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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 15.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

There is little use in describing how we felt the other day when we took our seat at the solemn opening of the new Provincial House of Assembly. The *Toronto World* said that the Legislative Chamber overflowed with brain, bravery and beauty. Certainly the scene was worthy of the occasion—the hall handsome, lofty and richly decorated, was rendered more charming by those who crowded floor and galleries and members' places. If the Witenagemot that assemblies there does not make good laws for our prosperous Province we shall lose confidence in the wisdom of man, and the advantages of good surroundings. His honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, read in clear voice the speech from the throne:

It gives me great pleasure to meet you as a legislative assembly for the first time since my appointment as Lieutenant-Governor; and it is peculiarly gratifying that I am privileged to do so in these beautiful buildings now so nearly completed and so well adapted for your accommodation and the convenience of the public service. I regret that the condition of the work did not admit of my calling you together at an earlier day. It is a source of historical interest to remember that I am addressing the legislative assembly of this province in the first year of the second century of the existence of representative government in Canada. The progress of events from the first parliament, opened by His Excellency Governor Simcoe, at Niagara in 1792, to the opening of this parliament to-day, shows what great strides have been made towards the development of the country and the enlargement of the privileges of citizenship under the constitution given to us by the Imperial Parliament. As a native of Ontario, and for many years connected with the public life of Canada, I rejoice to believe that under our present relations with the Empire we can enjoy every right and privilege necessary to the fullest exercise of self-government.

It affords me pleasure to state that the harvest of the past year, while not so abundant as that of 1891, was still a satisfactory one. The general awakening of agriculturalists in the province to the importance of the dairy industry and of its more extended development is apparent from the increasing number of creameries and cheese factories established during the past year. The instruction given by means of the travelling dairy has been attended with gratifying results, and is still eagerly sought for. The appreciation of practical information and advanced methods in all branches of husbandry continues to be very marked. At no previous period has the demand for publications in connection with agriculture been so great as at present. Much activity prevails among farmers' institutes and other kindred associations, all of which are enlarging their spheres of usefulness, and becoming more than ever the means of disseminating valuable information with respect to agriculture.

You will be pleased to learn that the Agricultural College is now taxed to its utmost capacity, so great has the desire of farmers' sons become to qualify themselves thoroughly for the profession of agriculturists. The special dairy course in connection with the college has proved so satisfactory that, notwithstanding the liberal provision made for this department, more than half the applicants for admission to the course are unable to find accommodation. You will learn with pleasure, that by a course of lectures at the college during the summer holidays an opportunity is to be afforded teachers to qualify in presenting the rudiments of agriculture in our public schools. I have no doubt that the effect of this will be to render the pursuits of rural life more attractive to the young and that this and other measures adopted tend to make the position of the agriculturist as much to be desired for its pleasures and rewards as that of any other calling or profession.

The report of the commissioners on the prison and reformatory system of the pro-

vince has for more than a year been before the public. It affords a valuable contribution to the stock of information regarding the various methods of dealing with the criminal classes, the withdrawal of abandoned and neglected children from criminal and dangerous associations. With this view a measure will be introduced for the better protection of children, the provisions of which I commend to your most careful consideration.

The salutary effects of the Insurance Corporations' Act of the last session have already been distinctly seen. A firm administration of the act has excluded from Ontario numerous fraudulent or speculative societies which professed to secure to persons of small means large sums in the form of endowment or life insurance. The province has thus been saved from the loss and distress which, during the past few months, the collapse of such societies has occasioned in the neighboring states of the Union.

I am able to congratulate you upon the marked improvement in the state of the lumber trade, the prosperity of which is of so much importance to the revenue and other public interests of the Province. This increased activity during the past year afforded a favorable opportunity to sell at public auction the right to cut the pine timber upon a limited area in the southern part of the district of Nipissing, and on some exposed berths on the north shore of Georgian Bay and of some scattered berths in the western districts held over from the sale of 1890, containing in all about 633 square miles. I am pleased to state that the prices obtained were high beyond precedent, averaging \$3,657 per mile, and this although the dues to be paid on the timber when cut were increased by one-fourth as compared with the dues payable on berths formerly sold in the Nipissing and Algoma Districts. In addition to the annual rental and timber dues, which will be paid into the Provincial Treasury upon the timber when cut, a sum of over \$2,250,000 was realized by bonus. The commissioners appointed to consider the fitness of certain territory in the District of Nipissing south of the River Mattawa for the purpose of forest reservation and national park have completed the duties assigned to them. They have collected much useful information touching the objects of the commission, and have made their report, which will be laid before you. A bill to establish a national park will be submitted for your consideration.

The extensive systems of drainage which many municipalities had undertaken in order to render their swamp lands fit for tillage led to difficulties in adjusting private and municipal rights. These difficulties could not be satisfactorily settled without the fullest possible information on all the issues involved, and to procure such information my predecessor caused a commission to be issued on the whole question of drainage. The report of the commissioners will be laid before you, and a bill dealing with the subject will be submitted for your consideration.

The report of the commissioners on the dehorning of cattle and on assessment laws will be laid before you, and will, I trust, be found useful.

A bill consolidating and amending the various acts respecting the University of Toronto, a bill consolidating and amending the registry acts, a bill respecting labor liens, and a bill with regard to voters' lists in cities, will, with other bills, be submitted for your consideration.

The estimates of the current year will at an early date be submitted for your approval. They will be found to have been prepared with economy consistent with the efficiency of the public service.

I am glad to feel assured that your legislative labors during the present session will be characterized by the same earnest care and thoughtful attention which have heretofore marked the work of the Legislative Assembly of my native province.

The Holy Father gave a private audience lately to Mr. Stephen Moriarty, introduced by Monsignor Merry del Val. Mr. Moriarty, who had with him a phonograph, by means of which he delivered an address in Italian, congratulating the Pope on his Jubilee, went on to say that he

felt deeply honoured in being the bearer of two messages—one from the late Cardinal Manning and the other from Cardinal Gibbons, who would in their own voices express their devotion to His Holiness. He concluded by thanking the Pope for the honour he had conferred upon him by granting this audience, and entreated him to speak into the phonograph some expression of love and his blessing, which might be delivered to the Catholics of America on the occasion of the opening of the Chicago Exposition. He pointed out that if the Holy Father granted his request, it would be the first time in the history of the Papacy that the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff had been heard in America. The Pope then listened to the message from the late Cardinal Manning, in which His Eminence asked for a blessing, and expressed a hope that the Catholic faith would soon spread over the whole world. The Pontiff was greatly affected when he heard the voice of the dead Cardinal. He then heard the message of Cardinal Gibbons, who asked for the blessing of God upon the Pope. His Holiness promised to grant Mr. Moriarty's request by sending a phonograph message to the United States, and invited him to return on the following day.

Turning to Mr. Moriarty, the Pontiff observed: "I hand you this message; guard it carefully, for it is the expression of my love for all the people of the United States. I wish you to deliver it with your own hands to the President." Mr. Moriarty assured the Supreme Pontiff that he would guard the communication until it was transmitted to President Cleveland, as the most sacred message ever entrusted to him.

His Holiness subsequently expressed the great interest he felt in the Chicago Exhibition. The message to the Chief Magistrate of the United States will not be made public before it has been reproduced in America. Prior to the conclusion of the audience at the Vatican, however, his Holiness' words were, at his own request, made audible to himself and the personages in attendance. On hearing the sounds he exclaimed: "It is my voice! This is, indeed, wonderful." With eagerness the Holy Father caused the message of Cardinal Manning to be repeated. This was done; and then the cylinders which record the vibrations of the voice, and which can be sent by post instead of a written letter, were shown to the Pope, who displayed unbounded interest in them. This, he remarked, would indeed revolutionize the art of writing, since every inflection of the voice, and every syllable and word are recorded, and can be despatched with wonderful exactitude.

Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of the Home Rule Bill before a small house. Many of the Tory members have been spending a joyous Easter tide in stirring up poor ignorant clods to rebellion under the name of loyalty. Mr. Gladstone's speech, however, was a model of earnest, thoughtful policy. He appealed to history, to reason, to justice on behalf of Ireland. His historical arguments were especially well taken. Concerning the difficulty of Irish members voting on no-confidence motions, he pointed out that in 60 years there had been 12 instances of Governmental defeat, and in no case had it been on a purely British question.

Mr. Balfour in Belfast would scarcely be known as the "Bloody" Balfour of Connemara or the "Miss Clara" of the Imperial Parliament. It must be a new sensation to him to be a hero; but if it be true what Carlyle says, that men recognize their own qualities in a man and constitute him their hero, then the doughty Arthur of the new knighthood cannot feel highly honored. As usual, he is using the word "loyalty" with all the wildness with which Robespierre prated of "liberty." It is difficult to say which is more absurd—loyalty and moonlight drills, or liberty and the guillotines. They will go down to history together.

"Squire" Smalley sends his usual budget of Toryism to the *New York Tribune*. It is full of wondrous tales of what the Orangemen are doing, and what they are "going to do." To some men history teaches nothing. Orangeism is nearly 100 years old, and it has all this time been in an aggravated state of "going-to-do." In the name of the "glorious principles of Protestantism," they have been "going to" throw themselves in the way of every scheme for the betterment of a race for all that period, but they have prevented nothing. We expect they will keep quietly to the things they really can do—pass resolutions without number, drink the "immortal memory," and, to let out their overflowing Christianity, occasionally kill some poor "Papists" in Belfast or Portadown.

The debate on the Behring Sea question "drags its slow length along;" a little excitement was stirred up by the objections raised by American counsel against Great Britain introducing supplementary evidence.

The labor troubles at Hull have caused great excitement. The union men attacked the non-union laborers, who had to be protected by squads of police and a detachment of dragoons. Gun-boats have been ordered to the harbor to protect shipping. The case is aggravated by the refusal of the owners to treat with the men.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P.

A Brilliant Speech Before the Manchester Reform Club.

The Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., was the guest last evening at a house dinner at the Manchester Reform Club.

The Hon. E. Blake, M.P., was cordially greeted on rising to respond. After acknowledging the warmth of his reception, he said it afforded him no little gratification to have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Liberals of Manchester and saying a few words to them upon that political situation which was now so full of interest, and perhaps of some degree of tension. Those who were engaged in the fight in Parliament itself, and those who immediately surrounded them, were exposed to an atmosphere peculiar to themselves, and one which they did a little themselves to create. It was a very peculiar atmosphere, it seemed to approach a condition of alternations of depression and elation of spirit a sort of mental chill and fever, in which they paid great attention to fluctuating forces and incidents and not quite enough attention to the general considerations upon which the whole progress of their cause depended—(Hear, hear.) He remembered very well, a little before the opening of the present session of Parliament, when there was a very great feeling of depression and despondency amongst Liberals. Like Liberals all the world over, they were a little too much disposed to take their opinion of the situation from their adversaries, who proclaimed with very great emphasis their belief that Mr. Gladstone's Government had not the slightest title to introduce a single measure. It was quite true, they said, that Parliament had pronounced a sentence of decapitation of the Tory Government, but it had not passed a vote of confidence in the Liberal Government—(Laughter.) Hence they looked upon it as an act of presumption on Mr. Gladstone's part to announce in the Queen's Speech that he was about to propose various remedial measures. That matter was very soon settled, and on terms very satisfactory. Partly owing he thought, to the admirable tactics of the Government in the early part of the session, and partly owing to the reverse description of tactics on the side of the Opposition, that degree of despondency which existed in some quarters passed away. The chill passed off and the fever came on, and it was thought they were going to have smooth sailing, not merely for that great measure of Home Rule but for many other important measures. He was not nearly so much depressed as some people were. He saw that the position, while full of difficulty, was also full of hope. The Government, he perceived, although deprived of the support of some of those who were invested with rank, title, and wealth, had an opportunity of rallying to their side the masses of the nation upon their realising the fact as a fact necessary to be acted upon at once that England had become in substance and reality more than ever before in her history a democratic country and required democratic, advanced legislation.—(Cheers.) He hoped, and the hope was realized beyond his expectation, that the Liberal Government would come forward with propositions for legislation upon topics of interest to the people of Britain as well as with the great measure of Home Rule for Ireland—of over-shadowing interest, as he believed, to Britain as well as to Ireland, but still not of such exclusive interest as to prevent an earnest attempt for a Liberal Government to give effect to pressing legislation for Britain. (Hear, hear.) To the charge that the programme of the Government was a dishonest one,

because it was impossible for any Government to pass in a single session of Parliament more than one or at most two contentious measures, he replied that the difficulty of passing measures depended on the character of the Opposition, and if the Liberal Unionists were still Liberal in reality they could and ought to give their support to the Government in dealing with all Liberal matters that were unconnected with Home Rule. It was time, he thought, that their pretence of Liberalism should be either made good or got rid of altogether.—(Cheers.) For himself, he had to say that, as an old Liberal and one who had all his life sympathised with the views of the Liberal party, he rejoiced to see this programme brought forward. He was present that evening not as a Liberal but as an Irish Nationalist member, and he believed that the position of an Irish Nationalist member to-day was one as important to the true interests of this Empire, of this so-called United Kingdom—shortly, he hoped, to be a really united kingdom under the beneficent operation of Home Rule—as that of any other member could be. It was a difficult position, one in which he was obliged to reckon with the feelings created by centuries of wrong and of misgovernment, and at the same time with the forces of public opinion in this island, and he had to consider not merely the difficulties of to-day, but the probable difficulties that would arise under the new dispensation, and to see that there was a substantial settlement of the question that had so long absorbed their attention. Much though they might deplore what had happened during the last seven years, great gains had resulted. The assent of the Irish people in Ireland and all over the world to the Home Rule Bill would be infinitely more solid, real, substantial, and valuable than any assent which might have been procured on the spur of the moment in 1886. (Applause.) During those seven years the work of reconciliation, which must in its nature be a slow work, had been proceeding. The people of Ireland had been taught that it was no sudden spurt of enthusiasm that moved the Liberals in 1886 to adopt the new Irish policy, and that through storm and difficulty and distress they were willing to adhere to it. (Applause.) He did not think they could overvalue the change of feeling and condition of thought which had been created in Ireland. He believed in the union of hearts. His fundamental objection to the whole course of argument on the part of their opponents was that they insisted upon two propositions which he wholly denied. The first was that there existed an irreconcilable division and alienation between the people of Ireland and the people of Britain, and that do what you would you could not obtain a better state of feeling. The second was that between the majority and the minority in Ireland there was a division incapable of being removed. A state of feeling, no doubt, had been aroused in Ireland, amounting in some quarters almost to panic, and nothing could restore confidence except experience of the course of events under Home Rule. But experience would do it. He belonged himself to the minority, and if he believed for a moment that it was possible that the majority in Ireland would use their powers to oppress the minority he would be the last to say they should be entrusted with such powers. It was worth keeping in mind that the struggle of the majority of the Irish people for generations past had been against the ascendancy of a minority. But what they had been fighting for was not the ascendancy or domination, but the great fundamental principles of religious and civil equality. (Applause.) The experiment about to be made was a noble one. It was an appeal to the better feelings of human-

ity. It was founded on a belief that enmities and hostilities would cease when the causes which produced them ceased, and that a better state of feeling would ensue. Produce that better state of feeling and it would solve everything else. (Applause.) In proceeding to discuss various points in the Home Rule Bill Mr. Blake referred to the question of Irish representation at Westminster. There were, he thought reasons in favour of retaining Irish members in the Imperial Parliament which would outweigh the inconveniences. He pointed out that at present the Irish members made and unmade Governments, and suggested that if their presence were tolerable now it would be much more so when they appeared in the House in reduced numbers, and with the influences removed which had in the past compelled them to look at measures, not upon their merits, but as to the way in which they would operate for or against Irish interests. He recognised the probability that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would lead gradually of course, to the extension of the principle of self government to England, Scotland, and Wales. He had never disguised the opinion that this measure was a transition measure, in a sense. He believed that the British people were taking a step after their own fashion—going a certain distance at a time, and not attempting to make a new heaven and a new earth by one operation. (Laughter and cheers.) After they had tried the experiment they would, he had no doubt, come to the conclusion that a greater transfer of the powers of government to the several communities composing the British nation would be advantageous to all the parties concerned. Of course it might be said there were anomalies in the scheme. The British Constitution bristled with anomalies. There was not one portion that might not be made unworkable, but the common sense and power of the people would speedily remove any disturbing element of that kind, and the common sense and power of the British people were not going to be diminished by this bill. On the contrary, if the position in the future were found to be intolerable they could easily remedy the evil, and they would have a right to do so. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Blake afterwards discussed the financial proposals of the bill. He thought it was absurd for Mr. Balfour to say that we ought not to consider either what Ireland paid now towards Imperial purposes or what it could reasonably pay. His own notion was that in making this great national settlement we should apply the ordinary business considerations which we would apply in the case of two partners making a fresh bargain. (Applause.) He thought that too great a demand was being made upon Ireland. We were asking from her a yearly contribution that might be put down at £2,310,000 instead of £1,600,000 or £1,700,000 we had been receiving. We were bound to consider what Ireland could conveniently pay, and under no circumstances ought she to pay more than she reasonably could. At present Ireland was one of the most highly taxed countries in Europe, it was over-taxed absolutely and relatively. The whole matter with regard to finance was no doubt complicated; but he believed it was susceptible of adjustment when approached in a reasonable spirit. (Applause.) He suggested that instead of taking the current year as a basis for calculation a number of years should be taken into consideration. As to the restrictions in the bill, he saw no objections to them whatever. It was no humiliation to have inserted in a written Constitution what were after all the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty. It had been done in the Constitution of the United States and in other Constitutions; and if the British Constitution

were a written Constitution, based on a convention or plebiscite, we would ourselves incorporate some of these restrictions. If we did not we would be making a mistake. For his own part he would write the restrictions in letters of gold. (Applause.) They would have two effects. One effect would be to prevent open violation. If they were openly violated, or if attempts were made to violate them in letter or spirit, the law would be void. But there was another effect. They laid down the lines on which the Irish Government should proceed, and if the Irish Legislature should so prostitute its powers and be guilty of such bad faith as to violate the spirit of those restrictions, there was ample power in the Imperial Parliament to reassert the principles of civil and religious liberty. On the other hand, the Irish people would see in those things their charter of liberty. So long as they kept within those lines the Imperial Parliament, they would see, would not interfere. The Duke of Devonshire said he thought it unlikely that these things would happen, but then such things were possible. They could not, he answered, conduct affairs of State on possibilities; they must conduct them on probabilities, and on a consideration of the motives which actuate mankind in general; and would it not be a suicidal policy for any leader of the Irish people to place himself in a position which might call for interference from the Imperial Parliament? He therefore discarded the suggestion as to possibilities as unworthy of consideration. With reference to the provisions for respecting the religious scruples of parents of children attending the public schools in Ireland Mr. Blake considered them sufficient and perfectly fair. Therefore, while he regarded these restrictions as not needful in one sense, he looked upon them as highly useful in another sense, and trusted that the views of the Duke of Devonshire and others that the present differences were doomed—he was going to say by some decree of Providence, but he would not say that—that the present differences were doomed by an infernal rather than supernal power to be perpetual would be dismissed, and that Englishmen would act in the hope and confidence and belief that in doing a great act of justice and relying on the better feelings of humanity they would reap their reward. By doing this act of justice they would not rob Parliament of any of the power it now had; they would have not merely all the power they now possessed, but a greater power than they could ever have under the present dispensation of correcting any wrong or crime which might be committed by those to whom they had committed the government of Ireland. Therefore, he said, give them that which they asked—the power to manage their own local concerns; give them that power which we would insist upon having for ourselves; lay broad the foundations of a real union between the two kingdoms, and restore to efficiency and power and dignity the great and venerable Parliament of England. Then we would have a United Kingdom in the truest sense—a Kingdom united by bonds of peace and love. (Applause.)

"Six days shalt thou labor," says the great lawgiver. To do good work, man must be at his best. This condition is attained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, quickens the appetite, improves digestion, and makes the weak strong.

It is announced from Rome that Cardinal Vaughan is the bearer of special friendly messages from Leo XIII., to Mr. Gladstone.

Cause and Effect.

Coughs and colds are the cause if neglected, of consumption. It is therefore much better to cure them at once by the use of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, the safe, sure and reliable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

Hymn to the Sacred Face.

Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
Long sorrow, told by tears,
A wreath of torture crowns at last
The agony of years
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin.
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On Brow and Lips, and weeping Eyes
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God!
The love that liveth on
Through light, and loveliness, and joy,
To sight of earth, are gone
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,
And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears, my God!
O Sacred, Suffering Face.

We pray Thee for Thy straying sheep.
We pray Thee for the eyes,
Thy lips, the hearths, that always bid
Thine own hot tear-drops rise,
We pray Thee for this world of Thine,
Its wandering, wilful race,
Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy Shrine,
Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God.
Bow down Thy weary Head
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy precious Blood be shed.
O royal flood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek
Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

M. R. G.

Mayo's Last Bishop.

The following sketch is from the pen of Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, N.S.W., who was transferred from Ossery, Ireland, in 1884:

Dr. Patrick O'Hely, the last bishop of Mayo, was a native of Connaught, and from his youth was adorned with every virtue. Having embraced the religious Order of St. Francis he proceeded to Spain, and pursued his sacred studies with great applause in the University of Alcalá. In obedience to the minister general of his order he repaired to Rome in 1575, and, having resided for some time in the convent of Ara Caeli in that city, he was proposed for the vacant see of Mayo in the consistory of July 7 the same year. Returning to Ireland he was accompanied by Cornelius O'Rorke, a Franciscan priest, who, though the eldest son of the Prince of Boffin, had abandoned all the pleasures of the world to embrace a life of prayer and poverty. They encountered many difficulties in their journey, but at length safely landed in Dingle, in the County Kerry. The heretical spies whom Drury, the lord deputy, kept at this time stationed along the southern coast of Ireland soon recognized the venerable strangers. They were, therefore, almost immediately on landing arrested and transmitted to Limerick to be examined by Goulden, the military commander of that district. By his orders the prelate and his chaplain were loaded with chains and cast into the public prison. There they remained for some months till the arrival of Sir William Drury in Kilmallock, before whom they were conducted in the month of August, 1578.

On being examined Patrick O'Hely confessed that they belonged to the Franciscan Order; that he himself was Bishop of Mayo, sent by Gregory XIII. to guide and instruct his spiritual flock; this, he added, was the object of his mission, and the only motive of his return to Ireland. "And do you dare," asked Drury, "to defend the authority of the Pope against the laws of the Queen and Parliament?" "I repeat what I have said," replied the Bishop, "and I am ready, if necessary, to die for that sacred truth. Father O'Rorke replied in the same strain. Threats and promises were unavailing to change their resolution, and they both joyfully received sentence to be first put

to the torture and then hanged in the presence of the garrison.

Those orders of Drury were executed with an uncommon degree of barbarity. The two prisoners were first placed on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers so that their thigh bones were broken, and sharp iron points and needles were cruelly thrust under their nails, which caused an extreme agony of suffering. For a considerable time they were subjected to these tortures, which the holy confessors bore patiently for the love of Christ, mutually exhorting each other to constancy and perseverance.

At length they were taken from the rack and hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree. Their bodies were left suspended there for fourteen days, and were used in the interim as a target by the brutal soldiery. When the martyr prelate was being hurried to execution, he turned to Drury and warned him that before many days he himself should appear before the tribunal of God to answer for his crimes. On the fourteenth day after, this unhappy man expired in great agony at Waterford, of a distemper that baffled every remedy. August 22, 1578, was the day rendered illustrious by their martyrdom. By the care of the Earl of Desmond their bodies were reverently laid in the Franciscan convent at Clonmel, whence, seventy years afterwards, in 1647, they were translated with solemnity and deposited, together with the implements of their torture, in the convent of Askeaton.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Effort in the Christian Life.

Remember that the building a noble and God-like God-pleasing character can be erected on the foundation of faith only by constant effort. You do not rear the fabric of a noble character all at a moment. No man reaches the extremity, either of goodness or baseness, by a leap; you must be content with bit-by-bit work. The Christian character is like a mosaic formed of tiny squares in all but infinite numbers each one of them separately set and bedded in its place. You have to build by a plan. You have to see to it that each day has its task, each day its growth. You have to be with one brick at a time. It is a life-long task till the whole be finished. And not until we pass from earth to Heaven does our building work cease.

Let us take upon ourselves God's affairs, and transact them so well that the reign of His Divine Majesty will be glorified in us, and He will cause us to reign in Him. "Think of me," he said to St. Catherine of Siena, "and I will think of thee." Again, He said to another of His servants, "charge thyself with My interests, and I will charge Myself with thine."

Hidden Sorrows.

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break into the tears which oppress them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistleless day surely foretells rain!—*Richter.*

The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, and is the favorite family medicine in thousands of households.

The Red River.

The red river of life is blood, like other rivers it sometimes becomes impure, but unlike other rivers it only needs Bardock Blood Bitters to perfectly purify it and remove all its disorders from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.



A DISTURBANCE isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterward than before.

This is just where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do most good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasanter, but there's no reaction afterward, and their help lasts. One little sugar-coated Pellet for a gentle laxative or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Headaches, are promptly relieved and cured.

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It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent cure with Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus.
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THE LATE WILLIAM O'CONNOR.

The following letter, although of a private nature, is well deserving of publication, for it voices the opinion of all who knew the late Mr. O'Connor:

SIDNEY, Australia, Feb. 1st, '98.
To the Father and Relatives of William O'Connor, Toronto.

To-night I read about a dozen lines in a Canadian paper, referring to the funeral of my late, and I may say, dear friend, dear Will O'Connor. I beg, on behalf of my wife, sister and myself to tender you our sympathy. I don't think I am wrong in claiming that no one outside of his own family, feels more genuine sorrow than my family at his death. We saw much of him during his sojourn in this distant land. When out of training he felt a pleasure in visiting us, and the little children never tired of climbing upon his knee and teasing him.

It was my privilege, as it was my pleasure, to be considered his friend, and when leaving he left me his power of Attorney so far as it referred to prospective racing events. Nothing came of all matches he was to pull with Australia in America. Probable of the most pleasant outings I ever enjoyed was one day I chartered a steamer on the finest harbor on earth and gave a picnic in his honor. It was attended by over 100 thoroughly representative people, all of whom were delighted with his general bearing. Poor Will, I shall never forget how proud he was, and how grateful he felt. Then again, he and I used to build castles as to what he would do when he came back to Australia. He was a target for the bad blood of the sporting world, but his straight-going qualities endeared him to the hearts and respect of solid men.

People who saw most of him never tired extending to him many little acts which they thought might contribute to his comfort. Frank Punch, the Mayor of North Sydney, looked upon him as a younger brother. Then the Spencer brothers, who found the coin to send Searle to England, used to treat him as if he had come out consigned to their especial protection.

I see often from the American papers, that professional oarsmen in North America, hold a brief to give poor Hanlan a lot of abuse. Will O'Connor invariably gave Hanlan the credit of being the man who did more than all other oarsmen combined to bring sculling to the front rank which it occupied up to two or three years ago.

Among the pall-bearers I see the names of a couple of gentlemen whom I almost know from his frequent reference to them when he used to be at our house. I refer to a Mr. Rogers and a Mr. Enright. There was some Mr. O'Keefe, in the brewing business, of whom he used often, to speak as being a great friend. Speaking of his friends I will give you an example of the stock old Geo. Hill, that veteran patron of Athletics, took in him. Mr. Hill was a backer of the Kemp-Stansbury camp, where he would be subjected to all sorts of uncomplimentary reports about Will O'Connor. After the races were over, however, he met Will and was able to form his own opinion of him. What was the result? He presents Will to Jan. Twoey, M.P., who acted as spokesman on the deck of the S.S. Austral the day he sailed from Australia, with an 80 guinea gold watch.

This letter may be so long that it may be tedious. My business seldom allows me to devote much time to private matters. Though it may be painful in one sense to dwell upon the past, I feel I could never write anything to paint poor Will's genuine worth in its true light.

In conclusion, I may say I am not of the sporting world. I warmed to that boy because he came from over

the sea, and because he improved on acquaintance. He was a man you could invite to your hearthstone with the confidence that you were entertaining one who was a gentleman by instinct, and worthy of your hospitality.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK COFFEY.

Address and Presentation

On Wednesday evening, April 6th, the members of Branch No. 98, C.M.B.A., Campbellford, assembled in their hall to bid farewell to Bro. Joseph Clairmont, who, with his family, is leaving here for Gravenhurst, where he takes charge of the lumbering interests of the Rathbun Company within the Muskoka district. A goodly number of his friends were present, then our President, Bro. J. Gibson, called the meeting to order and stated the object of their assembling that evening, which was to honor one who truly deserved to be honored—Bro. Joseph Clairmont. He then proceeded to read the accompanying address, which was elegantly illuminated; and the presentation of a nicely chased gold headed can, suitably enameled, was, with a few congratulatory words, made by the Treasurer, Bro. Galvin, on behalf of the Branch.

THE ADDRESS.

DEAR BROTHER—We deeply regret your departure from our community. We cannot allow you to go from us without giving some expressions to the great respect and high esteem in which you are held by us, your fellow members of Branch 98 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Campbellford.

You, dear brother, were chiefly instrumental in the establishment of our branch. Its interest you have always had at heart, and your efforts for its development have been untiring. Though you go from us now your memory will live with us; and your name, inscribed on our charter, will tell to others the high place you have always occupied in our estimation.

Your sound judgment and business ability have not been confined to the narrow limits of our circle, but have received recognition from your fellow-citizens of all creeds and classes, who have frequently elected you to a place in the council of our prosperous town, and also from your employers, the Rathbun Company, who, appreciating your worth as a practical business man, have placed you in charge of their interests at Gravenhurst.

Above all, we have admired in you the steady virtue of the good practical Catholic who, without show and without fear, faithfully fulfils every duty.

While exceedingly regretting your departure, we wish you and Mrs. Clairmont long years and every good gift in your new home.

We ask you to accept this cane as a reminder of friends and Brothers you leave in Campbellford.

JAMES GIBSON, President.
P. J. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.

April 5th, 1893.

In reply, Brother Clairmont spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND DEAR BROTHERS—There is no need of my telling you that I very much regret to leave Campbellford. Myself and family feel deeply our departure from the many friends we have here. Yet, dear Brothers, there is a pleasure in being with you this evening, for your friendship and respect are our chief consolation in the sorrow of leaving Campbellford. Your beautiful address and this valuable gold-headed cane shall always be prized by me and treasured as a memento of the kindly feeling and affection I have at all times received from the members of Branch 98, C. M. B. A., Campbellford. As one of the charter members of this Branch, believe me my interests in its well-being shall be as sincere in the future as it has been in the past. My best wishes shall be for your individual welfare. I shall always be glad to hear of your prosperity. I earnestly hope that, helping each other spiritually and temporally in the varied trials and troubles of life, you may each enjoy the great advantages and benefits to attain which our beautiful Catholic Association was established.

DEAR BROTHERS—I am truly grateful to you for your kindly expressed appreciation of what, if I have not done, I have at least desired to do for our Association. My weak endeavors to assist in forming our branch you have greatly exaggerated. You give me praise where I may not claim credit. My best efforts would have been in vain had we not had the assistance and hearty co-operation of our Rev. and dear Pastor, Father Casey, who has always taken an active interest in the working of our branch.

You also refer to what you are pleased to call my business ability and to my position with the Rathbun Company at Gravenhurst. I hope that I shall always be able to do my duty faithfully and well so as to gain the good opinion of the future friends I may make, as well as retain my place in your respect and esteem. I thank you, Brothers, for your kind reception this evening, for your valuable gift, and, on behalf of myself and wife, for the kind sentiments for our

happiness in our new home, so affectionally expressed in your beautifully illuminated address.

Father Casey made a short speech, and a pleasant hour was spent, when the meeting adjourned, as Mr. Clairmont was to be the recipient the same evening of a banquet and presentation from the employees of the Rathbun Company.

Mr. Joseph Clairmont is a gentleman held in the highest esteem by the citizens of Campbellford. During his thirteen years of residence here he has made for himself a host of friends. The speeches at the banquet, while expressing great regret at his departure, were most laudatory of his many good qualities of mind and heart, and bore special testimony to his worth as a member of the village council. We wish Mr. Clairmont and his family every happiness for many years to come.

P. J. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.
Campbellford, 8th April, 1893.

Dr. O'Hagan's Lecture.

The Kingston *Whig* says: A small but very appreciative audience greeted Dr. O'Hagan in the C. O. F. hall last evening. Mr. Ronan, chairman, briefly introduced the lecturer, who entered at once on his subject, *The Life and Writings of Longfellow*. Longfellow, Dr. O'Hagan considered, to be the foremost poet of America, a poet in the truest sense of the word, one whose themes are spotless and whose poetry is as fragrant as the pines of his native plains. After sketching the poet's life the lecturer gave a critical estimate of his poetry, illustrating it by selections from the various poems treated of. Dr. O'Hagan has a rich, firm and melodious voice, carefully trained, and his fine rendering of Longfellow's gems was a treat such as seldom falls to the lot of a Kingston audience.

Particularly fine were his interpretations of portions of "Evangelino," "Hiawatha," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," and "Excelsior," which last showed to perfection the range of the lecturer's voice, and the excellent control he had over it. There are few lovers of poetry who are not lovers of Longfellow, and we feel assured that those who listened to Dr. O'Hagan's sympathetic rendering of those well-known poems will always carry a finer sense of their exquisite melody and pathos, because of that deeper interpretation which only such a lover of poetry as Dr. O'Hagan could give.

Ald. Bowes, in a few appropriate and pointed remarks, moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer of the evening. This was seconded by M. J. O'Connor, B.A., in a pleasing manner. Dr. O'Hagan's response was characteristic of the man. Chief Ranger D. Staley made a short but very pleasing speech. J. T. Catlin, after the lecture, entertained Dr. O'Hagan and a few friends at his residence in a most hospitable manner.

Correction.

The proceeds of the concert given by the C. M. B. A. on January 31st, and handed to the Sisters in charge of St. Michael's Hospital, amounted to \$293.84, and not to \$593.84, as erroneously stated in the REGISTER of March 30th.

The ring sent by the German Emperor on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee has created a sensation of eulogy at the Vatican. It is a superb diamond of great value and extraordinary lustre. On one side are engraved the arms of the Emperor and on the other those of the Pope.

Father Lemieux of Regina, had a 20 mile drive to Edonwald an Austrian colony north east of Regina for the purpose of assisting at the burial of a young married man who died very suddenly last week. Strange to say these people make little or no efforts to avail themselves of their privileges as Catholics in calling for the priest except to bury their dead but certainly their ignorance of the ruling languages is partly responsible for this.

New Orleans Catholics are busily preparing for the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the diocese, which was erected April 25, 1793. Elaborate services will be held in the cathedral, with Archbishop Janssens officiating, and numbers of visiting prelates and priests in attendance; and at the lay celebration Senator White is to make an address in English and Lieutenant Governor Parlango is to speak in French.

A Friend in Need.

A friend in need is secured by everyone who keeps a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil at hand for use against accidental sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, scalds or any inflammatory pain, such as rheumatism, quinsy, sore throat etc.

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

HOPE!



Don't give up Hope. If you have been carrying a burden of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or Rheumatism around with you and have tried a dozen remedies with out success, there is yet hope. Positively

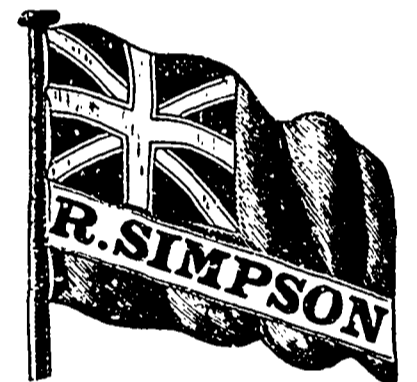
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Building Sale

THE business we're doing in carpets and house-furnishings is remarkable. Said one who knows carpet conditions in this city pretty thoroughly: "No use anyone trying to do a carpet trade this Spring so long as Simpson sells the finest five-framed Brussels for \$1, and is quoting tapestry carpets at 20c.

Oilcloths, 25c.
English Linoleums, 30c.
45-in. White Cottons, 10c.
Canton Flannels, 6c.
Flannelizes, plain colors, cream, pink, grey, 32 in., 10c, were 15c.
Flannelizes, striped, 50, 5c, were 12c, 10c, were 15c.
Table Oilcloths, 6-4, 20c.
42-in. Hem-stitched Lawns, 15c, were 25c.
French Wove Corsets, 50c, were 85c.

KNOCKING DOWN THE WALL.

The contractors, who are at work, are giving us a gentle reminder that they'll soon be through the wall. Then the dust will fly. How prices fly.

Twoed Maniles, beautiful imported stocks—Building Sale prices.
Boys' Suits, tweeds, 2 pieces, \$1.40; 3 pieces \$2.75.
Waterproofs, ladies', \$1, were \$3.
Silk Striped Delaines, perhaps the greatest mark of the sale, 25c, regular 50c stock.
Heavy Surah Silks, 50c.

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TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

The recent election of Mr. Jordan as Parliamentary representative of South Meath, Ireland, affords another illustration of the dishonesty or ignorance of those who proclaim that the rule of the majority of the Irish people would mean the persecution of the Protestant minority in Ireland. Mr. Jordan is a strict Methodist, yet he has been elected by a constituency almost exclusively Catholic. Nor is his an isolated case. Many of the present Home Rule members of Parliament are Protestants, representing Catholic constituencies. Mr. Edward Blake, one of the Parliamentary leaders, is a Canadian and a Protestant, and he was returned by acclamation from the Catholic constituency of South Longford. Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Home Rule agitation for years, and his two predecessors, Mr. Isaac Butt, the founder of the movement, and Mr. Shaw, were Protestants. There never was a time when the Catholics of Ireland made religion a bar or disability in politics or legislation. The Catholic cities of Dublin, Cork and Limerick frequently elect Protestant mayors. With the exception of O'Connell, nearly all the great leaders the Irish people during the past two centuries have been Protestants. Last week, in every country where the Irish race is found, the memory of the Protestant Robert Emmet, the martyr-hero of his country, was honored by Irish Catholics.

Contrast these facts with the conduct of the Orange landlord minority in the North of Ireland. Not only has this minority persistently denied the Catholics their rights, but they lost no opportunity to persecute them, and to make their condition of enforced servitude as galling and intolerable as the ingenuity of malice could suggest. It is not the fear of Catholic oppression that now moves the Ulster Orangemen to anger and protest, but the prospect that Orange ascendancy in Ireland is doomed. While continually prating of civil and religious liberty, they proclaim that the admission of the Catholics of Ireland to an equality of rights with themselves means oppression, just as a burglar might inveigh against the law that prevents him from robbing or stealing. In the three Catholic provinces of Ireland the Protestant minority make no complaint, as they enjoy all the rights and privileges of their neighbors, whereas in Orange Ulster the Catholics are studiously stripped of all their political rights. In the city of Belfast the seventy thousand Catholic inhabitants have no representation in the city government, and no Catholic representative is allowed to sit in any body or board where Orange ascendancy prevails. Orangeism is intolerance; it was established for the purpose of depriving Catholics of their rights, and maintaining British power in Ireland. While contributing to the latter object, the British government favored the institution and allowed it to pursue its diabolical course unhindered. But Orangeism in Ireland has now lost its power for evil, though until it ceases to exist it will not lose its virulence. That the Catholic majority in Ireland, now as always make no distinction as to creed in selecting representatives, from a member of Parliament down to a Poor Law guardian, is an all-sufficient answer to the lugubrious predictions of persecution and oppression that are voiced by the ranting orators of the lodges.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

A Brave Priest.

Some of the honor of the Dahomey campaign accrues to the brave priest, the Pere Dabodere, who, in his quality of army chaplain, faced the enemy's shot with an intrepidity equal to that of the bravest soldier. A French officer just returned from Dahomey relates that on one occasion when the French soldiers were firing on their

knee, concealed by bushwood, the Pere Dabodere insisted on standing upright. This was that he might scan in every direction and see who were struck by the balls of the Dahomeyans.

When constantly urged by officers and soldiers to withdraw from the spot of danger, he would never do so. When told that he would meet his death, his reply was, "We shall see." With the skirts of his soutane tightly tucked up around him, his was the task to bear away the wounded as they fell and to administer the last sacraments to the dying. An ovation awaited him at Abomey, where Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike received him with open arms.—*Exchange.*

Praise of a Protestant.

Dr. Leonard Freeman, one of Cincinnati's most famous physicians, has recently returned from an extended tour. He visited the Sandwich Islands, which are attracting so much attention just now, and after much trouble secured the privilege of visiting the celebrated leper colony on the island of Molokai. The learned physician in last Sunday's issue of the *Enquirer* published a pen-picture of what he saw. Dr. Freeman says in his article: "In the colony, besides the Methodist, there is a Catholic Church and a Mormon Church. But the Catholics seem to be doing most of the real work. The others take it out largely in talk. There are nine Sisters of Charity and two Fathers, all from Syracuse, N. Y. The buildings in which they live are neat and clean, and are surrounded by gardens and banana trees. These noble women are sacrificing their lives to a great and loving work under the most discouraging circumstances. How sweet, good and gentle they were to the lepers! Some have been in the colony five or six years without having once felt it."

I met on the island a gentleman named Dalton, who had been an officer in the United States army, and lived for a time in Cincinnati. He was formerly wealthy and stood high in the social world. Five or six years ago he was converted to the Catholic faith, disposed of his fortune, gave up his social position and went to Molokai to devote the remainder of his life to the lepers. I found him a good-looking and extremely intelligent man, about 45 years of age, with black hair and beard and a pleasing address. He lived in a one-storied, three-roomed cottage, surrounded by a high stone wall. The little rooms contained many religious emblems, pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and were very neat and clean for a bachelor's apartments. A century plant grew in the yard, emblematical, perhaps, of the slow, monotonous life around it. Every morning this good samaritan puts on an old, blue blouse and a pair of overalls, and goes down to what he calls his "workshop," a small frame house with a veranda, around which are arranged a number of benches and some dishpans filled with warm water. Miserable, decrepit lepers come hobbling in until the benches are filled, and standing room is at a premium. Mr. Dalton, with true, religious courage and sympathy, bathes the leprotic sores in the pans of water, and applies fresh salves and bandages. A Cincinnati lady has presented him with a large music box, and while he is attending to these poor people with great ulcers on the soles of their feet, and without toes, or even without much if any feet at all, this music box plays waltzes by Strauss—a genuine piece of sarcasm. Mr. Dutton is nobly carrying out the work inaugurated by Father Damien, who lived some sixty years among the lepers, and finally died a martyr to the disease the horrors of which he had so long endeavored to mitigate."

The oldest convent in the United States, the Ursuline Convent at New Orleans was founded by a convert, Mile. De Tranchepain

France's Enemies.

When the apostles of the new moralists took possession of Paris they declared from the housetops and from the tribune that Christianity was the enemy, the enemy of France, the enemy of civilization, but, especially, their enemy. "Christianity" is not exactly the word they used, for there are millions of Christians in France, and these might take offense, or be put on their guard, if it were declared that Christianity was the enemy. The word used was "Clericalism"—*le clericalisme, c'est l'ennemi*—and Gambetta, the chief of the apostles of the new morality, was the spokesman. Clericalism refers to the clergy, hierarchy and priesthood, of France, the representatives of the Church, of Christianity. In striking at the clergy, the priesthood, of France, the apostles of the new morality knew that they were striking at Christianity in that country. And this is just what they designed. Christianity was to be abolished and its moral code was to give place to the system of which they were the apostles.

To prepare the way for their morality they drove the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, cast the crucifix out of the schools and erased the name of God from the school books. They then passed a law abolishing the Sacrament of Matrimony. The places at the bedside of the dying, from which the representatives and exemplars of Christ's love were expelled, were filled by vile women and rough men, who, instead of prayers, uttered blasphemies in the ears of the dying. And when the poor creature died in the hospital, perhaps while the nurse was pouring out blasphemies against God, the priest was forbidden to accompany the remains to the grave—except in the garb of the laic. The new moral code was fully established; clericalism, Christianity was the enemy, and Gambetta, Paul Bert, Olemenceau, Freycinet, Floquet & Co. were in control.

Here is an exhibit of the fruit of their moral code:

Attention is being called to a feature of the weekly vital statistics of Paris, which will bring a shock to the moralists. It is the fact that the portion of illegitimate births in the capital has reached almost one-third. Last week, for instance, there were eight hundred and sixty three legitimate births and three hundred and thirty-five illegitimate in the city.

They abolished the Sacrament of Matrimony; see the results?

The Slanderer.

Look at that man there in the dark backbiting and slandering. He has sharpened his tongue in a snake's sting, and his bite is the snake's venomous bite. A noble, unblemished reputation has been meanly belied, utterly ruined. That man there in the dark did it, and he lifts up his head in society, and he is looked upon as an honorable man and soundly does he sleep! As for the slandered, ruined character, what a wretchedness is coming right down upon it! Behold the dark future looming yonder! That man with a reputation stained and gone is dead socially; society takes no notice of him any more. That woman with a reputation stained and gone feels as if life be not worth living any more. Poor victim of slander! there is another life as surely as there is a just God. Just wait for God's own time; justice must and shall have its course.—*Bishop of Natchitoches.*

Can You Think?

Can you think of a worse disease than dyspepsia, it plunges its victim in gloom and despondency, makes him a burden to himself and others, and causes constipation and bad blood. Yet Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia or indigestion, and has done so in thousands of cases.

Rumor says that at the next Consistory another English-speaking Cardinal will be created, and in this connection the name of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh has been mentioned.

John Kay, Son & Co.

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On the night of March 18th, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the workroom of Mr. J. J. Elliott, draper, milliner, and general clothier, in Church street, Ballymena; but fortunately it was checked before great damage was done.

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WHAT WE TALK ABOUT.

Have you ever suffered from what, for lack of a better name, we might call *indible tristesse*? There is nothing that will help you more than a smart walk on just such a windy day as Tuesday week the opening day—not the dry goods man's opening, but the Legislature's; and if you have with you a wee boy who looks up eagerly, excitedly, to call your attention to "the blue, the blue; it is hiding behind the clouds," while you think, as you meet his earnest eyes, you can always find there that same blue; if you have, too, an objective point—a home like convent, quiet in its retired situation, yet conveniently near, where you can indulge in a delightful talk with your teacher, guide and friend of earlier, happy, careless days, you will surely come home with the unhappy feeling blown away, dispelled, and you will be—very late for tea. But then you will feel too young to mind any such calamity, too refreshed to be impatient over sarcastic greetings, and you can pour out with the tea some new ideas on the hungry waiting ones.

We were talking about Marion Crawford's latest: "The novel—What it is;" and after a word for the cool, summery cover, we agreed with him in his very strong objections to novels with a purpose. It does seem an absurdly sugar-coated way of administering reproof and imparting information. Mr. Crawford defines a novel as "a marketable commodity of the class collectively termed 'luxuries' as not contributing directly to the support of life or the maintenance of health. It is of the class 'artistic luxuries' because it does not appeal to any of the three material senses—touch, taste, smell; and it is of the class 'intellectual artistic luxuries,' because it is not judged by the superior senses—sight and hearing." I must say I read a novel to be amused; it is a recreation. I prefer it romantic rather than prosaic, and can not see why its characters should not be idealized, so long as they are neither unnatural nor supernatural.

Did you ever try to answer the oft put question: "Why is our conversation of to day so commonplace?" One answer I heard given is: "Because printing is so cheap—ideas are marketable." When a 'good thing' occurs to a person, straightway it is put on paper; everything is saved for the larger audience that the press is supposed to ensure, it is just possible the interested hearers would be more appreciative and more numerous than the indifferent readers.

There is a good sketch in *Harper's Magazine* for April of the lamentable results, in a once sleepy, self sufficient little town, of the broadcast sowing of the seeds of knowledge without due regard to the varieties sown, and the limitations of the soil. There is food for reflection as to its fit application in any city of busy workers, where Reading Circles, Literary Clubs and University Extension Lectures abound, reinforced by a well-stocked free Reference Library.

Everything is attempted nowadays; everyone must need all that is printed. True, we only want the best; but we have to read it all to get that, till one sighs for a country, a remote backwoods, to be alone with the books you like, and the books you want to read, and safe from the pursuit of the fashionable skimmer of books with his everlasting, "Did you read this? Have you seen that?" and his lofty pity for your reprehensible laziness, your lamentable ignorance, or duty-filled days.

How did you reach the new Parliament Buildings on the Opening Day? Were you of the favored crowd that drove in carriages, gaily gowned and bonnetless, filling the handsome chamber with the most gorgeous gathering? Or were you with the children, sympathiz-

ing with their pathetic attempts to see it all; cannons firing, soldiers marching, cavalry prancing, band playing, and the high officials in plumed hat and unusual costume? Did you take occasion to impress upon them that all this elaborate display is seen for the last time, that it is reintroduced to mark the era of the New Buildings, while the New Buildings accentuate the beginning of the second hundred years of Responsible Government in this Canada of Ours? But the wind catches your sentences with your hat and carries your instructive remarks into inattentive ears. This is the day that blows the spark of patriotism to ardent speeches of loyalty and congratulation, while satisfaction with the ponderous palatial pile beams on every face. Though but an episode for the fashionable Toronto citizens—a ceremony of a few hours—it means something more for the members' friends from the country, and will furnish much interesting talk for some time to come; curiosity will be stimulated and the structure visited again and again, and examined in every detail. The details well repay examination, but the ensemble I think disappointing. The architect seems to have exhausted himself when he reached the eaves of the building, else those two conspicuous asserting roofs would never have been permitted in their bald ugliness to torment the gazer, who wants to be loyal enough to see only the finest building, as well as the largest, in the city.

I see that two prominent members of one of our church choirs took part in the Harmony Club's production of *Falka*—Mr. Kirk and Mr. Warde. Mr. Kirk filled admirably his role of the bandit. The Club must feel gratified at their successful performances to such large audiences, and should be ready to enjoy the dance the Committee have tendered them after their painstaking labors.

This variable weather is trying for complexions; the following old-fashioned receipt for a face wash is seasonable: Two ounces of gum benzoine dissolved in two ounces of alcohol and let stand for three full days; strain into a scant quart of soft or distilled water; strain again, adding any preferred scent, and bottle. Apply with a sponge to face and hands after washing, several times a day. Sulphur added about three times a week to the daily bath is another good help.

Do you know the best thing that has been pressed into the service of the dress-maker for dress-material this coming season? White duck; and charmingly cool-looking costumes it works into. A white undershirt of hair-cloth is worn with it. That must be the style of gown these white canvas oxfords are meant for. What shameful and expensive tyranny Fashion exercises when she orders our shoes and stockings to match our dresses. Would that leather unadulterated sullen reigned supreme in footwear.

Through the grounds of the present Victoria College the parishioners of the northern part of St. Basil's Parish take a short cut by means of a gate usually left open; but last night when a devout old woman (Irish of course), a member of the congregation, tried to obtain an entrance that way, the gate was locked. "They'll not always lock the gates against us," she says. "In the next world they'll find the gates locked against themselves." April 10, '93. MULIER.

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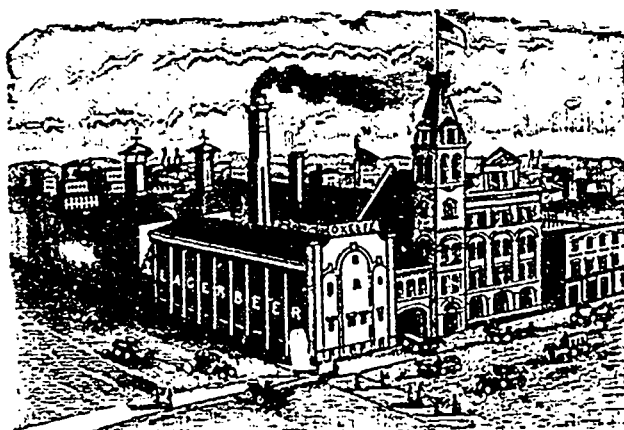
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AFTER TWO YEARS

QUESTION OF THE THEATRE.

By Maurice Francis Egan in the Catholic Columbian.

The stage is purer than it was in the reign of Charles II. It is less coarse than it was in Shakespeare's time. There are allusions even in one of the purest of the eighteenth century dramas, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which the modern play-goer prefers to have cut out, and there are broad passages in "Hamlet" which, although they are necessary to the action of the play, have been dropped.

No audience would endure the open indecency of Congreve or Mrs. Centlivre. The introduction of women as actresses on the stage has both raised its tone and lowered it. A boy acting Rosalind shocked nobody by a speech which the Elizabethans would have condemned in the mouth of a woman. Nobody knowing the theatre as it is can deny that the plays produced to-day are more refined in words than those of an earlier time. Take the whole tone of "The School for Scandal"—which is by no means immoral—and see how some of its coarse passages would affect a modern audience, if uttered in the theatre. The modern play is not coarse; it does not follow that it is pure. There are many pure modern plays—more than there were on any stage at any time, except on that of France in the fourteenth century—but, at the same time, the instincts of modesty are more outraged on our stage to-day than at any previous time. The coarsest passage in Shakespeare—there is nothing immoral in his plays—is purity itself compared to the popular spectacles of our days. And so dulled has the instinct of modesty become, that it has ceased to be an instinct. It is an exotic now, and elaborately cultivated, like an orchid, for special occasions.

It is as useless to condemn the stage indiscriminately as to denounce dancing without distinguishing. Indiscriminate denunciation is like an idle wind between two windows. It goes in and out.

The stage to-day appeals to the eye, not to the mind through ear. The theatre is fortunate in this country in having at the head of the theatrical profession a man like Augustin Daly, a manager who does not keep an account with God and one with the devil and deplore privately what he performs publicly. With him, dramatic art is a sacred thing, and what fineness and sanity and truth exist on our stage are kept there mainly through his persistent work and iron will—for the tendency of the stage is to revert to the spectacle of old times. We are horrified when we read in Hans Holbein's account of the entrance of Charles V. into a great city, that women immodestly undressed were part of the spectacle. And modern writers tell with bated breath, of the lascivious amusements which the old seigneurs demanded on feast days—amusements which included exhibitions which were no worse than the Amazon march or the serpentine dances which so many of our friends—even our children—even ourselves do not look on with the reprobation they deserve.

It is a pity that the Shakespearian era of plain speaking has gone out. The woman who will sit beside her acquaintance of the male sex during the performance of the serpentine or skirt dance as done between the acts, will blush to use the word "leg." Sir Thomas More would have disowned Margaret Roper had she appeared at a spectacle which in its attraction on the exhibition of the female form. There is no show on the stage which does not depend on immodesty for its fascination. "Your play won't go," says the veteran manager to the author, "unless you have a march of ladies in tights, or some high kicking." This sounds brutal—but it is true, and we who are shocked are not sensitive enough to

keep our children away from the displays against which St. Chrysostom raged in older days.

Your daughter goes to the theatre with a young man. She sees one of the more harmless of modern plays, "The Charity Ball," let us say. This drama is one of those manufactured specialties for family use—but if you know the play, imagine your delicat-minded daughter talking about the principal episode with her escort.

Or Modjeska's play, "Camille." Modjeska is a Catholic—everything that Modjeska does must have, therefore, a slight color of incense! When your daughter is about to go out, without a chaperon, accompanied by her "gentleman friend," to whom you have been presented, she asks you to explain "Camille." And the "gentleman friend" wants to know, too. What will you say? "Camille was a young woman in love with Armand; she would go to balls, so she caught cold and died." Will you say that? Or will you tell her to take off her bonnet and wait to see Modjeska in some play that can be talked of without awkwardness.

The theatre might be a great Christian agent. Ibsen and Dumas have made it an immoral agent. It is a means of education and culture. It lies in our power to take it seriously or not. If we take it seriously, we shall endeavor to distinguish between the good and the bad, and not encourage a licentiousness worthy of the worst days of Pagan Rome.

A Matter of History.

Strange to say the muff did not originate in some cold northern land, but in sunny Venice, toward the close of the fifteenth century. In France no mention of such an article is to be found until nearly a century later, while in England its appearance is generally thought to have been still further delayed. An old picture which dates from the time of Elizabeth, however, is said to exist, in which a muff is depicted. But this is a solitary instance, and no allusion to one occurs in any British writer previous to the reign of Charles, when the wearing of muffs suddenly became the fashion, not only with women, but with men as well. The earliest Continental muffs were usually concocted of silk or velvet, but the large Stuart *mauchon* was invariably of fur, tied round the middle with a brocaded or embroidered ribbon. In the reign of William III. muffs decreased in size, but were still carried by both sexes. Toward the close of the eighteenth century they assumed larger dimensions, and were made of fur. Sir Joshua Reynolds has immortalized one of those models in his beautiful picture of the "Girl with the Muff," and in Gainsborough's fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, is toying with a fur muff lying on her lap. In 1786, muffs made from the fur of the Siberian wolf were fashionable in London and two years later they reached Paris. About the same date goats'-beard muffs, very long and shaggy, were also the mode. With the dawn of the nineteenth century they grew larger and ever larger. But Dame Fashion turned her wheel again before the century was half run, and muffs were once more cut down. A few specimens of extravagant dimensions lingered long in remote country districts; but with the advent of crinolines, even these last vanished, and muffs everywhere grew small by degrees and beautifully less, and have thus continued up to the present date.

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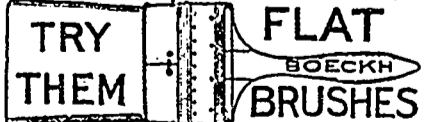
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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1893

Calendar for the Week.

April 13—S. Hermenegild, Martyr.
14—S. Justin, Martyr.
15—S. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.
16—Second Sunday after Easter—Feast of the Holy Family.
17—S. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
18—S. Isidore, Bishop and Doctor.
19—S. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.

Theosophy.

During Easter Tide, when the glorious resurrection of our Lord lights up the valley of death and chases away the shadows of the tomb, it will not be out of place to review the latest explanation of man's destiny, as given by those who profess its teaching and who practise its mystic principles. It is called Theosophy, or Wisdom-Religion, a term which is at once misleading, because it postulates a personal Deity. But this is one great point of difference between Christianity on the one hand and certain German pessimistic philosophy and theosophy on the other. Leaving the German branch of this twofold stream we turn our attention to the theosophical, which has its sources in the poisoned waters and the dizzy heights of Eastern mysticism—so deadly in its grip upon Semitic thought that these countless millions have never yet been freed from its chains.

It starts with affirming that there is no Deity. But those who have pierced the veil which conceals things from ordinary mortals tell us that the Universe is one whole, which is denominated Deity by Western philosophers and by the initiated Mahatmas. This great Universe first breathed outwards, and thereby manifested the individual beings who are to be found in it—a projection by which they continue evolving themselves as long as this Brahma breathes outwards. Then after unknown cycles of time Brahma breathes inwards, the universe becomes obscured, and no object remains: all becomes absorbed again in Brahma. The breathing forth is the manifestation of the world; and the inspiration, or breathing inwards, is its destruction.

It affirms that there is no God, yet it maintains that the vegetable and animal form contain a spark of the Divine and indivisible spirit. These are continually striving to secure self-consciousness in its highest possible form, viz: that of man. This divine spark uses up millions of years in its efforts to work out its mission of evolving self-consciousness. All depends upon the individual's will and effort. Every thought and action of man leaves a permanent impression behind it. These coalesce and live on to influence the future existence of him who produced them. Thus there is a balance of good and evil propensi-

ties with which to start a career in some other world; and after that is over a second balance, and so on, until either there is perfect equality, or the good has absolutely prevailed. In the latter case the individual is absolutely absorbed in the great Brahma—without any personal knowledge or enjoyment whatever. Here is one great difference between this new fad, which contains within it the pantheism of the Jew Spinoza, the transmigration of the Souls of Plato, modified, indeed, but clearly traceable, and the mystic dualism of the Persian Manichee—one great difference between it and Christianity.

Thus with empty hand and in hollow tone this latest theory would go to the poor and offer no reward for patience except the satisfaction that their trials will not last always; no prospect for their hopes except that they will one day be an unconscious spark of the eternal Fire. Christianity, on the other hand, is devotion to a Person. A Personal God is the beginning and the end of all things—it was a Person who came down from heaven, who died and who rose again for us; and it is as persons, in self-consciousness, in the totality and individuality of our being, that we shall receive and enjoy the reward of a life in union with the Person who is our Priest, our Victim, our Teacher, our Friend. We readily grant that stars, with their light, appear in the East; but they move Westward until they rest over the stable of Bethlehem, where, wrapped in swaddling clothes, is He who is the life and resurrection of the world. And it is only the few, the wise, who quit the East to follow the star. How many Theosophists of to-day will follow the example of the Kings of old?

The Recent Government Episode.

Now that the Session of the Dominion Parliament is over, one cannot help reflecting what a tremendous power for good to the Conservative party, to the House itself and to the Country Sir John Thompson is. He is hardly away than the House is challenged to vote upon language which should never have been uttered, and which, even if it was glossed over by a majority vote, contains within it a sentiment of discord strangely at variance with a true patriot or a successful politician.

There are three others of our co-religionists—Messrs. Costigan, Curran and Bergin—whose action we admire, and who did their duty; for duty rises above the frothing waves of party politics, and is guided by a compass pointing to freedom. By their vote they appealed to that greater constituency throughout the length and breadth of the land, which always expects the representatives in the House to be truer to the principles of justice, right and liberty than to the momentary exigency of a party which, in the present case, under prudent leadership, would never have been trapped as it was.

The valuable archives in the Christian Museum of the Vatican have, by the Pope's directions, been opened to public inspection, and a consultation room set apart for readers who wish to make researches therein.

Obscene Lectures.

Is there no law in Canada against obscene lectures? It appears not—at least so we take it from a sermon delivered in Knox Presbyterian Church, St. Thomas, on the evening of Sunday, the 26th ult., by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. The Rev. gentleman felt that a stain was left on the city and a blow struck at its social standing and morality by an obscene and disgustingly immoral lecture delivered in the Opera House on the previous Friday. The self-styled "Ex-Romanist" Leyden, of Boston, Mass., had visited the city for its moral ruin; and, under pretence of defending Protestantism, had lifted high the Standard of Turpitude and given impetus to the spread of Satan's Kingdom. The lecture was of so loathsome a nature, that men notably indifferent and callous in matters of delicacy, expressed themselves, on leaving the hall, as utterly shocked and horrified by what they had heard. One man, who attended, in the expectation of hearing something new and grossly bad, declared that never in his experience or imagination did such a tissue of immoral horrors present itself to his mind. He had paid thirty-five cents for admission, but he would give \$5.00 to get out. Human respect and the fear of being held up to ridicule alone held him to his seat.

The Rev. J. A. Macdonald said: "In the name of morality and religion, in the name of purity and righteousness, in the name of our common human nature, and in the name of the God of holiness, I protest against any man being allowed to pour out all this festering mass of moral filth in the presence of a public audience in this city. The fact that that crowded audience was made up of men and boys does not give a shameless tongue the right to utter obscene things. The fact that no one was compelled to attend that lecture does not make it less a crime. The lecture was admittedly obscene, and left a stain on every mind not already befouled and vile. Obscene books are forbidden—obscene plays are prohibited. Why should obscene lectures be exempt? Is the obscenity legal because it is associated with churches and ministers? Is the story less debasing because told by a clergyman instead of a novelist? No! and I call upon you who love purity to help stamp out this cursed evil. If there is no law prohibiting such lectures, then let no self-respecting citizen patronize the enterprise."

These are strong words to utter against a so-called "Ex-Romanist" "Anti-Jesuit" lecturer, who, in an interview with a reporter of the St. Thomas Times, maintained that he had been a Catholic Priest, that he was ordained at the age of 19 years; and that he left the church ten years later. In his opening lecture on Saturday evening he stated that he had nothing personally against any man; but as an ex-Catholic priest, one who had been behind the scenes, he challenged any Catholic or Protestant to prove that any statement he had made was not true."

It is nothing less than a marvellous freak in the nature of Protestantism

that where religion is concerned, its votaries stand up against truth with most persistent obstinacy, and swallow misrepresentation and evident falsehood with an eagerness amounting to avidity. Everybody knows or should know that a candidate for the priesthood must have reached the 24th year of his age before he is called to ordination, and that Mr. Leyden must have deliberately falsified himself when he stated that he was ordained at the age of 19.

Mrs. Margaret L. Sheppard, the notorious "Ex-Nun," who was never in a convent except as a penitent in a refuge for fallen women, but was for some time a companion and co-laborer of the infamous Leyden, declared on her oath last week in public court at Brockville that he was never a priest; in fact that he was not an ordained clergyman of any denomination.

What we are concerned about, however, is not the truth or the lies Leyden told, but the obscene language which the law allows him to utter in a public hall, and the danger which the purity and peace of the social fabric incurs when monsters of immodesty, under false colours and in the assumed garb of an "ex-priest" or an "ex-nun," are permitted to pollute the public ear and corrupt the moral atmosphere with tales of lubricity and descriptions of situations that never existed—except in their own filthy imaginations. If Hon. Sir John Thompson were in Ottawa we would send him a copy of Leyden's immoral posters, with the eloquent protest of the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, and ask him if no law could be devised to save the public from such loathsome exhibitions of moral depravity.

Mrs. M. L. Sheppard has been creating religious disturbance and propagating loose notions of Christian morality in Toronto of late, as well as in Brockville, Brantford, Woodstock and other cities, and there is no law to interfere with her abominable lectures and vile misrepresentations of things sacred "to ladies only." Where is the zeal of the great moralist, Mr. John Charlton? Why do not the ladies of the White League come to the rescue of their abashed and morally abused sisters of all those towns polluted with the presence of Leyden and Sheppard, the self-appointed propagandists of impure literature and moral filth?

Will any other minister stand up with Rev. J. A. Macdonald and protest in the name of our common humanity, and in the name of the God of all holiness against "any man being allowed to pour out all this festering mass of moral filth" before a Canadian audience? It is time our priests and ministers should wake up to the danger; it is time our legislators should heed to the salvation of morals in our young Dominion.

The New French Ministry.

The following is a list of the new French Ministry formed by M. Dupuy, as Minister of the Interior, the others being: Paul Louis Peytrall, Minister of Finance; Senator Eugene Guerin, Minister of Justice; Raymond Poincarre, Minister of Public Instruction; Louis Terron, Minister of Commerce; Admiral Rieunier, Minister of Marine; Jules Devolle, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Francois Viette, Minister of Public Works; General Loizillon, Minister of War; Albert Viger, Minister of Agriculture.

Its weakness is apparent, and is explained on the ground that President Carnot wishes only second class men around him. It is described not as a French Government, but as a French Salad.

Ireland.

A correspondence has been passing between the Duke of Norfolk and Colonel Saunderson, to whom the former wrote as follows:

"DEAR COLONEL SAUNDERSON—In a speech delivered by you last night, (March 15) at Liverpool you are reported to have said that 'you and your colleagues' were never tired of telling the British people that Home Rule meant Rome Rule, and that the result of the election petitions in Meath once and for all tore the cloak off the Popish priest in Ireland and revealed him in his true color! May I ask you to consider whether it is not desirable that you and your colleagues should tire as soon as possible of a practice calculated to produce very mischievous results? I might not have felt called upon to notice your words were it not that on the 27th inst. I shall be presiding at a meeting in opposition to Home Rule, at which you are to speak, and I cannot therefore refrain from begging you to consider the evils which are likely to arise from such remarks as I have quoted. I am only too sadly conscious that the Meath elections, and many other events, show that among the dangers threatened by Home Rule, the attitude likely to be assumed by a large section of the clergy will not be the least. None feel this more acutely than Catholic opponents of Home Rule; but when you apply the words 'Rome Rule' and 'Popish priest' in the sense you do, you imply that it is because they are priests of the Church of Rome that those members of the clergy act in a way to be condemned, and by implying this you deeply affront your Catholic fellow-subjects."

The Premier Duke of England is not in very good company when presiding at a meeting against Home Rule at which Saunderson is going to speak; and he must be very simple if he thinks that the agitation against Home Rule is anything else than an agitation against Rome. It is not the first time that English Catholics were given to writing letters concerning such questions, which always express great anxiety about religion and the danger to which the faith is exposed in that land whose most glorious inheritance is the tenacity with which its people have clung to their Church. A forerunner of the Duke wrote to the great Archbishop of Tuam a protest against the injury done to the Catholic religion by reports of clerical intimidation; and another letter writer saw terrible evils in the Irish Arms Bill of 1848. Better direct these letters to some other course. The world moves, the Church goes on, the past history ought to encourage even the timid.

A manifesto has been signed by a certain number of Irish Catholic landlords, in which they address their fellow Catholic citizens as follows:

"As a false impression has been created that the contest upon the Home Rule Bill is, in reality, only a contest between a Roman Catholic majority and a Protestant minority, we have thought it right, in order to make their position clear, that the Irish Roman Catholic Unionists should have an opportunity of joining in a separate and distinct petition to Parliament against the Bill.

"While deprecating certain anti-Catholic utterances to which the excitement of the moment may have given rise, we are, so far as our objections to Home Rule rest upon purely secular considerations, heartily in accord with our fellow-Unionists. More than this, we believe that Home Rule, if imposed upon Ireland, would, under the peculiar conditions of the country, foster a revolutionary spirit disastrous to the true interests of our religion."

Amongst the signers of that petition are descendants of Daniel O'Connell. And has it come to this?

Cardinal Logue points out the fact that we have the Protestants crying out against the Bill because it is ruinous to their religion, and we have some Catholics claiming that it would be destructive of theirs. His Eminence considers, however, that neither from the past nor the present is there

"any reason to fear that the interests of their religion will not be safeguarded by those to whom Almighty God has committed it—by the heads of the Church and the clergy of Ireland. No matter what may be said of them—and unfortunately some hard things are said by the class of Catholic gentlemen to whom I refer—no matter what is said of them, judging by results, the faith of the country, the piety of the country, and the virtue of our people are as remarkable now as in any past time; and that would not be the case if the bishops and clergy of Ireland were not safeguarding the interests of religion."

The speech of his Eminence from which this quotation is taken is a reply to the address of the laity of Armagh on this return from Rome. The Cardinal deems it lamentable that leaders among the Irish Protestants are found trying to sow disunion between them and their Catholic fellow-countrymen; and in the second place it is lamentable to find Catholics who help them in that feeling, even directly or indirectly. But the most lamentable of all is the division amongst our own people. And he hopes that an end will be put to all this want of charity: "for there is really no political difference or any thing in the way but that mere weakness of human nature, that spirit of contradiction and pride which makes us slow to withdraw from opinions we have once formed or a position we have once taken up."

The eminent prelate thus concluded his reply, so full of prudent thought and advice: "I say again that we, Catholics, have no desire to take an unfair advantage of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We feel that we have the right to our share—our lawful share—in all the advantages which come from the State, just as we are bound by her to bear our share of the burdens. Beyond that we do not wish to go. That we claim and will agitate for until we secure it, and, whether sooner or later, come it will in the long run. Gentlemen, I fear I have detained you too long. I thought I would take the first opportunity I had of protesting against a course of conduct that is likely to bring very serious and immediate evils upon the country. Let people as far as they please differ on political questions; but it is not Christian, it is neither doing the work of God nor man, to try and set the people of Ireland by the ears."

Proposed Pharmacy Act.

Medical science and its devotees are ever anxious about our health. That the physicians have crowned their efforts with a certain degree of success is greatly to their credit, even if they do not eliminate suffering and make a continuous treaty with death. The latest auxiliary force called in to the aid of the physicians in the cause of the public health is the Association of Druggists, who, in their anxiety for our sanitary condition, are taking steps to amend the Pharmacy Act of Ontario. The following are the most important sections of the proposed Act:

"24. No person shall sell or keep open shop for retailing, dispensing, or compounding poisons, or medicines of any kind, or sell,

or attempt to sell, any of the articles mentioned in Schedule 'A,' of this Act, or any mixture or compound containing any of the articles so mentioned in Schedule 'A,' or assume or use the title of 'Chemist and Druggist,' or 'Chemist,' or 'Druggist,' or 'Apothecary,' or 'Dispensing Chemist,' or 'Dispensing Druggist,' or 'Vendor of Medicines,' of any kind, in any part of the Province of Ontario, unless such person is registered in accordance with the provisions of this Act, and unless such person has taken out a certificate under the provisions of Section 18 of this Act for the term during which he is selling or keeping open shop for retailing, dispensing, or compounding poisons or medicines or vending medicines as aforesaid, or assuming or using such title. Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall be taken to prevent the compounding or sale of poisons by an apprentice of at least two years' standing who is registered as an apprentice, and who is in the employment of a registered chemist and druggist under this Act. And nothing herein contained shall be taken to prevent the sale, by a person not registered in pursuance of this Act, of Paris Green and London Purple, provided the sale of such articles is not made within five miles of a drug store, which is conducted and carried on by a duly registered Pharmaceutical Chemist under this Act, and so long as such articles are sold in well secured packages distinctly labelled with the name of the article, the name and address of the seller, and marked 'Poison,' and a record of such sale is kept as required under the provisions of this Act."

"36. No Physician or medical practitioner in any incorporated City or Town can become registered as a Pharmaceutical Chemist and carry on business as a Chemist and Druggist unless he ceases to practice as a Physician or surgeon, and unless he passes the final examination for the degree of Ph. M. B. of the Toronto University, and has in all other respects complied with the requirements of this Act; provided, also, that any medical practitioner who at the time of the passing of this Act is lawfully engaged in carrying on the business of a Pharmaceutical Chemist under the provisions of this Section, may continue to do so by registering and complying with all the other requirements of this Act."

The first of these is evidently aimed at patent medicines, which, in many instances, have been of great benefit to suffering humanity. Under proper supervision and inspection they are so useful at home that their sale, instead of being prevented and hampered with technical requirements, should be open to the greatest freedom. The druggists complain that people in other classes of business sell articles of various kinds which, according to custom and the nature of things, belong to them. Trade nowadays drifts into large centres, and however we may regret it, as it is open to grave evils, we do not think that legislation can avoid the difficulty. But to require every country village, every four corners, to have a drug store, or a whole country side to be left exposed to the many sufferings "which human flesh is heir to," is carrying protection of a certain kind to extremes. Will the consumer be any safer under this new provision? We doubt it, because we fail to see the injury which the patent medicines have inflicted upon us, and secondly, because it would not actually do away with such medicines. The druggists themselves would hold all the rights which at present are in the hands of others.

In regard to the second clause we quote, it is difficult to say how far it might be pushed. That a physician, in mixing his own prescriptions, sells his medicine, and really carries on business as a chemist, might be claimed within the strict meaning of the words employed. But the consumer ought to be free to get the medicine, as he gets any other article, where he is best suited. Protection goes very far; but, judging by the large number of apothecary shops in our cities, we did not think they needed protection against the physicians

and the patent medicine men. We commend to them the advice given by one of their own number in the *Mail* of March 8rd. "It is very well for Druggists to pose as protectors of the public, but let us do so honestly, and not because we are actuated by mercenary motives. Patent medicines are very useful, and give employment to thousands of people, as well as circulate vast sums of money, employed at all events in a much less injurious way than in the manufacture and sale of stimulants."

Book Notices.

A Gentleman by Maurice F. Egan. Anything from the pen of this distinguished writer is sure to be filled with bright thoughts clothed in graceful form. In the little work before us he has succeeded in doing what has often been tried without success: he has placed in the hands of young men a neat volume replete with advice upon all the external line of action by which a gentleman is moulded. And he takes the word in the true, Christian meaning, in the sense in which Cardinal Newman took it when he defined a gentleman to be one "who never inflicts pain." The last part of the volume is made up of some choice chapters on literary and other subjects, taken from his "Chats with Good Listeners," published some time ago in the *Ave Maria*. The book is neatly printed and elegantly published by the well known firm of Benziger Brothers of New York.

The Canadian Magazine. The second number of this very creditable magazine has reached us containing a variety of articles upon interesting subjects. It opens with an essay upon The National State, in which the writer traces the great highways of history by which nations have grown from the city-states of Greece to the Roman Empire, and from this mighty power to the nations of Europe and on as westward the course of Empire takes its way, to the vast Republic of the United States which by its gigantic war welded into stronger unity an extent of territory far surpassing anything in the old world.

Amongst the other articles is a brief sketch of the celebrated Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, with two illustrations representing the Basilica and the village, and a second showing a small grotto of the good St. Anne. Although not favoured with ocular evidence of any miraculous cures, the writer acknowledges as an undoubted fact, "that many who have gone there crippled have come away cured."

A large number of other articles upon subjects political, literary and poetical make up a very entertaining number of this promising periodical.

League of the Cross.

The League of the Cross, St. Paul's parish, have determined to push the work of temperance in the east end. At a meeting held on Sunday last a motion was adopted, dividing the parish into twelve districts. Two men were appointed to each district, whose duty is to look after absent members; also to induce all our co-religionists in the parish to become members of this worthy organization. Before the meeting closed an able address was delivered by Mr. Wm. Cahill on the religious influence of early Italian sculpture. Rev. Father Hand also spoke a few words of encouragement to the members, urging them to be true to the principles of temperance.

A GRAND OLD BOOK HUNTER.

A smile comes over the face of the second-hand bookseller when the postman brings him a message such as this:

"Please send me the accompanying on your catalogue, if subject to 10 per cent. discount."

Then come the initials—not often the full name—and they are "W. E. G.," standing for the most omnivorous reader and book-hunter of the age. When Mr. Gladstone has dealt frequently and long with a bookseller, his phrase will be "if subject to the usual discount." Usually he writes his order on the edge of the catalogue already marked by him, and not a bookseller in London would part with one of those catalogues for love or money.

All this applies to Mr. Gladstone and the second-hand booksellers generally, but he is a different individual to each individual bookseller. Accordingly, I dropped in upon Mr. Clement S. Palmer, at Southampton Row, on Saturday, to see if he could tell me anything fresh of the Grand Old Book-hunter.

In answer to my introduction of myself Mr. Palmer first showed me the collection of Gladstoniana which he has set prominently in his window. In the centre is a photograph of Mr. Gladstone, and round it letters, post cards and marked catalogues which he has received from the great statesman.

"One of the letters," Mr. Palmer explained, "is a little testimonial which Mr. Gladstone gave me. I saw him at Dollis Hill on one occasion, and asked him if he would mind giving me a testimonial. He consented most readily and kindly, and you may be sure I esteem it as it ought to be esteemed. It rounds off, so to speak, my Gladstone list. Other letters have reference to a book of poems by my father, and a work on the 'Development of Revelation,' by my brother, Mr. Reeves Palmer. The post cards and catalogues are, of course, orders for books."

"I think Mr. Gladstone buys most of his books from the catalogues sent him, not as a result of personal inspection of the book shops."

"Perhaps that is so, but I have no doubt that he has bought very many of his books direct from the booksellers' shelves—no doubt more in the past than at present. At one time his custom was to order by post card, jotting on it from the catalogue the books he wished as there numbered. In more recent years, however, his almost invariable custom has been to forward the marked catalogue itself. I have never seen an order for books by Mr. Gladstone which was not in his own handwriting."

"How long have you known the Prime Minister as a book-buyer?"

"For nearly twenty years—ever since I have been here, and he was a customer of my father's in the old place at Paternoster Row. I should not think Mr. Gladstone buys so many books now as he did once, and my only wonder is how he has found time to place, and room to accommodate all the enormous number he must already have. You see, it is not merely the books, old and new, which he buys, but those that are sent to him by their authors. Somehow he seems to find time to at least glance at practically every book which reaches him. As I said, I once sent him a little volume of poems by my father. His prompt acknowledgment showed that he had looked into it. In my brother's work on the 'Development of Revelation,' he took, I might say, a distinct interest. Perhaps the subject was one that appealed to him in a special degree. He called here about it, and sent my brother and myself copies of his 'Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.'"

"How were you impressed by his visit?"

"The two things which struck me most were his extraordinary charm of manner and conversation, and his tremendous knowledge of books. Dr. Ginsburg was with him, and I assure you it was splendid to hear them, and bold to venture to join in with a word. To look at Mr. Gladstone's photograph is to be far from understanding the magic of his personality—the spell he seems to be able to throw round him."

"Now, in your experience, what are Mr. Gladstone's tastes as a book-buyer?"

"So varied that it is not easy to say, but I have never known him buy fiction. In fiction, as in history or philosophy, there are, as you know, interesting and rare books turning up now and then. My own opinion is that books dealing in any shape or form with historical matters are first favorites with Mr. Gladstone. That theology would come almost side by side, and then philosophy, science and so on. It is in the variety of his tastes that Mr. Gladstone differs from any book-buyer, great or small, I have ever come in contact with."

"You mean that while there are plenty of book-hunters, they usually seek for particular classes of literature?"

"Quite so. Nothing—saving in my experience fiction—seems to come amiss to the Premier. No matter what the subject, he is interested in it, he knows it, and could write about it with almost the authority of a specialist."

"So I should be quite within the mark to call Mr. Gladstone the most omnivorous book-hunter of the day?"

"I think there cannot be a doubt about it, and not only that, but among booksellers his opinion in literary matters is as weighty as it could possibly be,"—*London Chronicle*.

Mother at Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to go to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties, but I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness of it strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me.

Never Smiled Again.

There has just died at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, France, a man whose history was a romance. This was Brother Anselm, the night-porter. M. de Brecourt, for such was his real name, was three times married. His first two wives had no children. The third had one child, a daughter, who lived to be nine or ten years old. One day the father was out shooting and discharged his gun through a hedge. The unhappy man heard a shriek, and on going to the spot whence it proceeded, found his child lying dead, killed by his own hand. M. de Brecourt, it is said, literally never smiled after the event. He went into the convent as a porter, and to the very last he fulfilled without complaining the most menial duties.

A Cure for Coughs.

There is no remedy that makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and lasting.

In the East Indies.

The *London Tablet* has received from India the text of an address presented to His Excellency, Mgr. Zaleski, the present Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies, on the occasion of his late visit to the Malabar coast, from Ceylon. The address has been largely signed, and represents the mature and serious deliberations arrived at in an influential meeting of several thousands of people. It was much regretted by some that Mgr. Zaleski has done little or nothing in the matter, to meet the wishes of the petitioners, and the people whom they profess to represent. It may not be generally known that a large and flourishing community of native Christians existed in Travencore and Malabar from the first century of the Christian Era. These call themselves Christians of St. Thomas, the Apostle, who is credited by a well attested tradition, with having planted the faith on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts. In the third century, however, they received a large increase to their body by a colony of Christians from Chaldea who came and settled among them, chiefly for purposes of trade. Subsequently these people appear to have been spiritually governed by Nestorian bishops, who found their way to Malabar from Babylon. It would not be correct to state the Nestorians succeeded in proselytizing the whole of the Christians of St. Thomas, as there is evidence to prove that a considerable number remained steadfast to the Catholic faith. However this may be, the Catholic Primates of India, in the person of Don Aleixo de Menezes, then Archbishop of Goa, in A.D. 599 reclaimed them to the Catholic faith. For the space of nearly half a century the whole Community continued Catholics under the Portuguese Padroado, or bishops appointed by Portugal, under the right of avowson granted to the Portuguese Crown by the Holy See. But this arrangement was distasteful to the people, who resisted the anomaly of a Community of the Syro-Chaldaic Rite recognized by Rome being governed by European bishops of the Latin Rite. They therefore continued petitioning Rome to have a bishop of their own Rite, but their request does not appear to have been granted, although for a time they had a native bishop of their own. Under the Propaganda bishops the people still continued petitioning Rome.

A portion described by the petitioners as being governed by six native bishops, a thousand native priests, and upwards of 200,000 laymen have, in consequence of the refusal of giving them native bishops, gone over to the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch, and although the remainder, numbering about 300,000 souls, still continue Catholics, several churches among them, with their congregations, have elected a native bishop of their own, whom they got consecrated by Mar Simon, the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon, about 20 years ago. The schism thus created appears of late to be assuming large proportions since the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic for Cottayan, and another for Trichoor, two of the central towns of Malabar Roman-Syrian community.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Pope Leo gave a ceremonial audience last week to the Princess of Wales, her daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, and her son, Prince George, the Duke of York, attended by their suites. The royal visitors were received with all the honors due to sovereigns, and the occasion was made one of unusual splendor. The entire Pontifical court was assembled in state array, and all the English prelates at present in Rome, were in attendance.

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The Church of God.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Who is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom:
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendor borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ the Sun of Justice,
Draws His Church her sacred light;
Touched by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of life, absolving key:
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom.
The Spirit hers, His temple she—
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom:
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks their wild uproar.
Hers the household all-embracing,
Hers the vine that shadows earth:
Blest thy children, mighty Mother,
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom:
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,
Crowned and militant in ore,
Chaunting nature's great assumption
And the abusement of the Son.
Her Magnificata, her dirges,
Harmonize the jarring years;
Hands that fling to heaven the censur
Wipe away the orphans tears.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom:
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Men We Should Know.

One often finds in Catholic publications the descriptive terms, "Catholic poet," "Catholic novelist," and the like; and the devotee of exact expression is puzzled to know just what is meant by them. Do they cover all literary workers who profess the Catholic faith, no matter what the scope or tendency of their work? Or do they apply simply to those Catholics whose chief aim in devoting themselves to literature is to propagate Catholic teaching through it?

A goodly portion of our best literature is thoroughly in accord with Christian or Catholic faith and morals and shows forth the poetry of the highest spiritual life in the Church. But not all of this has been written by Catholics. An ingenious literary student, Mr. James J. Treacy, once made an interesting collection from such literature, under the title of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens"

On the other hand, there are many Catholic literary workers who have contributed little or nothing to the body of Catholic literature. Pope and Moore were both Catholics, but it would be hard to prove that fact from their work; while we may fairly claim as a Catholic poem that epic poem of the century, "The Idyls of the King," though Tennyson, if asked to state his religion, would probably have set himself down as a Protestant.

Among American poets, Longfellow, despite his Unitarian leanings, has given us much that a fervent Catholic might rejoice to have written; and Whittier, too, though in a less degree, has made valuable additions to the treasure-house of Catholic poetry.

We grant, of course, that the literary worker is not obliged to devote himself to the production of distinctly religious literature. There is no reason why he may not give himself to fiction or poetry, and the fiction and poetry need not be invariably inspired by a missionary purpose. The utmost that can be demanded is that in the novels or essays or poetry of such literary worker, shall be negative evidence of their faith that is in him in the avoid-

ance of everything contrary to Catholic faith or morals.

The Catholic who, with more zeal than fact, insists on enclosing a controversy in his novel, and a direct moral lesson in his "Verses of Society," overshoots the mark; and succeeds in annoying, but not in edifying the average reader.

The ideal literary worker would be, for us Catholics, the writer with originality, and a high degree of grace and strength of style, united to deep religious knowledge and intelligent zeal, who could do for the Catholic life of this or any age or country what Hawthorne has done against the sombre background of Puritanism in early New England, in his "Scarlet Letter."

The Catholic who can do this has not revealed himself. If he is with us, he has not attained his full stature.

We are, however, preparing the way for him. We have Catholics, men and women, whose work, while largely and openly in the Catholic interest, is nevertheless so artistically excellent as to have won them recognition in general literary circles.

We have others who, though not visibly moved by the religious motive, are, nevertheless, doing a good work, inasmuch as they are increasing the store of literature which is strong and brilliant, from the secular standpoint, and entirely unobjectionable on the score of faith and morals.

We shall give, from time to time, sketches of both these classes of literary workers; and the title above given is a descriptive term inclusive and accurately descriptive of both.

These sketches will follow no chronological order, nor estimate of rank in literature; but, occasion, as the appearance of a new volume, or other event which makes the sketch opportune.—*Boston Pilot.*

Catholic Generosity.

Under Queen Mary the Irish Catholics had supreme power in Ireland, yet they gave an asylum to the Protestants who fled from the persecution in England. This is a fact that cannot be argued away by theories. It is idle to suggest that this was a factitious liberality founded on opposition to English policy—a perverse spirit of charity based on treason. They saw in the preceding reigns the great religious foundations—founded by the piety and munificence of their ancestors for the church and the poor—granted to grasping courtiers and nobles. In their persons and property they had experienced what persecution meant. They could have had no prophetic insight to inform them that in a short time there would be a Protestant reaction, and that it would be wise in time to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.—*Catholic World.*

The Deathless Church.

The perpetuity of the church is a fact that accords with the laws of all life. In every organism there is a substantial principle which remains the same so long as life persists, which displays its activity by continual adjustment to the environment and co-ordinates the several functions of various organs. Likewise, in the church, there is an unchangeable body of truth and of moral laws, but in maintaining this the church in all that is not essential adapts her action to the varying conditions of mankind, they helping not hindering, true progress. To cooperate with this spirit in the church by a charity that is steadfast in duty, yet broad in sympathy, is the life work of every Christian and the main lesson taught by the festival of Christmas.—*Dr. Price.*

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The remains of Mr. William P. Walsh, who died, on March 18th, at his mother's residence, Market Square, Lisburn, at the early age of 24 years, were on the 18th ult., removed for interment in St. Patrick's Catholic burial ground. The funeral cortege was very large and representative, not only of Lisburn, where deceased was held in much esteem, but also of the surrounding towns.

On March 18th, Mrs. Bradley, of the Mullans, a very old and highly esteemed lady, was buried at Rasharkin. The breastplate on the coffin gave her age as 102; there can be no doubt she was at that age at least, as persons in the locality, who would now be 90 or 95 if living, had declared there was the difference between her age and theirs which she mentioned. She belonged to Ballycastle, and was not a Catholic originally, but, coming to Rasharkin at an early age, she became a Catholic about eighty years ago. She retained her faculties almost unimpaired to the last, and had a most distinct recollection of the stirring times of '93. The old lady was a general favorite, and was highly esteemed by the priests who have successively labored in the parish during the past forty years.

Armagh.

On March 22d, his Eminence Cardinal Logue visited the Christian Brothers' Schools, at Greenpark, Armagh, and was presented with an address of welcome. His Eminence delivered an important reply dealing with the Education Question, and especially the exclusion of the Christian Brothers from all share of the grants under the National Board, which he strongly deprecated.

The back premises of the Central Tea House, Church place, Lurgan, were partially destroyed by fire, on the night of March 19th. The fire originated at the extreme end of a long range of stores, and a stable and hayloft were burned down. The flames were discovered at 8 30 o'clock. The town brigade was in prompt attendance, and the spread of the conflagration was prevented. Mr. James Dickson, Shankhill Building, is the leaseholder of the premises. It has not been ascertained whether the premises were insured.

Cavan.

The Lord Chancellor of England recently stated, in reply to a deputation on the subject of the reform of the magistracy, that he could not depart from the constitutional course as to the appointment of magistrates through the Lord Lieutenants of counties unless he was fortified in doing so by a resolution of the House of Commons. Among the speakers on the deputation, which consisted exclusively of members representing British constituencies, was Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P. for Islington, who said that the case of Ireland was in many respects worse than that of England; and he mentioned the example of the county Cavan, where eighty per cent of the population were Nationalists, but out of 120 magistrates 114 were Unionists—or, in other words, only five per cent of the magistrates for eighty per cent of the population. He also said that he knew directly that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland was waiting to see what the Lord Chancellor of England would do in the matter, and he assured Lord Herschell that decisive action on his part would have a most beneficial effect in Ireland. It is stated that Sir William Harcourt has promised to give a day shortly after Easter for the discussion of such a motion as was referred to by Lord Herschell, and that Ireland will be included in the motion.

Clare.

On March 17th, the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, arrived in Ennis from Rome, and his return was made the occasion of an imposing demonstration of the parishioners. He was met at the railway station by Rev. Michael Carey, Adm.; Rev. P. M. O'Kelly, C.C.; Very Rev. Denis Kelly, D.D., President, Diocesan College; Rev. A. Clancy, V. P. do.; Rev. P. Bourke, do.; Rev. R. O'Connell, do.; Rev. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. P. Crowe, P.P.; Rev. T. Kelly, Very Rev. C. F. Maher, Guardian, O.S.F.; Rev. T. A. Molony, Rev. P. Corish, and a reception committee headed by Messrs. J. F. Cullinan, C.S.F.; C. Milliken, solicitor; P. J. Dillon, M. A. Scanlan. All the leading inhabitants of the town were present. The Bishop, in reply to addresses presented to him, dwelt on his visit to the Holy See at length, and said he was glad to be able to tell them that the Irish pilgrimage was the best organized and most orderly that had visited Rome in the memory of man.

Cork.

The musical community generally will regret to learn of the death of the famous London singer, Helen D'Alton, which occurred in London on March 18th. Miss D'Alton was the daughter of Mr. John Shea, who was Mayor of Cork many years ago. It was during his Mayoralty that the future artist was born, and he was presented with a silver cradle in accordance with the custom whenever a child is born to the occupant of the civic chair. Miss D'Alton developed superior powers at an early age, and after a course of training became a professional

contralto singer in London. Her father, Mr. John Shea, and Mr. Corbett, dentist, Morrison's Island, were the chief organizers of the first Cork Exhibition. Helen D'Alton visited Cork three years after her visit to the Exhibition and succeeded in drawing crowded houses nightly to hear a company which had no other notable artists but herself. Her beautiful contralto always succeeded in creating a favorable impression, and her voice was highly praised by Signor Foli and other competent critics. She was married, some years ago, to a London doctor, but continued her professional career. She had been invited to sing at the St. Patrick's Day banquet in London, but was prevented by the illness which ended fatally.

Dublin.

On March 21st, Solemn Office and High Mass was celebrated in the Church of SS. Michael and John, Dublin, for the repose of the soul of the Rev. P. J. Brennan, of Skerries. The celebrant was Very Rev. James Baxter, Adm., Clondalkin; deacon, Rev. J. Caffery, C.C., Fairview; sub-deacon, Rev. John Manors, C.C., St. Laurence O'Poole's; master of ceremonies, Rev. E. Murphy, C.C., SS. Michael and St. John's; chanters at the office, Rev. John C. Healy, C.C., S.S. Michael and John's, and Rev. James Victory, C.C., Marlborough street.

The English Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, has given permission to Mr. Allen manager of the *Independent*, Dublin, to visit John Daly and five other Irish political prisoners in Portland prison, but he has declined to grant the same privilege to Mr. James Jones, secretary of the Limerick Amnesty Association. The Home Secretary, in a letter to the chairman of the latter association, says the prison rule was recently relaxed to allow visits from persons not connected with the prisoners, and if the privilege is to be continued it must not be used for ulterior purposes, otherwise it would be withdrawn.

Galway.

On March 16th, a magnificent and most cordial reception was accorded to the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, on his return home from Rome, where he had been with the Irish pilgrims. The Bishop arrived by the 9.30 p.m. train from Dublin, and was met by an immense concourse of people. He was received on the platform by the local clergy and members of all the public bodies. On alighting from the train he entered an open carriage. Immediately the horses were taken from the vehicle which was drawn, followed by a splendid torchlight procession from the station to the Bishop's residence, Mount St. Mary's Taylor's Hill. The town was brilliantly illuminated. Arrived at his residence, the Bishop thanked the people for the enthusiastic welcome accorded to him. At two o'clock next day addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented to him by the Town Commissioners, the Board of Guardians, Galway City Branch of the Irish National Federation, the Temperance Society, the Sacred Heart, and the Aloysian Society.

Kerry.

On March 24th, the obsequies took place at the Mercy Convent, Ballyvaugh, of Sister Mary Agnes (Miss O'Kelly), Tralee, whose death took place on the 22d. Requiem High Mass took place at half-past ten o'clock, Rev. Father Kirby, P.P., Tralee, being celebrant, Very Rev. Wm. O'Callaghan, Adm., Tralee, deacon; Rev. Father Keane, C.C., sub-deacon; and Rev. Father Crowley, C.C., master of ceremonies. A large number of the local clergy and laity were present. At the conclusion of the solemn Requiem Mass, the funeral started from the chapel to the cemetery attached to the Convent grounds, the children of the Mercy Convent Schools, and those St. Joseph Industrial Schools, marching in processional order. At the grave the funeral service was read by the Rev. William O'Callaghan, Administrator. The undertaking arrangements were carried out by Mr. Patrick Healy, Rock street, Tralee.

Kildare.

The Land Commissioners heard a number of appeal cases from the county Kildare, on March 22d. In a case from the Clongorey estate, under the Act of 1870, the question was raised whether the tenant's action in housing some evicted tenants from the same estate was unreasonable conduct under section 18 of the Act. The case stands over for judgment.

Kilkenny.

With much regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Martin Byrne, of Ballysalla, who passed away, after a very brief illness, on March 21st. Mr. Byrne was for many years Byron's Cess Collector for the Gowran district, and was universally respected for his many sterling qualities. His death came as a sad surprise upon his many friends, who a few days previous had seen him attending to his duties.

King's County.

The friends of the Very Rev. John (Canon) Monahan, D. D., Vicar General, Banagher and Clonham will be glad to learn that he has been appointed Dean of the diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

Leitrim.

On March 24th, a deputation, including every section of the Irish members—Conservatives, Unionists, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites—had an interview with Sir John

Hibbert, Secretary of the Treasury, concerning the case of Sir Thomas Brady, formerly Member for Leitrim, and for many years afterwards head of the Irish Fisheries Commission, in which capacity he earned for himself the universally bestowed title of "the Fisherman's Friend." The deputation urged that in view of Sir Thomas Brady's exceptionally long and valuable service to the nation, extending over forty-seven years (twenty five of that time as Chief Fishery Inspector), he should be allowed a continuance of his full pay as a retired pension. (He had been summarily retired under the "sixty-five years ago" rule, by the late Tory government, in its last official hours, in order to make a berth for one of Ralfour's "coercion pots.") After hearing speeches as to the special circumstances of the case and the strength of the claim, Sir John Hibbert expressed his sympathy with the purpose of the deputation and his disposition (so far as he had influence with the Treasury), to forward the concession asked.

Limerick.

The body of Mr. John Ryan, who was drowned some two months ago, was found, on March 18th, in Bunnatty Creek. The sad circumstances attending Mr. Ryan's demise will be fresh in the minds of our readers. While he was watering a pony at the Distillery Slip, Thomondgate, the pony became unmanageable, and horse and trap and man were swept off by the strong current. Though repeated efforts were made to find the body of the ill-fated young man, and a reward of £20 was offered, all exertions failed up to the 18th, when it was found floating in the Creek at Bunnatty, the remains being in a very decomposed state. His watch and chain, papers, &c., found in his clothes, led to identification. The remains were interred on the 18th, in Shronehill churchyard, County Tipperary, the family burial place. The body was found by Thomas and John Hanrahan, pilots apprentices.

Louth.

Much sympathy is felt in the ranks of the Emmet Gaelic Club, in Drogheda, in the melancholy demise of one of its active members, Mr. John J. Allen. The deceased, who had been in the service of the Munster and Leinster Bank, in Drogheda, a few weeks ago, journeyed with his brother Gaels to Dunleary, and played an active part in the football match—Drogheda against Dunleary. The "jersey" young Allen donned on the field was damp, and in the heat in the excitement which prevailed on the termination of the contest, he neglected the necessary precaution of divesting himself of it. He stuck manfully to his colors during the sojourn in Dunleary, and all through the return journey to town, the result being that he contracted a severe cold from the effects of which he never rallied. He died on March 20th, and in the afternoon his remains followed by a number of sympathizing friends, were removed to the railway station, and transmitted to his native place, Banaha, in the county Tipperary, where the interment took place on the 22d. Among the floral wreaths placed on the coffin was a beautiful one inscribed: "In sincere sympathy, from the Emmet Football Team, Drogheda."

Mayo.

Mr. William O'Brien's recent munificent contribution of £250 to the Murrisk fishermen has been supplemented by some useful questions in the House of Commons on steam-trawling in Clew Bay. The condition on which the Congested Districts Board gave £250, to help the fisherman, was that Father McDermott should procure £250 additional for the same purpose. With characteristic generosity Mr. O'Brien stepped into the gap. The £500 will be disbursed by a local committee, of which Father McDermott is chairman, Mr. O'Brien being also a member.

Meath.

An Irish horse "Cloister"—on March 24th, not only won the English Grand National racing cup, but, also, in carrying 12 stone 7 lbs., broke all previous records in that event. This is the first time the Grand National has been won by a horse weighted over 12 stone. "Esop" finished second, and "Why Not" third. The winner is by that grand old sire associated for years with horse breeding in Meath—"Asceitic."

Sligo.

On Sunday, March 19th, in the old burying-ground of Finner, where so many generations of the McEntyres have already been laid, was interred Mary Anne, the eldest daughter of Mr. Hugh McEntyre, Bunduff. The deceased was a young lady of high intellectual attainments, being a member of the teaching profession, and was in full bloom of health, life and activity, when the fell malady which carried her away attacked her. There was a certain magnetism about her which drew all hearts towards her, as was evidenced by the large concourse of old and young who followed her to the grave. A conspicuous feature of the mournful procession was the large representative attendance of male and female teachers thereof. To add to the affliction of her family since Miss McEntyre's death, a younger sister of the deceased, who has been ailing for some time past, has succumbed to the same complaint. She had been in training in Dublin as a teacher, had displayed rare intellectual

attainments, and had given promise of a very successful career in her chosen profession.

Tipperary.

In Clonmoll on Sunday, March 19th, advantage was taken of the presence of the Bishop of the diocese (Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan) at the close of the functions of a highly successful four weeks' Mission by the Vincentian Fathers from Cork, in SS. Peter and Paul's church, to present him with addresses from the Clonmel Irish National Foresters (C. J. Kickham) Society, and the parish Total Abstinence Society. The Bishop celebrated eight o'clock Mass at the workhouse chapel and preached to the inmates, to whom he also imparted the Papal Benediction. He was subsequently escorted to SS. Peter and Paul's church by the members of the Foresters Society, wearing the National regalia and marching in processional order. Having held a Confirmation in connection with the Mission, the Bishop entered the sacristy, where the addresses were read and presented to him. The Bishop, in reply to the Foresters' address, said that although he had received an address from them a few months ago still he was very glad to find them there that day in the church dedicated to the Apostles, on his return from the City of the Apostles, and particularly as they came to seek the benediction of the Holy Father. He could only repeat now what he had said on former occasions, as to the interest that he thought he was bound to manifest in regard to such societies as theirs. These societies were of a kind that recommended themselves strongly to him as Irishmen and as Catholics. Such societies, wherever formed, tended to foster largely a laudable spirit of self-reliance and independence.

Waterford.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has, on the recommendation of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, bestowed the degree of Doctor of Theology on the Very Rev. W. H. Sheehy, President St. John's College, Waterford.

The traffic receipts of the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway, were—for the week ending March 17th—Passengers, &c., £187; corresponding period last year, £144; goods, &c., £572; corresponding period last year, £369; total, £559; corresponding period last year, £513.

Westmeath.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Robert Cox, of Castlepollard, Clerk of Petty Sessions, a Commissioner to Administer Affidavits for the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland.

Wexford.

In our Irish obituary column, last week, the announcement appeared of the death of Mr. John Browne, of Arnestown, New Ross. In his demise disappears one of the wealthiest men New Ross has produced, and one of the most consistent Nationalists, who, for the past half-century, was always ready with his purse to sustain the National cause, with which he was so long and so honorably associated. The deceased, who was a Rossman by birth and parentage, was over 70 years of age. Besides being a merchant, he was a keen financier, and, unlike most people, was a very successful business man on the Stock Exchange. He was a leading director of the New Ross Gas Company, in which he had a considerable sum invested. He married Miss Hughes, of Graigenamanagh, sister of the Very Rev. Dean Hughes, of Carlow College, who died some time ago. The deceased gentleman's connection with Irish politics dates back as far as 1848, when Mitchell, Meagher, Smith O'Brien and other patriots suffered imprisonment and exile for their principles. Mr. Browne it was who first brought the Dublin *Nation* newspaper into New Ross, and he conducted the sale of the paper, and continued to act as its agent until a few years ago. His eldest son, Mr. John Browne, succeeds him in the management of his business.

Wicklow.

On March 22 the Chief Baron and Justice Harrison opened the assizes at Wicklow. Justice Harrison sat in the Record Court, and the Chief Baron in the Criminal Court. The grand jury having been sworn, the Chief Baron, in addressing them, congratulated them on the condition of the county. There was (he said) no boycotting, no intimidation, and there were only two persons under police protection. There were only seven bills to be presented; three of these were in respect of alleged offences that occurred before the last Summer Assizes, so that the bills since last Summer Assizes only numbered four, none of which called for any particular notice.

ROBERT W. LATHAM, Lapanza, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I consider Diamond Vera-Cura the best medicine ever invented for indigestion. It puts the digestive organs in order, heals the stomach, regulates the bowels, strengthens the nervous system." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Kerry: John Clancy, M.D.; Patrick T. Dillon, James Day Rolfe Croasbie, Edward J. Sugrue, George Hickson, M.D.; Thomas S. Brew, Jeremiah Roche, Alex. McCarthy, George Stoker, Michael McMahon, James J. Bohan, and W. H. Dodd.

Miscellaneous.

Pope Leo comes of a long lived family. With the exception of his brother, the Cardinal, who died a few years ago at the age of eighty-two, his immediate relatives have reached the age of ninety years or over.

Sacrifices are many times to be made by converts to the church. Only quite recently when Mr. Land, secretary of the Primrose League, England, upon joining the Catholic church was disinherited of a fortune of \$200,000 a year.

Miss Knight, superintendent of the board school, Park Lane, Liverpool, Eng., has been received into the church by Very Rev. P. P. Anderson, O. S. B., of St. Peter's, Seel street. She received her first communion in that church on Sunday, March 19.

Ohio is to have a Catholic congress this year. On June 4, 5 and 6 a convention of the Catholic societies of that state is to be held in Cincinnati, and it is the intention of the chief officers of these societies to invite all the Catholics of the state to attend.

It is reported that a Dutch Protestant who was recently converted to the Catholic faith while on a visit to Lourdes, has presented a sum of 3,000,000 francs to the Bishop of Tarbes for the completion of the parish church of that famous place of pilgrimage.

The only lineal descendant of John Knox is a Catholic and a religious. Brother Philip, who is a member of the Congregation of the Cross, has been engaged in educational work for over thirty years in various parts of the world, principally in the East. Brother Philip is now in Ceylon.

Dr. Joyce, the learned and widely esteemed Professor of Marlborough street training College, Dublin, has tendered his resignation to the Commissioners of National education. It has been accepted; and he has been granted full pension in consideration of his long and valuable services in the cause of education.

Pope Leo has informed the French Bishops of his decision to crown the episcopal jubilee by the beatification of the French heroine Joan of Arc, who was burned by the English as a sorceress and heretic May 30, 1431, and was formally pronounced to have been innocent in 1456. The Pope has ordered the Congregation of Rites to expedite the preliminaries for the beatification.

The Sacred Heart Review says truly: A single bad Catholic will do more harm to the Church, by his scandalous life and neglect of his religion, than all the A. P. A. and other secret anti-Catholic societies in the country. Their charges are false; no one believes them except those who wish to. But if a Catholic is bad, people lay the blame on his religion. Our bad conduct disgraces our Church.

The Catholic Knights of America will probably be the first Catholic organization to put in an appearance at the World's fair. They have chosen May 9 as their day, and they will hold their biennial convention at Chicago this year. This organization is especially strong in certain portions of the country; and it will undoubtedly make a good showing when it meets next month in the Lake city.

In Cork, on March 24th, Coroner Blake held an inquest, at the Morgue, on the body of an old woman named Ellen Cunningham, who was found dead on the stairs at her residence, No. 7 Coppinger's Lane. Drs. E. Murphy and Deo deposed that, as the result of a post mortem examination they believed that death resulted from heart disease, accelerated by a fall. A verdict to that effect was found.

The Mercy Convents in various parts of Ireland are doing noble work in training the children of the poor to perform useful work which will prove remunerative to them in after life. Hand-made socks and stockings are a specialty at several convents, including that at Bollahaderin. The children are also taught needlework, washing and other household duties which are calculated to have a good and abiding effect upon the lives of the poor in the rural districts.

At Limerick City Petty Sessions, on March 24th, a Jewish money-lender named Hasselberg was charged with having obtained £45 by false pretences, from Mrs. Leyden, of Inagh. A sum of £45 was lent to Mrs. Leyden, to be paid in six months with £15 interest. It was alleged that defendant agreed subsequently to take \$45 in payment of the claim. When he had obtained that amount, according to the case for the prosecution, he gave a receipt on account instead of the bill that had been originally drawn for £60, and sued on the bill for the full amount. He was returned for trial to the Quarter Sessions.

On March 21st, a farmer named Connor, while ploughing in one of his fields, near Castleland, in turning the horses round at the headland, got entangled with the chains attached to the plough. Connor, in trying to relieve the horses, which suddenly became restive, received a kick which broke his leg very badly at the thigh. Dr. Roche, of Castleland, was soon in attendance, and got him immediately removed to the Infirmary, Tralee. It is feared the leg will have to be amputated. He lies in a precarious state.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Bilioussness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Church Pews

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

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



A Missionary Recommends It.

St. PAUL'S MISSION, Choteau Co., Mont., Dec. 12, '90. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any nervous diseases caused by nervous debility or overexertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness, the use of the tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. REV. FATHER EDENSWILLER.

Sister M. Reine, of Castroville, Texas, writes. I used two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous debility, which was so intense that the last cause would cause me to scream, and palpitation of the heart would follow for about fifteen minutes. The remedy cured me entirely, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of April, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.	DUE.
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
O. and Q. Railway	6.15 7.45	7.15 10.20
G. T. R. West	8.00 8.00	8.10 9.10
N. and N. W.	7.30 8.25	12.40pm 7.40
T. G. and B.	7.20 4.10	10.15 8.10
Midland	6.50 4.30	10.45 8.50
C. V. R.	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
G. W. R.	6.30 4.00	11.15 9.55
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	12.00	9.00 2.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. West'n States	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00	10.30 11.00
	10.00	
	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20
	12.00 n.	

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for April: 1, 4, 3, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29.

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

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

Items.

It is blessed to think that although we may lose everything else we can never lose God.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. O'Brien, Patrick street, Cork, wife of Alderman John O'Brien, which took place on March 21st. The deceased had been for some months in ill-health. She was a member of the Walsh family, Mr. Walsh, H.C., being her brother. She was of a very amiable disposition, and possessed the respect and esteem of all those with whom she came in contact. The Town Council passed a vote of sympathy with Alderman O'Brien on the death of his wife.

On Saturday night, March 18th, about ten o'clock, two men in the vicinity of Sarsfield Bridge, Limerick, heard a splash in the river, and one of them named Lillis afterwards stated he saw a man in the water, who disappeared immediately after Lillis had told him to swim for the iron ladder running down the side of the quay. The men were at the outside part of the iron swivel bridge. It is supposed that the man must have fallen in at the side leading to Arthur's quay. A search was made in the Shannon, but without result. The supposed victim is believed to be a plasterer named O'Donnell, of Spellicy's Square, Collooney street. Since Saturday evening, March 18, nothing has been heard of O'Donnell; and that night about nine o'clock he was seen at the approach of Honan's quay, off which the accident took place. He leaves a wife and seven children, unprovided for.

Habitual sufferers are precisely those who least frequently doubt the Divine benevolence, and whose faith and love rise to the serene cheerfulness. Possessed by no idea of a prescriptive right to be happy, their blessings are not benumbed by anticipation, but come to them fresh and brilliant as the first day's morning and evening light to the dwellers in Paradise. With the happy it is their constant peace that seems to come by nature, and to be blunted by its commonness—and their griefs to come from God, sharpened by their sacred origin; with the sufferer, it is his pain that appears to be a thing of course, and to require no explanation, while his relief is reverently welcomed as a divine interposition, and as a breath of Heaven, caresses the heart into melodies of praise.—J. Martineau.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be expressed. Read the works of great writers, think them over, and conclude in what way you differ from them.

Unspeakable, unsearchable the ways, The silent, patient, changeless love of God So bountiful to constant thanklessness. So kind to sons who lightly pass Him by, Still waiting through the heavy centuries, Of our dark sin, our Father none the less

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 12, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush	\$0 68	0 00
Wheat, red, per bush	0 67	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 61	0 62
Barley, per bush	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush	0 36	0 37
Peas, per bush	0 62	0 63
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	7 00	7 25
Chickens, per pair	0 60	0 80
Geese, per lb	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb	0 22	0 25
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 14	0 15
Parsley, per doz	0 20	0 30
Radishes, per doz	0 00	0 75
Beets, per bag	0 45	0 60
Turnips, per bag	0 30	0 35
Cabbage, new, per doz	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz	0 50	0 60
Onions, per bag	1 00	1 10
Lettuce, per doz	0 35	0 40
Carrots, per bag	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag	0 90	0 95
Apples, per bbl	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy	9 00	11 00
Straw, sheaf	7 50	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 11.—Sales were better today and good prices were paid for good stuff, and more of it would have sold; from 3½ to 3¾c per pound was the average price for good cattle, though in several instances 4c and 4½c was paid for choice lots.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—We had little change in this department to-day; sheep sold at from \$5 to \$6, and occasionally \$6.30 each; yearlings were scarce at from 5½ to 6c per lb; only a few spring lambs were here and the enquiry was very light; prices were practically unchanged.

CALVES—We had a much larger supply here to-day, as nearly 100 came in, and all sold fairly well. Mr. Lovack purchased 41, averaging 135 lbs. at \$7.50 each, the others sold at good prices according to quality and weight. Calves are wanted.

HOGS—There were over 600 in and prices were weaker. The best prices paid were \$5.60 and \$5.75, with many deals at \$5.50 per cwt. Stores and rough hogs are not in much request.

LEAR'S LIGHTS IN GAS, ELECTRIC OR COMBINATION,

Are in all the elegant homes of Toronto.

We handle nothing but the very best makes. Our new Spring importations just opened up.

We have decided for the month of April to have a special inducement Sale. Everybody knows now that we make a specialty of these goods. You will therefore do yourself an injustice not to see our goods and get our quotations before ordering.

R. H. LEAR & CO., 19 and 21 Richmond st. East. 'PHONE 2021.

"Those Wonderful Christy Knives."

BREAD, CAKE, AND PARING.

"A Brilliant Idea Successfully Developed for the Million."



Read what MRS. EMMA P. EWING, late Professor of Domestic Economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, Iowa, and in Purdue University, Indiana, and now in charge of the School of Cookery at Chautauque, N. Y., writes:

"Those Wonderful Christy Knives do the work for which they are designed, in an admirable manner, and should have a place in every well-ordered family. I take pleasure in recommending them to housekeepers everywhere." EMMA P. EWING.

A LIVE AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Our Agents are Coining Money. Set of Three Beautifully Finished PLATED KNIVES sent (charges paid) for ONE DOLLAR. Circular Free on Application. The CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Toronto, Ont.

RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Felipe, from his bed, heard and divined all, but made no sound. "Thank God, the poor child is asleep!" he said, "and my poor dear mother feared to awake me by speaking to her? What will become of us all to-morrow!" And Felipe tossed and turned, and had barely fallen into an uneasy sleep when his mother's window opened, and she sang the first line of the sunrise hymn. Instantly Ramona joined, evidently awake and ready; and no sooner did the watching Alessandro hear the first note of her voice than he struck in; and Margarita, who had been up for an hour, prowling, listening, peering, wondering, her soul racked between her jealousy and her fears—even Margarita delayed not to unite; and Felipe, too, sang feebly; and the volume of the song went up as rounded and melodious as if all hearts were at peace and in harmony, instead of being all full of sorrow, confusion, or hatred. But there was no one of them all who was not the better for the singing; Ramona and Alessandro most of all.

"The saints be praised," said Alessandro. "There is my wood-dove's voice. She can sing!" And, "Alessandro was near. He watched all night. I am glad he loves me," said Ramona.

"To hear those two voices!" said the Senora; "would one suppose they could sing like that? Perhaps it is not as bad as I think."

As soon as the song was done, Alessandro ran to the sheep-fold, where Felipe had said he would see him. The minutes would be like years to Alessandro till he had seen Felipe.

Ramona, when she waked and found herself carefully covered, and bread and milk standing on the table, felt much reassured. Only the Senora's own hand had done this, she felt sure, for she had heard her the previous evening turn the key in the lock, then violently take it out; and Ramona knew well that the fact of her being thus a prisoner would be known to none but the Senora herself. The Senora would not set servants to gossiping. She ate her bread and milk thankfully, for she was very hungry. Then she set her room in order, said her prayers, and sat down to wait. For what? She could not imagine; in truth she did not much try. Ramona had passed now into a country where the Senora did not rule. She felt little fear, Felipe would not see her harmed, and she was going away presently with Alessandro. It was wonderful what peace and freedom lay in the very thought. The radiance on her face of these two new-born emotions was the first thing the Senora observed as she opened the door, and slowly, very slowly, eyeing Ramona with a steady look, entered the room. This joyous composure on Ramona's face angered the Senora, as it had done before, when she was dragging her up the garden-walk. It seemed to her like nothing less than brazen effrontery, and it changed the whole tone and manner of her address.

Seating herself opposite Ramona, but at the farthest side of the room, she said, in a tone scornful and insulting. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Returning the Senora's gaze with one no less steady, Ramona spoke in the same calm tone in which she had twice the evening before attempted to stay the Senora's wrath. This time she was not interrupted.

"Senora," she said slowly, "I tried to tell you last night, but you would

not hear me. If you had listened, you would not have been so angry. Neither Alessandro nor have I done anything wrong, and we were not ashamed. We love each other, and we are going to be married, and go away. I thank you, Senora, for all you have done for me; I am sure you will be a great deal happier when I am away;" and Ramona looked wistfully, with no shade of resentment, into the Senora's dark shrunken face. "You have been very good to do so much for a girl you did not love. Thank you for the bread and milk last night. Perhaps I can go away with Alessandro to-night. I do not know what he will wish. We had only just that minute spoken of being married when you found us last night."

The Senora's face was a study during the few moments that it took to say these words. She was dumb with amazement. Instantaneously, on the first sense of relief that the disgrace had not been what she supposed, followed a new wrath, if possible hotter than the first; not so much scorn, but a bitterer anger. "Marry! Marry that Indian!" she cried, as soon as she found voice. "You marry an Indian? Never! Are you mad? I will never permit it."

Ramona looked anxiously at her. "I have never disobeyed you, Senora," she said, "but this is different from all other things; you are not my mother. I have promised to marry Alessandro."

The girl's gentleness deceived the Senora.

"No," she said icily, "I am not your mother; but I stand in a mother's place to you. You were my sister's adopted child, and she gave you to me. You cannot marry without my permission, and I forbid you ever to speak again of marrying this Indian."

The moment had come for the Senora Moreno to find out, to her surprise and cost, of what stuff this girl was made—this girl who had for fourteen years lived by her side, docile, gentle, sunny, and uncomplaining in her loneliness. Springing to her feet, and walking swiftly till she stood close face to face with the Senora, who, herself startled by the girl's swift motion, had also risen to her feet, Ramona said, in a louder, firmer voice: "Senora Moreno, you may forbid me as much as you please. The whole world cannot keep me from marrying Alessandro. I love him. I have promised, and I shall keep my word." And with her young lithe arms straight down at her sides, her head thrown back, Ramona flashed full in the Senora's face a look of proud defiance. It was the first free moment her soul had ever known. She felt herself buoyed up as by wings in air. Her old terror of the Senora fell from her like a garment thrown off.

"Pshaw!" said the Senora contemptuously, half amused, in spite of her wrath, by the girl's, as she thought, bootless vehemence, "you talk like a fool. Do you not know that I can shut you up in the nunnery to-morrow, if I choose?"

"No, you cannot!" replied Ramona. "Who, then, is to hinder me?" said the Senora insolently.

"Alessandro!" answered Ramona proudly.

"Alessandro!" the Senora sneered. "Alessandro! Ha! a beggarly Indian, on whom my servants will set the dogs if I bid them!" Ha, ha!"

The Senora's sneering tone but roused Ramona more. "You would never dare!" she cried, "Felipe would not permit it!" A most unwise retort for Ramona.

"Felipe!" cried the Senora, in a shrill voice. "How dare you pronounce his name! He will none of you, from this hour! I will forbid him to speak to you. Indeed, he will never desire to set eyes on you when he hears the truth."

"You are mistaken, Senora," answered Ramona, more gently. "Felipe

is Alessandro's friend, and—mine," she added, after a second's pause.

"So, ho! the Senorita thinks she is all-powerful in the house of Moreno!" cried the Senora. "We will see; we will see! Follow me, Senorita Ramona!" And, throwing open the door, the Senora strode out, looking back over her shoulder.

"Follow me!" she cried again sharply, seeing that Ramona hesitated; and Ramona went; across the passage-way leading to the dining-room, out into the veranda, down the entire length of it, to the Senora's room—the Senora walking with a quick agitated step, strangely unlike her usual gait; Ramona walking far slower than was her habit, and with her eyes bent on the ground. As they passed the dining-room door, Margarita, standing just inside, shot at Ramona a vengeful, malignant glance.

"She would help the Senora against me in anything," thought Ramona; and she felt a thrill of fear, such as the Senora with all her threats had not stirred.

The Senora's windows were open. She closed them both, and drew the curtains tight. Then she locked the door, Ramona watched her every movement.

"Sit down in that chair," said the Senora, pointing to one near the fireplace. A sudden nervous terror seized Ramona.

"I would rather stand, Senora," she said.

"Do as I bid you!" said the Senora, in a husky tone; and Ramona obeyed. It was a low, broad arm-chair, and as she sank back into it her sense seemed leaving her. She leaned her head against the back and closed her eyes. The room swam. She was roused by the Senora's strong smelling salts held for her to breathe, and a mocking taunt from the Senora's iciest voice: "The Senorita does not seem so over-strong as she did a few moments back!"

Ramona tried to reason with herself; surely no ill could happen to her in this room, within call of the whole house. But an inexplicable terror had got possession of her; and when the Senora, with a sneer on her face, took hold of the Saint Catharine statue, and wheeling it half round, brought into view a door in the wall, with a big iron key in the key-hole, which she proceeded to turn, Ramona shook with fright. She had read of persons who had been shut up alive in cells in the wall and starved to death. With dilating eyes she watched the Senora, who, all unaware of her terror, was prolonging it and intensifying it by her every act. First she took out the small iron box, and set it on a table. Then, kneeling, she drew out from an inner recess in the closet a large leather covered box, and pulled it, grating and scraping along the floor, till it stood in front of Ramona. All this time she spoke no word, and the cruel expression of her countenance deepened each moment. The fiends had possession of the Senora Moreno this morning, and no mistake. A braver heart than Ramona's might have indeed been fearful at being locked up alone with a woman who looked like that.

Finally, she locked the door and wheeled the statute back into its place. Ramona breathed freer. She was not, after all, to be thrust into the wall closet and left to starve. She gazed with wonder at the old battered boxes. What could it all mean?

"Senorita Ramona Ortegna," began the Senora, drawing up a chair, and seating herself by the table on which stood the iron box, "I will now explain to you why you will not marry the Indian Alessandro."

At these words this name, Ramona was herself again—not her old self, her now self, Alessandro's promised wife. The very sound of his name, even on an enemy's tongue, gave her strength. The terrors fled away. She looked up,

first at the Senora, then at the nearest window. She was young and strong; at one bound, if worst came to worst, she could leap through the window, and fly for her life, calling on Alessandro."

"I shall marry the Indian Alessandro, Senora Moreno," she said, in a tone as defiant, and now almost as insolent, as the Senora's own.

The Senora paid no heed to the words, except to say, "Do not interrupt me again. I have much to tell you;" and opening the box she lifted out and placed on the table tray after tray of jewels. The sheet of writing paper lay at the bottom of the box.

"Do you see this paper, Senorita Ramona?" she asked, holding it up. Ramona bowed her head. "This was written by my sister, the Senora Ortegna, who adopted you and gave you her name. These were her final instructions to me, in regard to the disposition to be made of the property she left to you."

Ramona's lips parted. She leaned forward, breathless, listening, while the Senora read sentence after sentence. All the pent-up pain, wonder, fear of her childhood and her girlhood, as to the mystery of her birth, swept over her anew, now. Like one harkening for life or death she listened. She forgot Alessandro. She did not look at the jewels. Her eyes never left the Senora's face. At the close of the reading the Senora said sternly, "You see, now, that my sister left to me the entire disposition of everything belonging to you."

"But it hasn't said who was my mother," cried Ramona, "Is that all there is in the paper?"

The Senora looked stupefied. Was the girl feigning? Did she care nothing that all these jewels, almost a little fortune, were to be lost to her for ever?

"Who was your mother?" she exclaimed, scornfully. "There was no need to write that down. Your mother was an Indian. Everybody knew that!"

At the word "Indian," Ramona gave a low cry.

The Senora misunderstood it. "Ay," she said, "a low, common Indian. I told my sister, when she took you, the Indian blood in your veins would show some day; and now it has come true."

Ramona's cheeks were scarlet. Her eyes flashed. "Yes, Senora Moreno," she said, springing to her feet; "the Indian blood in my veins shows to-day. I understand many things I never understood before. Was it because I was an Indian that you have always hated me!"

"You are not an Indian, and I have never hated you," interrupted the Senora.

Ramona heeded her not, but went on, more and more impetuously. "And if I am an Indian, why do you object to me marrying Alessandro? Oh, I am glad I am an Indian! I am of his people. He will be glad!" The words poured like a torrent out of her lips. In her excitement she came closer and closer to the Senora. "You are a cruel woman," she said. "I did not know it before; but now I do. If you knew I was an Indian you had no reason to treat me so shamefully as you did last night when you saw me with Alessandro. You have always hated me. Is my mother alive? Where does she live? Tell me; and I will go to her to-day. Tell me! She will be glad that Alessandro loves me!"

It was a cruel look, indeed, and a crueller tone, with which the Senora answered: "I have not the least idea who your mother was, or if she is still alive. Nobody ever knew anything about her—some low vicious creature that your father married when he was out of his senses, as you are now, when you talk of marrying Alessandro!"

"He married her, then!" asked Ramona, with emphasis. "How know you that, Senora Moreno?"

"He told my sister so," replied the Senora, reluctantly. She grudged

ed the girl even this much of consolation.

"What was his name?" asked Ramona.

"Phail; Angus Phail," the Senora replied almost mechanically. She found herself strangely constrained by Ramona's imperious earnestness, and she chafed under it. The tables were being turned on her, she hardly knew how. Ramona seemed to tower in stature, and to have the bearing of the one in authority, as she stood before her, pouring out passionate question after question. The Senora turned to the larger box, and opened it. With unsteady hands she lifted out the garments which for so many years had rarely seen the light. Shawls and ribosos of damask, laces, gowns of satin, of velvet. As the Senora flung one after another on the chairs, it was a glittering pile of shining costly stuffs. Ramona's eyes rested on them dreamily.

"Did my adopted mother wear all these?" she asked, lifting in her hand a fold of lace, and holding it up to the light, in evident admiration.

Again the Senora misconceived her. The girl seemed not insensible to the value and beauty of this costly raiment. Perhaps she would be lured by it.

"All these are yours, Ramona, you understand, on your wedding-day, if you marry worthily, with my permission," said the Senora, in a voice a shade less cold than had hitherto come from her lips. "Did you understand what I read you?"

The girl did not answer. She had taken up in her hand a ragged, crimson silk handkerchief, which, tied in many knots, lay in one corner of the jewel-box.

"There are pearls in that," said the Senora; "that came with the things your father sent to my sister when he died."

Ramona's eyes gleamed. She began untying the knots. The handkerchief was old, the knots tied tight, and undisturbed for years. As she reached the last knot, and felt the hard stones, she paused. "This was my father's then?" she said.

"Yes," said the Senora scornfully. She thought she had detected a new baseness in the girl. She was going to set up a claim to all that had been her father's property. "They were your father's, and all these rubies, and these yellow diamonds;" and she pushed the tray towards her.

Ramona had untied the last knot. Holding the handkerchief carefully above the tray, she shook the pearls out. A strange, spicy fragrance came from the silk. The pearls fell in among the rubies, rolling right and left, making the rubies look still redder by contrast with their snowy whiteness.

"I will keep this handkerchief," she said, thrusting it, as she spoke, by a swift resolute movement into her bosom. "I am very glad to have one thing that belonged to my father. The jewels, Senora, you can give to the Church, if Father Salvierderra thinks that is right. I shall marry Alessandro;" and still keeping one hand in her bosom where she had thrust the handkerchief, she walked away and seated herself again in her chair.

Father Salvierderra! The name smote the Senora like a spear thrust. There could be no stronger evidence of the abnormal excitement under which she had been labouring for the last twenty-four hours than the fact that she had not once, during all this time, thought to ask what Father Salvierderra would say, or might command in this crisis. Her religion and the long habit of its outward bonds had alike gone from her in her sudden wrath against Ramona. It was with a real terror that she became conscious of this.

"Father Salvierderra?" she stammered; "he has nothing to do with it."

But Ramona saw the change in the Senora's face, at the word, and followed up her advantage. "Father Salvierderra has to do with everything," she said boldly. "He knows Alessandro. He will not forbid me to marry him, and if he did—" Ramona stopped. She also was smitten with a sudden terror at the vista opening before her—of a disobedience to Father Salvierderra.

"And if he did," repeated the Senora, eyeing Ramona keenly, "would you disobey him?"

"Yes," said Ramona. "I will tell Father Salvierderra what you say," retorted the Senora, sarcastically, "that he may spare himself the humiliation of laying any commands on you to be thus disobeyed."

Ramona's lip quivered, and her eyes filled with the tears which no other of the Senora's taunts had been strong enough to bring. Dearly she loved the old monk; had loved him since her earliest recollection. His displeasure would be far more dreadful to her than the Senora's. His would give her grief; the Senora's, at utmost, only terror.

Clasping her hands, she said: "Oh, Senora, have mercy! Do not say that to the Father!"

"It is my duty to tell the Father everything that happens in my family," answered the Senora chillingly. "He will agree with me, that if you persist in this disobedience you will deserve the severest punishment. I shall tell him all;" and she began putting the trays back in the box.

"You will not tell him as it really is, Senora," persisted Ramona. "I will tell him myself."

"You shall not see him! I will take care of that!" cried the Senora, so vindictively that Ramona shuddered.

"I will give you one more chance," said the Senora, pausing in the act of folding up one of the damask gowns. "Will you obey me? Will you promise to have nothing more to do with this Indian?"

"Never, Senora," replied Ramona; "never!"

"Then the consequence be on your own head," cried the Senora. "Go to your own room! And, hark! I forbid you to speak of all this to Senor Felipe. Do you hear?"

Ramona bowed her head. "I hear," she said; and gliding out of the room closed the door behind her, and instead of going to her room sped like a hunted creature down the veranda steps, across the garden, calling in a low tone, "Felipe! Felipe! Where are you, Felipe?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Pres. Carnot, has presented two members of the Order of Bon Secours, Boulogne Sister Matilda, an Irish lady, and Sister Eulalie, a French lady—with gold medals, in recognition of their noble services to the sick people during the cholera epidemic last year, which raged with fearful violence about that city.

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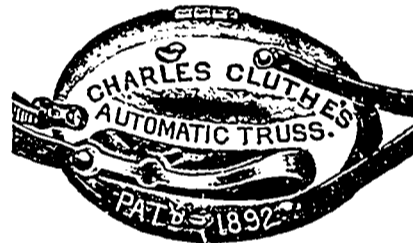
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NOTICE.

FRIDAY, the 14th day of April next, will be the last day for presenting Petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 21st day of April next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 4th day of May next, will be the last day of receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE,
Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.
Toronto, 11th March, 1893. 12

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Mgr. Schroeder, of the Catholic University, has acquired such a facility in the English language that he has preached in English in the University Chapel before the students and faculty. He speaks with fluency and ease Greek, Latin, German, French, Flemish, Spanish and Italian.

The supreme council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion of the United States and Canada met in annual session at Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. There are at present 402 councils in the United States and Canada, representing twenty-two different states and the Dominion. Reports showed the present national membership to be 35,700, an increase of nearly 10,000 since 1891. Financially the organization is on a sound foundation.

From the far off Southern Pacific, says the *Ave Maria*, there has come to us news of a flourishing mission of the Universal church. On the occasion of the golden jubilee of the establishment of Catholicity in the Friendly (or Tonga) Islands, Bishop Lamaze, Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania, issued a circular letter in which he tells of the introduction and spread of the Gospel in those islands and the present status of the church over which he presides.

Cardinal Gibbons, if he lives until Aug. 16 next, will have the silver jubilee of his episcopal consecration to celebrate. At the time of his consecration the cardinal was only the vicar apostolic of North Carolina, and he probably had little idea then that he would one day be the foremost of American ecclesiastics and a member of the Sacred College. When the time comes for the keeping of his silver jubilee, the Catholics of Baltimore and his whole archdiocese will unquestionably honor him in a very marked manner.

The Catholics of Cincinnati on Apr. 1, gave a remarkable demonstration of the faith that is in them when they "prayed up the steps" on Mt. Adams. This peculiar custom has been in vogue here for about thirty years, and the Church of the Holy Cross, standing on the brow of the cliff on Mt. Adams, has become celebrated far and near for the miracles performed there. Fully 10,000 women prayed up the steps on that day. There are 267 of the steps in all, and about 35 landings. The pilgrims who visit the chapel must remain silent for three hours, not speaking a word.

Dr. Abbott, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, in a recent sermon very ably refuted the charge that Catholics are enemies of the republic by saying that "at Gettysburg, in the crucial moment of that critical battle, a regiment made up of Roman Catholics was ordered to a charge. There were five minutes before the charge was to be made, and in that five minutes the Roman Catholic chaplain offered one short prayer and gave absolution to the regiment. Then came the command, 'Charge!' and the whole Roman Catholic regiment rushed on to death. Who has shown more love for America than that Roman Catholic regiment?"

The Rev. James J. Dougherty, rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for Homeless Children, Great Jones street, New York, has received from Rome a beautiful silken flag with the arms of the Pecci family (Leo XIII.) in the centre to wave over the new church of St. Joachim and St. Ann at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, when completed. During his golden jubilee His Holiness one morning entered the audience chamber in the Vatican, attended by his private chamberlain, and specially blessed the flag. The Rev. P. J. Glynn, prior of St. Patrick's Convent, Rome, writes: "He then blessed the good Father Dougherty, his merciful work, and all who contribute towards it."

The Lamp, the oldest Catholic periodical of England, recently changed hands. Its new proprietor is Mr. George Cooke, formerly of Dublin, who gained his journalistic experience on the staffs of the *London Star* and *Liverpool Echo*. *The Lamp* was founded in June, 1849. It was then published by Thomas Earnshaw Bradley, of York, and printed by Richardson & Son, of Derby. It appeared with the appropriate epigraph from the Psalms, "Thy Word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path." The first volumes of *The Lamp* long out of print, and scarce, are a very interesting record of the struggle for social existence and recognition which Catholics of all grades had to wage during the transition epoch, when the famous (or infamous) Durham letter of Lord John Russell rekindled the smouldering fires of religious bigotry, and the so-called "Papal aggression," supposed to be involved in the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England, was made the pretext of a No Popery agitation. Some of the best Catholic writers have from time to time enriched the pages of *The Lamp* with valuable contributions. It was in one of its early volumes that Cardinal Newman's "Lectures on the Present Position of English Catholics," which contained the scathing denunciation of the apostate Achilli, that led to the famous "libel" action against the eminent Oratorian, first appeared. It then combined the features of a weekly newspaper and magazine, and fought a good fight, almost single-handed, against long odds.

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