length a certain fatal thrust outside his antagonist's guard, and over his elbow, which he affirmed to be his own invention, and irresistible by any parry yet discovered, when the slave felt his gown plucked by a female hand, and turning sharply round was somewhat disconcerted to find himself face to face with Valeria's waiting maid.

"You are wanted," said she unceremoniously, and with an imperious gesture. "You are to come to my lady this instant. Make haste, man; she cannot brook waiting."

Myrrhina pointed while she spoke to where a closed litter borne aloft by four tall Libanian slaves, had stopped the traffic, and already become the nucleus of a crowd. A white hand peeped through its curtains, as the slave approached, surprised and somewhat abashed at this unexpected appeal.

Hirpinus looked on with grave approval the while. Arriving close beneath the litter, of which the curtain was now open, the slave paused and made a graceful obeisance; then,

drawing himself up proudly, stood erect before it, looking unconsciously his best, in the pride of his youth and beauty. Valeria's cheek was paler than usual, and her attitude more languid, but her grey eyes sparkled, and a smile played round her mouth as she addressed him.

"Myrrhina tells me that you are the man who brought a basket of flowers to my house this morning from Licinius. Why did you not wait to carry back my salutations to my kinsman?"

The color mounted to the slave's brow as he thought of Automedon's insolence, but he only replied humbly, "Had I known it was your wish, lady, I had been standing in your porch till now."

She marked his rising color, and attributed it to the effect of her own dazzling beauty.

"Myrrhina knew you at once in the crowd," said she, graciously; "and indeed yours is a face and figure not easily mistaken in Rome. I should recognize you myself anywhere now."

She paused, expecting a suitable reply, but the slave, albeit not insensible to the compliment, only blushed again and was silent.

Valeria, meanwhile, whose motives in summoning him to her litter had been in the first instance of simple curiosity to see the stalwart barbarian who had so excited Myrrhina's admiration, and whom that sharp-sighted damsel had recognized in an instant amongst the populace, now found herself pleased and interested by the quiet demeanor and noble bearing of this foreign slave. She had always been susceptible to manly beauty, and here she beheld it in its noblest type. She was rapacious of admiration in all quarters; and here she could not but flatter herself she gathered an undoubted tribute to the power of her charms. She owned all a woman's interest in anything that had a spice of mystery or romance, and a woman's unfailing instinct in discovering high birth and a gentle breeding under every disguise; and here she found a delightful puzzle in the manner and appearance of her kinsman's messenger, whose position seemed so at variance with his looks. She had never in her life laid the slightest restraint on her thoughts, and but little on her actions—she had never left a purpose unfulfilled, nor a wish ungratified—but a strange and new feeling, at which even her courageous nature quailed, seemed springing up in her heart while she gazed with half-closed eyes at the Briton, and hesitated to confess, even to herself, that she had never seen such a man as this in her life before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN.—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

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A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply: 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'" "In fact, my advanced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use



Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex

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- Church Pews -

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdock. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kony, Gueph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallacaburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

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Literary Notes.

Niagara Rainbow is the poetic name of a new periodical issued by the pupils of Loretto Convent at the Falls. From the artistic cover which has a picture of the Cataract, with the Convent in the background, to the last page, it is most creditable to all concerned—the editorial staff, the contributors and the printers. A fine photograph of Mgr. Satolli forms the frontispiece. Its opening poem on The Rainbow by Dr. O'Hagan is one of the best we have seen from the pen of this gifted writer. The varied subjects of its articles—Shelley, Woman's Empire, The Music of the Mass, Immortal Years, Madame Ball, Niagara, and many others, are treated in a manner that might well excite the envy of more pretentious magazines and more experienced writers. And when we see the name of Dr. Brann of New York as one contributor and the promise of an article from Mrs. Lathrop for the next number we are certain that the young Editors are bent on placing *The Rainbow* at once amongst the first class. One wish we wish Miss O'Brien and her associates. May the sun of prosperity ever shine upon *The Rainbow*, while from its columns there refract the colors of thought that charm the sense and refresh the soul.

The Canadian Magazine for January is to hand brighter, more varied and more sprightly in articles than ever. All the provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific are represented amongst the contributions. "Howe and his Times" gives an interesting account of Nova Scotia's public men of the last generation. "Longfellow's Wayside Inn," illustrated, is full of historical interest for all admirers of that sweetest of American singers. "A Christmas story," quite realistic in its plot, is well told. The original poetry is above the average—which is saying a good deal, for *The Canadian Magazine* has published several excellent poems. But the article which took our fancy was the description of scenery in Ireland. It recalled not the fair scene only, but the guide, for we also fell in with Dennis Ryan when visiting the lovely valley of Glendalough.

Dangers of the Tea Habit.

The *London Hospital* has been sounding a note of alarm regarding the extent to which the habit of tea drinking is indulged, no less a quantity than 207,055,679 pounds having been consumed in Great Britain last year. This paper states that "not only are we yielding, with all the weakness of an inebriate to the disease of nerve and stomach which excessive tea drinking brings in its train," but, after instituting a comparison between teas of Chinese and Indian growth, it continues: "We drink more tea than our parents; we take it oftner, stronger and of coarser quality. The results are less obvious than those of alcoholic intoxication, but not less serious; and in truth the time may not be far distant when the earnest disciples of the new temperance will plead with us, with tears in their eyes, 'Give up this accursed tea and take to cocoa or even to beer.'"

The proposed monster bell which the Russians of Moscow were to send to Notre Dame, in Paris, has to be withheld, neither of the two towers of the cathedral having been constructed to sustain such an enormous weight.

Mozart And Gounod.

There is a very beautiful engraving of the dying scene in Mozart's life. Propped up by pillows he listens to the strains of his Requiem Mass sung by his friends. The same sad ceremony was repeated in the last days of Gounod's life. A fervent Catholic, he consecrated his genius to Church music; and everywhere the music which he composed in the honor of God and his saints is sung by thousands of Christians, who find in the harmonies invented by Gounod strains which elevate their souls to the contemplation of heavenly beauty. The very last notes that he heard were those of his Requiem Mass, which with a party of friends, he sang at his own home the day that he was stricken with his fatal seizure. It was indeed a beautiful ending of a good life. *Miserere, Domine.*

Deep Sea Creatures.

The queerest thing about deep sea creatures is their arrangement for vision. Fish that live at very great depths have either no eyes at all or enormously big ones. Indeed, there are two ways you may get on in these gloomy abysses—by delicate touch or gans, or by sight that collects the few rays of light due to phosphorescence or other accidental sources. Down to the depth of 200 fathoms the eyes get constantly bigger and bigger. Beyond that depth small-eyed forms, with long feelers, developed to supplement the eyes. Lower still we find functionless eyes, and in the most confirmed abyssal species the eyes have disappeared entirely.

If you want your pathway through life to be smooth and firm, pave it with God's promises.

Installation of Officers.

At the last meeting of St. Michael's Branch, No. 85, C. M. B. A., Toronto, the following officers were installed for this year:

Spiritual Director, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G.; Chancellor, Dr. J. J. Cassidy; President, James Connors; 1st Vice-President, M. Coughlin; 2nd Vice-President, Thos. Ryan; Recording Secretary, T. B. Winterberry; Assistant Secretary, J. L. Kinsman, Financial Secretary, J. J. Burns; Treasurer, P. J. Lynar; Marshal, Jno. Liston; Guard, J. J. Farrell; Trustees, D. F. McCloskey and Wm. Ryan; Representative to the Grand Council meeting at St. John, N. B., in September next, Wm. Ryan; Alternate Representative, D. J. Walsh.

The next meeting which will take place on Tuesday, 23rd, instant, will be a very interesting one, as those now officers will make their inaugural addresses and the members will discuss some proposed amendments to the Constitution, which are to be brought up at the Grand Council meeting. This Branch increased in membership very satisfactorily during the past year, and is now in a flourishing condition. If its increase continues proportionately to last year, it will be at the end of 1894 about the largest and most prosperous Branch in the city.

BRANCH 54, MONTREAL.

The installation of officers for the year 1894 took place on January 11th in our hall, corner of Notre Dame and De Salaberry streets, and was performed by acting Assistant Huwisor, assisted by the retiring President, Chancellor Coleman. The following gentlemen were installed: C. O'Brien, President; N. Chamberlain, 1st Vice-President; Patingale, 2nd Vice-President; T. McDonald, Treasurer; Francis D. Daly, Recording Secretary; E. D. Egan, Financial Secretary; P. Brennan, Assistant Secretary; P. O'Brien, Marshal; F. Leighthead, Guard; Chancellor Purcell, T. McDonald, W. Egan, J. Cuddy, Trustees; Chancellor, J. Coleman, Representative to Grand Council, and Chancellor Purcell Alternate.

Branch 54 shows from its past record that it has in no way retrograded as a Branch. Acting Grand Secretary Howison congratulated the members on their judicious choice of officers, and in an especial manner he referred to Chancellor O'Brien, for whose qualifications as President he has the utmost consideration. Applications for membership are coming into this Branch in a most gratifying manner. We have established a Benefit Association in connection with the Branch. Entrance fee only two dollars; dues 25 cents per month and 50 cents half yearly, or one dollar per year towards seeing a medical man in all four dollars per year to the Benefit Association.

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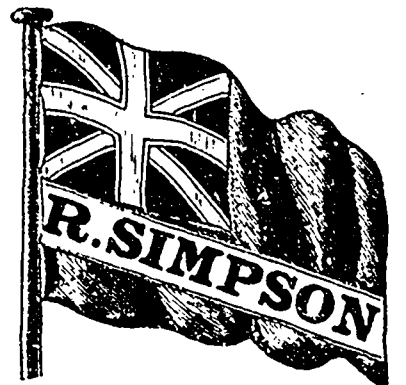
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telligent knowledge of the weakness of the
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freely, and then pass into an atmosphere
many degrees below freezing point, thus
changing in a moment the conditions under
which the lungs have been laboring. Per-
sons who do this run great risks, not merely
to health, but to life, as they are almost cer-
tain to contract dangerous respiratory affec-
tions which will require the fullest virtues
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handling goods, and the lighter
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