

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVIII.

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NO. 904.

PROFESSOR MARSHALL'S ADDRESS IN CONVOCATION HALL, KINGSTON.

A disgusting travesty of history in the form of a lecture delivered in that centre of orthodoxy, Queen's College Convocation Hall, last Sunday by the famous Professor Marshall, was published in the *British Whig* of Monday's issue. The Catholics of this city cannot forget the exhibition this Professor Marshall made of himself eight or nine years ago by addressing an open letter to the Public School Board, in which he unwisely revealed his dishonorable and un-Christian principles of morality and his vile spirit of hatred of our Catholic children because of their religion. There was not so much care exercised at that time in the election of Trustees to the Public School Board as there is in the present day. Some very bad men contrived at that time to secure seats at the Board, and their conduct towards the few Catholic children, whose parents had, for one reason or another, placed their offspring under their charge, was heartless and cruel in the extreme and disgraced our city. The Archbishop felt it his duty accordingly to remove all Catholic children from the Public schools in the city of Kingston. Professor Marshall waxed frothy at this timely and successful stroke of the Archbishop for protection of the faith and religion of the little ones of his flock. Throwing aside for a day his school-books of algebra and geometry and his 28 and 28, he devoted all the energy of his sublime intellect and his sweet Christian heart to inditing an epistle to the Public School Board, which he caused to be published in the newspapers. One would suppose his object would naturally have been to rebuke and severely castigate the ill-conducted trustees for their barbarous outrage on poor offending children. But no; his sympathies did not run in that direction. He preferred to vent his anger upon those unfortunate trustees, by charging them with having so foolishly blundered in their treatment of the Catholic children as to supply the Archbishop with a splendid opportunity of clearing all Catholic children out of the Public schools of Kingston. This result infuriated the poor little professor; his high minded, noble and truly Christian zeal for proselytism could not stand it; so he rated the trustees soundly for having thus lost for ever "the chance" they had of quietly fleecing the faith from the minds and hearts of the Catholic little ones, and sending them forth into the world bereft of the richest of all treasures, the source of all true goodness and happiness in the present life, and their sole hope of beatitude in the everlasting future.

We will not waste time in criticising the little professor's nonsensical lucubration to which he treated the unsuspecting young men in Convocation Hall last Sunday. But it is amusing to notice how flippantly he talks of the Inquisition, and how plainly he shows that he knows nothing whatever of the nature or purpose of that sacred tribunal. He talks of the "Church of Rome as it existed during the Inquisition." He imagines it was a meteor of sudden appearance and speedy extinction. He evidently is not sufficiently acquainted with the commonest facts of history to know that the Roman Inquisition has existed uninterrupted throughout the last seven centuries, and is as active and energetic in the discharge of its judicial functions to-day as it has been in any period of its existence, examining, detesting and finally deciding all questions laid before it concerning Catholic faith and divine worship, for the preservation of God's revealed truth and the condemnation of false and pernicious doctrines. This is its primary and distinctive character—its one work—to which alone it devotes itself. Prof. Marshall professes to believe that this sacred tribunal enforced its judgments by the death penalty. He says Galileo barely escaped their sentence of death. Had he made it his business to study the subject he proposed to talk about he would have readily ascertained that the Roman Inquisition possessed no such power in any age, and never claimed it, but rather exercised its influence in pleading for even the most obstinate and impenitent criminals before the civil power. It never countenanced cruelty or severity of punishment. Its interference was invariably directed to enlisting the mercy of the secular judges in favor of culprits. Even the French infidels themselves, whilst denouncing the Spanish Inquisition, which was a secular and political tribunal always at war with the Popes, and not infrequently censured by them for its cruelties, have expressed astonishment in their encyclopaedia at the moderation, indulgence and gentleness displayed by the Roman Inquisition, which has always been, as it is to-day, an exclusively ecclesiastical court for the determination of the truth or falsehood of religious doctrines and the protection of the purity of divine worship.

We cannot forbear noticing another of the funny theories of this self-sufficient and superficial professor. He declares it to have been "the fixed belief of the Church that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it for man's pleasure;" whereas, it is notorious to every reader of history that the Church never delivered any rule of doctrine or belief on astronomical or any other scientific theory, these not being part of the deposit of revelation committed to her care by the Saviour of mankind. It is true that Jews and Gentiles of all nations on the face of the globe, and in all ages, and under all the various forms of civilization, from the infancy of the world to the happy development of astronomical science by the learned priest Copernicus, did take it for granted that the sun, moon and stars revolved round the earth. But the Church, as such, did not constitute herself an infallible professor of physics. She thought it enough to mind her own business. When, however, the Kingston Professor of Physics, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, tells students of Queen's, that so eminent an astronomical scholar as Galileo had published a book to prove that the "moon is a fixture, and that the earth revolves around it," he forces us to the conclusion that, if he is ignorant of astronomy as he is of the history and teachings of the most renowned astronomer Queen's University derives no great advantage from his occupancy of the chair of physics.—Kingston Freeman, Feb. 5.

ated churches of the East, one of whose standing grievances was the absorption of governmental power by Rome. To re-unite with Rome has heretofore implied to them to surrender also their ancient liturgies and customs. The Pope has long been giving practical proof that no such surrender was demanded. He is presenting his most convincing arguments, by associating with himself in the Church government, on equal terms with the consultors of his own choosing, the consultors whom each of the Oriental Patriarchs shall be pleased to appoint. The first members of this commission named by the Pope in his *motu proprio* are Micelesas Ledochowski, Benedict Mary Langenieux, Mariano Rappolla del Tindaro, Vincent Vannutelli, Aloysius Galimberti, Herbert Vaughan, Joseph Mary Granelli and Camillus Mazzella.

LENTEEN THOUGHTS.

This month, standing midway between the manger and the cross, before Christmas and Easter, leads us to the Lenten days that precede the great sorrows of our Divine Saviour. It is man's lot to have the cross meet him before the crown, who came to show us the way to live, met His cross at Bethlehem and bore it to Calvary. He might reach the crown on the Easter morn. Lent brings the thoughts of His suffering for us, and the necessity of suffering in our lives in order to merit His love. Lent comes into our lives to warn us against the luxury of the world, the yielding to sensuality, the folly of vanity and pride. It leads us, step by step, up the rugged heights of Calvary and asks us to be true subjects of our thorn-crowned King, true followers of our despised and rejected Master. Lent reminds us of sin and all it cost Jesus, and it warns us to shun sin and its allurements, to fear the world and all its pleasures; it urges us to mortification and penance, that this satisfaction may ascend to heaven for our many faults. Lent is a day of penance and prayer. In the midst of a non-religious world, it jars upon the demands of sense, it dispenses social customs; but we are Christians, not worldlings. We are the disciples of a Crucified Master, we are the followers of a King who loved not the world nor its maxims; and if we are true to our vocation, if we are loyal to our King, we too will have courage to despise vanity and pride, to curb self, to mortify the flesh, and thus bring our lives into close touch with Jesus Christ. Prepare for Lent in the spirit of the true Christian who believes that as Lent leads to Easter, so the spirit of Lent is needed in our lives to lead us to the Heaven for which we live. The cross and then the crown—suffering and then glory, Lent and then Easter, in life, and above all in the blessedness of God's choice rewards.—Rev. Thomas J. Conaty.

PERMANENT ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION ON CHURCH UNITY.

Among the titles by which the love and gratitude of succeeding ages will remember Pope Leo XIII. not the least glorious will be that of Apostle of Religions Unity. The great work of the Reunion of Christendom, dear to the heart of every Vicar of Him who founded the One, Universal Church, and whose prayer for His disciples was that their unity might be conformed to the Unity of the Godhead, has been advanced beyond calculation within the past few years by the present Pontiff's conciliatory attitude towards dissidents, and his widening and strengthening of the governmental ministry of the Church. His various Apostolic letters to the Eastern Churches, his Apostolic letter to the people of England, have prepared the way for his latest and greatest act—the establishment of a Permanent Ecclesiastical Commission to deal with all matters pertaining to the reunion of Christendom—whether these have relation to the Schismatics of the Eastern or the Protestants of the Western hemisphere.

The Pope will be the President of this new commission; and its membership will be composed like the great Roman congregations, founded by Sixtus V., of councillors, some taken from the Latins and designated by the Pontiff, others from among the representatives at Rome of the Eastern patriarchs and appointed by them. This step, associating the ancient Churches of the East with the Church of Rome in the government of the Church universal, goes far to remove the objections to reunion urged by the schismatic Greek Patriarch of Constantinople.

He voiced the feeling of the separated churches of the East, one of whose standing grievances was the absorption of governmental power by Rome. To re-unite with Rome has heretofore implied to them to surrender also their ancient liturgies and customs. The Pope has long been giving practical proof that no such surrender was demanded. He is presenting his most convincing arguments, by associating with himself in the Church government, on equal terms with the consultors of his own choosing, the consultors whom each of the Oriental Patriarchs shall be pleased to appoint. The first members of this commission named by the Pope in his *motu proprio* are Micelesas Ledochowski, Benedict Mary Langenieux, Mariano Rappolla del Tindaro, Vincent Vannutelli, Aloysius Galimberti, Herbert Vaughan, Joseph Mary Granelli and Camillus Mazzella.

bert, in an article on the Christian World, 1864, states that "While under the guidance of their priests Irishwomen as a class enjoy, and with justice, a respectability of conduct unsurpassed, if equalled, by any women in the world."—Pittsburgh Catholic.

A MODEL PASTOR.

Le T. R. Philippe Beaudet, C. S. C., in "La Semaine Religieuse," of Montreal, Issue of Jan. 25th, 1895.

The funeral of Rev. Father Beaudet, whose death came so unexpectedly on the 13th inst., assumed all the proportions of a religious ceremony of the first magnitude.

More than a hundred priests assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to him whom they had known so advantageously, and by whose virtues they had so often been edified. Among the clergy present were members of the principal religious communities—Sulpicians, Oblates, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Visitans, Franciscans, Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Regular Canons of St. Claude, Christian Brothers, etc.; as well as representatives of the various educational institutions of the archdiocese. Among the assistants from afar were the Provincial of Holy Cross in the United States; the President of the celebrated University of Notre Dame, Indiana; the Superior of St. Joseph's college, N. B., and Mgr. Marcel Dugas, of Cohors. The funeral service was sung by the Archbishop of Montreal, assisted by two Canons of the Cathedral and three Fathers of Holy Cross.

It is noteworthy that the parishioners of St. Laurent have memorialized the Congregation of Holy Cross, praying that the body of their beloved pastor be deposited, not in the cemetery of the congregation, but in the St. Laurent church; and that they have petitioned the Archbishop to continue to confide the care of the parish to the Holy Cross Fathers.

Father Beaudet died in the full prime of his manhood, after having labored much, and but little enjoying the fruits of his work. He had, however, as veritable consolations, the consciousness of duty accomplished, and the sincere veneration and love of every individual member of his parish. Few priests have been blessed with so many spiritual comforts. It was an ordinary saying that he could do with his parishioners what he would.

One thing was long wanting to complete his happiness. The old church for a parish so prosperous as his. He consequently undertook to honor God with an edifice more congenious and worthy, a church whose architectural beauty and splendor should better correspond to the piety and devotedness of his flock. This was the work of the last twelve years of his life, and he only recently completed it, at the cost of many hardships and trials and anxieties of every kind. St. Laurent now possesses one of the handsomest churches in the Archdiocese, with a spacious sacristy, and a rosy chapel which is a real gem of richness and elegance.

CONFESSION AND ITS INFLUENCE.

Ireland's High Morality Partly Due to This Sacrament.

The anti-Catholic monomaniac Fulton, says the confessional is a fountain of vice.

The Rev. Canon Humble, a Protestant clergyman, in the *Church and World*, 1895, says:

"The high morality of Ireland is owing, in great part, to the habit of the people—Catholics—going to confession, and the low tone of morals in Scotland is, I fear, to be greatly attributed to the impossibility of having recourse to this sacramental ordinance."

Dr. Forbes, a Protestant, and one of Her Majesty's physicians, in his "Memorandum Made in Ireland," says:

"The result of my inquiries is that, whether right or wrong in a theological view, this instrument of confession, is, among the Irish of the humbler classes, a direct preservative against certain forms of immorality at least."

Among other charges preferred against the confessional, in Ireland and elsewhere, is the facility it affords for corrupting the female mind, and for its actually leading to such corruption. So far from such corruption resulting from the confessional, it is the general belief in Ireland—a belief expressed to me by many trustworthy men in all parts of the country, both by Protestants as well as by Catholics—that the singular purity of female life among the lower classes there, is, in a considerable degree, owing to this very circumstance. With a view of testing, as far as practicable, the truth of the theory respecting the influence of confession on this branch of morals, I have obtained, through the courtesy of the Poor Law commissioners, a return of the number of legitimate and illegitimate children in the workhouses of each of the four provinces of Ireland on a particular day. It is curious to remark how strikingly the results there conveyed correspond with the confession theory; the proportion of illegitimate children coinciding almost exactly with the proportion of the two religions in each province; being large where the Protestant element is large and small where it is small.

Another writer, Mr. William Gilbert, in an article on the Christian World, 1864, states that "While under the guidance of their priests Irishwomen as a class enjoy, and with justice, a respectability of conduct unsurpassed, if equalled, by any women in the world."—Pittsburgh Catholic.

union of some one of his confraternities, with a second sermon, then counsels to crowds of his parishioners who sought his advice; at 2 p. m. Vespers, the beads, and often Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament or a sermon, and in fine summer weather the Stations of the Cross in the cemetery. And it was always with a radiant countenance and a sweet smile on his lips that he performed these various and fatiguing functions.

The whole parish of St. Laurent heard testimony to the fact that Father Beaudet never repulsed even the most importunate of his flock. He was disturbed at all hours of the day, in season and out of season, either to hear confession or for other concerns of much less importance, often for mere necessities; yet his affability ever remained unaltered, his patience never gave out. His parishioners felt at home with him, and knew that he loved them sincerely. Hence it is not strange that his praises are now in every mouth and that his memory will long be held in benediction.

Father Beaudet's charities were distributed liberally and with real joy. He contributed to the education of a score of children. How often during the "hard times" of late years he remitted the tithes that were due him! How many *comms* he made to families of a certain social position, but reduced to indigence. On the books of the butcher, the baker and the coal merchant his name constantly figured as the debtor for numbers of the poor.

Every member of a religious community employed in parochial work has to contribute each year a certain sum towards the maintenance of novitiates, provincial houses, etc. Father Beaudet was taxed \$300; but for the past four years his alms-giving prevented his contributing a single dollar.

A few months ago an unknown tramp knocked at his door and begged his assistance, giving him a touching account of his own and his family's distress. The kindhearted pastor gave him a dollar. Shortly afterwards arrived a second tramp with precisely the same story. "I think," said Father Beaudet, "that you belong to the same community as my last visitor," and with his usual genial smile, he duplicated his charitable offering.

Many a priest, secular and religious, many a Sister to whom the news of Father Beaudet's death came as a veritable shock, recall now the wise counsels which in other days they received from him and which led to their renouncing the world for the service of the Most High.

The parish of St. Laurent has furnished to the sanctuary thirty priests, of whom thirteen have been called to their reward. It was always a genuine delight for these members of the clergy to visit him whom they all regarded as a loving father. One of the most memorable demonstrations ever witnessed in the parish occurred in August, 1891, when Fr. Beaudet gathered around him all the surviving priests who claimed St. Laurent as their home. The beautiful banner which these priests left behind them as a souvenir of the cordial reception accorded them, is a lasting memorial of the affection and gratitude with which they regarded their spiritual father.

It has not been our intention in this modest biographical sketch to study Father Beaudet as a religious. Yet let it be said, that having entered the Congregation of Holy Cross while still young, he occupied some of the most important and difficult positions therein; that during the past four years, he was Provincial Superior of the Order in Canada; and that it is owing to his initiative that the colleges of St. Laurent and St. Cesaire have so rapidly developed and are so to be notably enlarged. It may not be indised to add that, when in 1870, a Bishop had to be chosen for the Holy Cross missions in Bengal, Father Beaudet's name was upon the list of candidates.

In concluding we pray that God will give to St. Laurent a priest according to His own Heart, and we trust that the new pastor will develop still further the works established at the cost of so many and so great sacrifices by him whose death we lament to-day, the noble man and devoted priest, Father Phillip Beaudet, C. S. C.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

To the Editor of the RECORD:

As the question of Catholic education occupies such a prominent place in the public mind at present I think it would interest your readers to know how far the rights of Catholicity in this respect are recognized in the North-West. I shall, therefore, with your permission, state a few facts concerning the educational system of those Territories in so far as affects Catholics.

Here, as in your province, Catholics are interested in the public as well as in the separate schools, for in many localities they are the only Catholics in the Public school, and have no other to which they can send their children. As regards religious instruction I think our Public school system is preferable to that of Ontario. No religious exercises are prescribed by the Government in any school, except the recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the morning (which, however, is not compulsory); but any religious instruction permitted or desired by the trustees may be given during the last half hour of the day. When Catholics are in the majority the Catholic religion is taught in the Public schools as designated Catholic or Protestant, according to the religious belief of the majority. Those who meditate the abolition of Catholicity in preference to others as "National schools," but the statutes are against them.

As regards our Separate school law we are a long way behind the Catholics of your province. Catholics here cannot, as in Ontario, establish a Separate school where ever they are strong enough to support one; they are allowed that privilege only when they are a minority in the existing Public school district or school section, as it is called in Ontario. This, in itself, is not complained of, for in the other districts, as we shall see presently, they would be no better off if they had Separate schools. When a Catholic Separate school is once established every Catholic in the district is taxed for its support. In this respect we are, for the present, more favorably dealt with than the Catholics of Ontario, since we receive no more than strict justice, since every property-holder must pay taxes to some school. But we are not sure whether we enjoy this right by law or by sufferance, for the School Act was amended in 1892, and our enemies hope that it is now susceptible of an interpretation which will make every Catholic a Public school supporter, unless he has formally declared otherwise.

This would assume that all non-Catholics would make choice of the Protestant school, though it is well known that many of them, when free, choose the Catholic school. As yet, however, I have not heard that the new Act has been invoked in support of that theory.

With respect to the amount of liberty allowed in the matter of religious teaching there is a vast difference between our Separate schools and those of Ontario. In the latter, as we understand the matter here, if good results are shown in secular instruction, you may teach religion in any other language, and as much of it as you think necessary. Here, a Separate school differs in no respect from a Public school, except that Protestant children are not allowed to attend it, and that the first and second reading books (with the exception above mentioned) must be the same as in the Protestant schools. Previous to 1892 the school law permitted the Catholic Board of Education to compose exclusively of Catholics, who prescribed text books and courses of study, and appointed inspectors for all schools under their charge. This was the case in Catholic and Protestant schools. Of course Protestants had a Board of Education which governed their schools. In 1892 the Catholic Board was abolished and a Protestant Board, under a new name, was appointed to govern both Catholic and Protestant schools. This new Board, called the Council of Public Instruction, consists of the four members of the Executive Council, or Cabinet, of the Territories. It was still possible for this Protestant body to govern Catholic schools without interfering with the religious curriculum, but that did not suit their purposes, they prohibited the use of Catholic books of every description, except the first and second reading books, and the exclusion of the last half hour of the day, our Separate schools of to-day are as Protestant as were the Protestant schools previous to 1892; and, of course, they are inspected by the Protestant Inspectors of the old regime, who were reappointed by the Protestant Council of Public Instruction. The Catholics of the Territories sent a petition to the Federal Government praying for the restoration of their rights, but they were unsuccessful. This is what some of the Popery organs charge the Manitoba hierarchy, and which was made the occasion for such wholesale lying by newspapers and politicians. If there were to be believed the Catholics of the North-West, Manitoba, and other provinces who petitioned against a law that had no existence, The Federal Government sent a memorial to our rulers, but it brought no redress of any kind.

I may add that the Act of 1892 created a new office, that of Superintendent of Education. It has been filled up to the present by the gracious favor of Mr. Mackenzie, a circumstance that does not tend to increase our confidence in the Administration.

Yours, West-ly,
Regina, N. W. T., Feb. 1, 1896.

E. B. A.

Sarsfield Branch, No. 28, Ottawa.

The last meeting of Branch 28 was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. There was a splendid attendance of the Bros. The Ex. Com. for 1895 was elected as follows: W. P. Brankin, J. Brown, J. Bennett, P. Clarke, E. A. Mara, R. Tolin, A. Page, C. Dutz, Fin. Sec. Keenan presented the annual report, which showed a very satisfactory condition of affairs. After the regular business Canon McCarthy addressed the members present and expressed himself as being very well pleased at the business like way in which the affairs of the branch were conducted. Some of the Brothers then gave reports, and songs, which were well received by the members.

The Epithet "Romish."

The *Independent* (Protestant) has been requested to explain why Catholics object to the epithet "Romish" or "Romanist" being applied to their Church. Here is the reply:

Because it seems to them to be more or less reproachful. Wesleyans would not like to be called Wesleyites or Lutherans Lutherites. The followers of Menno Simon are satisfied to be called Mennoites, and the followers of Wesley by the originally reproachful term Methodists. If they were sensitive about these names and had others by which they wished to be called, by the rule of courtesy they would have their way. The members of the Roman Catholic Church like to be important part of their name. That is universal. Rome is a locality; their headquarters, to be sure; but Romanist is not so broad and generous a designation as Catholic. "Romish" is contemptuous.

A Cheap Life Saver.

FOSTER'S MEADOW, N. Y., July, 1885.

Some afflicted with nervousness for twelve years, so that I trembled all over, could not sleep, and was unable to do any work. I had tried every remedy, but without success. I then bought a bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and after using it for a few days, I felt a great relief. I continued to use it, and in a few weeks I was able to do my work, and my nervousness was entirely cured. I am now a healthy man, and I can recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with nervousness. It is not worth \$1, but \$10 a bottle. Write to me for a free trial bottle. I am convinced that those to whom it is recommended will be benefited.

MISS C. HOFFENHAUER.

May God Bless It.

STREATOR, ILL., July, 1893.

I suffered eighteen years from epilepsy, and was cured of it by Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I am now a healthy man, and I can recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with epilepsy. It is not worth \$1, but \$10 a bottle. Write to me for a free trial bottle. I am convinced that those to whom it is recommended will be benefited.

M. WEINER.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases.

49 S. Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

By Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. For \$5 per Dozen. \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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THE LONDON MUTUAL.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

General meeting of the members of this company will be held at their offices, 77, Richmond Street, in the city of Toronto, on Monday, Feb. 5, 1896, at the hour of 2 p. m., when a statement of the affairs of the company will be submitted and directors elected for the ensuing year. By order, D. C. Donald, Secretary.

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THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

When Carnarven returned to his own home that night, old Maura was full of important news for him.

"Sure the gentleman was here, and it's true, Florry darling; I can tell you now—I, who have kept the secret for twenty seven years, thanks be to God."

Her strange manner and her stranger words startled him out of his gloomy reserve, and he asked what she meant.

"Oh, Florry; sure Kate Dominick must have you bewitched entirely, when she sent out of your head what you've been wishing and praying for so long—to know who you are."

The gentleman that was here before came again to-night—the one from England; he's at the 'Arrums, and he'll be here again to-morrow. But I can tell you now who you are—listen ashore, and bend your head close, and don't start when I tell you. Oh, thanks be to God for this hour!"

And the tears rapidly coursed old Maura's withered cheeks.

Young Carnarven was now both startled and excited. Perchance for a moment the weight upon his heart pressed less heavily, for he looked almost his own bright self again.

"Tell me, Maura," he said. "Hush, darling, let me whisper it aisy at first, aisy, till he'll tell it to you to-morrow; aisy, till the country'll know it ashore."

She threw her arms around his neck, pressed her lips to his ear, and whispered a name.

Carnarven bounded from his seat to the middle of the floor and stood there looking bewilderingly at him while Maura watched him with silent, but breathless interest.

At length he seemed to comprehend what had been said to him, and if a moment previous the weight on his heart had seemed to lighten, it returned now with redoubled pressure.

With the name that old Maura had mentioned there was connected that which would give to Carnarven's future life such fortune as had never entered into his brightest anticipations; but it came too late, since with it he could not possess Catherine Dominick.

"O God!" he groaned, and putting his hands before his eyes, he shed the first tears he had wept since his babyhood.

"It's the joy that's unmanning him," said Maura to herself; but in a moment Florence strode to the door and saying huskily:

"I must go outside to walk these queer feelings away. Don't sit up for me," he dashed out into the cold bright night.

What the commotions were which that noble soul held with God and itself, what the agony was which that brave heart endured during that long, midnight walk, no one in this world ever knew save Carnarven himself.

But that he had conquered in the fierce and dreadful struggle, was attested by the expression of his face when at length he stood again on the threshold of his humble home. He lifted his eyes to the clear, cold sky, and said, as if speaking to some invisible being:

"Yes; thank God, I can do it." The strange gentleman of whom Maura had spoken came early on the next morning to the little cottage.

He was a tall, portly man of middle age, and he bore about him all the signs and circumstances of cultured and wealthy breeding. He was evidently not unknown to Florence, for the young man

extended his hand in greeting and addressed him as "Mr. Devereaux."

Maura respectfully retired to an inner apartment, and Mr. Devereaux seated himself at a table and proceeded immediately "to business," as he termed it, by taking sundry papers from the breast pocket of his coat.

"I know who I am," said Florence quietly. "Maura told me that much last night."

Mr. Devereaux looked up and replied with a smile: "I shall defer my congratulations, however, until your true name is publicly known, which will be very shortly, for little remains to be done now. You have but to accompany me to England in order to attend to some preliminaries concerning these papers, and you shall be immediately acknowledged as—"

"Stop," interrupted Florence, almost fiercely. "I have not breathed that name once to myself since I heard it, and I don't want to hear it from another yet."

He put out his hand and drew to him the papers that rested before Devereaux.

"These papers, I suppose, are to prove everything. Without them, how much could be done?"

"Nothing," was the emphatic reply. "Without those papers which you now hold, it would be useless to attempt to move in the case."

"Then I shall continue to hold them," said Carnarven, putting them quickly into his breast, "for I want no moving to be done in this case. I am so content with plain Florence Carnarven that I'll not mind the other high-sounding title."

Devereaux sprang to his feet. "Are you mad, man?"

"No; but sensible of everything I'm doing. Sit down, Mr. Devereaux, and listen to me a moment, please."

Something in that honest face, in those clear, frank eyes, impelled the gentleman to obey, and Carnarven resumed:

"I do not forget your kindness to me when I was in England; and I'm thankful to you for the trouble you have taken to come down here yourself; but I have good reasons for not availing myself of the grand news you have brought me, and I have only one favor to ask of you—to write a statement of my identity, and one certifying that I hold the proofs ready to bring forward any time, and sign your name to the same."

Devereaux rose again, saying angrily:

"Do you know, my man, that you are throwing from you the greatest piece of luck that ever yet befel a poor Irishman?"

"I understand well, sir, what I am doing," was the simple but firm reply. Devereaux condescended to entreaty.

"Will nothing move you to a consideration of your own best interests? Think, young man, before you reject a name, and wealth."

"I have been thinking—thinking the whole of last night—and all my thoughts but brought me to one conclusion. That I would be content with what I am. So, Mr. Devereaux, will you grant the favor I asked?"

"You see," with a smile, "I am not renouncing the good things entirely, since by preserving the papers I can command my own at any time."

"That is true," replied Devereaux, as if only then had that idea presented itself to him, "but everything is arranged now, and there would have been so little trouble. However, as you are determined, I shall press no further, but perform the favor you ask. Come over to the Romney Arms sometime to-day, and I shall have the statement for you."

He departed, Carnarven accompanying him part of the way down the path, and old Maura waited at the door for his return.

"Sure it's not Flor I'll be calling you long, darling," she said when he came back, and as he stood a moment on the threshold, looking away toward the cottage of the Dominicks. "And it's mighty grand the other name will sound. Sure, what'll the Dominicks say, and what'll all the country think when they hear that you are—"

Carnarven had put his hand over her mouth.

"Hush, Maura, and don't talk that way; but come inside, for I've a deal to say to you."

She obeyed him in a sort of awe-stricken silence, for when he assumed that tone of partial command, she knew it was the right of blood that spoke in him: the something that made Florence Carnarven, humble and comparatively illiterate as he was, more respected by his neighbors than any other youth of that part of the country.

"Maura," he said, taking both her hands when he had made her seat herself upon her accustomed stool, "you have kept this secret about my birth for twenty seven years, and you have loved me well through them all, have you not?"

"As if you war me own."

"You kept this secret for my father's sake, continue to keep it for mine. Tell no one who I am."

"No one!" the old woman almost shrieked in dismay. "What do you mane at all, Florry? Won't you marry Kate Dominick, and won't you be proud and happy to tell her?"

"The jade—I thought she wasn't resaving his visits for nothing; and to desave you. Oh, Catherine Dominick, there will be heavy misfortunes on you for this."

"Hush!" said Florence; and one look at his white, suffering face silenced the old woman.

"Promise me," he said, bending close to her withered cheek, "that you will continue to keep this secret. We are all the world to each other, Maura; you and I, and you will not refuse me."

"I'll not, me poor, desaved boy; I'll keep the secret still, but oh, *wirra asthru! wirra asthru!*" And while Florence went to attend to some outdoor labor, the old woman rocked herself to and fro in mute agony.

Later in the day the young man repaired to the "Romney Arms," and received from Mr. Devereaux the statement he had requested.

"Remember," that gentleman said, "I am always at your service whenever you change your mind about this thing, as you assuredly will do, and you know where to find me."

Florence bowed, warmly repeated his thanks, and took his leave.

Nightfall, as usual, brought Florence to the cottage of the Dominicks, but he was dressed in his Sunday garb, at which old Larry exclaimed in wonder.

The young man smiled and after a secret effort he managed to say, cheerfully:

"Yes; and I want Kate also to dress herself in her best. It is a whim of mine to take her out to-night."

Old Dominick was still more astonished, but as he never had a doubt of the right, or propriety of anything young Carnarven chose to do, he neither questioned, nor remonstrated, and while he turned to replenish his pipe, the young man whispered to Catherine:

"Bring the ring with you."

It took her trembling hands long to perform their task, but at length she was ready, and the two departed. On the road she asked tremulously for an explanation of his strange proceeding, but he replied:

"Ask me nothing, Catherine, only be assured that I am doing this for your good. You'll see for yourself soon."

When she paused before Romney Lodge she gave a little scream, and clutched his arm.

"Oh, Flor; what are we doing here?"

"Hush!" he said, sternly, and he knocked loudly at the gate.

If, on the preceding evening, the Callahans had been surprised at Catherine's extraordinary visit, their astonishment was redoubled at this visit of herself and her lover. And Carnarven volunteered no explanation further than to say as Catherine had done on the occasion of her call, that he wished to see Sir Hubert Romney.

"You can't to-night, Mr. Carnarven," answered Jimmy. "He's having a party, and he gave orders that he wasn't to be disturbed."

"I must see him," said Florence firmly, "if I have to force my way to him, and when he reads this paper," taking a folded slip from his breast—"he will not refuse to see me."

"Oh, if you're as headstrong as all that," replied Jimmy who stood some what in awe of young Carnarven, "I'll take your message to him, though I'll afeard it's a cut head I'll get for my pains. Come up to the Castle, and I'll find you a place to wait in while I see Sir Hubert."

Larry Callahan lifted his hands in astonishment as the three left the lodge, and muttered to himself:

"Sure, it can't be anything else. She said last night it was a favor she wanted for some one, and that some one is Florry Carnarven. But, God help her, and him; I'm afeard it's his little they'll get from Sir Hubert Romney."

Jimmy conducted his companions to the apartment in which Catherine had awaited his return from the delivery of her message on the preceding evening, and Florence, as he gave him the paper, enjoined him to say that only the person whose name was mentioned there wished to see him.

"Never fear," was the reply, "I'll say no more."

"Oh, tell me, Flor; what does it mean? What are you about to do?" and Catherine, trembling convulsively, clasped her hands together and looked up imploringly to his face.

"You shall know very soon, Kate; and now don't ask me any more, but be as quiet and as brave as you can be."

It would have been vain to ask him further, and burying her face in the folds of her cloak she maintained silence until Jimmy returned.

"He'll see you," said Jimmy, astonished mingled with fear depicted in his countenance.

curtains parted, and the handsome proprietor of Romney stepped within.

His cheeks were deeply flushed either from the wine that he had been so plentifully imbibing, or from the mental excitement under which it was evident he was laboring. He held in his hand the written paper that Jimmy Callahan had delivered to him, and advanced with a haughty stride to his visitor.

"Who are you?" he said in tones that he endeavored to render firm and dictatorial according to their wont; but in spite of his efforts they were tremulous from fear, or passion, or perhaps both emotions combined.

There was a quiet dignity and manliness about Florence Carnarven's bearing that was in direct and admirable contrast to that of Sir Hubert Romney. He stood erect, his head thrown slightly back, and his face wearing a fearless candid expression, before which the eye of the titled gentleman involuntarily fell.

"I am the person who is mentioned in the paper you hold," he said, calmly and firmly.

"It is false—false as hell?" thundered Sir Hubert, the passion he had been striving to quell obtaining full mastery of him. His face grew livid, and his hands clenched.

"What! you, poor, to be entitled to that name and rank. I tell you again it is false. They who told you this tale, poor dupe, have misled you."

His voice had assumed a sarcastic tone.

"I hold proofs that cannot be disputed," said Florence quietly but sternly. "But I shall not use those proofs; I shall not move in this matter in any one way but remain content with what I have always been, if you will consent to one thing."

Sir Hubert's passion seemed to become somewhat subdued.

"And that?" he asked.

"To acknowledge as your wife the girl that you secretly married in Dufflin; acknowledge her here to-night before the friends you have in the castle, and acknowledge her on Christmas Day to all the tenants hereabout; bring her old father also to the castle, and treat them both well while God spares them to you."

Sir Hubert bent one of his most frightful looks on the audacious speaker; but the latter returned it frankly and fearlessly.

"And if I refuse this most trifling request?"

"I shall begin my journey to England to-morrow, and you are aware of the consequences."

There was no mistaking the determination in those firm, stern accents; and Sir Hubert looked for an instant as if he could have sprung at Carnarven's throat, in much the same manner as his own hounds were wont to spring at the throats of their victims; but perchance he was deterred by the fearless mien of the young man.

"Why insist that I shall acknowledge her to-night—to-morrow—next day will do as well," he said gloomily.

"It must be to-night, since many of your friends are here to-night," answered Florence. "If they were not here I should ask you to summon them. Your wife is waiting in one of the apartments down stairs."

"My wife!" repeated Sir Hubert sarcastically, "you say it with a good grace, clown, since I stole her heart from you."

Carnarven's face flushed, but he did not reply.

"And if I grant this audacious request of yours," continued Sir Hubert "what then?"

"I shall remain simply what I have been since my infancy, plain Florence Carnarven. I shall trouble neither of you with my presence, and no one shall know the secret."

"Who knows it now?" speaking quickly and in tones full of fear.

"No one but Mr. Devereaux, and old Maura Donovan, the woman who nursed me and brought me up."

"A woman knows it," said Sir Hubert, "then it will be over the country in no time."

"This woman has kept the secret for twenty seven years," replied Florence, "and for my sake she has promised to continue keep it. She will not break her word."

"And you have not told Catherine Dominick?"

"Not a syllable; and I shall not tell her while you treat her as it is your duty to do."

"Sir Hubert looked long and earnestly at Carnarven. Such self sacrifice, such self denial, were entirely beyond his comprehension.

There seemed to be an accent of kindness in his tones, at which Catherine, emboldened, dropped the arm of Florence, and extended her hands to her husband. He took them and pressed them with something of the fervor with which he knew him only as Ralph Deville. Her overcharged heart could contain itself no longer, and she burst into happy tears.

"She will be herself now," thought Florence, while Sir Hubert waited quietly for her burst to exhaust itself. She looked up at length, apparently calm, though her beautiful eyes were still shining from her recent emotion.

"If you are ready, we shall repair to my friends," said Sir Hubert, "but doff your cloak, Kate, and put back your hair," for some of her raven ringlets had tossed themselves out of their wonted places.

"And put on your ring," interposed Florence.

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten," said Sir Hubert with a slightly mocking laugh, which Catherine was too happy to notice. She drew from the bosom of her dress a little carefully wrapped parcel, and unfolded a valuable plain circlet of gold.

"Allow me," said Sir Hubert, and with the very courtliest grace he slipped it upon her finger, saying: "For the second time, Kate."

She put aside her cloak, displaying a costume simply but gracefully fashioned, and of some bright color which accorded wonderfully well with her splendid complexion; and, as she stood there, having with careless grace thrown her beautiful hair back into its wonted clustering profusion, even her husband admired anew lovely Catherine Dominick.

Sir Hubert's guests in the great banquet hall were somewhat less hilarious during the absence of their host, and they were wondering what could be the cause of his detention, when the great door swung open, and an interesting trio entered—Sir Hubert Romney bearing on his arm a beautiful, blushing girl, who, with charming modesty kept her eyes on the ground, and accompanying them, a handsome young rustic Irishman.

They passed on until they came to Sir Hubert's place at the head of the board. A full score of gentlemen were seated on either side, but Catherine saw none of them. The scene, the position in which she found herself, seemed to her as though they might be but the events of a happy dream from which she might be suddenly and rudely awakened, and therefore she clung the tighter to Sir Hubert's arm, and took note of nothing about her.

The wildest astonishment, the most eager anticipation was visible in every face, and the host, in the pause he made before beginning to speak, seemed to survey it all. Then, bending forward with an inimitable grace of manner, and putting into his voice a strange mixture of playfulness and sarcasm, of frankness and covert meaning, he said distinctly:

"While hinting to you, my friends of my expected bride, I had in store for you a still greater surprise—the surprise of a secret marriage, and to-night, my bride has come home to me. Permit me to introduce to you my wife to whom I was privately married during the past summer."

He forced her forward so that her lovely person was in full view of the admiring looks turned upon it, but in an instant she had shrunk back trembling to her place between him and Florence. Sir Hubert resumed:

"It is incumbent upon me now to attend my lovely bride to her apartments; therefore, gentlemen, pardon my withdrawal, and make merry until I return."

The trio passed down the hall again, and into apartments replete with lavish splendor, while a babel of wondering remarks ensued in the banquet-room; some said it was like Romney to marry in that romantic manner, and all agreed that his bride was a peerlessly beautiful creature.

Carnarven said he would return to old Dominick, inform him of what had happened, and bring him immediately to the Castle, to which proposition Sir Hubert did not object; and when the young man had departed on his self-imposed errand, without taking any further notice of his wife, Sir Hubert threw himself into a chair and gave full reign to his dark, passionate thoughts. Catherine was still in too much awe of him to disturb him, and seating herself, she also gave herself up to thought.

"Am I dreaming?" old Larry Dominick repeated, when he had heard the extraordinary story, and he looked up with helpless bewilderment into Carnarven's face. Perhaps there was something in those grave, earnest eyes that revealed partially to the old man how ruthlessly the young man was trampling upon the dearest interests of his own heart, and how much he was silently suffering, for he said suddenly with an accent of tender pity in his cracked tones:

"She deceived you, my boy, and she deceived me," and that idea seemed to surmount every other thought in his mind. Not even the fact that his daughter was mistress of Romney Castle could dissipate it, and when leaning on the arm of Florence he entered the luxuriously furnished room in which the strangely wedded couple awaited his coming, he averted his eyes from the splendor about him, looking alone at his daughter who had risen, but whose trembling limbs refused to bear her forward, and who in her superlative beauty looked as if she was born to the place.

"Father!" she cried, regaining strength at last to rush to him and to put her arms about his neck. But he



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There seemed to be an accent of illness in his tones, at which Catherine, emboldened, dropped the arm of her husband, and extended her hands to him. He took them and pressed them with something of the tenderness which he had been wont to show when she knew him only as the Devil. Her overcharged heart contained itself no longer, and she burst into happy tears. "She will be herself now," thought Sir Hubert, while Sir Hubert waited for her burst to exhaust itself. He looked up at length, apparently surprised, though her beautiful eyes were shining from her recent emotion. "If you are ready, we shall repair to the castle," said Sir Hubert, "but your cloak, Kate, and put back your hair," for some of her raven ringlets had tossed themselves out of their places. "And put on your ring," interposed Sir Hubert. "Ah, yes! I had forgotten," said Sir Hubert with a slightly mocking laugh, and Catherine was too happy to dress. She drew from the bosom of her dress a little carefully wrapped parcel, and unfolded a valuable plain steel, and said Sir Hubert, and the very courtliest grace he put upon her finger, saying: "For the second time, Kate."

She put aside her cloak, displaying a staid and simple but gracefully fashioned, and of some bright color which she had wonderfully well with her added complexion; and, as she turned, having with careless grace thrown her beautiful hair back into its clustering profusion, even her hand admired anew lovely Catherine. "The Name Means Well," says Rev. Dr. Rooker. But it is simply an effort to be manly.

Baltimore, January 28.—Rev. F. Z. Rooker, secretary to Cardinal Satolli, came to Baltimore yesterday and preached at Vespers at the Cathedral on "Matrimony." He said in part: "Marriage is a contract which the Church has elevated to the dignity of a sacrament. It is a voluntary contract. There is nothing to compel a man and a woman to marry. It is a contract that terminates in an individuality of life. Two people, having distinct and separate tendencies and desires, make a contract to live an individual life. They make up their minds that their lives shall have one scope, with no two objects in view, but to live together for one purpose common to both. This is the essence of matrimony. "Unless man and woman can bring themselves to sink their individuality into the new order of things they have no right to marry. This love—pure, complete, self-sacrificing love. Both must strive to give up that which is antagonistic to the other. They must put up with each other's peculiarities; they must make sacrifices to one another. They must study each other and remember at all times that God made them different.

"The man must not forget that the woman likes to be loved just as much after marriage as before, and a woman must remember that a man likes the little attentions he received when courting just as much after he is married as before. Such love as will continue after the contract is entered into is the only security for tranquility in the family, and such love only can bring peace and happiness and peace. "Children will not be what they ought to be unless such conditions prevail. They must see that the father and mother are considerate of each other. Children are imitative, and example is the thing. "In many cases men and women are too much occupied with matters outside of their families to give the proper care to their children. Take the new woman, for example. The name means well, but it is simply an effort to be manly. A woman to be like a man must follow him all his ways. She must indulge in all man's vices, and when she does that she becomes worse than the men who indulge in the same vices. "Let a woman be a woman and a man a man in every sense of the terms. Then both are fit to enter the state of matrimony, fit to be the beginning, the basis of families."

The Regular Clergy.
Most of the great religious orders of the Church have obtained a foothold in the United States. Those ancient monastic orders founded in the middle ages, the Augustinians, Benedictines, Dominicans and Franciscans, are found in this last decade of the nineteenth century at work in the most progressive nation of the new world. We subjoin some statistics as to the number of priests in the United States attached to the leading religious orders of men: Results about 1890.
Benedictines..... 300
Franciscan Fathers of all kinds..... 288
Redemptorists..... 237
Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross..... 231
Dominicans..... 121
Capuchins..... 82
Fathers of the Precious Blood..... 65
Lazarists..... 61
Augustinians..... 59
Passionist Fathers..... 59
Fathers of the Society of Mary..... 56
Carmelites..... 48
Oblates..... 47
Paulists..... 29
There are a number of other orders with smaller memberships. Besides these, there are some very strong brotherhoods, like the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who number nearly seven hundred. According to the latest statistics, the total number of the regular clergy in the United States is 2,507, and the secular clergy, 7,546.—Catholic Citizen.

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SOME FORMS OF DISHONESTY.

Dishonest Practices Are Everywhere Felt.—There Seems to be no Public Conscience.—Religious People Will be Honest.

Within the last half century commercial and business relations have grown and expanded to such an extent that the mind is bewildered in their presence. They have taken, too, so many different shapes and forms that it is not easy to clearly see one's way through them. Even amidst the multiplex business relationships that are now fixed and permanent, no complete set of rules have as yet been framed to absolutely determine the honesty or dishonesty of these relations. No detailed laws are in existence to guide a person safely through the entanglement of business connections that are springing up on every side. The writer is still wanting who will pilot a man honestly through the numerous and varied forms of mutual contact in every path of life.

Though this is an acknowledged fact, still there are some principles or primary laws that lie at the bottom of all fair and impartial dealing. The principal of these is contained in the golden rule of Christianity, namely to "love your neighbor as yourself." We generally say: "Do to others as you would like to be done by," but both refer to one and the same thing. Time has moulded these words into an adage, and thrown around them the sanction and approval of all fair-minded people. They proclaim the universal brotherhood of man working together in love and harmony; they tell us that the spoiler is pillaging from a brother; they admonish us that the measure we mete out to ourselves is the same measure God expects us to mete out to others. St. Paul, moreover, tells us that the vengeance of God is hanging over the head of those who disregard this golden rule by deceiving, over-reaching or circumventing their neighbors. A terrible warning! It is not wise to despise it.

Let us examine ourselves on a few particulars. Mere generalities are of no account. Turn your attention for a moment to the great world of commerce—the world of buying, selling or trading. In these occupations "scoundrels get rich while honest citizens become poor." Countless frauds are every day practiced by misrepresentation, deception, adulteration, taking advantage of ignorance or distress to extort exorbitant prices, and entering combines and forming compacts to build up a monopoly of trade. The latter is, without doubt, the worst form of dishonest that has appeared in recent times. It is a many-headed reptile, hissing in very rage to stick its fangs into honest competition. Capital is a good thing; the world would not be prosperous without it. It stirs up trade, gives work, supplies necessities and sets the wheels of industry in motion. Monopoly is an evil of the greatest magnitude. It destroys competition, ruins labor, stifles trade and dictates exorbitant and unnatural prices. The above are only a few of the most glaring practices in common use. St. Thomas says that they who make use of them are walking in the broad way of sin and perdition.

Carlyle described commercial England as praying to Satan in these words: "Help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration and misfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slowness, swiftness, profit and mendacity for the devil's sake. Amen." Commercial America repeats this prayer a thousand times louder over England did, and the Amen swells into a chorus of universal approval. During the year of 1894 there were embezzlements and defalcations amounting to upwards of \$25,000,000. Broad street claims that four fifths of the failures in the country are due to direct fraud. This is a shameful condition of affairs, and will go far to attach the stigma of national dishonesty to this young republic. It will not do for any individual to say that he does not belong to the class of embezzlers, nor defrauders, nor insolvents, for this class extends in reality to every person who pilfers and steals, who deceives and misrepresents, who swindles and cheats, even in the smallest degree. He is a thief in the sight of God. There are multitudes who, if they are not thieves under the beams of God's searching light, have many, many reasons to be thankful.

Dishonest methods are practiced not only in the commercial world, but they show themselves in many other ways. Take the world of labor. The Scriptures are particularly severe against those who defraud the working man of his just hire. There is a law of nature more sacred than any compact between man and man. This law requires that the laborer should be reasonably remunerated for his services. And hence "to pay starvation wages; to employ women on terms which render it impossible for them to live without eking out their wretched pittance by lives of sin; to treat human beings as chattels, whose rights are canceled by the tyrannies of the market; to abuse the superiority given us by the possession of capital, or the wretchedness of destitution; to use our little greatness to wring from those whom we employ hours of labor which render their lives a burden and a misery—this is to grind the faces of the poor. The customs of society may excuse it; the laws of a ruthless political economy may defend it; but in God's eye, when we act thus, we commit the double offense of dishonesty and oppression." This is Christmas time, when the general good feeling is manifested by the doing of presents on presents to admiring friends and acquaintances.

Why? limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

THE LONDON MUTUAL.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS OLD-TIME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held at the headquarters of the company in London on the 3rd inst. The attendance of stockholders was large. President Robson was in the chair, and other members present were Messrs. S. Minton, Toronto; Angus Campbell, Ayr; C. C. Hodgkin, London; Robert McEwen, Byron; J. W. Cameron, Strathroy; John Geary, London; E. R. Cameron, London; A. Ross McInnis, London; Sheriff Brown, St. Thomas; John Ferguson, Delaware; Dan. McKenzie, Hyde Park; John Ovevell, London; George Maurer, Toronto; Dan. McMillan, Hyde Park; John Morgan, Kerwood; M. Black, Springfield; D. B. Livingston, Ellensburg; G. Roche, St. Thomas; Geo. C. Elliott, Ayr; Wm. King, Mt. Elgin; Thos. H. Allen, J. Delacour, Ayr; James D. Macdonald, London; John Cowan, Ektrid; Mr. Horn, Embro; Thos. Wodley, Arthur Platt, F. Marshall, and others.

In opening the meeting, President Robson referred to the absence of Manager Macdonald, owing to the death of his wife. He was sure that the members would extend sympathy for Mr. Macdonald in his sad loss. This was the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the company. The year has been most busy and financially was \$19,000 ahead of last year. The reports were of a very interesting character. They showed first of all that the company's advertising and publicity, and its joyful continued success. The fire inspector's report made it apparent that the chief causes of fire today are defective flues, chimneys, and "hired man smoking." The reports were as follows:

REPORT OF THE BOARD.
To the members of the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
Your Board of Directors have the pleasure of laying before you the thirty-sixth Annual Report of the affairs and doings of the Company, and the audit of the year ending on the 31st of December, 1894. It is our duty to monthly to prepare a detailed statement of the receipts and expenditures and make a report to the Board, so that the directors, at a glance, discern any irregularities, should such occur, and have them rectified. This order of business your Directors can not think will be satisfactory to the members. The statements being so full and comprehensive, it is necessary to dilate further upon them excepting to note that the Assets of the Company have been added to during the year to the extent of \$18,855.04, which is a fine showing, and the unprecedented increase in business over the renewal years is striking in the extreme, which shows that the confidence ever held in the stability of the "London Mutual" in its now old age is as firm as a rock.

Of the total number of policies issued for the year was 7,516 on the Cash System; 7,743 on the Premium note system and 1,357 on the General branch, making a total of 16,616 covering the year. The amount of \$21,521,414.99, which, added to the amount formerly insured and yet in force adds up to \$30,210,035.43, at nearly a larger sum than ever before. The claims paid for the year were \$117,000.00, of these \$3,801.15 had been laid over for 1894 awaiting proofs, and \$113,198.85 for current losses, making the ordinary class \$113,198.85, and the general or yearly basis \$12,651.85.

A Clean Heart.
"My son," said an Arab chief, "bring me a basket of water from the spring." The boy tried and tried to fill the basket, but before he could get back to his father's tent the water leaked out. At last he returned and said, "Father, I have tried to fill the basket, but the water will not stay in." "My son," said the old chief, "what you say is true. The water did not stay in, but see how clean the basket is. So will it be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the good words you hear, but keep trying to treasure them and they will make your heart clean and pure."

Do not talk with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's. There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the chest, lungs and throat, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

THE LONDON MUTUAL.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS OLD-TIME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The reports were adopted, on motion of President Robson, seconded by Vice-President Campbell.

Capital Account.
ASSETS.
Amount available in premium notes.....\$233,165.59
Amount due on assessment No. 31..... 8,801.59
Amount due on assessment No. 32..... 26,600.00
Amount due on assessment No. 33..... 18,218.77
Balance carried over from 1893..... 2,437.36
Office furniture..... 1,980.41
Bills receivable..... 955.45
City of Toronto..... 83.17
Debitures, par value, \$22,500 market..... 22,500.00
Town of Tilsonburg debentures, par value, \$20,000..... 20,000.00
Ontario Loan & Debenture Co., 13,200.00
Huron & Erie Loan & Savings Co., 13,200.00
Accrued interest on debentures..... 58,230.00
Cash balance..... 14,108.81
Total.....\$396,067.81

LIABILITIES.
Losses adjusted but not paid.....\$ 5,670.77
Bills payable..... 6,800.00
Due Montreal Bank..... 2,257.97
Net surplus of assets.....\$381,339.07
Audited, compared with books and found correct, as above set forth.
(Signed) JOHN OVEVELL, Auditor.

REPORT OF THE INSPECTOR.
To the President, Directors and Members of the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
I have the honor to report to you that during the past year they have inspected and reported on 121 fire insurance companies in Ontario. Twenty five of the claims, amounting to \$8,963.86, have been rejected by the Board, leaving \$1,200,000.00 for the year. The total amount of \$1,200,000.00, up to the 31st of December, 1894. Of these are:
1 From defective chimneys, stoves and matches.....\$ 1,200.00
2 From lightning to buildings..... 25,700.00
3 From lightning to buildings, pipes and contents.....\$17,194.42
4 From lightning to buildings, pipes and contents..... 1,835.36
5 From incendiary causes..... 19,924.78
6 From lanterns and lamps..... 8,272.00
7 From other burning buildings..... 1,888.08
8 From traps..... 3,591.86
9 From traps..... 1,820.00
10 From hired man shooting sparks from current lines..... 1,030.00
11 From heated journal..... 900.00
12 From smoke houses..... 718.55
13 From kiln burning near fuel factory..... 450.00
14 From mill..... 908.86
15 From wood yard adjacent to risk..... 244.21
16 From bush fire..... 121.07
17 From hired man smoking..... 12,490.00
18 From gas stove..... 35.50
19 From gas stove..... 35.50
Total.....\$120,000.00

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.
Cash Account.
Cash balance from 1894.....\$ 701.05
Molsons Bank..... 3,207.07
Received from Agents..... 65,129.84
Assessments..... 11,009.09
Bills payable..... 11,009.09
Transfer fees..... 2,286.71
Transfer fees..... 418.78
Rents..... 230.00
Selling expenses..... 338.25
Old assessments..... 106.39
Extra premium..... 21.80
Unpaid policies..... 78.14
Bills receivable..... 25.00

DISBURSEMENTS, 1895.

Adjusted losses of 1894.....\$ 3,801.15
Losses..... 114,158.93
Bonus to Agents..... 3,224.53
Bills payable..... 18,000.00
Comis on 1894..... 28,521.93
Salaries—Officials, Clerks and Auditors..... 9,352.12
Paid Agents in settlement of accounts..... 5,761.18
Loss inspection and Inspectors' salaries..... 4,002.40
Printing, advertising and stationery..... 2,332.74
Law expenses..... 1,774.10
Interest..... 1,472.53
General postage..... 1,332.20
Agency postage..... 640.56
Agency inspection..... 283.73
Reinsurance, premium on large risks..... 715.73
Taxes..... 409.99
Water rate, fuel and light..... 178.89
Dominion Government inspection..... 100.80
City of Toronto..... 83.17
Insurance premium on office building..... 50.00
Amount on stamp sold..... 51.58
Expense Underwriters' Association..... 48.17
Incidental expenses—Telegrams..... 504.77
Returned premium on cancelled policies..... 301.16
Selling expenses..... 304.40
Bank commission..... 48.49
Molsons Bank..... 2,882.50
Cash balance..... 494.43

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The reports were adopted, on motion of President Robson, seconded by Vice-President Campbell.



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London, Saturday, Feb. 15, 1896.

LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1896.

The following are the Lenten regulations for the diocese of London:

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indulgent from the Holy See, A. D. 1894, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz., Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty-one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the holy season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions. They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Besides the public devotions, family prayers, especially the holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the diocese.

M. J. Tiernan, Sec. N. B.—The pastors will take up a collection for Peter's Pence in their respective parishes on the second and third Sundays of Lent. As this is the first time in many years that a collection of this kind has been taken up in the diocese, it is to be hoped that all will contribute according to their means, and show by their generosity the filial affection and high esteem they have for His Holiness the Pope.

A PROSPECTIVE ANGLICAN CELEBRATION.

It is frequently the most unexpected event which happens, and after the anti-Ritualistic crusade inaugurated by Dean Farrar within the last two years, it could scarcely have been expected that he would, in the short time which has since elapsed, have developed in himself a most Ritualistic tendency; yet this appears to have been the case since he has gone to Canterbury. It is announced that he is not satisfied with the capabilities of the cathedral for great religious services, and that he intends to make it available for such.

The acoustic difficulties in the way of meeting the dean's purpose are great, but they are to be overcome by hanging large banners between the arches, representing the arms of the English sees. How this decoration will accord with the pronounced anti-symbolical and anti-decorative views of the Evangelical party in the Church, of which the dean has been regarded as the leader militant, it is difficult to see, but we presume it will be said in defence of the banners that there is no breach of the second commandment in hanging them about the church, for the reason that the lions and griffins and other animals, real and imaginary, thereon emblazoned are not the "likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth."

A number of English gentlemen have promised to supply the banners.

The immediate purpose of the contemplated preparations is to hold a grand celebration in the cathedral next year in commemoration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the baptism of King Ethelbert of Kent, baptized with 10,000 of his subjects in A. D. 597. There will be a gathering of Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Bishops at the same time, and the probability is that a Pan-Anglican Council will be held somewhat similar to the two which have been already held in former years.

These councils differ essentially from the general councils of the Catholic Church which pronounce definitely on

matters of faith and morals. It is acknowledged that the Pan-Anglican council cannot issue any binding decrees, and therefore no attempt has ever been made to issue such. The Pan-Anglican councils are nothing more than social gatherings at which the Bishops interchange views and cultivate friendly intercourse with each other. It requires a great stretch of the imagination to regard them as ecclesiastical councils at all. They have not even the legislative authority of a Catholic provincial ecclesiastical council, nor of an Anglican diocesan synod; and they certainly cannot address even their own adherents in the words of the first Christian Ecumenical Council held at Jerusalem by the apostles and ancients:

"It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things." (Acts xv.)

The baptism of King Ethelbert was certainly a great event in the history of the people of England. In the year 597, St. Augustine, with his monks, the whole number being forty, landed on the Isle of Thanet, and intelligence of their arrival was brought to Ethelbert, then reigning over Kent and the whole country south of the Humber.

Though the Saxons, the masters of the country, were Pagans, Ethelbert was somewhat aware of the nature of Christianity, for his queen, Bertha, was a Christian, and so must have been the majority of his British slaves, as there had been a flourishing Church in Britain before the Saxon conquest, from the time of King Lucius toward the end of the second century.

Ethelbert received the missionaries well, and they were established in a church which had belonged to the Britons, and soon had many converts, though Ethelbert did not himself embrace Christianity until Pentecost 597. His example was soon followed by many of his subjects, and the way was soon opened for the conversion of the whole country; but it is not easy to understand why the Anglican Church should make a special celebration of Ethelbert's conversion, as it is certain that St. Augustine was commissioned by a Pope, Gregory the Great, and he brought to the Saxons the universal faith of Christendom, which was certainly not the faith of the modern Church of England.

St. Augustine received his jurisdiction from the Pope, but the modern Church declares by an oath exacted from every clergyman that "no foreign Prince, prelate or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction in this realm."

We can see in the proposed celebration of King Ethelbert's baptism an intention to make the public believe that the faith brought in by St. Augustine was identical with that now established by Act of Parliament, but this is to give up the pretence which is so frequently made by Anglican divines and polemicists that the ancient British Church was the independent Church of England, which resisted St. Augustine's effort to make the Church Papal.

The truth, attested by all the early records, is that the ancient British Church, equally with that established among the Saxons by St. Augustine, was established by missionaries from Rome, and derived their ecclesiastical jurisdiction from the Pope. The resistance of the British Bishops to St. Augustine did not arise from a difference of faith, but from the antipathy existing between the two nations, the vanquished and the victors, and time soon healed the temporary dissension. But the history of St. Augustine's mission, which is more within the period of exact history, is detailed more fully, and every circumstance is such as to prove that the faith he planted was that of the Catholic Church in communion with and subjection to the See of Rome.

PENITENTIARY ADMINISTRATION TOO EXCLUSIVELY PROTESTANT.

Sometime ago, when Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper was Minister of Justice, the *Arnprior Chronicle* published the following remarks in reference to the government of penitentiaries by the Department of Justice:

"Since the popular and learned Sir Chas. H. Tupper has assumed the Cabinet portfolio of the Justice Department the reputation of that important branch of the public service has not been allowed to suffer in the estimation of the public. The fairness and impartiality so characteristic heretofore is still maintained by the present incumbent. The late parliamentary amendments and additions to our criminal code have all been made in the direct interest and protection of the whole Dominion. The liberality of Sir Chas. Tupper is unquestioned; his fair and liberal treatment of the Manitoba school question marks him forever a real champion of civil and religious liberty. Not unlike many another statesman, owing to the multitudinous duties of his office and the many calls on him as an orator, he is apt to overlook some-

times certain matters. What we refer to here is our penitentiary board of official directors as constituted by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. He established a board of three directors, by whom all important questions affecting the general welfare of the penitentiaries of the Dominion should be finally settled. This board constituted the Minister and Deputy Minister of Justice and the Inspector of Penitentiaries. Since the formation of the directorate it was always a rule that one Catholic should be on the board to represent the Catholic portion of the officials as well as the prisoners. This to all just and fair-minded citizens must appear right and proper, but since the superannuation of Mr. J. G. Moylan, the late inspector, all three are Protestant, and a most valuable and impartial officer. The present board being all of one persuasion is a circumstance which it is perfectly safe to say the present Minister has not thought of. Had his attention been drawn to it the remedy undoubtedly would have been applied. Another official would have been nominated to the board, thus affording the Catholics their share of representation. It is not an absolute necessity the third member of the board should be the inspector; any responsible official of the penitentiary system is a circumstance constantly occurring affecting the officers or inmates of the different institutions—for instance, an investigation regarding the conduct of officers, the liberation or severe chastisement of convicts, the party in question, may be a Catholic, would naturally look to his member of the board for protection or justice. The Minister of Justice some two or three weeks since, in a speech delivered by him, informed his hearers that the Protestants and Catholics in the penitentiaries were about even, with a slight majority of some ten or twelve of the former. Again, all the wardens in the Dominion are Protestant, with the single exception of the warden of St. Vincent de Paul, who is a brother of the present Minister of Public Works. Doubtless when this is properly represented the Minister, with his usual liberality, will take such means as will restore the former order of things as originally laid down by his illustrious predecessor and continue to enjoy the confidence of the Catholic population of Canada."

We agree with our contemporary in the opinion he has expressed on this very important matter. He is in error, we believe, in stating that "a board of official directors" exists. That board, as constituted by Sir John Macdonald, was abolished by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, in its early days, and an inspector was appointed to perform its duties. That officer, Mr. J. G. Moylan, had been one of the three directors. He represented Ontario and the English-speaking Catholics, officers and prisoners, as Mr. King did the Maritime Provinces and the Protestant element, while the French-Canadian members of the Quebec penitentiary staff and the convicts were attended to by Mr. Prieur. At a matter of fact, the board took cognizance of and acted upon everything that required its consideration, regardless of nationality or creed. Withal, it was deemed advisable that the Protestant officers and convicts and the English and French speaking officers and convicts should have access to the Director or who, in a special manner, represented their respective interests. This procedure gave great satisfaction, because of the confidence which the inmates of the penitentiaries, officials and prisoners, as well as the general public, felt that fair play and justice would characterize the conduct of the board, and that unfairness or injustice would not be tolerated. Although, as far as we have been able to learn, the administration of the penitentiaries was greatly improved and most efficiently conducted under the direction of the late inspector, yet, it is our opinion that a grave mistake was committed in doing away with the board of directors. The responsibility and duties connected with the proper government of our penitentiaries, involving as it does such varied and conflicting elements and interests, are too great and manifold for one man to discharge in a thorough and competent manner. The best prison systems in the world, on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain and Ireland, and in the United States, are carried out by boards of directors and inspectors, superintendents, commissioners, etc. We therefore strongly advise that the administration of the penitentiaries be again placed in the hands of a board, no matter what its designation, provided only that the members be selected by reason of their experience and fitness. This would protect the Government, and especially the Department of Justice, against the charges of tyranny and injustice which, of late, have been current respecting the treatment of Catholic employes in certain penitentiaries.

The necessity for some change in the personnel of the penitentiary regime will be apparent when we inform the reader that every one who is concerned in it is Protestant, viz., the minister of justice, his deputy, the inspector, the accountant and the secretary of the penitentiary branch. This is a marked departure from the course followed by Sir John Macdonald. His rule, approved by his colleagues, was to appoint an Irish Catholic to fill a position held by his co-religionist and countryman, and to give assurance to that body that, in no respect, were they ostracised in the public service. Moreover, the wardens of four out of the five penitentiaries are Protestants. The same is to be said of the account-

ant in view of the widespread dissatisfaction on this subject, we are surprised that none of our representatives in Parliament has called attention to this manifest, but, mahap, unintentional unfairness. It is not a matter which should be viewed from a political standpoint. The promptings of common justice should convince any Government that this state of things calls for a remedy. To say the least, it augurs indifference, disregard and, we may add, contempt for the feelings and sympathies of the English-speaking Catholics of Canada.

We are convinced that, as in the past, the public in general would not object to the presence of an English-speaking Catholic in the Penitentiary Branch of the Department of Justice, who would be associated with the Inspector, or form one of a board to supervise the management of our penal prisons. Surely the penitentiary service can supply a man capable and experienced enough whom the Government could appoint to the office indicated, and this would furnish the very reasonable representation suggested.

It is an acknowledged principle, carried out in practice by the Dominion Government, that Catholics are entitled to representation in the Cabinet. Is it not reasonable and just that the same principle should be carried out in the branch of the public service to which we have reference. It needs no argument to prove this.

We have dealt with this subject in a purely non-partisan spirit: and we do not aim at making political capital out of it. We ask our contemporaries, Catholic and Protestant, of all shades of political opinion, to join us in urging upon the Government, be it Liberal or Conservative, the wisdom and necessity of remedying, at once, what must reasonably be regarded as a grievance.

"KING CHARLES, MARTYR."

The Catholic Church, being the Church of the world, makes no distinction of nationality in the recognition of the virtues of the saints, and so the calendar contains the names of saints of every nation, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, America, Japan, etc.; and though the people of various nationalities have their special devotion for certain saints, no Catholic has any difficulty in honoring duly the virtues of saints who are the special objects of devotion in other countries than their own. Thus Germans and French Catholics do not hesitate a moment in this country to join with devotion in the celebration of St. Patrick's day by Irishmen, and elsewhere the feasts of St. Louis, St. John the Baptist, St. Aloysius, and others which are specially honored by other nations, are devoutly observed by Irishmen or American Catholics who may be present when the festivities are religiously celebrated.

But the recent celebration of the feast of King Charles I, Martyr, in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York city, has excited the ire of the New England descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. This church, in which the celebration took place on the 30th ult., the feast of King Charles, according to the Anglican Book of Common Prayer, is of decidedly Ritualistic character, and the service consisted of a High Mass, with a eulogistic sermon on King Charles the Martyr, the reading of some of the King's meditations, and the other usual accessories of a religious celebration.

The descendants of the old Puritans explain the cause of their indignation to be that King Charles was a bitter enemy to Puritanism, towards crushing which he spared no pains, having endeavored by persecution to force the Church of England liturgy on the three kingdoms.

It was on account of this persecution of the Puritans that the Pilgrim Fathers were obliged to seek an asylum in the new world, where they would be free to practice their religion according to their conscientious convictions, and they regarded the king as a man of blood, and even went so far as to declare that he was the anti-Christ foretold in Scripture. It is no wonder, therefore, that they should regard with indignation an effort made in America to hold him up as a model Christian monarch and saint; but they also take the ground that it is disloyalty to the United States to celebrate the festival of a British king, the tyranny of whom, imitated and reproduced by his successors, was the cause why the American colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain and declared their independence.

Charles I. was undoubtedly a mon-

arch truly religious as he viewed religious duty. He was honest in his endeavor to make the Church of England the sole Church of the British Isles, and his treatment by Oliver Cromwell was so atrocious as to deserve the strong denunciatory language of the Prayer Book, which describes Cromwell, and all those who had a hand in the king's execution, as "cruel and bloody men . . . sons of Belial, who imbrued their hands in the blood of Thine (God's) anointed". Yet we think it is certain that though the king had many social and natural good qualities, he had not those supernatural virtues which characterize the saints of God, and render them worthy of being proposed in the Church as the examples whom Christians ought to imitate. The faults of Charles are so evident to every intelligent reader of history as to make our view of the case a matter of self-evidence. His abandonment of Lord Strafford to the fury of those enemies who thirsted for his blood may have been an act of expediency for his own safety, but it was certainly not the act of a saint or hero of Christianity who would think more of what is right and just than of his personal safety, even though he had the advice of the Bishops of the English Church to yield to the demands of the puritanical party in Parliament on this point. This weakness of the king must remain as a most serious blot upon his memory, and as we have no evidence that he seriously repented of it to any greater degree than because he thereby lost a staunch friend, the fact ought to be an insuperable barrier against the insertion of his name in the calendar of saints.

Again, Charles was undoubtedly a persecutor, and the cruelties he authorized against the Covenanters of Scotland should also be a bar against paying him a religious homage.

Viewed in the light of the political sentiments of the present day, he was also politically a tyrant. We may be disposed somewhat to pardon his extreme views on the divine rights of kings, because the more modern view that kings should rule for the good of the people was not so well understood in his day; but in one who is held up to us as a martyr and a saint, we should expect less of the proud spirit of the arbitrary autocrat than was displayed by King Charles. In any event he was not a martyr in a Christian sense. He did not die for his religion, but for his extreme political views on the rights of kings.

We can readily conceive that the democratic New Englanders of to day should be indignant that the celebration of the king's festival should be transferred to American soil, yet the curious controversy which has arisen out of the matter is conclusive proof of the irreconcilable differences which exist between the various denominations, and that they are all equally and essentially local institutions, as the late Lord Macaulay describes them to be in his well-known review of Ranke's History of the Popes King Charles would never have been put into the calendar as a saint, except by a Church which was in every respect the creature of the State, and this fact is enough to make it very inappropriate to introduce the celebration of his festival into an American Church. The Ritualists, however, take the ground that Charles is the only martyr who has been officially proclaimed to be such by any Protestant Church, all the other saints named in the calendar having been accepted from Catholicism. This may not be a very strong argument in favor of that monarch's claim to religious veneration, as it is acknowledged that no Protestant Church can claim the attribute of infallibility; but it certainly leaves Protestantism in a very curious position if it is so poor in saints that the only one whom a Protestant Church has ever presumed to canonize is to be repudiated as unworthy to be reckoned in the ranks of the "noble army of martyrs."

MR. O'ROURKE ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We publish in another column an able letter from Mr. T. A. O'Rourke, of Trenton, on the Manitoba school question. The letter was sent to the *Toronto Globe*, but up to the moment of our going to press it has not appeared in the *Globe's* columns. The letter is an able one, and it sets forth in a strictly logical manner a view of the school question which, though several times briefly put forward in our columns, has not hitherto been so strikingly insisted on as in Mr. O'Rourke's communication. The point on which Mr. O'Rourke specially insists is that there is a radical difference between Catholics and Protestants on the subject of education, a difference which cannot be settled by forcing upon either creed the view of education which is quite satisfactory to the other. As a consequence, he argues that the school system with which the members of one creed are quite satisfied should not be forced upon those of another belief.

It is in the nature of education that the religious views of the teacher are almost necessarily impressed upon the pupils, and this fact is thoroughly understood by Protestants as well as Catholics. Most Protestants, however, are able to agree so far on the matter of religion that it is of little concern to them that the teacher be a member of one or another Protestant sect. Protestantism, as it is generally believed in, consists of little more than the belief in one or two salient Christian doctrines, together with a hatred or contempt for the Catholic Church. Hence Protestants with very little scruple attend churches not of their own denomination, and their ministers are frequently invited to interchange pulpits, but the Catholic faith is of a less versatile character; hence Catholics cannot conscientiously submit to have their children educated where their faith may be endangered. This is one of the many reasons why Catholics wish for Catholic Separate schools in which to educate their children, and Mr. O'Rourke shows that on the principle of "Equal Rights" to all, Catholics should enjoy the same liberty to have schools to their liking as Protestants have.

A NOBLE UTTERANCE.

The *Toronto Globe* of the 7th makes the following reference to a sermon recently delivered by the distinguished Archbishop of Toronto: "A new Catholic church, St. Cecilia's, was opened in Toronto Junction on Sunday. A notable feature of the occasion was good feeling exhibited between the Catholics and Protestants of the place. Rev. Father Bergin thanked the Protestants for their good wishes and substantial aid, and expressed the hope that kindly relations might always exist. The presence of the Mayor and Council of the Junction was referred to by Archbishop Walsh in these terms: "I am glad to see that the Mayor and members of the Town Council are here with us today. They have given the highest testimony they could give of respect and good-will for their Catholic neighbors. They have given an example which is in the highest degree creditable to the spirit of tolerance and broad minded liberality of the Protestant people of this town. The presence of the Council here is an object lesson that is much needed in many parts of this country, a worthy lesson, one that will do good as a sincere manifestation of liberality and kind neighborly attention to their Catholic friends. I have been preaching this gospel to my people for many years. What this country wants is peace. Do not allow political adventurers who want to rise to power to play upon feelings of passion and animosity; do not allow factionist agitators or religious agitators to disturb your peace by saying that others shall not be free to worship at the altar of their choice. This country wants peace and good feeling between neighbors. We want this good feeling in our social life, in our financial life, in all our relations one with another as citizens of a common country. Let us strive for it as men, as Christian men, as neighbors; let us strive to build up a great country; let us strive to make this country of ours what it ought to be and what it shall be—the home of millions of prosperous, free and happy citizens. This is what should be done by Protestants and Catholics, and this is what the Protestant people of this town have done—as Christian men they have shown an example of tolerance and liberality." "The speech of the Archbishop at the opening of St. Michael's Hospital was equally noteworthy for its good sense, magnanimity and eloquence. The Archbishop is sustaining his reputation for wisdom and moderation, and is doing noble work in fostering good relations between Protestants and Catholics in this community."

What the *Globe* states is but the simple truth. The talented and large-minded occupant of the archiepiscopal See of Toronto has a reputation for sterling worth which extends, indeed, far beyond the limits of the Dominion. His aim is but the carrying out of the precepts of his Master—the planting of the seeds of charity, good-will and all manner of Christian kindness in the hearts of the people. Long may he be spared to continue the blessed work!

A DESERVED REBUKE.

The following extract, from "Kit's" Department, in the *Mail and Empire*, we have much pleasure in reproducing in the *Catholic Record*. "A Candid Friend" is evidently one of that class of Englishmen—too often the ruling class—which imagines that it is no harm to treat Irishmen with injustice and contempt, and stares in consterna-

tion Irishmen, instilling into them the idea of class superiority, and making them feel that they are inferior to the ruling class. This is a most deplorable state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that the Irish people will soon be able to shake off this yoke of injustice and contempt, and stand on their own feet as a free and equal people.

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CARDINAL MANNING.

Interesting Review of the Salient Features of the "Life" of the Great English Churchman and Scholar.

Messrs. M'Millan & Co. have almost ready—in fact will have on the market very soon after this letter appears in print—two volumes of the life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell.

Mr. Purcell has had every opportunity for writing this life, as Cardinal Manning gave him constant opportunities of learning from his own lips the story of his life from its earliest beginning to its close.

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and said my prayers. Beyond all was a blank. Of his studies he liked the classics, especially the poets, and he liked composition.

He was fond of cricket and played in the eleven. He was also fond of walking. That and cricket were his favorite pastimes. There were some doubts as to whether his father could afford to send him to Oxford, but it was finally decided that the effort should be made, and it was. When he first went to Oxford it seemed as if politics interested him more than religion.

Notwithstanding his taste for political speaking, Manning was interested in religious questions. In one of his notes he says that he used to like going to chapel, and that psalms and the lesson were always a delight to him; that he read and reread Butler's sermons and the Analogy, and that formed his mind and conscience. But this does not alter the fact that

rests in the main on his achievements as a ready and agreeable speaker at the union.

After leaving Oxford, as his father's fortunes seem to have dwindled away, Manning took a position in the Colonial office. It was while there that he met a Miss Daffall, with whom he seems to have fallen in love. But her father opposed the match on the practical grounds that the young man's position in the Colonial office and prospects in life were not such as to warrant proposals of marriage, so he forbade an engagement, though permitting the disconsolate lovers the consolation of correspondence. Thus the future Cardinal's early love affair came to an untimely end, for, as his biographer pertinently remarks, "Love, at least a man's love, does not long thrive on mere letters." The woman, however, was faithful to the end, and lived and died for Manning's sake in single blessedness. Some time after this, when Manning had taken orders and was rector of Lavington, he fell in love with Caroline, third daughter of a Mrs. John Sargent, two of whose daughters were married to the Wilberforces—Samuel, the well known Bishop, and Henry, his brother. There was no obstacle to this marriage, and so Caroline Sargent became Mrs. Henry Manning. She, fortunately, perhaps, for Manning's change of religious faith, died at the end of four years. Of his married life the Cardinal never spoke. He seemed to have been never ashamed that a Cardinal should ever have had a human weakness. His wife's death was a sorrow to him, because he truly loved her, but it gave him the opportunity to go more deeply into the study and practice of the faith that commands celibacy in its priests.

HIS CONVERSION TO ROME. The first volume of this biography is devoted to the Anglican period in Cardinal Manning's life, while the second discusses Manning as a Catholic.

In the pursuit of his theological studies Cardinal Manning went to Rome, and after having qualified as a priest in the Catholic Church he returned to London. In a letter to Robert Wilberforce, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy, he says: "So far as I know, I am come home for good, and my purpose is to continue in London the life I was living in Rome; that is, to live in a community with three or four, having a library, chapel, and refectory in common. I find this, both intellectually and spiritually, a great help, and I shall set apart a room for you. My best wish for you is what has been given to myself—to be soon in daily happiness, offering the holy sacrifice. * * I cannot tell you what thankfulness I feel to our Divine Lord and His Vicar upon earth for having taken me under the care of the Holy See."

Manning was an organizer, and a most indefatigable worker. "He was ever on the alert. Whatever his quick eye detected his quicker hand carried out. He imparted by force of example some of his restless activity to those about him. He kept his reverend and very reverend secretaries on their office stools from morning till night without pity or remorse. Living for work himself and loving it, he taught them to love work not merely out of obedience or sense of duty, but for its own sake."

On Manning's conversion to Rome his intimacy with Gladstone came to an end.

FOR TWELVE YEARS THEY NEVER MET, but in the course of time they did come together again, though widely apart in their theological views. Mr. Glad-

stone attacked him publicly, and he answered back, and yet Manning writes in a letter to Gladstone: "My act in 1851 may have overcast your friendship for me; it did not overcast my friendship for you, as I think the last years have shown." In answer to the letter from which this quotation is made, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Manning: "It did, I confess, seem to me an astonishing error to state in public that a friendship had not been overcast for forty-five years until now which your letter declares has been suspended as to all action for twelve. I doubt not that you fail to perceive that your inaccurate assertion operated to sustain the insidious and painful charges made against me; that I have suppressed my opinions on the Vatican Council until I had no longer the Roman Catholic vote to gain or lose." In the same letter Gladstone says: "Our differences, my dear Archbishop, are indeed profound. We refer them, I suppose, in humble silence to a higher power. We have both, also, I firmly believe, cherished as well as we could the recollections of the past.

"They probably restrained your pen when you wrote lately. They have certainly and greatly restrained mine. You assured me once of your prayers at all and most solemn times. I receive that assurance with gratitude, and still cherish it, as when they move up wards there is a meeting point for those whom a chasm separates below."

Mr. Purcell was certainly right when he says that Manning and Newman were very different men. Newman was a scholar and a recluse, Manning was a scholar, but not a recluse. He was a born organizer of men and a man of affairs. He would have made just as excellent a Prime Minister as a Cardinal, and as a Pope he would have left a great record. He shone in society, and was fond of being among men, for he was a brilliant conversationalist and a sharp debater. No one who is interested in the theological history can afford not to read this biography. In England its importance will be particularly felt, but even in America it is bound to have readers among Protestants as well as Catholics. At the time that Cardinal Manning was attracting so much attention in his own country he was attracting sufficient attention here to have long telegrams and interviews in regard to his statements published in the American papers. The story of his life, particularly the latter part of it, belongs to the history of the Church in England, and for that reason is a book of great importance. I am anxious to see if Mr. Gladstone will review it for the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Fortnightly*. It would not surprise me if he did, for he figures conspicuously in its pages. Jeannette L. Gilder.

"FATHER O'FLYNN."

How the Famous Irish Ballad Came to be Written.

The recent death of Dr Samuel Francis Smith, who was famous for one hymn he composed, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," although he wrote several books and nearly six hundred other poems, has called up in the minds of the commentators on current events the names of other men who are famous for one production. Singularly enough, none of them has remembered the gifted author of "Father O'Flynn," who surely deserves notice among the list of writers who are known to hundreds of thousands of people on account of one popular ballad of their muse. "Father O'Flynn" is a song that nearly everybody has heard and enjoyed, but strangely enough the charming, bright and humorous poem has not induced many people to read other by the same pen, writes a correspondent of the *New York News*.

The author of "Father O'Flynn," Alfred Percival Graves, was born in the city of Dublin, on July 22, 1846, and was educated at Windermere, and finally at Trinity College, where he graduated in 1871. He inherited his musical and poetical talents from his parents. His mother was an accomplished musician, and an excellent performer on both the piano and the harp. His father, the Bishop of Limerick, was prominent as a musician in his youth, his "Harmonie," composed to words by Barry Cornwall, having been popular some fifty years ago. At their home in Dublin, and later in Limerick, the best music was to be heard. Jenny Lind was a warm friend of the family, and young Alfred, in the formative years of his life, made the acquaintance of other prominent musicians and song birds. Dr. Graves and his family passed their summers at Parknasilla, their home in Kerry, and there the budding poet gained that intimate acquaintance with Irish peasant life which is reflected in his poem.

The young Irishman was always proud of his nationality, loyal to the traditions of his race and manly enough to declare his sentiments. Two years after he had graduated, and while he was acting as private secretary to Mr. Winterbotham, the Secretary of State for Ireland, Graves composed "Father O'Flynn" while walking across a park to the home office. He says that a lively tune, to which he had often jogged as a boy, was filling his ears and his mind, and do what he could he could not get rid of it. The tune was "The Top of Cork Road." Over and over he sung it mentally until suddenly the words of "Father O'Flynn" sprang into being of themselves, and all he had to do when he reached his office was to write them down on paper. He did so, and without an alteration sent the verses to the *Spectator*. It is a "catchy" rhythm, for who

that has heard it can ever forget it? The first verse runs thus: Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety, Far renowned for learnin' and piety; Still I'd advance ye, without impropriety, Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's health to you, Father O'Flynn, Slainte and slainte, and slainte again, Powerfulest preacher, and Tندرست teacher, and Kindest creature in ould Donegal.

As soon as the song appeared, or the poem rather, it made an instant hit, its jingle caught the popular ear, while the more critical reader was enchanted by the unique and clever rhyming, which has been likened to the best ever written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, that master of ingenious versification. Immediately "Father O'Flynn" was copied by the leading papers in Dublin, and in less than a month it had crossed the channel. Nor was its success confined to print: soon it was caught up by ballad singers, and in the streets of Dublin as well as in musical circles was heard the song beginning, "Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety"—in brief, its success was so immense that the name of the author was well nigh lost sight of. The poem seemed like something recovered, rather than an original production.

Mr. Graves himself took no particular pains to retain the ownership in it. He liked to hear his verses sung, and he enjoyed the effect they made, and rightly attributed it to the fact that they were redolent of the soil. The truth probably is that he did not rightly value the poem. He could not foresee that this one song would one day carry his name farther than volumes had done for other and perhaps better poets. But such is the case: the song has been sung wherever the English language is spoken, and popularity increases rather than wanes with time.

In 1875 Mr. Graves was requested by his friend, Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, who was editing a collection of Irish songs, to furnish him the words to some old-time dances and jigs. He agreed, and among others sent the poem "Father O'Flynn." The editor was, at first, tempted to reject it because it seemed too humorous, but he finally decided to publish it in his collection. In this way it reached the notice of the famous English baritone, Charles Santley, who at once studied it and included it in his repertoire, always getting an encore when he sang it. For the last twenty years the song has been closely identified with Mr. Santley, who has ever been caricatured as the original "Father O'Flynn."

The song is so true to the nature of the witty, good-humored, hearty and healthy Irish priest that more than one of them has been written of as the veritable original. Its author has been frequently asked to declare who the original was who stood for "the flower of them all." But he has recorded that his verses were meant to give a picture of a type rather than an individual. He has said, however, that an old friend of his father, the Bishop, a priest named Rev. Michael Walsh, of the parish of Kilcrohan, Kerry, inspired the ballad, and may be called its prototype. This priest was exceedingly charitable, witty, brilliant, a famous story-teller and the kindest heart in all Kerry.

Of late years the author of "Father O'Flynn" has devoted himself less and less to poetry. His home is now in England, where he is known as an ardent worker in educational projects. He is an inspector of schools for the Southwark district, and honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Society of London. He is the author of many other poems in which his clean, wholesome humor and native Irish brilliancy appear, but to turn his own words in the verdict: "Father O'Flynn is the flower of them all."

Much of life's misery is due to indigestion: for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and a strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

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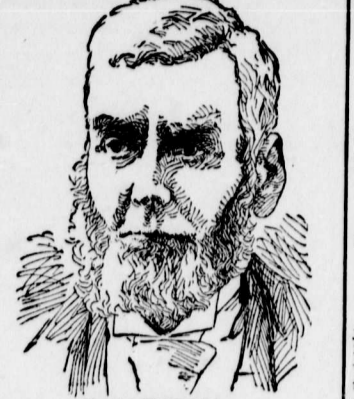
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The Catholic Home Annual for 1896 is just published. This year's issue is gotten up in an entirely new form, with new cover, with more pages and more pictures. It contains seven full page insert illustrations and over seventy-five other illustrations in the text. The contributions are from the best Catholic writers, and the contents are almost entirely original.

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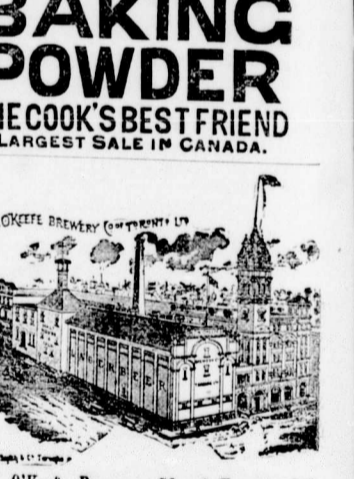
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By Henry F. Fairbanks, Jerusalem, places and scenes followed by the presence of the Blessed Lady.

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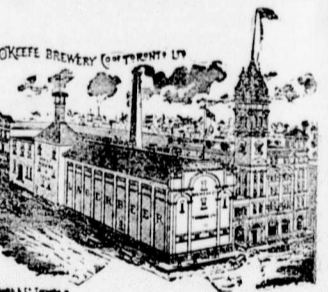
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

MATRIMONY.

This morning, dear brethren, we will say a few words with regard to the remote preparation for marriage.

The choice of a husband or of a wife is something of the highest importance.

For, when a man marries, he contracts a relation with his helpmate which death alone severs.

This being the case, too much can hardly be said of the necessity of earnest preparation for a manner of life.

Reason, right reason, should reign over affection, that our eyes may not be closed to our own faults.

We should be honest too—not posing for what we are not—not presenting only our amiable side.

Do not view things either with colored glasses, especially not with rose-tinted ones.

Perhaps you have found a perfect man, but you would do better if you suspended judgment for a while.

In the course of a sermon which he delivered about a month ago Canon Simpson of Bradford stated that he had been informed by a well-known priest in Paris that there were in the French capital associations whose members made the father of evil the object of worship.

They began to wonder what had become of him, but no one thought of doing anything to help the brave dog.

He came slowly to the shore, for he was very tired. He had been down to the very bottom of the river and fished up the doll which the little girl had in her hand when she fell over, and now he came to her with it.

Three Evenings in a Life. BY VIOLET. The sweet feast of the Immaculate Conception was drawing to a close.

"My dear Alice," the mother whispered, as she took her darling's hand, "to-day you had the happiness of becoming a Child of Mary, and I trust that you will always hold the title as one of the highest honor."

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower animals."

It is used, if it is desired to make the best class of Cakes, Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, etc.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Allegory.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on the rude scaffold, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraiding. But starting at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed in the pictures of the world, and, in admiring them, step backward, unconscious of peril.

Tray was one of those noble dogs who live about the docks and save people who fall into the water.

One day a little beggar child was sitting on the edge of the quay, just as so many do in New York in hot weather.

The poor child screamed as she fell, and the people on the dock all rushed to the edge and looked over, but the water was very deep—10 or 12 feet—and the current very strong.

He saw the child struggling in the water, and he leaped over at once. He dived down to the bottom, then he rose near her, and in a minute he had her tight and swam with her to land.

They were surprised. They thought another child must have fallen in without their seeing it, but they were quick-witted and they were quick-witted.

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she continued, as she kissed the smiling face raised to hers, and whispered, "Good night and pleasant dreams."

Years have winged their rapid flight, and again it is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

In a spacious parlor, a young lady arrayed in satin and lace stands before a mirror. It is Alice, but the years have wrought a great change in her.

Deprived of her gentle mother's care, whom the angel of death had called away, Alice had grown cold in her religious duties.

Now she is preparing to attend a grand ball, where fashion will reign supreme.

Does she think of the days in the years that have gone by?

Alas! she has no time for such things now.

Before departing for the scene of worldly pleasure, she remembers she had forgotten her necklace.

She cannot remember where she placed it, and, in looking for it, comes over a little velvet casket.

"Perhaps I shall find it in this," she said, and on opening it, the words "Child of Mary" met her gaze.

Tears filled her eyes, and instantly her thoughts went back to that day five years ago, when she assumed that sweet title.

Then her thoughts wandered back to that twilight hour with her beloved mother, and the loving words then spoken to her rang in her ears.

"Oh, how ungrateful I have been!" she exclaimed, "but, my dear mother, your souvenir has brought back all my good resolutions."

And, instead of attending the ball, she found her before the Blessed Sacrament, and the flowers which she was to wear resting at the feet of our Blessed Mother.

One more evening with Alice, and my story is finished.

It is twilight in a convent chapel, and the lilies tell us that it is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Alone at Mary's feet, kneels a Spouse of Jesus, and we recognize in the sweet young face, our Alice, who has now found the true happiness, which our Lord bestows on His chosen ones.

If we listen, we will hear her whisper softly: "Child of Mary, may my feelings, thoughts, words, deeds and heart's desires, all befit a lowly creature."

Advertisement for 'WASH DAY SURPRISE SOAP' with 'BEST FOR USE' and 'BEST FOR EVERY DAY' text.

Wm. O'Brien on the Coming Irish Convention.

William O'Brien, addressing a reunion of County Tyrone men in Glasgow, Scotland, on Jan. 15, made a strong appeal for Irish unity.

Referring to the approaching convention of men of Irish blood from all parts of the world, he said: As to the oratoric basis, the better he would like it. Let that convention speak the voice of the Irish race, and whatever its decision, he for one would accept it, and subscribe to it with more delight than he ever performed any duty of his political life.

He was sure he could say the same for them all, and if that spirit were only reciprocated on the other side they could not be too sanguine. There was no reason why the Irish party once more next session should not face the enemies of Ireland as unitedly as the Boers did theirs on the heights of Krugersdorp.

They had unquestionably been passing through a period of deep depression for the Irish cause. They had been beaten in England, and what was worse, they had been disorganized in Ireland.

But was that the first time they had met with rebuffs and discouragements in Ireland's cause? They ought to be ashamed of their own trumphy troubles when they thought of what was endured by the men who went before them and never gave up the ship.

Mr. O'Brien proceeded to refer to the advantages in the Land and Education and Home Rule questions, the Irish people had gained of late. While men might come and men might go, the Irish cause went on forever. No coercion laws would ever put down the immortal instincts of Irish nationality.

EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.

Entailed Constitutions and Death the Result.—Official Statistics Show That in Ontario Alone 2,023 Deaths Resulted From This Cause in 1892.

Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza, which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, leaving in its trail death and broken constitutions.

An equal number of deaths were caused by say, cholera, the whole continent would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension.

Dr. Bryce, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the provincial government, shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,023, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for, in addition to this mortality, there are beyond doubt thousands who from the same cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions.

La grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from even a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the nerve forces.

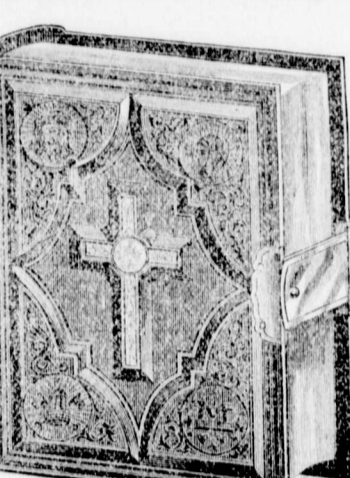
For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in this respect is proved by the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health.

One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Grattan, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter who interviewed her, Mrs. Grattan said: "I was always a strong and healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous, with pains in my back and stomach, and almost constant severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house, no matter how light. My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tormented, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician, but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always had a terrible cough I feared I was sinking into consumption. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard and read much about this medicine, but had not thought of it as a cure for myself, but I felt that it might be worth trying and procured a supply, and after the use of a couple of boxes I began to feel an improvement. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes when I found myself, free from pain, with a good appetite, and as well as ever I was in my life. Last December, as the result of a severe cold, I was again taken ill, but this time I tried no experiments with other medicine.

But went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results, as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Pink Pills that I never allow myself to be without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions, it may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.



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Three days in Paris, three days in London, thence via the Cathedral Route to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where Anchor or Allan Line steamer will be taken for New York or Montreal, at option of passenger.

Berths may be reserved until 1st January, 1896, on payment of \$10 deposit.

For further particulars address, JER. COFFEY, 11 Mullins Street, MONTREAL

Object of Life's Trials.

Too long a continuance of sunshine is the death of the plant. The soil becomes parched; the plant withers, and finally dies. But if when drooping for want of rain a heavy shower comes, it is laid prostrate upon the ground; and it would seem that it was killed. Little by little, however, courage comes to it again; and finally it lifts its head, stronger and more vigorous than ever, and by reason of that strength, able to bear without fatal results a longer period of uninterrupted sunshine.

So it is with the soul. Continuous prosperity sun-bakes a selfish soul about it; and the tears of renunciation are necessary to save its life. Prostrate and weeping, all pleasure in the present, all hope for the future apparently destroyed, it would appear that all growth is at an end. But, the beneficent purpose once recognized, once accepted as a necessity for spiritual development, heart returns, little by little; and the burden of life, cast so hopelessly down as too heavy, is taken up with renewed courage.

The insight into the mystery of life, gained by the brave facing of these dreadful trials, makes existence infinitely interesting and gives a power for the upliftment of others, which seems almost divine.

Mr. Celeste Coon, 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 Peppermint 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."

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